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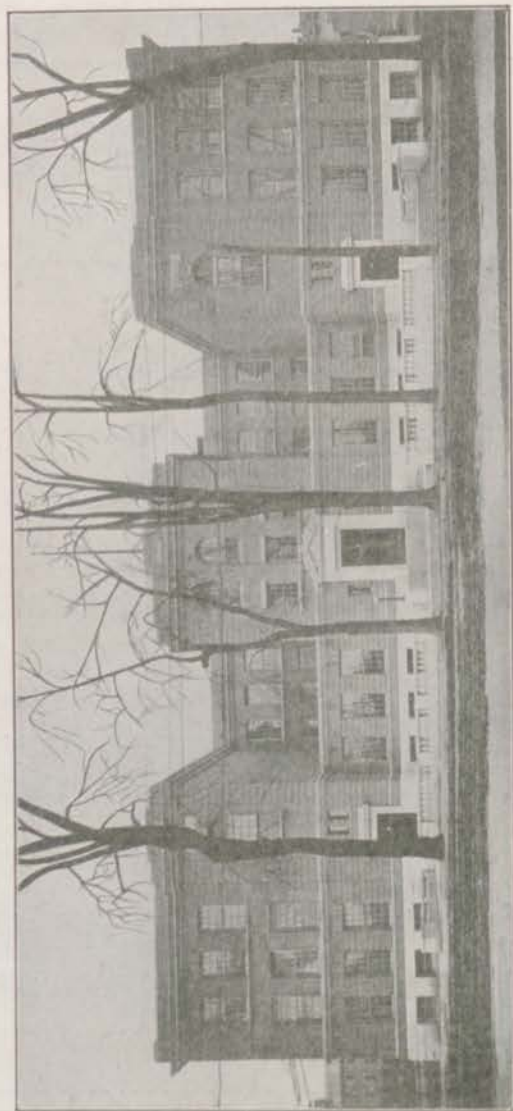
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No. 8

The Oracle Board



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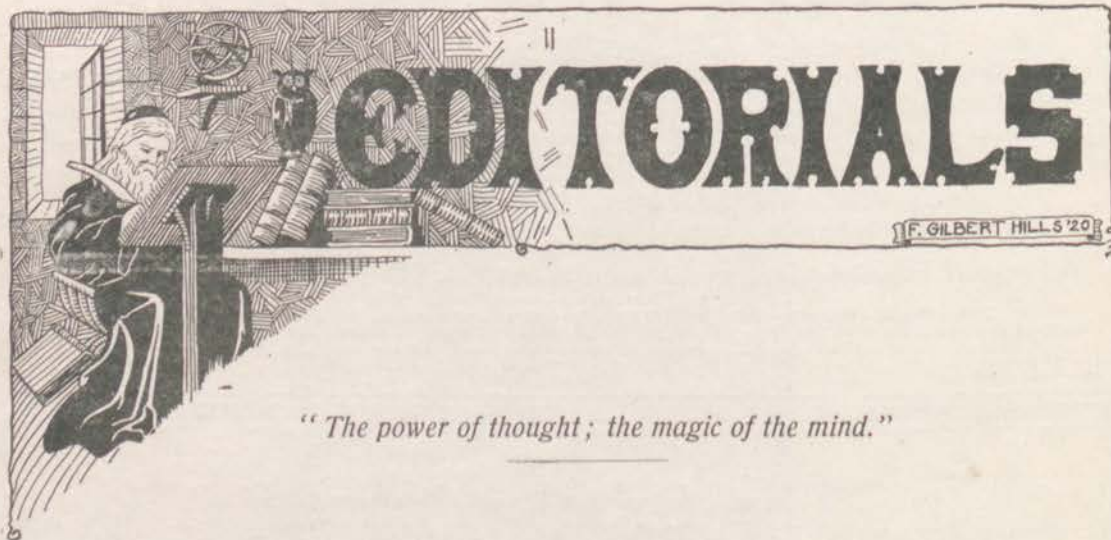
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"The power of thought; the magic of the mind."

April 26th, the band gave its seventh annual concert in City Hall. The band presented in a very expert manner, an exceedingly difficult program, which was received enthusiastically by a large audience. A great deal of credit is due Mr. Alton L. Robinson, conductor, for his patience and thorough knowledge of music has made the band what it is.

Every member of the band has received a musical training which would be equivalent to several years of private tutoring, absolutely free, and in several cases even the instruments were furnished by the organization. It is just the kind of training a boy needs before graduating from high school, because in this organization only the best class of music is studied. The bandmen learn to play the music as it is written, to follow the conductor, and to cooperate with their fellow players to make the ensemble sound as the conductor wishes.

Every boy who has an instrument or has an interest in music should profit by the wonderful opportunity the band offers, for the practice is better than he can do at home. Here, no one waits for him; if he

misses a phrase or two the band still plays, and in this way he soon learns to read rapidly and accurately.

The band is a credit to the school and also a credit to the city of Bangor. Every year a percentage of the organization graduates. New men must be coming in continually to keep the band at its present high standard. Don't miss this splendid chance to get a musical education under expert leadership, which will be a valuable asset to you all your life.

"Extremes meet" declares an old proverb and as usual, it contains much truth.

Obstinacy It is a fact that an excess of perseverance can end in obstinacy.

Obstinacy consists in the pursuit of an object when one sees that its attainment cannot be reasonably hoped for.

Between obstinacy and perseverance there is simply a difference in the quality of judgment.

The man of perseverance never thinks of attempting a project until he has thought about it and talked it over from all points of view with those who are reliable advisers. He will listen to any objections

which may be made even though they are opposed to his plans and will make a note of them, so as to use them, if need be, later on.

And if any of this advice seems to be of real worth to him he will be ready to admit that the suggestion was not his own.

The man who is obstinate, on the other hand, pays no attention to advice, however much it may help him. He listens to no counsel but what coincides with his own way of thinking and gives no one but himself any credit. He scorns the warning of the old proverb which says: "The man who listens to only one bell hears only one note." He heeds only the flattering music of the bell he himself is ringing. He stops his ears to the voices of the other chimes, which would warn him of trouble ahead, and even when the trouble comes, he still stubbornly denies his error, throwing the blame for his failure upon occurrences which have nothing to do with it.

How many people like the latter we meet in every day life! Let us try to keep ourselves from being obstinate. It does not do anyone any good and it will lose us many friends and cause us much unpleasantness.

The Great War is over. To those of us who had no active part in it, or had no one near or dear to us who made the supreme sacrifice, it seems only a terrible dream. In the hearts of the boys who wore the khaki and suffered the intense horrors of trench life, the war still stands as a vital means to an end. That end was that America's democracy might live, and they did not fight in vain. The comfort and liberty which we enjoy today, we owe to them. Freedom is still America's distinguishing characteristic and our experiment in democracy has not failed.

Even though it had failed, we would still have the best country in the world. Without a doubt the lot of the average American is far happier than the lot of the average citizen or subject of any other land. Utopia is a dreamland, and Paradise a far, far country. Let us be content with possession of the best that nationality has ever yet yielded, and let us not forget, as Memorial Day approaches, those who gave their lives that we might be so blest. The tree of liberty they planted, bears its fruit for us every season, and the leaves of the tree may yet be for the healing of the nations.

"Carry On."

They spoke it bravely, grimly, in their darkest hours of doubt;
They spoke it when their hope was low and when their strength gave out;
We heard it from the dying in those troubled days now gone,
And they breathed it as their slogan for the living: "Carry On."

Now the days of strife are over, and the skies are fair again,
But those two brave words of courage on our lips should still remain;
In the trials which beset us and the cares we look upon,
To our dead we should be faithful—we have still to "carry on!"

"Carry on!" through storm and danger,
"carry on" through dark despair,
"Carry on" through hurt and failure, "carry on" through grief and care;
'Twas the slogan they bequeathed us as they fell beside the way,
And for them and for our children, let us "carry on!" today.



"The secret of success is constancy to purpose."

THE RED CIRCLE

By Benj. D. Rosen, '24.

Part III.

IT was ten o'clock the following morning when Detective Walton was shown into the library. Gilmore and Dunning, who were in the room, arose as he entered, and the three men shook hands.

"How did you fellows spend the night?" asked Walton, taking a seat.

"We were not disturbed at all. I got up about half past one, and tried my room door. I found it locked, so went back to bed," answered Gilmore.

"What did you find out last night, Walton?" asked Dunning.

"Well, I've got to have a talk with the servants this morning before I can tell you of my experiences. I would suggest that the both of you pocket your automatics, and have them ready for instant use. Will you kindly call them in now, Mr. Gilmore?"

Gilmore stepped to the table, pressed three buttons in succession, and remained standing. In a short time the door opened and Watkins, Kemble and Phillips entered. At Gilmore's command the servants seated themselves, and Walton addressed them.

"Gentlemen, it will be best perhaps, to introduce myself to you before going into any details. For your information, I wish to present myself as R. F. Walton, criminal investigator. I was called in on the Carfax case by Mr. Gilmore and came here,

not as a guest as you thought, but to get first hand information in regard to that case. I was confronted, I soon found, with two distinct points to be solved. First, was Mr. Carfax's life taken, and if so by whom? Second, what connection if any, the Red Circle card found in this room, and another similar card found in Mr. Gilmore's room, had with the murder. I have been successful, gentlemen, in solving this mystery."

Gilmore and Dunning, who had seated themselves, were leaning forward in their chairs, greatly interested. Kemble, a bit paler than usual, sat perfectly still. Phillips seemed a bit uneasy, while Watkins sat with an immovable expression on his face. Walton continued to speak.

"Our story starts back ten years ago, at which time Mr. Carfax, an oil promoter, lived in Baku, Azerbaijan, located south of the Caucasus Mountains in Eastern Europe. Mr. Carfax had interested a merchant of that town by the name of Sheldon, in an oil venture. This man invested all of his money in the deal, but the fields were not productive, and he, bankrupt and heart broken, died shortly afterward. About three years before this transaction, Mr. Sheldon's only son ran away from home, and unknown to his father, joined the English navy for a five year term. Upon his return home, the young man found that his

father had been dead for over a year. After some inquiries, he learned of his father's investment in the oil fields, and also found that Mr. Carfax had succeeded in interesting a Mr. William Campbell in the same oil property, and that these fields were now producing oil. He found that Carfax was no longer in town, and that this Mr. Campbell had disappeared a short time before, and had not since been heard of. At this point it might be well to add that this Carfax oil property was known as the Red Circle Oil Fields.

