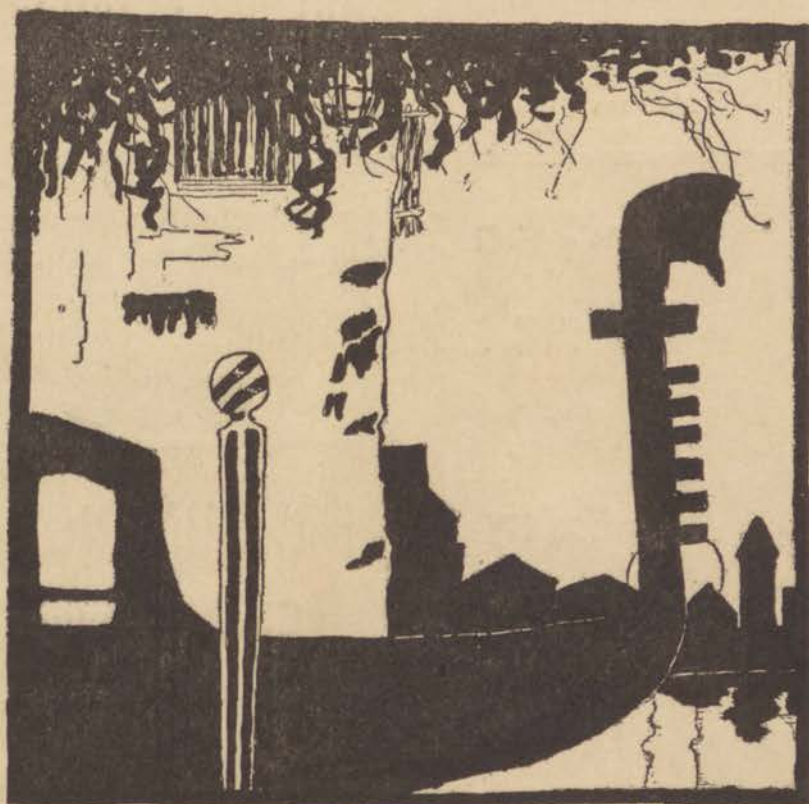


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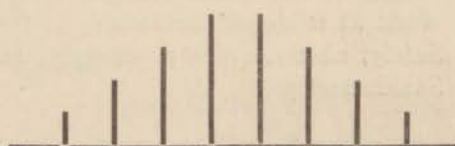
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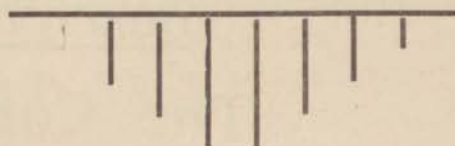
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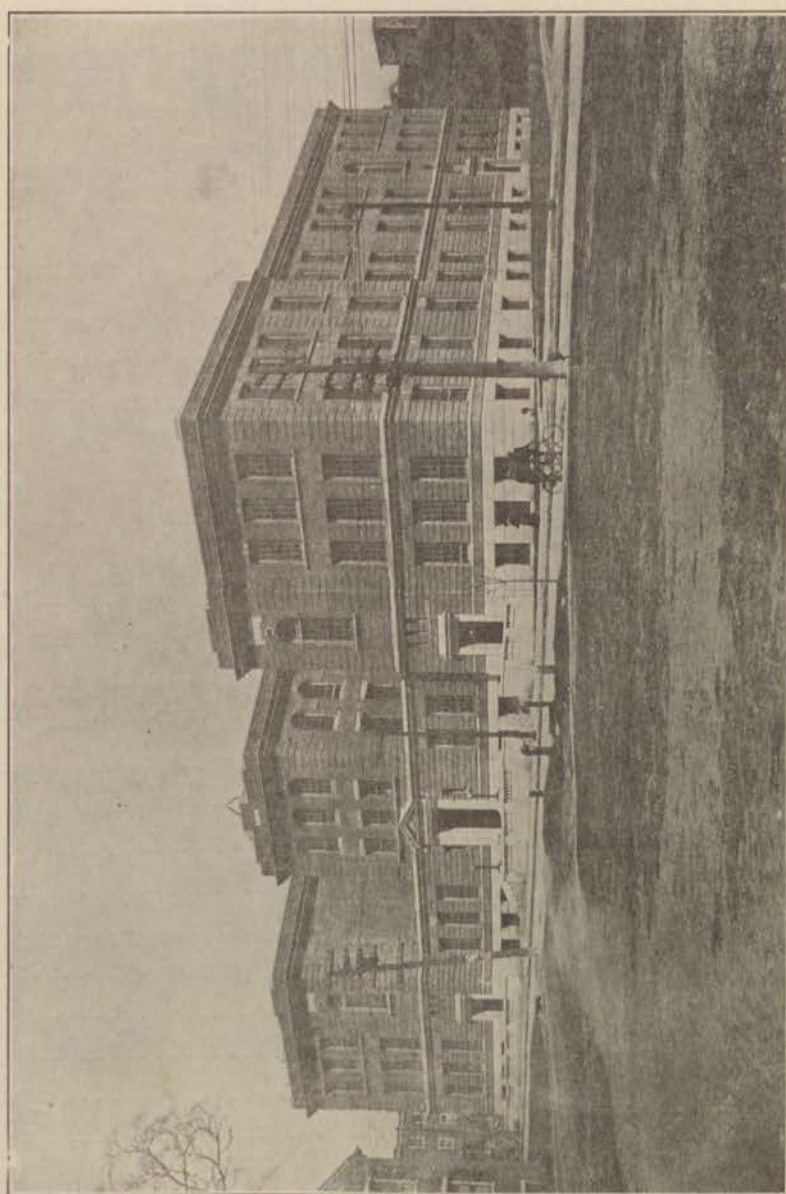
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ALMA MATER.