"Further inquiries brought the information to young Mr. Sheldon that Edwin Carfax had leased the Red Circle Oil Fields, and had moved to London. It so happens that this is the very house where Mr. Carfax took up his residence upon his arrival.

"I find that Mr. L. K. Sheldon is now in this city, and to him is attributed part of the disturbances which took place in this house.

"Now, gentlemen, we will come back to the present. Mr. Edwin Carfax is found dead. A card with a red circle is found on the scene. His nephew, Andrew Gilmore, arrives from Austria to take charge of affairs, and some unknown force immediately starts at work. Attempts are made to terrorize him, and he passes through strange experiences while in his room at night. At the termination of one of these affairs he finds a card, also with a red circle. To the ordinary layman, this fact would thoroughly convince him that whoever was responsible for the death of Mr. Carfax, was also responsible for the experiences passed through by Mr. Gilmore. This, however, is not the case. I was soon convinced that there were two forces at work in this house, and later I found that one was absolutely independent of the other.

"Naturally, my first work was concentrated on solving the death of Mr. Carfax. In questioning Phillips, I found that Mr. Carfax was in the habit of coming to this

room every night, sitting before the fireplace, and smoking before retiring. Phillips will perhaps remember, that I very closely examined that nice meerschaum pipe, and perhaps also noticed that I emptied the contents of its bowl into the palm of my hand, and later put the tobacco into my pocket. I also filled my own pipe from the jar that stood on the stand, but the call for luncheon gave me an opportunity to place it in my pocket unlighted.

"A chemical analysis of the tobacco found in that meerschaum pipe showed it to contain a certain chemical which, if taken in sufficient quantities, burned, and the smoke inhaled would cause almost instant death.

"The analyzing of the tobacco taken from the jar, however, showed it to be perfectly clear of any such chemicals. My next step must be obvious. It was to find who was responsible for the doped tobacco.

"A thorough search of the house revealed the fact that the chemically treated tobacco was in the possession of——"

Walton's remark was cut short as Watkins, the butler, who had risen from his seat, dashed through the library door.

In a few minutes, Watkins, handcuffed, and escorted by two policemen, who had been stationed outside the library door, re-entered the room.

"Now, Watkins," spoke Walton, "since I have done most of the talking, perhaps you would like to tell us what connection you had with the Red Circle Oil."

Watkins' glance took in each member in the room before he spoke.

"I can't imagine where you got all your information, but you surely know the history of this case. But there is evidently one thing that you don't know and that is what became of my cousin, William Campbell? The man you chose to speak of as having disappeared.

"Campbell gave his money to Carfax to be invested in Red Circle Oil. Little by

little, the money was used up and Carfax could show no results. Finally, one day Carfax left town, and Campbell followed him. Some days later Carfax returned alone, but Campbell was never heard of again. From that time I always held the suspicion that Carfax had done away with him. Believing, therefore, that Carfax had acquired his fortune illegally, I determined to follow him and sometime deprive him of a good share of his money. The easiest manner in which I could gain entrance to the house was in the form of a servant, so I immediately went into training for a butler. The opportunity came, and when I presented myself under the assumed name of Watkins, I was hired.

"On the evening of Mr. Carfax's death, I admitted just before dinner, two men who had had a business appointment with him.

"From part of the conversation I had overheard, I gathered that these men had some interest in the Red Circle Oil fields, and that a large sum of money was to be paid over to Carfax. This, then, was the opportunity I had waited for so long. Yet I knew it would be impossible to get at the money with Carfax in the house, and again there was no possibility of his going out. I had almost decided that nothing could be done that night, when a new plan presented itself. Back some years ago, I had become acquainted with a drug addict, and he mixed with his tobacco a certain liquid which produced a natural sleep. It was this drug I decided to use in putting Carfax out of the way until I came into possession of the money.

"Taking advantage of his habit of night-smoking, I doped his jar of tobacco while he was at dinner with his guests, and awaited results.

"But here the tragedy of the affair came in. When Carfax had smoked a short time, I heard him make an exclamation, and when I looked in, he had settled back in his chair. This was entirely unexpected. In

my hand I held a card with a red circle, which I intended to leave after I had taken the money. Those cards I had provided some time ago. I must have been frightened, for I could have sworn I saw a large red circle just over the fireplace.

"I walked forward to the fireplace. Carfax's posture startled me. I placed my ear over his heart and realized that he was dead. You may not believe me, gentlemen, but it was not my intention to kill Carfax. I now see my mistake. Carfax was along in years, and I had doped the tobacco too strongly.

"The result of my mistake unnerved me so badly that I entirely forgot about the money I had planned to get. I left the card with the red circle, however, hoping to throw suspicion on an outsider."

"But what about the money that was given to Mr Carfax that night?" asked Gilmore. "I have seen nothing of it since I came here!"

"I don't know, sir," replied Watkins. "I had wondered whether or not you found it."

"You don't know where the money was put, Watkins?" asked Walton.

"No, sir, I had hoped it would be in the desk until he retired for the night."

"That will be all you can do for us now, Watkins. These officers will look after you until we will need you again." Turning to the officers, Walton said, "I will ask you gentlemen, to look after your man."

As Watkins and the two officers left the room, Gilmore spoke to Walton.

"What about my own experiences? The lights going out, the doors locking, and the noises I heard. You referred to that a while ago; and also this young Sheldon?"

"Yes," Walton replied, "I was just coming to that. Let me introduce you to Mr. L. K. Sheldon, alias John Phillips. To this gentleman you are indebted for the lively nights you spent, and it was he who left

you the red circle card on your bath room window.

"Mr. Sheldon did not know what attitude Mr. Carfax would take with regard to his claim as part owner of the Baku Oil property, and decided that he would find out for himself whether or not the records of his father's partnership were intact before he made himself known."

"But why all the spooks in my room?" asked Gilmore.

"That was for the purpose of keeping you occupied, and the locked doors were for the purpose of keeping you in your room while a search was going on in this room.

"Before we go on, we might as well dismiss Kemble as having no part in this case. It is almost time for him to be thinking about preparing one of his nice lunches."

"Kemble left without a word, and Walton continued to speak.

"Now, Mr. Sheldon, you may show Mr. Gilmore the new safe and its contents."

Gilmore watched with surprise as Sheldon went to the wall opposite the fireplace, slid aside a panel, and opened a wall safe exactly like the one at the left of the fireplace.

This done, Sheldon removed the contents from the same and placed it on the table.

"Here," he said, laying aside several neatly tied packets of bank notes, "is evidently the money Watkins was after."

He picked from the papers, a long legal form, and passing it to Gilmore, he spoke again.

"That, Mr. Gilmore, is the contract which was made by Mr. Carfax and my father. It was to make sure of its existence, that I entered your uncle's employ under an assumed name. That contract will prove that I am entitled to a half interest in the Red Circle Oil."

"This matter now seems to rest entirely between you and Mr. Sheldon," Walton remarked, as Gilmore examined the document. "And Mr. Sheldon will explain any-

thing that may not yet be clear to you."

"Now, Dunning," he continued, turning to his assistant, "you and I have an appointment for lunch."

"I'm all ready," was the reply, and Gilmore walked to the door with the two men as they made their departure.

* * * * *

Walton and Dunning were sitting before the fire in the detective's apartment. Minutes passed before the latter broke the silence.

"You haven't told me how you discovered that there were two forces working in that house."

"You see there were two red circle cards," Walton replied.

"But weren't they exactly alike?"

"The printing and the surface of the cards were almost exactly the same, but the cards were made of different material. If made by the same printer, they would have been alike, and this led me to believe that one was a copy of the other. Sheldon used this card, to follow up the effect made by the finding of the first card near Carfax."

"And what about Gilmore's room?"

"Phillips had that wired with electrical apparatus, so that the doors bolted electrically. The noises he heard were transmitted to his room by dictaphones placed behind pictures and furniture. The noises sent over the correct circuit to the different instruments, gave the impression that the noise came from different directions. The lights he controlled by the main floor switch."

"Did Watkins actually see a red circle over the fireplace?"

"Yes, he came in just as it was fading out."

"What was that for? How was it done?"

"That was a strange coincidence. After waiting a year for something to come up, Phillips decided to work on the old man's nerves similar to the way he worked on Gil-

more's. By correctly placing a small projector in the inverted chandelier which hangs from the center of the ceiling, and focusing it on the wall over the fireplace, he was able to project a red circle on that wall. It so happened that Phillips chose to begin work the same night that Watkins decided to get the money."

The End.

HOMESTRETCH TALES

By Bruce Cunningham, '27.

IT was four o'clock. The great athletic field was packed. The long looked for track meet was on. Bright banners were flying wildly in the sun and occasionally a cheer boomed across the field. Cranston was ahead of Salsbury 85 to 80, and only one more event was left for Salsbury to gain points. A white clad official came slowly across the track, megaphone in hand. The cheers and talking stopped, and the big field was silent as the official raised the megaphone slowly to his lips and shouted, "First call for the hundred yard dash." The Cranston crowd broke loose and cheer after cheer poured across the field.

Sarazen of Cranston, would pull this down and the meet would be theirs. All Salsbury rooters were looking worriedly down on the track where their coach gave final instructions to "Shay" Meridan and "Les" Berry, Salsbury's only dashers.

The Salsbury crowd's hopes of winning were dashed, for everybody knew Sarazen, the intercollegiate champion, and Meridan and Berry were lemons compared to him.

Suddenly a stir went through the crowd. Down the track jogged Sarazen, head held high, arms swinging lightly at his sides, a real gallery player was Sarazen and he brought down the house, or rather the grandstand.

The three lads got into position.

"Bang!" went the pistol and the three

"And how did you know about Phillips' early life?"

"I caught him at the new safe in the library, which he had just recently discovered, and got his confession. Together we succeeded in opening the safe, and an examination of the contents proved that his story was true."

lithe bodies shot forward, Meridan in the lead. Salsbury gasped, "Could Shay do it? But, no! Here comes Sarazen."

It was a race. Everybody admits that. Down the track they came. Shay first, pounding and losing ground, while right behind him sped Sarazen, smiling to himself as he sailed by Meridan. But the race was not over yet, for right behind Sarazen was Berry, sprinting just as fast and just as lightly as Sarazen himself.