# THE ORACLE

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Bangor High School



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MAY, 1923

No. 8

## The Oracle Board



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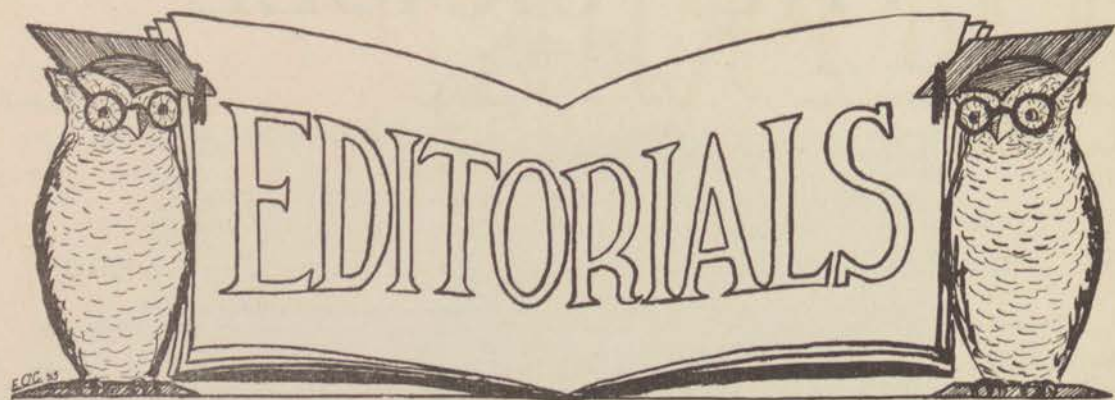
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In the April 18th issue of the Bangor Daily Commercial, the following news item **The** appeared: "The report cards **Harvest** for the third quarter were given out at the High school Wednesday. As usual there was a wailing and gnashing of teeth from the disappointed ones." This last sentence is very true, for as we all know, after the issuing of report cards there are many hard luck stories, complaints, and excuses, circulating through the school.

There is a story told of a shiftless farmer, who went into his fields in the fall, to harvest his annual crop of potatoes. After digging a long time without finding any signs of potatoes, he stopped and stood in amazement. Finally he said, "Well, I'll be dinged, I guess I must have forgotten to plant potatoes in the spring. You can't expect a fellow to remember everything in the spring, anyway."

The next time the report cards are given out think of this little story, and you will find that you have absolutely no basis for criticising your rank. Why say, "Oh, Cynthia, I just hate Mr. —. He gave me an F." Whose fault is it? Certainly not that of

Mr. —. The trouble is, you forgot to plant your potatoes in the spring.

When we become students of B. H. S., we have reached the point where our teachers are not going to feed us knowledge any more. We must acquire it ourselves with the teacher as guide.

The scholars who are dissatisfied when they get their report cards are the ones who fail to worry about their rank until the fateful day arrives. Now, when a farmer wishes to raise corn, beans, or turnips, he plants the seed in the spring and gives it proper nourishment for several months, whereupon he gets what he started out for. If a student wishes to receive A's on his report card he **must** sow the proper seeds, which are studiousness, perseverance, patience, and "stick-to-it-ness," then if these seeds are nourished correctly for the nine weeks which make up a quarter, he is sure of receiving a bumper crop of A's. Remember, "You cannot gather grapes from thorns or figs from thistles," and that, "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."





## A HOME RUN ON A STRIKE OUT

By Victor McNaughton.

**T**HE last of the ninth inning, the bases full, two men out, the score 3-0 in favor of Jacksonville, and Rube Olsen, the poorest hitter of the Brownville nine, up.

Rube was on the team only on account of his brilliant pitching; he couldn't run and he couldn't hit, but, oh! how he could pitch! He had nothing on the ball—not even a curve or a hop—nothing except SPEED! but, what speed he had! To the opposing batters the ball looked like a white cord stretched between pitcher and catcher and even the boldest could not refrain from stepping back in fear of being hit.

The three runs Jacksonville had secured came in the unlucky seventh. The first man up, bunted to shortstop, who missed it cleanly. The next man lifted a Texas leaguer, just over the head of the second baseman. Two men on, and none out! The crowd began to get restless. Then Rube awoke, 1-2-3 "You're out," snapped the umpire. The next man shared the same fate. Another batter stepped to the plate. Strike one! Strike two! then Crack! the sound of wood meeting horsehide and the ball soared over the fence and

far away! Just where the ball landed nobody knew, and besides, it didn't really matter, it was a clean home run and gave Jacksonville the three runs that put them in the lead. The next man fell a victim to Rube's speed and the inning ended there.

But if Rube could pitch, so could Ryan, the Jacksonville pitcher. He had curves, drops and a change of pace that kept the Brownville boys scoreless; but his luck changed in the ninth as Rube's had in the seventh. He hit the first man, walked the second, and the next fan hit safely. Three on and none out! Here was a chance for some scores. But he struck out the next man, and another hit a red hot liner directly into his hands; then Rube came to the bat; the pitcher's worried look vanished and he confidently threw the first ball over the plate,

"Strike one!" A minute later, "Strike two!" Then the pitcher threw again. Rube took a vicious swing at the ball and started for first.

**The catcher had dropped the ball.**

Retrieving it hastily, he threw it in the direction of first base, but in the direction—that was all, far over the first baseman's

head flew the ball right into the yelling, laughing, shouting crowd. By the time the fielder had secured the ball two men had scored, and a third was almost home but Rube, moving faster than ever before, his head down, his arms moving like pistons, unmindful of everything, was half way to third. The fielder hesitated a minute and then threw the ball to third, but Rube had

left there and was heading for home.

The third baseman pegged the ball home and the catcher, standing directly in the base line, leaped for it just as Rube, his head down, ran squarely into him, knocking him flat on his back. Rube kept right on running and crossed the plate with the winning run. Here was something new in baseball—a home run on a strike out.

## A STORY OF THE NORTH

By R. S. Harrigan.

**I**N a little cabin, sitting before a roaring fire, were two members of the Northwest Mounted Police. A blizzard was raging outside, but the men did not mind, for everything was snug and cozy and they were in fine spirits.

One of the men, named Tom, who was acknowledged by all to be one of the bravest members of the force, was telling his partner, Dick, how he had succeeded that day in breaking up the plans of a gang of poachers. Suddenly, there was a sharp knock on the door. Tom jumped up and opened the door. His partner, Dick, saw him give a start, jump back, heard a single shot, and Tom lay in a heap on the floor.

As he jumped to Tom's assistance, he saw a face glide by the window. It was a thin, haggard face, with cruel lips, and an evil smile. He asked Tom who it was, but Tom was past hearing.

The next day a short military funeral was held in the neighboring village. All the men, Dick included, asked permission of the chief to go on the case. The commander looked them all over and turning to Dick, said: "The case is yours, but remember, for the sake of the Force, don't come back without your man."

\* \* \* \* \*

A year later, in the same cabin, on the same kind of night, a man sat in front of

the fire, thinking that on such a night his best friend had been shot dead before him. He had been searching for a year now, but although he had located his man, he had not been able to get him. He had broken up the gang, but so far the ringleader had managed to elude him.

He turned to the spot where Tom had been killed, and as he did so he caught a glimpse of the same thin, haggard face, with that same cruel smile, glide by the window. He blew out the candle and crouched behind a table. The door swung silently open. The battle was on.