Salsbury went wild! If Berry could only win! On toward the tape they sprinted, athletes, both of them. As they struggled on a great silence descended over the Cranston section, for they realized too late, that perfectly trained as their Sarazen was, this younger and more inexperienced boy from Salsbury was the better man. Then the inevitable happened, Berry passed Sarazen. Sarazen, with blood streaming from his mouth, tore down the track after Berry. The crowd as in an uproar, pandemonium ruled. Twenty-five yards lay between where they were now, and the tape. By the grandstand they shot, Berry slightly in the lead, Sarazen hanging doggedly on behind and Meridan in the lurch. Ten more yards, then five. Berry's chest smacked against the tape, breaking the intercollegiate records for the one hundred yard dash. Both boys sagged down, semi-conscious on the track, while Salsbury nearly tore apart the grandstand, for Salsbury had won, 93 to 88.

THE ORACLE
THE ETERNAL LOVE

Charlotte R. Bowman, '25.

THE wind blew violently about the old mansion seeming to tear it away from the age-old cliff upon which it was built. The rain beat against it and the wild waves dashed angrily upon the crags far below!

The elderly lady within watched this storm as she had watched many such tempests on Cape Cod Bay. She peered out into the black night wondering if her husband, Captain Alden, had reached the lighthouse in safety. Word had been received that a vessel had struck the shoals opposite the lighthouse and was in great danger.

The lifeboats were manned at once, to rescue the living from the sinking ship. Captain Alden, together with the crew, helped the frantic passengers into the boats. At last it seemed to him that all had been lowered into the lifeboats below him—but what was that woman doing over in the stern of the ship? He reached her just in time to save her from flinging herself over into the angry waves which would have been only too glad to claim her for their own.

The Captain carried her limp form over to the lifeboat where he gently passed her to one of the men, while he caught up an oar. Shore was reached and the passengers helped into the lighthouse, all but the woman whom Captain Alden had saved. He gathered her dripping form into his arms and hastened back to the mansion with her. Mother would know what to do.

Indeed she did! As soon as the Captain opened the door Mother had hot blankets ready to wrap the poor woman in, for she had seen him coming by the flash of his lantern. Stimulant was forced between her teeth. After an hour's work, her breathing became regular. Under the light the woman proved to be a girl of about sixteen or seventeen years of age.

"Mother, did you ever see such a pretty picture?" said the Captain, as he smoothed back the black locks. It was, indeed, a beautiful gift which the sea had so unwittingly given to them. The beautiful face was framed by a mass of dark, curly hair. She reminded one of an old, delicate carving of an exquisite beauty. She had a look of pain about the sensitive mouth as if she had suffered some severe misfortune. She opened her eyes upon the two people bent over her as she lay upon the davenport in front of a huge, glowing fireplace. They were soft, brown eyes. "They look like the eyes of a frightened fawn," thought the Captain, as he gazed into their brown depths.

"Where am I?" she cried, and sank again into unconsciousness.

After long weeks of illness, Anne, for so her name proved to be—was able to walk about the old mansion. Her name was Anne, but who was she? The terror and hardships through which she had passed had left her mind a blank as to her past life. Her every movement showed signs of refinement and culture, but nothing more was known.

As the days passed, the old couple grew to care for her dearly. She was entirely happy now, with just one trouble to mar that happiness. Who was she? One day after Anne had been with them for several months, Mother—for so Anne called her now—bade Anne follow her up a long flight of stairs to the second and highest story in the old mansion. At the end of the long hall they came to a door which Mother opened with a tiny key. Softly the door yielded to her touch and Anne found herself in a large room. She gazed about her in awe, for she was standing in a room so richly furnished that it seemed like a palace. Her gaze fell upon one object, to-

ward which she eagerly ran. In one corner of the room was a piano, so old and delicate, that it must have been the product of a master. Anne was no sooner seated before it than a flood of music filled the room. She played on and on, forgetful of all else. Mrs. Alden listened to the sweet melodies with tears in her eyes, far off memories filling her thoughts.

Finally, when she could play no longer, Anne came over to Mrs. Alden's chair and sat down by her side. "Oh, Mother, I almost remembered who I was," she said, as she looked at her with starry eyes and glowing cheeks. "Why can't I remember?" The pleading look on the beautiful face beside her made Mrs. Alden's heart ache with pity for this girl who had so strangely come to her.

"Anne," she began, "I have brought you up here today to tell you a strange and sad story. "Anne, this room belongs to my son," she went on; "during that last horrible year of the World war, which you and I have studied about, Mr. Alden and I were compelled to stay in France, where we had been touring, for the officials would not let us come back to America. There we found this little boy—or young lad—for he was then but fifteen years of age. His mother and father had been killed; his little sister, two years younger than he, had been lost during one of those terrible battles. Donald—that is his name, was frantic with grief. He hunted everywhere for his sister, but all in vain. Mr. Alden and I found the poor, little lad near the ruins of his home and in pity took him home with us. We grew to love him as our own, finally adopting him. He was the son of a wealthy family in France. His mother was an American; his father, a famous French musician. So Donald had no relatives left after the war. He inherited his father's talent as a musician and is abroad now studying under a French master. His main purpose in going abroad has been to find his sister.

Donald never loses hope, although it has been five years now since the war. The grief of losing her—one whom he loved so dearly has fairly turned his mind. His love for us and his music are all that save him from insanity.

"There is another thing I want to ask you; Anne, the Captain and I love you as if you were our own, will you be our daughter? I am sure Donald will, too, and perhaps you can take the place of his sister. Will you, Anne?"

It was the yearnings of a childless woman wishing for a daughter to love—some one to call her own.

Anne, touched to the heart, was weeping as she listened to the sad story. "Oh, Mother, if you only knew how I love you and Captain John. I will try to fulfill your trust," she answered, simply; "I do want to take the place of Donald's sister, too," she added.

"You will soon know, Anne. I have just received a telegram from Donald, saying he will be home some time next week.

"Oh, Anne," she said, "that means he has not found her or he would have mentioned it; but there, I must be brave, he is coming home—what more can I ask?"

The days wore on until the promised week came—the week Donald was expected home.

Anne spent most of her time at the piano in the quiet room with her music and her flowers.

But also she delighted to wander about the old mansion; to explore the sea-caves. In fact, the Captain declared she looked like a beautiful water-nymph as she poised upon a high cliff, suddenly darting into the foaming waves, to appear again only to repeat the performance. She and Captain John became great "pals."

So Anne won the hearts of her kind parents. The old house rang once more with girlish laughter.

One night the last of the week, Anne stole

softly up the stairs to the music room or "my brother's room," she would say to herself. There she would softly play enchanting melodies on the old piano. A door opened out upon a tiny balcony where she sometimes liked to sit and gaze down upon the old fashioned garden, which sent its sweet aroma up to her. The very mystic air of the night seemed to weave strange dreams about her. The flashing fountain and the wind whispered their secrets to her. A quiet peace seemed to steal over her there. The silvery moon, too, seemed a companion in her lonely vigils. This night she played a dreamy melody—never did she use the written score of music for somewhere, sometime, she had learned the art of harmony. Sweetly, the strains rang out upon the stillness of the night air.

They reached the ears of a boy coming slowly up the path to the old mansion. He stopped and listened to the enchanting music. A look of fear crossed his face. "At last it has come," he said, "that power which I have fought against. I must be insane!" There was only one in the world who could play like that—my sister. I can hear her playing!"

On and on the music pealed, now loud, now soft, as if it were trying to comfort the heart-broken youth. Suddenly it ceased and all was quiet.

The youth slowly walked up the path, his eyes on the light which seemed to be shining from the balcony above. Why, that was

his room! A vision in white came out upon the balcony. She stood like an angel from heaven, her arms held out to the silvery moon.

As one in a trance, Donald looked at her. She had black, curly hair, falling in ringlets about her face, soft, dreamy eyes, and red, ruby lips. He could see her so plainly there in the moonlight. Were his eyes deceiving him as his ears had done? But no! She was moving; she had seen him! She was calling to him!

"Anne!" he called; the word pierced the air—so quickly did he speak.

"Donald! My brother," she answered. With the yearnings of years the two stood looking at each other. Anne suddenly remembered all now; how the dreadful war had taken her parents; had separated Donald from her. How she had toiled for those four dreadful years in Germany, where she had been held as a captive; finally, the voyage home to her mother's country. All these horrors of her past life flashed through her mind as she stood looking down upon her brother.

Donald's face was transformed. He had found her—his Anne, all the world to him. He was fast climbing the trellis which led up to the balcony. It was a slight frame, but nothing daunted him and he ascended it as quickly as if it had been a ladder. In a moment he was helped over the railing into a pair of eager arms. There stood the two enfolded in a love of years.

THE MAGICAL POWER OF WORDS

By Mary Reid, '24.

HAVE you ever thought how really wonderful words are? That a drop of ink formed into one of your dearest thoughts might make millions think or ponder over it?

Inventions! No invention could be any better than a beautiful idea expressed in living, colored, peopled words. Perhaps you don't agree with me that words are peopled, but they are, and moreover, if you

stop to think about it you will see they are, too.

There are all the races and animals in the word universe that there are in the man universe; they have their great, forceful, upright white leaders; sunny people of the south; people that live in the cold that seem to get like the icebergs around them; treacherous people that belong to the yellow race; war loving barbarians; bitter, savage people from dark glens.

Can't you see them when you read? Don't you see a procession of them walking past you? Or aren't you favored with that gift that in reading you can say, "See, there goes a freckled-face tomboy, running to catch up and pull the pigtailed of that long-legged, gawky girl; behind them there is a poor worn out laborer, whom a haughty aristocrat passes with scorn as he stops to look into a jeweler's window; at that corner a Bolshevik and philanthropist are attracting a crowd; a pathetic urchin—crippled by some of our unthinking people—is selling papers; a keen, young student and his philosopher father goes past; there are some gossipers shaking their heads over a crowd of laughing, indifferent sub-debs; how funny that lazy, gouty man looks with the quick, elf-like old man by his side; a brilliant phosphorous woman is giving alms to a beggar; quiet, drabby people; there are all kinds."

Words have their small, sleek wolves and snakes that get into well meaning armies going out to conquer in a just way. Beautifully colored birds—mocking birds—fly in and out among equally beautiful butterflies, small and brilliantly peaceful. What a lot can be learned from these sunny hordes, that have just as much to tell us as the wise, unattractive owls—more than their cousins, the moths.

They say some people have perfect control over their words—perhaps they have but I doubt if they control their words half as much as their words control them. Not only is one man ruled by his words but often nations are changed by a single sentence, a word.