As the door swung open a face appeared, and just as quickly disappeared. An interval of two minutes followed, broken only by the snapping and cracking of the fire. Again the face appeared, but this time it stayed; Dick recognized it beyond any shadow of doubt. A hand followed—then a foot, and the man was within the cabin.

He looked all around and as his gaze fell on the table, Dick jumped up. By skillful agility, he seized his foe before the latter had time to touch his guns. In a flash Dick had his man disarmed, handcuffed, powerless. He had found his man! He had done his duty at last, and had served in his small way to keep true the tradition of the Northwest Mounted Police, which is that they have never lost their man.



## THE ORACLE

The next day Dick was called before the commander of the Force, who told Dick that he had captured the ringleader of a band of smugglers, who had already killed two of the Mounted Police Force, and that he had broken up the worst band of smug-

glers that had ever inhabited that region.

He then walked to Dick and handed him a paper with the seal of the Force thereon. Dick opened it and saw that he had been appointed a lieutenant in the force—a position he had always wanted and striven for.

## A LOOK AT NATURE

By Lucile White.

**A**S I sit on the piazza of a certain dwelling which is on the top of a hill in a small fishing village, I look down over the landscape. This is what I see: stretching farther than the eye can see is the vast expanse of the Atlantic ocean. Great waves toss the fishing smacks about in the sunlight, as they are on their way back to the snug little harbor in the shape of a horseshoe.

Within the horseshoe the waves are not so great and anchored boats roll listlessly. A few rowboats are being piloted from one shore to the other by stout oarsmen whose chief occupation is fishing. They cast great nets in the morning and row back and forth all day, watching them. At night they haul them in containing a ton of fish or maybe more. By selling them they make a living.

Around the shores of this harbor are

small dwellings, nearly all built alike. Let us examine one more closely. In the water and on the shore are props for the house. They are driven deep into the mud and sand for security. On these stakes a floor is built, in the center of which another is built and this one is the floor of the house. The remainder of the first floor is used as a sort of landing for the boats. The house is only a one-roomed shanty, built of stout logs so as to withstand the roughest storms. In front of the dwelling are two or three rowboats and perhaps a battered canoe hitched to the landing. A fish net is hung to dry in the sun, while an old man is mending it.

He sits on a wooden stool and has a large shuttle in his hand, weaving it in and out, tying queer knots. Then he tightens the knots, patching the holes, so no fish can get through. Leading a simple life in these simple homes, the fisherfolk are happy.

## BOOKS, MY FRIENDS

By Ruth Fox.

**C**AN you imagine anything more delightful on a stormy evening than to sit in a large, easy chair before an open fire, with a favorite book on your knees, when, lost to the world outside, you go, with your hero, or heroine, through many thrilling adventures?

Books are, indeed, hoards of wealth you can unlock at will, as Wordsworth once said. One of the finest things you can possess, I think, is a library of well-chosen

books. Perhaps you have heard someone remark that he didn't believe in accumulating many story books, because once you have read them, they are tucked away on a shelf and never taken out,—at least not more than once or twice, for another reading. This may be the case with some people, but it is not so with me. The books I possess, I have read over and over again so many times that I could not possibly keep account of them.

The public library is also an ideal place in which to spend some time. It is safe to say that I spend almost half of my spare time in the public library, either hunting for new books to take home, or reading one of my favorites that I have read before.

Books make ideal companions, and those

who do not like to read are missing more enjoyment than words can tell. But pleasure is not the only thing that you get from a book, for "reading enables us to see with the keenest eyes, to hear with the finest ears, and listen to the sweetest voices of all time."

## A LITTLE BIT OF SWEETNESS

By Raymond G. Worster.

I WANTED some candy one day and, as there was none in the house, I decided to make some. Being of the male species of the human race, it was more or less difficult for me to puzzle out this intricate problem of household arts. However, I boldly marched up to the drawer and removed the cook book from its place. This being accomplished, I proceeded to read the desired recipe. The reading was not difficult, in fact, it was quite simple, and I succeeded in impressing on my brain the importance of the directions.

So far, so good, but now I was up against a real problem, an encumbrance, or as Shakespeare would have said, "A step on which I must fall down, or else o'erleap." What sort of dish was I to cook the candy in, kettle, boiler, broiler, bowl, or frying-pan? I was led by some impending fate to choose the frying-pan, (note my first mistake), and proceeded to deposit the necessary ingredients in the aforesaid sizzler. I took care to use the exact quantity of sugar, milk, and butter and I was sure everything was going as well as could be expected under the prevailing conditions.

This mixture was soon boiling on the stove, much to my delight. A delicious odor arose from the depths of the frying-pan, which a little later changed to a smell resembling potatoes burning. Where ignorance is bliss, it's folly to be wise. So,

as I considered myself an excellent cook, I declined to recognize the proceedings on the stove, and dozed off into day dreaming. I cannot tell you to what these dreams pertained, for, at that moment, a terrific, sputtering, hissing, and spitting issued from the stove, and much to my disgust, I saw my candy dash against the banks of my pan, and then overflowing, stream down over the stove onto the floor, making a most attractive picture. Luckily, a considerable portion remained in the frying-pan which I placed farther back on the stove, and awaited further developments.

After cooking an hour and a half, I was surprised to see the candy had diminished to a very trifling quantity. I decided it was time to make the next move. I reached for the dish, and—horrors, I hadn't greased it! I hurried around and at last succeeded in placing a dish on the stove, into which I was about to drop the butter, when that object inconveniently slipped from my fingers and slid across the floor into the adjoining room. I was about at my wits' end, but I finally succeeded in greasing the dish. Then, after whipping the candy, I poured the remaining drops into my greased receptacle. It hardened very quickly, for some reason or other, and it might interest you to know that I spent the whole of the following day eating the candy, so great were its enduring qualities.



## THE BLUE DIAMOND

A Two-Part Story

By Benjamin D. Rosen, '24

### PART II.

**A**S the hour hand approached twelve, Detective Walton, Mr. Dunning and a plain-clothes policeman entered the apartment of the late John Burkinham on 156 Quincy avenue. A small table lamp was lighted in a side room which dimly lighted the library where Detective Walton was laying his plans and arranging his program for the smaller hours, which he felt certain would bear the fruit of his deductions.

Since the death of John Burkinham the rooms had been guarded by the police. Tonight Detective Walton asked the police department to allow him to continue the watch and had inserted in the morning paper the following:

LONDON, Nov. —.The police have found it unnecessary to keep a guard at the residence of the late John Burkinham, whose body was found at Charing Cross. It was at first thought that robbery was the motive, but since both valuable jewels, and money which were on the body were untouched, that theory was discarded.

At one o'clock, the stage was set for what Detective Walton said was the solution of the murder mystery. After each had concealed himself in a more or less comfortable place, they awaited in darkness for the solution of the mystery.

For almost half an hour they waited, speaking only in a low whisper. A faint sound was heard outside, everyone listened breathlessly. It came nearer, the shutter creaked outside, there was a pause, the shutter slowly opened, a dim figure ap-

peared at the window; an iron bar was forced between the window and the sill. SNAP! The window catch gave way. The window was slowly opened and a tall, slim figure entered the room. He walked straight to the safe, which stood in the corner of the room. The click of the combination was heard as it was turned first one way, then another, a pause, CLICK! He slowly opened the safe door with a muffled "Ah!" He hastily examined the contents. He was not satisfied, he raised himself from his knees and proceeded to the writing desk at his left, forced the lock and opened the drawer. A hasty glance showed that what he sought was not there. Suddenly, he turned as though remembering something, he walked to the fireplace and began to run his fingers up and down the moulding, back and forth they went; CLICK!! A picture on the wall moved to one side, disclosing a small wall safe. He ran to it. For several minutes he played with the combination, again a click and the door was open. He removed from the safe a small iron box. This he opened and took from it a large blue diamond, which he put in his pocket.

He replaced the iron box and closed the safe. Hark! He turned! He started sounding the wall, he proceeded to the open window. A headlong dive and his form disappeared through the window. BANG! BANG! BANG! Three shots rent the air, a loud scream, a heavy thud, and all was still.

"I've got him!" shouted Walton, as he jumped from the window a minute later, with a smoking revolver in his hand.

\* \* \* \* \*



## THE ORACLE

"This case is a bit obscure to me, Walton," remarked Dunning, as they sat before a glowing fire, the following evening. "If you will start from the beginning and clear this mystery up for me I will be much obliged to you."

"All right, Dunning, but I thought you were able to detect this mystery yourself after all the adventures you've been through with me. I see it's kind of hazy to you, so here it is.

"You will remember that for a time everything pointed to Mr. Hill being connected with the opening of Mr. Burgess' safe, while the valet was out. So I at once set to work on that. Going to the telegraph office at the station I found that a message for Mr. Hill had been received and forwarded to him at nine-forty. This was while the valet was at the store. I found that the telegram was an urgent one, calling him to Paris. He left at once. Between nine-forty and nine-fifty, the house was entered through the window and the safe opened; but the man didn't find what he was after. You remember I found his footprints in the damp sod leading to and from the window. The fact that only the toes showed, proved that the man was running. I measured the distance between these steps and found it rather long. This led me to believe that the man was tall and long-legged. The cigarette stubs I found in the clump of bushes alongside the road, disclosed the man to be a user of foreign tobacco. You see how the man begins to take shape; a tall, thin, long-legged, foreign man. By putting two and two together, I linked him with the foreign stranger who warned Burgess some time ago in France and I knew whom to look for.

"In looking through the papers I came across Mr. Burgess' diary, which filled up the missing links. The story is as follows. It starts back twelve years ago, when he was

in India, you remember the valet told us. This blue diamond that has caused all the trouble, was stolen from an Indian god in a temple at Delhi. The diamond was bought by Burgess at a very low price. Fearing that it was stolen property, Burgess decided to leave the country, and as you remember, his valet said he went to Switzerland. Faithful to their god, the Hindus, through a period of nine years finally traced the diamond to the hands of Burgess. They sent one of their men to warn Burgess, while he and his partner, Mr. Blake, were in France. A year before that Burgess had sold the diamond for a handsome price to Mr. Burkinham, who was a broker of gems. After the warning by the Hindus he wrote Burkinham, but found that he had left for South America and Burgess was unable for three years to get into communication with him. Suspecting that it was a means of holding them off, the Hindus sent one of their men to enter Burgess' room, who was then in London, to carry out their threat. He succeeded in killing Burgess but not in searching the rooms on account of the valet, who was awakened by Burgess' shriek.

"A week later they tried again to search the room, this time with success. That was between the time Mr. Hill left and the valet returned. But they found nothing.

"In the meanwhile they learned that Burkinham had the diamond, and had just returned to London. They also sent him a warning which he did not heed; he, too, was killed and brought to Charing Cross.

"I suspected the Hindus would return in the second case as they did in the first, so I inserted that piece in the paper to tell them the coast was clear. As you remember the Hindu came.

"When he did not find the diamond in the safe or in the writing desk he suddenly remembered that it might be in the wall safe.



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Having been told where the secret button was located, he tried the moulding under the fireplace shelf and he struck it the first time. About that time he suspected that someone was in the room and he partly fooled us by bluffing at sounding the wall. When he dived I shot at him, the only thing I could have done. I was too late to get the diamond. It was taken by his accomplice who, by the way, was the one who dropped the cigarette stubs in the bushes at Kentville, and who got away in the motor car."

"But how were the men killed?" asked Dunning. "No bullet was found, and both Burgess and Burkinham were killed the same way. Why do you say they were shot, and if so, how?"

"I have found," answered Walton, "that the men were shot in both cases, by an icicle, shot from a compressed air revolver. The icicle is used instead of the lead. When it enters the body it melts, thus leaving no trace."

End

## AN INTERVIEW

By Therma Perry.

ONE afternoon having nothing better to do, I crossed the bridge which passes over the Old Mill Stream, and entered the Forest Primeval. I started along the main path but it was not long before I came to the point where the trail divided—the branch towards the right being called the Trail of the Lonesome Pine, the one towards the left, the Long, Long Trail. I was still debating as to which one to take, when a little bird above my head chirped, "Tweet, tweet, turn to the Right, the Right." Needless to say, I did so.

I had not walked far when a fine looking young man appeared before me. He was dressed in a suit of green and was carrying a bow and arrow. At once I knew that it was Douglas Fairbanks, impersonating Robin Hood. With that famous smile, he passed by, bound on some unknown quest (that is, unknown to me).

For a long time I walked—until finally, growing rather tired, I began to seek a pleasant place to rest. It was not long before I found a pretty little stream bubbling along among the huge pine and fir trees. Here I threw down the cushions I had

brought with me and made myself as comfortable as possible. How long I had been there, I do not know, when suddenly, I heard shrill voices. Then before my startled eyes, there appeared a remarkable procession. Characters of history, fiction and drama were there; kings, queens, lords and ladies, all in the most magnificent robes of purple and gold, royal blue and silver, the king's body guards, his knights and his army, in glittering armor, mounted upon the far famed milk white and coal black chargers, even court jesters, with their suits of gaudy colors and their caps and bells.