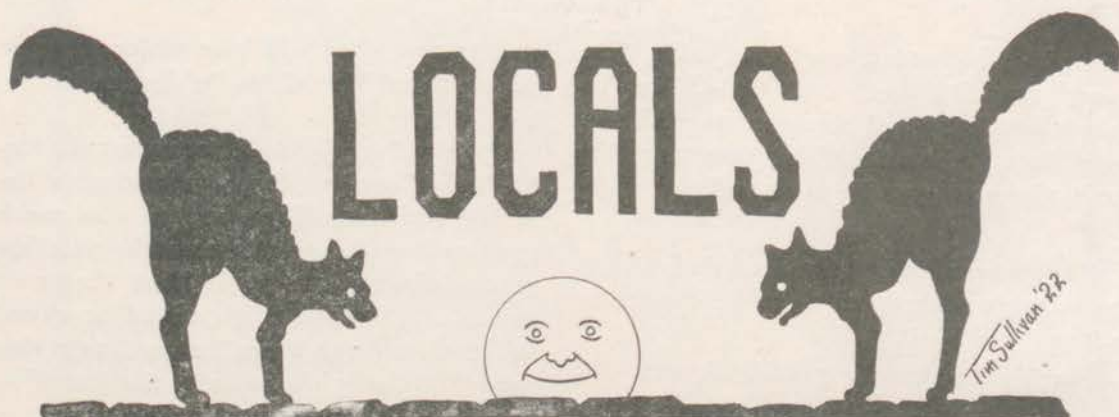
Often a man has been proclaimed as wise by a sentence and just as often a man has been overlooked as stupid or foolish because he has said something everybody did not understand. Not only can we make or unmake our own reputations but also those of other people.

Like real people the multitude of words are often, weaker than a few. They jumble, argue and contradict themselves. It is, indeed, true, that "Men who have much to say use the fewest words." They know the cunningness and deceit of many words, the strength and beauty of few.

"PRESS ON"

Press on; you're rusting while you stand;
Inaction will not do;
Take Life's small bundle in your hand,
And budge it briskly through.

Jump over all the "ifs" and "buts";
There's always some kind hand
To lift Life's wagon o'er the ruts,
And poke away the sand.



"The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue."

Girls Hold Athletic Banquet.

The Girls' Athletic banquet was held in the Assembly Hall on April 12. All the girls who were to receive numerals or letters were present; also the following guests: Mr. and Mrs. Garcelon, Mr. and Mrs. Proctor, Mr. and Mrs. Search, Madame Search, Dean Robinson, Miss Brown, Miss Connor and Miss Goodwin. Katherine Buck, Faith Donovan and Rachel Bowen played for the reception and banquet. After the delicious banquet the speeches and presentation of honors followed. The very proficient toastmistress, Manager Georgia Treat of the school basketball team, spoke first, showing appreciation of the Girls' Athletic Council. Thelma Shea presented the numerals to the track teams, and Mary Files to the basketball teams. After the broad grins of pleasure had left the winners' faces, Miss Brown presented the track letters. She made a humorous speech, giving us a combination of contradictions supposed to represent woman. Before giving out the basketball letters Mr. Search spoke about girls' athletics, and told a breathless cannibal story which held everyone in suspense until the anticlimax. Just as he was about to present the letters, a big package which looked like a laundry bundle, was brought to him. Not a sound was heard in the hall as the mysterious package was opened. The first

glimpse showed a queer layer of white, (more than ever like laundry, thought the mystified girls!) Then Mr. Search presented each girl on the basketball team a white tennis sweater trimmed with red, on them being the basketball B in white on a red shield! It was a huge and wonderful surprise. Captain Drummond made a short speech of acceptance and appreciation on behalf of the team. The next Monday eight girls appeared at school wearing the new sweaters, to the admiration of the girls and the envy of the boys. The girls certainly appreciated the splendid gifts. The biggest event of the evening, however, came when Georgia Treat, Ruth Gordon and Charlotte Thompson were escorted silently and singly to the center of the floor, and made members of the Honor Council. Avis Haley, Madeline Silsby, Alice Webster, Ruth Hunt, Margaret Spurr and Evelyn Friend impressed the audience and initiates with the high standards of the Council. The three girls were then presented with the red arm bands. Up to this point the girls had been receiving all the surprises. Now Mr. Search's turn came. Georgia Treat presented him with a red blanket having a big white B, in behalf of the school basketball squad. Mr. Proctor, Miss Robinson, Miss Connor and Miss Goodwin gave impromptu speeches, then Mr. Garcelon, the guest of honor, spoke in appreciation of

the girl who understands the order, "On your mark!" "Get set! Go!-!" in its mental and physical applications. After a wild flurry of autographing programs, the enjoyale evening came to an end.

The seniors held their election for class parts during April, with the following results:

Parting Address, Raymond Worster.

Class History—Arline Babcock and Alan Hartt.

Prophecies—

Classical, Julia Hickson.

Technical, Robert McManus.

General, Helen Reid.

Commercial, James Samway.

Scientific, Benjamin Rosen.

Louis Youngs, our newly elected track manager, spoke in chapel about the Radio dance which was given by the track team in the Assembly Hall, April 25. This is something new (the dance, not Mr. Youngs' speech!) and was, as we all know, successful. Mr. Proctor mentioned that the Athletic Council's financial resources were nil, and that, therefore, we ought to come to the dance and help out. There were also a candy sale and a minstrel show under the auspices of the track team. If Manager Youngs keeps on as he has started, he will deprive us of all our hard earned cash and we won't have any left for our Senior banquet—and that **would** be a calamity. The new manager is certainly very enterprising, anyway—we all admit that.

The band has been doing good work this year and closed the season with a band concert and dance on Saturday, April 26. The band gave us a fine selection featuring Karl Larson as soloist, in chapel one morning, and that was only a sample of the fine

performance they will give under the able leadership of Mr. Alton Robinson.

On Monday, April 14, occurred the annual clash between the boys' and girls' debating societies. The question was much more serious than it has been the past few years, being: "Resolved, That the main entrance to Bangor High school be closed and the resulting space be used as a dog pound." The girls upheld the question while the boys opposed it.

In the girls' arguments were mentioned some of the dire results of continuing to allow the dogs to be educated in the class rooms with the students, and of allowing students, especially freshmen, to use the main door. The disadvantages of permitting parents and teachers to use the same door was also pointed out.

The boys read several telegrams and letters from such people as the President of the United States and the governor of the state. All such authorities seemed to view the proposal with disfavor, especially telling of the catastrophe it would cause in the country at large. The boys also showed the terrible expense to the school of supporting the dogs at the rate of a hundred a day, which, as they maintained, would necessitate the buying of thirteen hundred dog biscuits a day. This last point was hotly disputed by the girls. Then the boys produced a better plan. They suggested separate kennels in each room where the students would have to do the feeding.

The arguments of both sides showed careful thought and preparation. But, in spite of the many strong features in the arguments of the negative, which was represented by Harold O'Connell, Charles O'Connor and Harold Schiro, the decision was given to the affirmative, supported by Marion Schriver, Ellen Maloney, Mary Street, and Margaret Spurr. It was noticed that there were more girls present at the debate than boys.



"It is much easier to be critical than to be correct."

AS OTHERS SEE US.

We missed your exchange column. The Bugle Girl is as interesting a story as we have yet come across. We look forward with interest to your next edition.—Said and Done, Muskegon, Mich.

You have a fine paper. Your B. H. S. Tatler is very humorous. We always enjoy your paper.—The Ferguson, Harmony, Maine.

The proverb under each heading is quite clever. Your magazine is certainly well supported by advertisements.—The Spotlight, Spencer, Mass.

His View of It.

Chinaman: "Tellee me where railroad depot is?"

Citizen: What's the matter, Kān Lee? Lost?

Chinaman: No. Me here. Depot lost.—Ex.

Doubtful.

Judge—Guilty or not guilty?

Hambone—Not guilty, suh.

Judge—Have you ever been in jail?

Hambone—No, suh. I never stole nuthin' befo'!

He—Sweets to the sweet.

She—Oh, thank you! May I pass you the nuts.—Ex.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Meteor, Berlin, H. S., Berlin, N. H.: The arrangement of your magazine is excellent and the material is fine. The views in the White Mountain number are very interesting.

The Jabberwock, Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass.: Your jokes are good, but a more attractive arrangement would improve your paper.

The Advance, Jamesburg, N. J.: Another old friend whom we welcome. Your boxed quotations are especially good.

Educated?

A negro was discovered carrying a very large number of books, which brought forth inquiry:

"Going to school?"

"Yes."

"Do you study all these books?"

"No, sar, dey's me brudder's. I'se a ignorant kinder nigger side of him boss! Ye just orter see dat nigger figgerin.' He has gone and ciphered clear through addition, partition, distraction, abomination, justification, creation, amputation, and adaptation."—Ex.

He—You talk like an idiot.

She—I have to talk so you can understand me.—Ex.



"Difficulties are things that show what men are."

On Friday, April 25, Major Glover, the officer in charge of R. O. T. C. affairs at the University of Maine, gave a short lecture in the regular assembly period on the advantages and benefits of the Citizens' Military Training camp at Camp Devens, Massachusetts. This is open to young men between the ages of 17 and 24, who are of good moral character and are physically fit. It was instituted by the War Department, under the provisions of the National Defense Act, the basic law that governs all military training. Major Glover placed much emphasis upon the fact that the members are always very democratic, and President Coolidge thinks so highly of it that he is sending one of his sons. There is a complete system of athletics under the supervision of some of the best coaches in the country and the physical benefit derived from the drills and military exercises alone is very considerable. The government pays all expenses of the members, such as travel, food, clothing, medical attendance, etc. There are three courses of training in effect, known as the Red, White and Blue. The Red course consists of the privates, the White course of the non-commissioned officers, and the Blue course of the commissioned officers. Applicants for the Blue course must have a High school education and after they have satisfactorily completed the provided course requirements

and have reached the age of 21, they receive a commission as second lieutenant in the Officers' Reserve Corps. The following number have taken out applications for the camp this year:

Babb, R.	Connor, J.	Neal, L.
Berdeen, T.	Grenier, L.	Pendleton,
Bowden, A.	Hill, A.	Tracy, D.
Briggs, H.	Ladner, B.	Welch, E.
Colson, R.	Maynard.	Weston, C.

The customary spring inspection of the unit will take place on May 28. Colonel Goodale, the officer in charge of all R. O. T. C. affairs in the First Corps Area, will be present as inspection officer.