After these historic characters came some of fiction, Evangeline, "the nut brown maid of Arcadie," Michael, the fiddler, with his snow white hair and face as wrinkled as a winter apple, Gabriel, Basil, the blacksmith, Icabod Crane, on his old sawbones of a horse, Robinson Crusoe and his man Friday, Hiawatha and his dusky warriors, resplendent in feathers and war paint, the beautiful Minnehaha, or Laughing Waters. Then last, but not least, came Ellen, Lady of the Lake, Roderic Dhu and all his clan, with their tartan plaids swinging in the



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breeze and their bagpipes wailing the weird notes of a Scottish war song.

Even classic figures were there. Aurora, the dawn, in beautiful, rose tinted garments, as delicate as gauze, Neptune, god of the sea, Phoebus, the sun, in his golden chariot of fire, and Black Pluto, monarch of the underworld. These and scores of

others passed by and when the last ones had disappeared, I at last observed that the Forest Primeval was fast changing to the Black Forest, and, rising quickly to my feet and gathering up my belongings, I hastened home, reaching it just as the sun sank behind the purple hills, and twilight began to cover all the earth.

### SCHOOL IN THE YEAR 2000 A. D.

By Leland W. Greene

**I**N THE year 2000 A. D., we shall probably accept very many things without question. Things which, today we would scoff at, or frankly disbelieve. We do not know what these things are we can only guess or surmise what they are. When one thinks of the many things that have come to pass since the anniversary of our country's birth, it is impossible to tell what the future generations will see, hear, and believe. We, as a people, do not realize what an era we are facing, nor do we realize the trend of thought in the generations that are to be.

Schools are a nation's bulwark. They are the source of racial pride, prejudice, and every human emotion which tends to the betterment or detriment of the human race. None but a close student of our educational system could realize this unless he attended one of our public schools in his youth. I am referring to foreigners rather than to Americans, as I have no doubt that all native Americans are aware of this, if they but stop to think of it.

In the year 2000 A. D. we shall have a large school system, much larger than we now boast of. Our kindergartens will have methods of teaching, such as the Braille system for blind children. These methods will include the teaching of the Bible by moving pictures, the making of rugs out of papier-mache, also the revival of the ancient art of making bricks out of straw.

In addition to these things we shall probably have a gymnasium system for these children which will, in addition to regular gymnastics, have a department for the treatment of deaf-mutes and cripples by community doctors and nurses who will, no doubt, work a cure for deaf-mutes by treatment of the brain.

Our present day grammar and high schools will be merged into one twelve-grade system. The studies of the present will be followed in the first six grades. After that the courses will be largely in very different channels from those of today. Domestic Science will be taught to girls on entering the seventh grade. Manual art will be the principal study for boys when they reach the same grade. There will not be many innovations in these studies, but rather a resurrection of old arts and trades. There will be shoe-making, wood-carving, cameo-cutting, and similar crafts. The girls will have the making of pudding from sawdust, the making of foods from the edible birds' nests of the Chinese, and the making of soups from table refuse, and common refuse from the kitchen. This will be made possible by the discovery of chemicals which can be used to kill all of the germs commonly found in such material. Instruction will be given in the use of the automatic bread maker, the automatic washing machine, the clothes dryer, and the folding stove. The clothes dryer will be remark-



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able machine, being able to dry clothes thoroughly by suction, in about thirty seconds. The bread maker will enable a pupil to turn her ingredients into a receiver, press a button and electricity will do the rest, namely, mix, knead, shape, bake, and eject the bread. This will be a great help to housewives, especially when they want to go out for the afternoon. The girls will realize this when comparatively young and therefore greatly appreciate their instruction.

The home nursing department will be enlarged and will include for its pupils, practically all of the girls from the seventh to tenth grades inclusive. Not only will the girls receive instruction in bandaging and ordinary things of that sort, but a medical course will be begun and kept up.

Mathematics and the sciences will be taught in about the same way as at present, about as much of an advance will be made in the next eighty years as was made in the last eighty years. Astronomy will be the leading science, as we will probably by that time have discovered a means of communication with the planets. It will be studied chiefly in conjunction with Trigonometry, as the two will be naturally associated.

History is a subject that will vary little from its present status among the subjects that are studied. The same fundamentals will be taught, that have been taught during the past eighty years. Many lecturers, traveling libraries, and things of that sort will be as common to history classes as their teachers are. Civics will be taught in much the same way as history, but more practical work will be followed in civics, as it is a subject which calls for a wide range of knowledge, about which the student's success or failure hinges.

French, German, Spanish and Italian will be taught, as will be Sanskrit, Latin, and

Greek. These are seven languages that will live as long as the English language lives, or at least, will be in use. Sanskrit will be taught as a foundation in Latin. Latin will be taught as a foundation for the Romance languages. Greek will be, and is, of greater importance to Bible students.

Literature will be the principle study in all of the upper grades. It will employ half of the pupil's time, and will include an intensive study of the Bible, along with current literature and topics of the day. Grammar will be studied almost wholly in conjunction with Latin, in the lower grades. The study of literature will be made more interesting to the pupil by the use of moving pictures of the lands and scenes of which he reads. Radio will probably be used under another name, in classrooms, lecture halls, and so forth, in the study of English literature, history, civics, economics, and social science, although it is in literature that it will be used most commonly.

Commercial subjects, and their comprehensive study, will be revolutionized by the invention of the Radio-dictaphone which will be about the size of a watch, being very light, and handy for the business man; for all he will have to do, if away from his office, will be to open his little machine and talk into it; his electro-magnetic typewriter will do the rest. This machine will be a great boon to the office man who wishes to save time and effort. The electric typewriter will not differ in any great degree from those of the present day, except that an attachment can be placed on the front of the typewriter, which will enable a person to press a button, and talk into the transmitter, the machine will automatically type the desired message. Bookkeeping machines, adding machines, and such office devices will be electrified also.

The students of 2000 A. D. will receive



instruction in the use of these devices. A student will not be required to do quite as much hard work as he does today, but he will have to possess a working knowledge

of mechanics, in order to work or operate his machines. In short, the student of 2000 A. D. will encounter obstacles, which we, today, do not have to confront.

## PATRICIA POCOCK'S DESK

By an Alumna.