The High School unit will this year again head the Second Division of the annual Memorial Day parade. The procession will form on Columbia street, march through the principal streets of the city and then go by electric cars to Mt. Hope Cemetery. Here a firing squad of 18 men, under the command of Cadet Major Ralph Mayo, will fire a volley of salutes over the graves of the Civil War heroes after the ceremonies of the various chaplains of the patriotic societies. The R. O. T. C. and the High School Band have always added greatly to this parade and this year, due to the greatly increased enrollment, they will present a spectacle worth seeing.



"He gets through too late who goes too fast."

GIRLS' BASKETBALL.

Bar Harbor (20), Bangor (16).

On Feb. 23, a very close game was played at Bangor with the Bar Harbor girls, who were out for the state championship.

Although the Crimson presented a strong defense, their opponents were one basket ahead at the end of the first half. Steady, hard playing brought the game to an end with Bar Harbor still in the lead.

Stalford, center, and Summisby, forward, starred for Bar Harbor; Bangor players did equally well.

The line-up for Bangor was: Drummond, Haley, Treat, Silsby, Colburn, Spurr.

Bangor (24), U. of M. Seconds (8).

After the Bar Harbor defeat the Bangor girls were determined to win. They played a fast game at Orono on Feb. 28.

All through the first half the Crimson played with good team work, they seemed to enjoy the larger floor. At half time the score was 13-1 for Bangor.

An entirely new team began the work for Bangor in the second half. Then Maine began to gain hope and fought, but fought for a lost cause, Mary McAvey having kept up the work of her preceding forwards, Colburn and Spurr.

The first line-up for Bangor, was: Drum-

mond, Haley, Treat, Silsby, Colburn, Spurr. The substitutes were: Robinson, Gordon, Files, Baker, McAvey, Faulkingham.

Bangor (13), Hampden (8).

This was a very hard won and welcome victory for the local team. Many full hours had been spent practicing for March 1, when the game was played at the High School Gym.

The Hampden girls were used to a very small floor and so were rather afraid of the big one. Bangor, wishing that their visitors should be under no disadvantage, gave them the use of the Gym for two afternoons. Thus, when the game began the teams were evenly matched.

From the very start the Crimson girls played a cool, strong game. The defense by Treat and Silsby could not be broken. Only twice did Hampden get a basket from the floor. With Bangor always in the lead, the score at the end of the first half was 8-5, at the finish, 13-8.

Drummond, Haley, Treat, Silsby, Files, Colburn, Spurr, was the Bangor line-up.

Bangor (35), U. of M. Seconds (11).

The return game with the U. of M. Seconds was played on March 8, at Bangor High school.

The Bangor girls clearly outplayed their older opponents with better all round team play and sharp offensive.

The Crimson always maintained their advantage, the score being at the half 19-5, and at the end, 35-11.

Miss Hughes, captain of the Maine team, was their outstanding player; McAvey and Colburn rolled the baskets in for Bangor.

Drummond, Haley, Treat, Silsby, Files, McAvey, Colburn, was the line-up for Bangor.

Bangor (21), Bar Harbor (20).

The biggest game of the season was played at Bar Harbor on March 14.

Undaunted by the slippery floor, Bangor fought a clean, fast game but Bar Harbor kept as fast a game going also. It was a neck to neck struggle. The Crimson got first score but the first quarter ended 8-4 in favor of Bar Harbor. In the next quarter Bangor changed the advantage with a score of 14-11 in her favor. The offensive and defensive all tightened in the third quarter, making the score 14 all. The testing point came then. From the first to the last of the fourth quarter, the teams kept changing the tally—now one was ahead, now the other. But Bangor came out on top with the score, 21-20.

There was such good team work on both sides that no one shone—all starred.

Bangor's line-up was: Drummond, Haley, Treat, Silsby, McAvey, Spurr, Colburn.

The Interclass Track Meet.

On the afternoons of Monday, April 21, and Wednesday, April 23, an Interclass track meet was held at Abbott Square. The Senior class, led by Captain Bruce Smith, carried off all the honors by scoring 65 points. The sophomores were second with 27, the juniors third, with 23, and the freshmen trailed in fourth position with four and one-half points.

The first event of the first afternoon was the running high jump. Captain Smith took first place with a leap of five feet and three inches. Roy Braley of the sophomores, was next, clearing the bar at five feet. Don Pelkey, one of the Crimson's best basketeers, was third, with a jump of four feet, eleven, scoring two points for the juniors and Dan Kennedy of the sophomores, was fourth.

The next event was the running broad jump. Much to everyone's surprise, Morrison of the sophomores, took first place with a jump of 16 feet, five inches. Finnegan, also a sophomore, was second, Steve Caspar of the seniors, third, and Rice, a junior, fourth.

In the pole vault, Garfield Wade of the juniors, and Anderson of the sophs, tied for first place at eight feet. Cox, a promising freshman, was second, and Trickey of the seniors, third.

In the relay race a senior team, consisting of Snow, Smith, Withee, and Samway, defeated the junior team by one second. The sophomores and freshmen tied.

At the end of the first day, the sophomores were in the lead with 17 points, the seniors second, with 13, the juniors third, with ten, and the freshmen last, with three and one-half.

The opening event of the second day was the hammer throw. "Buck" Connors of the senior class, was a winner, with a heave of 83 feet. Casper and Dunphy, also seniors, were second and third, with Teehan, a junior, fourth.

Next came the shot put. Ernest Turner of basketball fame, upset the dope by defeating Connors by a heave of 33 feet, which gave the sophs five necessary points. Connors and Dunphy, seniors, were second and third, with Morrison, a soph, fourth.

In the next event, the mile run, Coffin of the juniors, the hero of the afternoon, outsprinted the other contestants and easily took first place. After Coffin, Long and

Trickey of the seniors, and Shannon of the sophs, finished in the order named. fourth.

In the 220-yard dash Captain Smith took first place, closely followed by his classmates, Samway and Casper. Morrison of the sophs, was fourth.

The quarter-mile run was won by Withee, a senior. He was hard pressed by his classmate, Smith. Pelkey of the juniors, was third, and Morrison, a soph,

The half-mile run was easy for Coffin. Bill Snow of the seniors, was second, Pelkey of the juniors, was third, and Morrison, a soph, fourth.

The last event of the meet was the 100 yard dash. The seniors made a fitting closing by cleaning up eleven points. "Jim" Samway was first, but Thompson, Casper, and Withee gave him a hard fight.

Obliging.

A Buffalo teacher was being examined by the school board. Among the questions asked him was this:

"Do you think the world is round or flat?"

"Well," said the teacher, as he scratched his head in deep thought, "some people think one way and some another, and I'll teach round or flat, just as the parents please."

"There's nothing like cheerfulness. I admire anyone who sings at his work."

"How one must love a mosquito!"

Bride:—I want to buy some writing paper, please.

Clerk—Linen sheets?

Bride—Sir, I said writing paper.

The Misplaced Comma.

"Julius Caesar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, his shoes in his hand, his sword in his eye, an angry look."—Ex.

He: "When I die, dear, I want you to bury me in the fireplace."

She: "But why bury you in the fireplace?"

He: "So my ashes can mingle with those of the grate."—Ex.

Effect of One Term in College.

When young Mr. Spitzer left home for college, he took leave of his mother in this manner:

"Mother, I will write often and think of you constantly."

When he returned, two years later, he remarked to the anxious parent:

"Deah mothaw, I gweet you once moah!"

Imagine the feelings of a fond mother.

An Equal Division.

"Everything is divided equally. The rich man has his twin six and the poor man has his six twins.—Ex.

The Main Thing.

Newcomb: "Where would you advise me to send my daughter to study music?"

Nexdore: "Anywhere out of earshot."

Five-year-old Lena, after gazing at her new twin brothers, exclaimed:

"Well, I never saw such a woman as mamma for hunting bargains."

Logic.

"Mamma, why has papa so little hair?"

"Because he does so much thinking."

"But why have you so much?"

"Now, my dear—it is time to go to bed."

PERSONALS



"They say a carpenter's known by his chips."

Handy Thing to Have.

J. K. P.—"Striar, have you your book open?"

Striar—"Yes, sir, it's always open. There is no cover on it."

Question Box.

What does a stone become in water? Ans. Wet.

When does a boy have four hands? Ans. When he doubles his fists.

What was Joan of Arc made of? Ans. Maid of Orleans.

What comes after cheese? Ans. Mice.

Why are there no eggs in St. Domingo? Ans. Because the whites were banished and the yoke was cast off.

What is brought to the table often but is never eaten? Ans. A pack of cards.

How many sides does a pitcher have? Ans. Two, inside and outside.

Why are there no whole days? Ans. Because the day begins by breaking.

Why is the letter D like a crying Freshman? Ans. Because it makes Ma mad.

Why is the letter A like 12 o'clock? Ans. Because it is the middle of day.

His Status.

"There goes our luckiest citizen," stated the landlord. "He picked ten four-leafed clovers one afternoon."

"Ah! And what is his business?"

"Hunting four-leafed clovers, mostly."

Defining Him.

"Paw, what is a gentleman farmer?"

"One that raises nothing but his hat, my son."

His Whereabouts.

First Flea: Have you been on a vacation?

Second Flea: No; just on a tramp.

Happiness.

"And now, children," asked the teacher, "what is it we want most to make us perfectly happy?"

"The things we ain't got," flashed the bright youngster.

Too Risky.

"I noticed," said the husband, "that you never thanked the man who gave you his seat in the car last evening."

"No," returned his wife in a complacent tone. "You see, I once stopped to say thank you, and before I finished another woman had slipped into the seat."

Education.

"Annie," called her mistress, "just come into the dining room a moment. Now look at this. Watch me. I can write my name in the dust on this table."

Annie grinned.

"It be a grand thing," she said, "to have an eddication."

Matter of Taste.

A woman engaged a new maid, with whose appearance and manner she was greatly pleased. When the terms had been agreed upon the mistress said, "Now, my last maid was much too friendly with the policeman. I hope I can trust you?"

"Indeed you can, ma'am," replied the new maid. "I can't bear policemen. I was brought up to hate the very sight of them. You see, my father was a burglar."

"Too many people wait until a poet is dead before praising him," said Professor Elkins.

"It seems to me that the only praiseworthy thing the average poet does is to die off."

Fortunate.

He was a snobbish chap and disliked by many of his associates.

"My ancestors came over in the Mayflower," he announced.

"Well, well, it was lucky for you that they did," replied one of the fair ones of his set; "the immigration laws are somewhat stricter now."

A Safe Partner.

The Halls believe that their Tommy, aged five, will make his mark. Last summer, the youngster was seen walking slowly along the hotel porch, thoughtfully scanning the faces of guests seated there. Finally he stopped at the chair of a friendly old lady.

"Say, Mrs. Smith, can you crack nuts?" he inquired, his hands in his pockets. "Why, no dearie, I can't," she replied. "You know I've lost most of my teeth."

"That's what I thought," said Tommy, extending his two hands confidently. "Will you keep these nuts for me while I go get the rest of 'em?"

His Tally.

"Let me see, Brother Johnson," began the presiding elder, "how old is your youngest?"

"He's just two weeks and three days old," promptly replied Mr. Johnson.

"Why—— land o' the living, Al!" cried Mrs. Johnson. "You know good and well the baby is 14 months old!"

"Aw, the baby! Mebby so, for all I know. I thought the parson was asking about the pup."

Fractions.

Sammy tried to make practical application of what he learned at school. When, therefore, his mother, naturally interested in his playmates, asked if one of his new friends was an only child, Sammy looked wise.

"He's got just one sister," said Sammy. "He tried to catch me when he told me he had two half-sisters, but I guess I know enough fractions for that."

Wanted to Be Sure.

Mother: "What on earth do you mean by breaking all those eggs?"

Willie: "Well, you see, Dad said there was money in eggs and I wanted to find out."

At the Corner Store.

Badly defeated candidate: "Did you vote for me, Hank?"

Hank, reassuringly: "Sure. I was the one."

A Contradiction.

"You cannot get eggs without hens," asserted the orator, emphasizing a point.

"May Ma can! She keeps ducks," yelled back a small boy.

An Unlimited Engagement

T. N. T.

In a Little Creation of Its Own,

"UP SHE GOES,"

Direct From the Ground
with A Lot of Noise.

THE B. H. S.

SEC

VOLUME II

BANGOR HIGH SCHOOL

BREAKING WITHOUT ENTRY!

L. C. Coffin, Known as
A "Tough Bird" is
Held for Hearing

For the past few years a young blond fellow has been running around the school telling that he was so tough he ate hard boiled eggs for breakfast and soft boiled Ford radiators for dinner. But we have only recently come to realize the fact that he IS tough.

On April ninth, a fellow answering to the above description, with the exception of eating the Ford radiators, was seen to put his fist through a heavy pane of glass set in one of the room doors.

Upon getting wind of the report, the Tatler immediately sent its dub reporter to the scene of action. On arriving, he had a conversation with the blond relating to the cause and result of said window breaking.

It seems that the window was tough but our hero, "Elsie," was tougher and the result was the window fell to the floor in a hundred pieces.

Young Coffin claimed he was only getting a little practice for a coming boxing match in which he is expected to take the falling part.

This fact aroused the reporter's curiosity, so he examined the blond's hand. But lo! and behold! It was not marred not even scratched a bit!

Being a dumbell, our reporter immediately set about to determine the number of foot pounds that may be exerted by one of Elsie's "wallops."

After much calculation during which time he used up three and one-half perfectly good pencils and a pound of good yellow paper, he reported that, as near as he could tell, Coffin was well able to fell an ox (heart chocolate) at one punch.

FAVORITE SPORT IS STOPPED!

Thumb Tack Commission
Bars Further Games

The time has come when another prominent sport must be put upon the shelf. The ever moving thumb tack must cease circulating from seat to seat.

Although no letter was given to participants in this sport, many bright, alert and energetic scholars had flocked to its ranks for mere sport.

All would still be well and the matter would never have come up before the thumb tack commission if it hadn't been for the noise made by the innocent and unsuspecting students, when they came in contact with the sharp point of the tack in sitting down.

The case had been brought up before the commission before, and after many hours of argument on both sides, it was put to a vote. The result was a tie and nothing was done.

The very next day a special meeting was called at which there were thirty cases brought up, and in each case thumb tacks had done their bit, followed by almost instantaneous outcries from the unfortunate victims. The enraged committee discussed the matter from every point, and found that the thumb tack rules had been broken in twenty-nine cases out of the thirty submitted. Without further delay, the commission voted to bar all further games, casting a gloom over many hearty followers.

WANTED

A brand new, first class tricycle, leather seat, sloping mud guards, motorcycle handle bars and electric bell. I could pay a dollar cash and ten cents per week.

Willie Griffin.

POPULAR SENIOR INVENTS NON-SKID TOOTH PASTE

ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEES
THAT BRUSH WILL NOT SLIP
WHILE USING THIS WON-
DERFUL PASTE!

Neil Oak Miller upon being interviewed by our reporter, gives the following very interesting talk on his famous product:

"For many years I had been looking for a faultless tooth paste, one that would not allow the brush to slip and skid, and for a long time was unsuccessful in my attempts. One rainy day—I remember it clearly—I was riding to school in my Ford, when I chanced to pass a hardware store where a display of tooth paste caught my eye. I quickly put on my two wheel brakes and stopped the car. I hopped out and looked into the window to see whether or not I had used that brand. To my surprise, I found it to be a new kind; so I entered the store to invest in a tube.

"I sat through school that morning in a daze, the time seemed to go so slowly. At last the bell rang

(Continued on page 2)

Na HCO₃ Crackers

Farmer O'Brien sez as how hez goin ter plant sum of his photey-graphs on the west forty acre strip of land so ez ter meet the enor-mous demand.

"Butterwhiskie" Veayo woke up last week long enuf ter pound the ivories fer his weekly lessun.

We hear ez how Warren Creamer wants ter give private lessuns ter all the Juniors in writtin' ther graduation essays fer next year.

TATLER

TION

MAY, 1924

NUMBER 7

Short Success Stories

No. 1.

Five Minute Talk With the Ash Man.

(By Our Star Reporter).

"Now that I am at the head of the ash pile and at the head of my trade, I am in a position to give you an idea of how I made my success," began A. Ashkann, a rather robust fellow of large dimensions, as he sat back in his green swinging office chair, his big feet resting comfortably on a porcelain desk. I was also seated, but on a box nearby, listening to this most extraordinary story for The Tatler.

"When I first started, I will admit I wasn't much on shoveling ashes and cleaning cellars. But from the very beginning, I told myself I would succeed, and as I grew older, I became wise.

"I was different from any of the rest of the workmen, and in my spare time, between shovels, and nights, I read such books as 'How Coal Ashes Occur and the Best Methods for Their Removal' by Coal Black and 'The Advanced Methods of Shoveling Wood Ashes,' by Birch Bark. From illustrations I soon learned how to handle a shovel to the best advantage and rapidly advanced up the pile, from one position to another.

"The one main objection in my trade was the large amount of dust caused by the removal of the ashes. Many people had objected to it, and had even spoken to me in person about it. For months I racked my brain thinking of a cure for this defect. I understood clearly that once this defect was overcome, my business would increase one hundred per cent.

"It was not before long that an idea struck me in the cellar, nearly knocking me over an ash pile. It was a good one and I marveled at myself being the owner of such a magnificently developed brain.

"The next morning I was prepared to spell my new surprise. There would be no more dust. 'How they would compliment me,' I thought, as I entered a cellar on a new job, with a five gallon can under my arm.

"Then came the moment. I poured the molasses—for it was molasses in the can—onto the pile

AMUSEMENTS

B. H. S. Hippodrome

World Famous Vaudeville and

Feature Pictures

Continuous 8:00-4:45.

Special for This Month

May Lunch-Room Follies

Come Around Later and Pick It Up

♦♦♦♦

A Overture, Munching of Food..
..... The Mob

♦♦♦♦

B The Maypole Dance
featuring
MORRIS STONE
and a Few Pebbles.

♦♦♦♦

C John Lynch and Pat Strout
in
A Rough Guy Sketch
entitled

"WATCH US PAINT THE TOWN
RED"

♦♦♦♦

D Maurice DeMeritt
in
A Smashing and Thrilling Mystery
Drama,

Bring Plenty of Glue to Hold You
to Your Seats,
Entitled

"The Mystery of the White
Envelope of Room 322."

For Rent.

Some good, up-to-date,
empty seats in 201 the sev-
enth period. No install-
ments required.

Care of Tatler.

of ashes. It was a success from the letter S. Every particle of dust stuck to the brown liquid. I then neatly did up the mixture in sanitary pound boxes and piled them on the sidewalk. From then my success grew.

Now Playing At Full Blast,
"HURRICANE SALLY,"
with
Prescott Freese Dennett.

AMUSEMENTS

BOXING

"Gunner" Chapman
alias Billy the Wop
of Fort Kent
vs.

"Snarlin' Kid" Cunningham,
The Human Gorilla
of London,

SEMI-FINAL

"Jake" Segal vs. "Buck" Conners
of Olamon of Cherryfield

PRELIMINARY

"Bozo" Rooks vs. "Mozey" Kelly
of Pekin of Hampden
Shooting Irons Checked

Invents Non-Skid Paste

(Continued from page 1)

for the end of the fifth period and I bounded off for home to try this new paste.

"It was much better than any I had ever used before, but still the brush slipped. I decided then and there to make some myself that would meet all requirements. I skillfully squeezed the contents of the tube into a small glass tumbler. I then ran down stairs and into the garage to get some valve grinding compound, and on my way up I took a bottle of glue. Into the glass I poured both the glue and compound. This, I thoroughly mixed with a stick and spread it on my tooth brush. The minute I rubbed my teeth with this new paste I knew I had done the trick. It worked. I at once felt myself become a millionaire. I ran down stairs and wrote to Washington to have it patented. Now, I can supply you with any amount of non-skid tooth paste—guaranteed not to slip."

Their Destination.

The young couple were making their first long motor trip. They had blown out two tires, ruined their clothes in a sudden rain-storm, paid ten dollars to get pulled out of the mud and then had lost their way. The husband got out with a flashlight to inspect a signboard.

"Are we on the right road, dear?" called his wife.

"We sure are," he replied, grimly, "but we didn't know it."

The sign read: "To the Poorhouse."

Perfect Equality.

Father—Why is it that you are always at the bottom of the class?

Johnny—It doesn't make any difference, daddy; they teach the same things at both ends.

A Notice.

Mrs. Cobb decided to visit London and spend the day with a friend. Her grocer had not called by the time she was ready to leave, so she wrote on a card: "All out. Don't leave anything," and tacked it on the door.

Upon her return at night she discovered that the house had been ransacked. On the card which she had left on the door these words had been added:

"Thanks, but we couldn't take the heavy furniture."

Exact Information.