PATRICIA stood by her desk, dust-cloth of soft silk in hand, carefully wiping out every pigeon-hole. This was no common, furniture store desk, the exact copy of a hundred thousand others in as many homes in the United States, its duplicate to be found in Eastport, and in Los Angeles and all the towns between. Patricia's desk was of black walnut, darkened by time until the wood was literally black; every line, jointing and peg giving evidence that it was the work of an individual builder, not of a machine. No gleam of polished brass lighted up its dark surface, but the little knobs by which the drawers were opened were of black walnut, too, hand-turned by the original cabinet maker.

This desk was the handiwork of a Pocock of an earlier generation, the older half-brother of her great-grandfather, a man of note in his day, governor of one of the states of southern New England when John Adams was President. Governor Pocock had died unmarried and in the course of time the desk which he had made with such care became the property of his half-brother, Zenas, thirty years younger than himself, who when he was twenty years old, decided to take his bride to the Province of Maine and try their fortune there.

The desk and the rest of the belongings of the young pair were loaded, therefore, upon a schooner which in due time, sailed up Penobscot bay and river, through the Bucksport narrows, finally stopping pretty close to the head of navigation, just below

Treat's Falls, at a little settlement which had recently been incorporated as a town under the name of Bangor.

Zenas Pocock and his wife, Patricia, settled in the growing town, having bought a little farm of ten acres, a quarter of a mile from the river bank, at the rate of fifty dollars an acre. Zenas became a lumber dealer, and made much money in his day, beside being a public spirited citizen, identified with all that made the city a good place for people to live in. He had the pleasure of the acquaintance of Ralph Waldo Emerson and considered him an able man though radical in his doctrines. Bronson Alcott spent the night at his house and commended the pears of his orchard, saying that the pear was the best fruit for those to eat who wished their minds to be clear and their spirits unclouded; in the course of his conversation he told the two Pocock boys about his four daughters, one of whom, Louisa, was never so happy as when she was writing a play to be later staged in the attic with the help of her sisters and the neighbors' boys.

In due time Zenas Pocock was gathered to his fathers, but long before that his farm of ten acres had been cut up into much smaller holdings to furnish generous house and garden lots for other settlers in the growing town. His wife, Patricia, did not long survive him and their place in the community was taken by their son, Stephen, and his wife, Nancy. Stephen in 1861, heard Lincoln's call for volunteers to defend the Union and marched proudly through Ban-



gor's streets, a member of a famous Maine regiment, on his way to join the army of the Potomac. He fell at Gettysburg, leaving his wife with a little boy of five, another Stephen, who in turn grew up, married, and settled in the large, handsome house on a Bangor hill.

It was Patricia, daughter of this second Stephen, who was now dusting the old desk of which she was the fifth of the family to become possessor. In the further corner of the lower right hand drawer was a little imperfection in the finish. Patricia had often wondered about it as she dusted the desk. Everything else was so satin smooth that she wondered why great-great-uncle, governor and cabinet-maker, had not sand-papered off that little projection, too. She accidentally caught her fingernail in what seemed to be a little groove in it, when suddenly out sprang a secret drawer, cunningly concealed, in a place where no crack was visible, the front being masked so as entirely to escape detection when the drawer was closed.

Two objects were to be seen within the little drawer, a small diary with the name, Patricia Pocock, on the fly leaf, and a little loosely netted blue silk purse, the color as bright as ever, after its long sojourn in the drawer; within it were five ten dollar gold pieces.

Patricia was alone in the house, her family having gone on a long, automobile ride, so she sat down to read her great-grandmother's diary. There were not so many entries; perhaps that earlier Patricia had been too busy a woman to spend much time writing her thoughts or descriptions of the events of her life, but two passages interested her great-granddaughter very much. The first read:

"Went to call this afternoon on a family that has come into our church from the other side of the Kenduskeag stream: 'Tis

a tedious business to cross it near the foot of the street they are going to name for Mr. Hammond. A man with a rowboat ferries passengers across, but to climb down the muddy flats on one side and up the other makes a walk I don't fancy."

The twentieth century Patricia thought of the wide and firm street which led across the place over which her ancestor had picked her way and been ferried, and wondered if she herself would recognize it at all if she could, by some magic carpet, be transported back to the time of the diarist.

The other entry which she found most interesting read: "Finished netting a little sky-blue purse today, left it on my desk and when I came back, found that it contained five golden eagles. Asked husband, whose eyes twinkled, what I should do with the gift. 'Save it for your great-grandchildren if you can't think of anything better,' said he. I think I will save it for a while at least, as I have no present use for the money."

"Save it for her great-grandchildren," the words written in jest seemed quite prophetic. Patricia had no first cousins, her father having been an only child, but she had four distant cousins, children of the children of Patricia the first's younger son, one of the boys who had heard Bronson Alcott tell about his daughter, Louisa, while he ate their father's pears. There was even another Patricia Pocock among these cousins, a school girl in Albuquerque. Thus it was quite clear to the girl what she should do with the gold coins: One went to New Mexico to the other Patricia; two became the property of two much surprised little boys in an English village. One went to a Sophomore in Harvard, but the fifth stayed and will continue to stay, as long as Patricia has anything to do with it, in the sky-blue silk purse shut up in the secret drawer of her precious desk.



## THE DAVID COPPERFIELD LIBRARY

By Barbara Reynolds

NUMBER 13 Johnson Street is a rickety old house just like the others on that old back street in London. It has the brown painted door and iron rail fence that is common on back streets in London. Yet it is not like its neighbors. For at number 13 Johnson Street, Charles Dickens was born and brought up. His early life here is described in the autobiographical story, David Copperfield. Because of this, the library, free-reading room, and playrooms opened to commemorate Dickens' life, is called the David Copperfield Library.

It was at Number 13 that Dickens lived when he worked in a blacking factory. Here he lived when his father, Mr. Mecawber, was released from debtor's prison, and here as he himself says, he "grew up in such a hard-worked, half-fed state that he might easily have become a robber or vagabond, and yet somehow didn't."

Johnson Street is about the same today as it was when Charles and Little Dorritt lived there. Little Dorritt in the book lived in Marshalsea Prison, but in life she lived right across the street from the Dickens' in Somers Town.

Inside the house, everything is the same as when Mr. Mecawber died, for since then it has been vacant, although it is still owned by a Dickens. The broken hearth-stones are the same, as are the narrow stairs and old railings. The paint is fresh but is the same brown color. The wall paper is a copy of the marbled brown stuff used in those days.

On the third floor back is Charles' bedroom. It is a tiny square room, with a small grate, and a view of roofs and chimneys, scrap heaps and sooty washings from its one window. But there is nothing gloomy about this room, or any of the rooms, now. They have been made into playrooms for the poor children on and near Johnson Street. There are toys, paper-dolls, and books with pretty pictures.

On the second floor, in the front room which was always empty, except for a small case containing Charles' few books, is the library. Here the walls are lined with cases of books. Charles' case has disappeared, but one has been made in imitation and this contains all of the books written by him.

## MONEY AND HAPPINESS

By Hazel Grindle.

THERE are many people of the present generation who think that, in order to be happy, they must be wealthy. They have an idea that happiness is acquired only as wealth is acquired. I believe that the poorest, humblest, or neediest man can be happy. There are those who have the very humblest home, those who are without many things that they would enjoy having, but

nevertheless, they are happy. It is also my belief that a man may be truly happy who prepares and looks forward to a life that is honest, and tries to do right while he is preparing.

The rich man has all the chances and privileges that he desires, he has everything that he wishes for; but, is he happy? I may say that only part of his life is really happy. This part is the part of pleasure.



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While he is having a good time, while he is associating with others, and enjoying their fellowship, he is certainly happy. But—in the home is he happy? No, think of the times that he is alone in that wonderful and large mansion. Surely with so many books, papers and magazines, he is able to have a pleasant evening if it happens to be at evening. If he has looked at, read or studied any of those books, he probably will not care for their interesting entertainment which they would afford him. He has so many things, but still he is not satisfied; he wishes for more. He thinks, sometimes, that he is ill-treated, that his friends have deserted him and “do not care for him,” perhaps not realizing that “mother” and the children wish that he would be a little more pleasant. No, a rich home is not always a happy one.

The rich man gets so tired of his way of living that he cannot be happy. On the other hand, the poor man's life changes nearly every day. He has something to look forward to. Every day there looms up golden opportunities for him, and if his eyes are alert, he will find them and try his best to become a little bit higher in this world.

I do not say, nor do I believe, that it is

wrong to be wealthy. There is a way to be happy when wealthy, and that is the “way of service.” If the rich man knows how to be wealthy, he is worth something, and if he knows how to use his wealth he is both wise and happy. He does not have to be a miser; nor does he have to lose. He may save, but still not be called a “miser.”

The rich man is not always the “rich man,” but may become poor if he does not know how to be rich and **stay** rich. He may form bad habits while rich; or he may form these habits after failure—when he becomes poor. Even if he fails in his way of living and sinks into a lower ebb of life, he does not have to become discouraged and decide that he might as well stay low; but he may gradually but surely rise again, if he, like the poor man, notices the opportunities before him.

The “way of service” is one of the best paths to happiness. We, whether rich or poor, may give our best service to those around us; and they, happy to see that we are trying and **doing** our best, will make us happy also. Service is indeed a wonderful gift to give to others. If we give our best service to our teachers, friends, etc., we will think more of **others** and learn the real spirit of **giving** and of true “**happiness**.”

## THOSE CARDS

By Harold O'Connell.

**I** feel that I am specially ordained to describe the feeling that comes into the manly chest of any male student of B. H. S. as he wanders homeward with his quarterly report.

I have been told by friends that at times they feel very proud, lugging home this instrument of torture. Now this listens mighty fine, but when you lug home a little card inscribed with your name, the principal's name, and three “f's,” and an “incom-

plete,” the fine feeling is not there. Three “f's” and an “incomplete,” do not spell fine.

Of course I had no idea that I was about to get these awful marks when I wandered up to the teacher's desk with a bland smile on my “map.” The fact is I had not regarded junior studies seriously until—alas! here I was wandering homeward; while all around me cunning little freshman boys and girls were hurrying eagerly toward our beloved Alma Mater, as yet unconscious of



the terrible fate that awaited them.

Ever since I had received my first marking at the hands of the merciless teachers, when I was an innocent freshman, I had been assuring myself that next time I would get much better rank—but those teachers paid no attention to my good resolutions.

At last I arrived home and—my whole family had gone to Portland for a week! At once I began to plan the different ways I might destroy that fatal card. I could burn it, lose it, throw it in the river, or even eat it; but what would my excuse be for doing any of these things?

Finally, I decided to lose that card and lose it quickly. That very evening I stuck the corner of the card into a book, and started wandering around the street, waiting for it to slip out and get lost. At last it was gone! I returned home and slept peacefully for one night at least.

I arrived at school next morning bright and early, ready to begin anew, but I had just stepped into the room when someone handed me a square piece of pasteboard, and on this pasteboard was my name, the

principal's name, and three "f's" and an "incomplete." It had been found!

As I casually glanced at the unfeeling person who had returned to me that unwelcome piece of pasteboard, I noticed a derisive smile curling his hateful lips. He was indeed adding "insult to injury!" He was not only returning the thing—he had read it. He had been mean enough to read my three "f's" and an "incomplete"! Anyone mean enough to do *that*, was mean enough for anything. He had probably—yes, I am sure he had—blazoned the news to the world. Oh! woe is me! Now everyone knew it.

Why, Oh why, hadn't I burned it, and thus destroyed every vestige of evidence of three "f's" and an "incomplete"!

But even so, I recall, they keep records in the office, and those merciless teachers would simply make out another card!

There is nothing for me to do, but to change the marks next time, so that Father, instead of reading three "f's" and an "incomplete," will adjust his spectacles, and read proudly in a loud voice: "BA, BA."

## THE SOUL OF GAVIN TWAIN

By Charlotte Bowman.

**S**LOWLY the prison gates closed. A youth with bowed head, a violin in his hand, was led to a dark, dreary cell.

Convulsively, his hands opened and closed as he sat down upon the cot in the little cell. How hard it was to realize that his friend—Marco, should do a thing like this; should cast him into prison, swearing that he, Gavin Twain, was guilty of an act for which Marco himself should rightfully be blamed. Ah, what a hard, uncertain world was this! His only friend had turned against him! What was there left for him now?

Silently, he meditated. Two years' imprisonment for a deed of which he was innocent. Sadly he looked at the instrument in his hand; lovingly he fingered its strings. All he had left in this world was his violin!

Left an orphan in Italy nine years before, he had wandered to the shores of America, alone, penniless—an alien. But with the quickness of youth, he had soon learned to be an American, live like an American, and work like one. He had acquired one friend, or one whom he had thought his friend, in all that great city of New York; but now that friend had left him to suffer alone in prison.



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Just then the guard came up to the door of the cell, thus interrupting his thoughts. With tears in his eyes Gavin asked this cold-eyed individual if he might play on his violin.

Something in the dreamy eyes of the young Italian made him answer, "yes," but in a gruff tone he warned Gavin that he could not stand too much of an old, squeaky fiddle.