"Send us ten cents and let us tell you the best way to keep bread from becoming moldy," read an advertisement, in a suburban paper, and Aunt Maria did so. By return mail came a post card with these words:

"Eat it!"

Due Precaution.

"No," said the dentist, to a patient, who was opening his purse, "don't trouble to pay me in advance."

"I'm not," flashed the patient. "I'm only counting my money before you give me gas."

One Advantage.

"I tell you what," said the old codger. "You can go ahead and make fun of the little old flivver cars, but they have their advantages."

"Is that so?" asked a listener.

"You just bet it's so! Why, when the Right Place store was robbed the other night the villains tried to steal my flivver, too, to haul the dunnage off in, and by gorry, they couldn't get it started."

A good Idea.

"What is the best thing for a person to do before he starts to run an automobile for the first time?" asked the gaunt mountaineer's wife.

"J'ine the church, I reckon," was the reply.

Living Proof.

"If you persist in drinking so much tea, Marjorie," said the caller, "you will be an old maid."

"I don't believe it," refuted nine-year-old Marjorie, "cause mamma drinks lots of tea, and she has been married twice and isn't an old maid yet."

Once Jack asked little Alice if she did not want him to play with her.

"Oh, no," she said; "we're playing Indian and you're no good 'cause you're scalped already."

You should make their advertising profitable.



SELZ \$SIX

Young Men:-

Let us fit you to a Selz \$Six for graduation

The illustration is of the Radio--a new Selz for Spring, in black or brown calfskin. Typical of Selz quality, volume production and close profit margins enable us to offer you this handsome shoe at this low price.

We invite you to inspect our Selz Shoes--to try on a pair.

BANGOR SHOE STORE

39 Mercantile Sq.

C. SHIRO, Prop.

Bangor, Maine

The Difference.

"Father, what is the difference between cannibals and other folks?" questioned young Albert.

"Well, my boy, cannibals eat their enemies; as a rule other people go no further than to live on their friends and relatives."

Her Problem.

The real estate man was anxious to close the deal.

"Why, I tell you, Mrs. Dunmore, this tobacco plantation is a real bargain. What are you worrying about?"

The prospective but inexperienced purchaser pondered. "I'm not worrying, particularly," she said, "but I was just wondering if I bought it whether to plant cigars or cigarettes."

Where Team-Work Was Desirable.

"Mr. Daring," said the director, "in this scene a lion will pursue you for 500 feet."

"500 feet?" interrupted the actor.

"Yes, and no more than that—understand?"

The hero nodded. "Yes, I understand, but does the lion?"

"From Bark to Bite."

"Come right on in, Sambo," the farmer called out. "He won't hurt you. You know a barking dog never bites."

"Sure, boss, Ah knows dat," replied the cautious colored man, "but Ah don't know how soon he's gwine to stop barking."

"Behind and Before."

On mules we find two legs behind,
And two we find before;
We stand behind before we find
What the two behind be for!

No Running Water, Now!

Guest to hotel clerk: "Have you a room with running water?"

Clerk: "We did have but we repaired the roof last fall."

Music Hath Charms.

It was a soiree musicale. A singer had just finished "My Old Kentucky Home."

The hostess, seeing one of her guests weeping in a remote corner, went to him and inquired in a sympathetic voice:

"Are you a Kentuckian?"

And the answer came quickly.

"No, madam, I am a musician."

What Did Paul Say?

As the members of the country church remained to dinner, Mrs. B—— (the preacher's wife), was obliged to send Tim, the negro errand boy, to Neighbor Paul's for butter. Tim returned and located himself standing on one foot at a time on the outskirts of the congregation. The minister being well warmed up in his sermon, thinking neither of Tim nor his errand, but only of the most successful mode of pressing home his strongest arguments, he demanded with all the energy in his power:

"And what did Paul say?"

Tim, at the top of his little, squeaking voice, exclaimed:

"He said you couldn't get any more until you paid for what you got."

Good Digestion.

"What does your dog eat?" inquired a visitor of the small boy.

"Oh! anything," responded Johnnie. "Last night he ate a pair of rubbers and a sofa pillow for his supper."

You should make their advertising profitable.

FAIR CRITICS

Any Really Fair Critic, untouched by professional jealousy, will acknowledge that the pictures we make are of the highest Quality in art and finish. Clean cut in detail and shading, our photographs bring out the best points of the subject, and compel admiration wherever seen.

Perry Studio - Bangor

Branches: Old Town, Pittsfield, Millinocket, Me.

Phone Connections

SEE THE 1924

Chandlers - Clevelands

RAY MOTOR CO.

28 P. O. Sq. Tel. 2892 Bangor

Patronize

Our

Advertisers

Merchants National Bank

23 Broad Street

BANGOR, MAINE

ARTHUR CHAPIN, President

FREDERIC W. ADAMS, Vice President

HORACE S. STEWART, Cashier

Strictly Up-to-the-Minute.

"Are your new neighbors modern people?"

"Modern? Say, they sent in last night to borrow our radio set!"

Ellen's Query.

Ellen was a summer boarder,
And to please her they did try,
So the fruits, each in its season,
Were in turn made in a pie.

Every day was something different—
Blackberries and currants red,
Blueberries and juicy apples,
With rich spice and sugar wed.

But her favorite saw she never,
Looked in vain the table o'er;
Till one day she asked her mother,
"Don't the minces grow no more?"

Making Aunty Happy.

"It is the duty of every one to make at least one person happy during the week," said the teacher. "Have you done so, Willie?"

"Yes'm," replied the boy.

"That's right. What did you do?"

"I went to see my aunt, and she was happy when I left."

Willing to Divide.

"Johnnie White," said the teacher, severely, "is that chewing gum you have in your mouth?"

"Yes, ma'am," admitted Johnnie.

"Bring it to me this instant."

"If you'll wait till tomorrow, teacher, I'll bring you a piece that ain't chewed."

Rich or Poor?

The popular preacher of a wealthy church one day indulged in a bit of sarcasm as he noted the smallness of the collection which had just been taken up.

"When I look at the congregation," he said, "I ask, 'Where are the poor?' and when I look at the collection, I ask, 'Where are the rich?'"

Experienced.

The determined looking woman alighted from the driver's seat as the victim of her car picked himself up from the dust and began to take stock of his injuries.

"I'm sorry I hit you," she said, grudgingly, "but it was your fault. You must have been walking carelessly. I am an experienced driver. I've been driving a car for seven years."

"Well," replied the man, as he dusted himself off. "I'm no novice myself. I've been walking for 57 years."

Willing to Do His Best.

Out in Wyoming a train ran over the cow of a Swedish farmer named Ole Oleson. The claim adjuster went out to the home of Ole to adjust the claim likely to be made by Ole for the loss of his cow.

"Well, Mr. Oleson," said the claim adjuster, "I came out to see about your cow being killed on our track. What are you expecting to do about it?"

"Vell," said Ole, stolidly, "I am a poor man, an' I can not do much because I ban poor, but I will try to pay you \$5.00."

Silas sez few of us become round-shouldered from carrying other people's burdens.

You should make their advertising profitable.



FOR COMMENCEMENT

You'll Want

Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes

Buy early while assortments are complete

MILLER and WEBSTER CLOTHING CO.

—Miller and Webster Corner—

YOUNG MEN

YOU WILL SOON BE WANTING A
SNAPPY NEW BLUE SUIT FOR
GRADUATION ~ WHY NOT PICK
IT OUT NOW WHILE THE ASSORT-
MENTS ARE COMPLETE ~ ~

"Campus Togs for College Men"

John T. Clark Co.

"They Are Absolutely Guaranteed"

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—



Phone 1289-J

Fredrick B. Johnson

Portrait Photographer

50 Main St.

Bangor, Me.

Sittings by appointment.

"The Pictures that are different."

FRANK D. GOODWIN, Treasurer

HARRY B. SWANSON, Manager

BILLIARDS

The Game That Makes Better Citizens

As a character builder, the game of billiards is unexcelled. It develops self-control, patience and perseverance. An exercise that brings into play practically every muscle of the body. Visit our billiard room. You will find here an atmosphere of refinement and a feeling of cordial fellowship, and also the kind of equipment that makes the playing of billiards most enjoyable.

CENTRAL BILLIARD HALL CO.

Next Door to Sunbeam Bakery

40 Central St.

Telephone 8296

DAWGS DAWGS

Dawgs are Dawgs

But some are different

Try one of ours and be
convinced that they
are the very best

MAX ALLEN'S

104 Harlow Street

DAWGS DAWGS

COLUMBIA BICYCLES

STANDARD OF WORLD

JOHN W. TREAT

WINSOR BLOCK

Bangor Distributor

INDIAN MOTOCYCLES

Merkel Motor Wheel

All kinds of Repairs

See Our Line Before You Buy

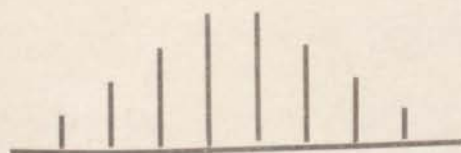
East Side Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

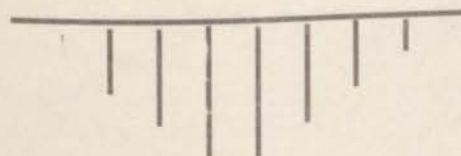


Prescriptions
Fine Chocolates
Soda
Ice Cream



COMPLIMENTS OF

SAM LEAVITT



BRING YOUR

DIPLOMA

to us to be framed
and get the special
discount which we
are giving. ❁ ❁ ❁

The

W. H. GORHAM CO.

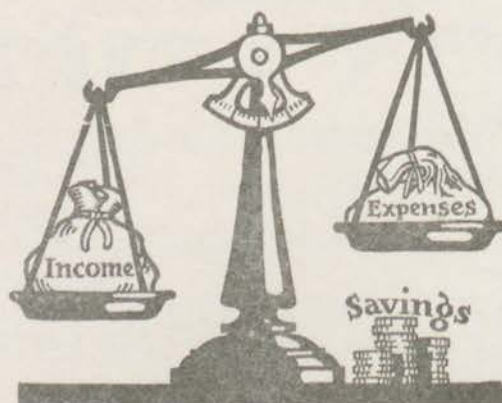
54 State St., Bangor, Me.

PEARL & DENNETT COMPANY

Real Estate
Insurance



Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—



Keep the Balance Right

Savings should be the difference between income and expenses instead of between income on the one hand and legitimate expenses plus useless luxuries on the other hand. Keep the balance right!

The amount per week you plan to save doesn't count,—it's the start. After you commence saving you will find that the fascination of accumulating money is irresistible. It's just like tennis, golf or radio,—you have to urge a man to start, but once he gets a real taste he's off!

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor,

Maine

You should make their advertising profitable.

RICE'S MUSIC SHOP

*Complete Line of
Latest Popular Music*

15 Central St.

*Teaching Music
and Musical Mdse.*

W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

We Specialize in Bobbing Girls' Hair
Electric Clippers to each chair
Electrical or Hand Massage
79 CENTRAL STREET
(4 Chairs)
All Star Crew
PATRONIZE CHERRY'S
BANGOR



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

Serge Suits for Graduation

—In All Models—

Benoit-Mutty Company

191 Exchange St.,

Bangor, Me.

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

"GIFTS THAT LAST"

W. C. BRYANT, JEWELER

Windsor Hotel Barber Shop

H. C. Scott, Prop. Fred Geagan, Asst.

Haircutting and Shaving

Electric and Boncilla
Massage

Shampooing and
Singeing

All Standard Hair Tonics

WE DO OUR WORK WELL

Consequently ??

HEADQUARTERS

for

QUALITY GOODS

and

A SQUARE DEAL

You will find the best quality
for the least money at

DAKIN SPORTING GOODS CO.

THE GUN SHOP

25 Central St.

BANGOR HOUSE

American Plan

200 Rooms

MAIN STREET - - BANGOR

A Bangor Institution

The Bangor Opera House

Home of Exclusive Photo-Plays

You should make their advertising profitable.

Building Your Fortune

Or that of someone you love is a most fascinating enterprise.

We have a saving investment plan that is simple, easy and convenient. Your savings start to earn money for you **at the rate of six per cent.** from the day you invest.

You can use this plan for yourself or to start your boy or girl on the road to thrift and a knowledge of the value of money and its earning power.

Call or Write
For Circular Giving Full Details

Bangor Railway & Electric Co.

Securities Department

90 Harlow St.

Bangor, Me.



HOME MADE CANDIE

56 Main Street,

Bangor, Maine

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

DAVID L. CARVER

Teacher of

Piano, Violin, Mandolin and Fretted Instruments

Pianist and Violinist for Nine Seasons with Kebo Valley Club Orchestra of Bar Harbor. Leschetizky Method used for Piano Pupils. Studio opens September 11.

25 Broad Street, Room 10—Merchants Bank Building

Phone 1107

Agent for Gibson Mandolins—Best Made

THE OUTLET CORP.

91 Main Street

Clothiers and Outfitters

STYLE WITHOUT EXTRAVAGANCE

Compliments of the

Penobscot Exchange Hotel

BANGOR, MAINE.

One Block From Union Station

40 YEARS A LEADER

CIGAR **B.C.M.** CIGAR

“Made to Meet a Demand, not a Price”

You should make their advertising profitable.

Y. W. C. A. CAFETERIA

Light Lunches and Afternoon Tea

2 TO 5 P. M.

Both Men and Women Served

The Dole Company

Electrical Engineers
and Contractors

Because of knowledge, experience, workmanship, and a few other qualifications are enabled to do house wiring or any other kind of electric work as it should be done—

Safely, neatly, quickly, cheaply, and Satisfactorily.

Lighting Fixtures and Appliances

Office and Salesroom,

61 Main Street

Tel. 74

N. H. Bragg & Sons

IRON AND

STEEL

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

RADIO SUPPLIES

74-78 Broad St.

Bangor, Me.

This is a Neighborhood Store

QUALITY AND SERVICE

The Corner Grocery

Tel. 1160

C. F. WINCHESTER

183 Park St.

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

All Work
Guaranteed

Formerly
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

Compliments of

Walter S. Allen Manufacturer of the **Bristol Cigar**

OSCAR A. FICKETT COMPANY

Dealers in Beef, Pork, Hams, Poultry, Fish, Vegetables, etc.

— SALMON A SPECIALTY —

Photography

In All

Its Branches

CHALMERS
STUDIO

23 Hammond St.

Bangor

Amateur De-
veloping and
Printing

Herman Y. Dyer

Herbert Rounds

DYER & ROUNDS
Plumbing and Heating

Agents for
Homer Pipeless Furnaces

Telephone 2096-R

42 Columbia St.

Bangor, Me.

Connors Printing Company
DISTINCTIVE PRINTING

Phone 1264-M

179 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

You should make their advertising profitable.

Dear Friends:-

GLORIOUS JUNE--the month of
Roses--the month of Graduation--the
month when real summer and vacations
start in earnest finds us well prepared to
supply your many requirements. Try us.



Andrews Music House Co.

98 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

Pianos, Victrolas and Records
Sheet Music and Musical
Merchandise

One Price and the Right Price to All

NASH

Leads the World in Motor Car Value

INVESTIGATE—You will see why

7 Pass. Big Six—\$1530 del.

5 Pass. Six—\$1375 del.

5 Pass. Four—\$1050 del.

7 Pass. Sedan, 5 Pass. Sedan, Coupe, Sport
Roadster Carriole.

Catalog Mailed on Request.

EDMUND J. MUTTY

87 Washington St.

Bangor, Maine

GIVE US A CALL

**SANBORN'S
BARBER SHOP**

R. H. SANBORN, Prop.

7 Hammond Street, Bangor, Maine

Opp. Merrill Trust Building
Telephone 2553-W

Electric Clipper *We Sharpen Safety*
Electric Massage and Shampoo *Razors*
No Long Waits—8 Chairs

BURRILL'S PHARMACY

Ice Cream - Sodas - Candies

Toilet Articles

OPPOSITE THE HIGH SCHOOL

ICY HOT BOTTLES

POCKET KNIVES

HUNTERS' AXES

HUNTING KNIVES

FISHING TACKLE

DUNHAM-HANSON CO.

31-39 Mercantile Sq.,

Bangor, Me.

Our advertisers make the Oracle possible—

JOHN W. McCARTHY
Groceries, Provisions and Meats

PHONE 543

81 PEARL ST.

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND
PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Philipp, (Paris); Joseffy, (New York)

—TWENTY-SECOND SEASON—

Played at Institute of France by Invitation of Widor, 1920

Studio in the Pearl Building — Entire Top Floor

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN

Pupils Prepared for Professional Work

SOCIETY HALL

EXCHANGE ST.

Member Cleveland Symphony 1920-21-22

A. STANLEY CAYTING

Violinist and Teacher

Studio : Pearl Building

Tel. 2982-M

C. H. BABB & CO.

Plumbing, Steam Fitting, Sheet Metal Work

106 EXCHANGE ST., BANGOR, ME.

You should make their advertising profitable.

WINDSOR HOTEL

European Plan Bangor's Newest Hotel

F. W. Durgin, Prop. F. Youngs, Mgr.

Centrally located across the street from P. O. Interurban Terminal adjoining.

100 Rooms, all with hot and cold running water. Rates \$1.50 per person. With private bath and Toilet, \$2.00 each person.

BANGOR, MAINE

The Habit of Thrift

The thrift habit brings prosperity. It makes youth happy, middle age prosperous and old age comfortable.

This is no better way to the habit of thrift than that of the

Bangor Loan and Building Asso.

To the first dollar and every other dollar, is added interest twice a year, at the rate of 5 per cent.

Get the habit! Buy shares now! You can withdraw at any time. Ours is the best plan ever devised for systematic saving of money. Anybody can take shares—from 1 to 50.

Bangor Loan and Building Association

Chas. H. Adams, Secretary 64 Exchange Block, Bangor, Me.

Our

12½-inch

Rex Asphalt Strip Shingles

Are Giving Satisfaction.

We have them in colors—

Gray Green

Dark Red

and

Peach Bottom Blue Black

C. WOODMAN CO.

136 Exchange St.

Phone 229

Bangor, Maine

Sawyer Boot & Shoe Co.

BANGOR,

MAINE

Manufacturers of

Sport Shoes For All Purposes

ASK FOR

"Sawyer" Sport Shoes and Moccasins

AND GET THE BEST

These goods are carried in the best stores throughout the United States. Buy them of your dealer. We do not retail.

Representative Bangor Wholesale Food Dealers

T. R. Savage Company

Wholesale Grocers

20 Broad Street

Thurston & Kingsbury Co.

Wholesale Grocers

T. & K. Specialties

50 Broad Street

Sawyer Bros. Co.

Wholesale Grocers

112 Broad Street



**C. H. RICE
COMPANY**

193 to 199
BROAD STREET

John Cassidy Company

Wholesale Grocers

101 Broad Street

Compliments of

Geo. W. Wescott

Bangor Egg Company, Inc.

**Wholesale Fruit and
Produce Dealers**

Nuts, Dates and Figs

120 Broad St., Bangor, Me.

F. L. JONES CO.

Manufacturers of and Wholesale Dealers in

Crackers Of All Kinds

69-71-73 Pickering Square

Bangor, Maine

EMMA J. TANEY

Photographer

28 Main St. Bangor, Me.

Merchants Produce Co.

92 Broad Street

Beyer & Small

Investment Securities

Pearl Building, Bangor

Tel. 2706 L. T. Rand, Mgr.

Arthur Chapin Co.

WHOLESALE GROCERS

100 Broad Street

You should make their advertising profitable.

Representative Bangor Automobile Dealers

"The Reliable House"

Maxwell-Chalmers Distributors
Penobscot Motor Car Co.
142 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

Henley=Kimball Co.

Hudson and Essex Motor Cars
May and Summer Sts. Telephone 2800

Franklin Motor Car Company

Franklin Sales and Service
114 Exchange St. Bangor, Maine

L. C. Atwood

Dodge Brothers
Motor Vehicles

Bangor Maine

STUDEBAKER

CARS—PARTS—SERVICE
Bangor Motor Company

Knowles & Dow Co.

BUICKS
G. M. C. TRUCKS
52 P. O. Square, Bangor, Me.

Bangor Motor Co.

Cadillac Sales and
Service

Compliments of

J. M. NORRIS CO.

Stutz and Packard

Swett & Mullen

Reo White
106 Harlow St.

S. L. Crosby Co.

Authorized Ford and Lincoln
Sales and Service

Hancock and Oak Sts. Bangor, Maine

DAILY NEWS

CHARLES E. HICKS

Teacher of

**Trombone and
Baritone**

Telephone 2341-1 100 Highland St.

Everybody's Candy Shop

149 Hammond St.

Home Made Candy

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