Silently, Gavin lifted the instrument to his shoulder. Softly his long, sensitive fingers drew the bow across the violin. Lost in his thoughts he played on and on. The sweet sounds acted as a balm upon his crushed spirit.

About this time Howard Trent, a trustee of the prison, was examining the cells, when the sweet strains reached his ear. It seemed as if he were drawn as by a magnet to the cell of Gavin.

Now it was summer time; the birds were singing; brooks tinkled merrily over moss-covered rocks; fountains leaped high into the air, casting a spray, which vanished, leaving tinted rainbows. Butterflies flitted daintily among the daisies, and all was right with the world.

Now, the trees rustled a storm was approaching the waves dashed high on the seaworn rocks, angry winds blew—and so it was.

The men in the surrounding cells strained at their bars, listening spellbound. It was the soul of Gavin Twain speaking through the strings of the instrument he loved so well. Trent, listening at the door of the cell, wondered what human being could so play upon his emotions. Why was it that he was feeling so intensely, his mind in agony one minute, then calm and peaceful the next? How the boy could play! What a wonderful musician he would make with a little training!

It was these thoughts that flashed

through the mind of Howard Trent, one of New York's Wall Street men. Trent entering Gavin's cell questioned the youth regarding his commitment.

Gavin willingly told him of his life in Italy and America—how his friend had wrongfully accused him and how he had always longed to be a musician.

"Boy," said Howard, "keep up your courage! Don't lose hope! Tomorrow I will have you freed!"

True to his word, Trent came for Gavin the next morning and with a click of the key in the cell door, the boy was free! He stumbled out of the dark room following the man who had so kindly befriended him. At last they were out of the building. How good it did seem to see the beautiful sunlight again! The grass was so green and the sky so blue!

"Well, Gavin, does it seem good to be able to see and feel once more?" asked Howard.

"Yes, indeed, Mr. Trent! How can I ever repay you for all this—what do you call it—kindness, I think you Americans say?"

"You come to my house with me, son, and we will have a little talk." So saying, the man led the way and in a moment they stepped into the waiting car and were driven to the rich man's home.

Gavin looked in astonishment at the house before which they had stopped. It was unlike anything he had been accustomed to. A high colonial mansion stood before him.

"Come with me, boy," said Howard, as he broke into the lad's thoughts.

Young Twain followed Trent into the mansion, still hugging his violin. They went up a flight of long spiral stairs into a room which Trent called his library.

"Now, my boy sit down and make yourself comfortable," said the master of the

house as he drew two chairs up in front of a cheery looking fireplace, piled high with bright, glowing logs.

At first they talked as man to man. Little by little Trent found out the boy's ambitions, likes and dislikes.

Then silence prevailed as Howard thought over the wonderful possibilities in this young Italian. Trent was a very cool, keen man, quick of action, and hard to please. Wall Street hated him! He lived alone with no one to share his wealth or pleasures. Here was a boy who would be his pride and joy in the future. Why not take the chance? So in that few minutes the career, and life of Gavin Twain, was settled by this man.

Finally Howard broke the silence by saying, "I have thought it all over, Gavin, and I have this proposition to make to you. How would you like to go abroad and study to be a musician?"

Slowly this surprising news sank into the brain of the Italian. "Why, Mr. Trent, you don't mean it—how would I?"

Howard read his answer in the glowing depths of the young man's eyes. Like all Italians he was very much excited when deeply moved, and with two rows of pearly white teeth showing, he fell upon his knees before Trent and devotedly kissed his hands.

"Oh, Mr. Trent, I would do anything, anything, to become a musician! I will work my fingers to the very bone for that!"

"There, there, my boy, calm down a little. Let me hear you play a little melody for me, now."

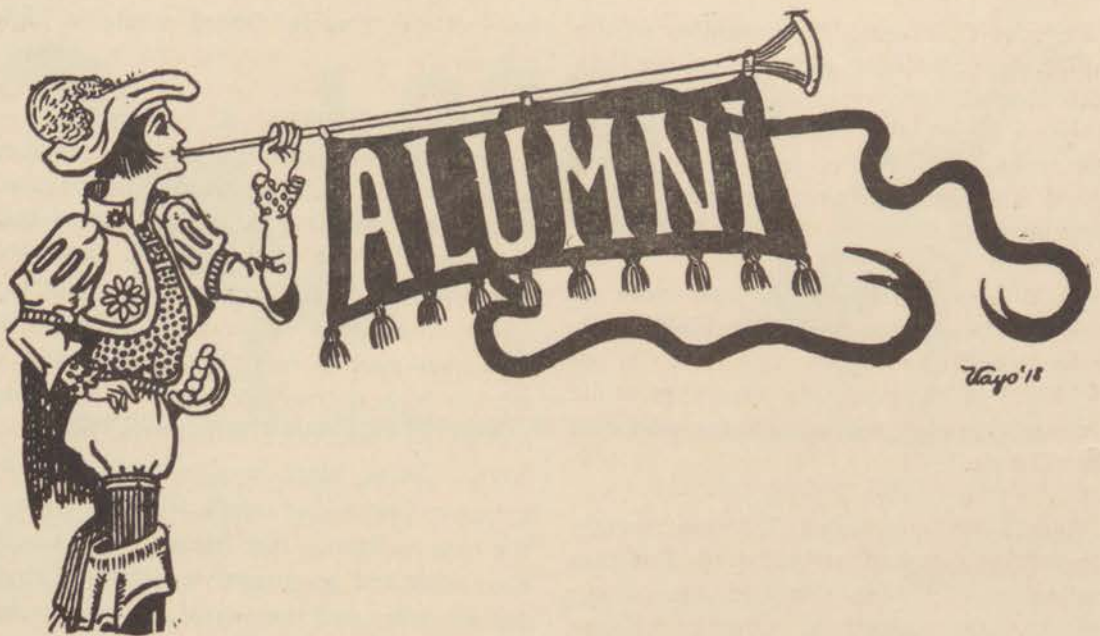
So it was that Gavin Twain, a son of Italy and America, after many years of study abroad, as well as in America, became one of the most finished musicians of his time.

## THE MOON GIRL

By Edith Morrison, '23.

Moonlight skipping o'er the wavelets,  
Leaves a path of golden brightness,  
Waiting, waiting to be tripped on  
By the moon girl as she dances,  
In this magic, midnight moonlight.  
Waiting, watching for her coming,  
Linger we on rippling waters  
Spellbound, all, with this great beauty.  
Tinkling, as from far off distance,  
Comes the music of the ripples  
Making music for her dancing.  
Birdies, too, trill out a little,  
Those who wake at hours of midnight.  
Now she cometh, she, the moon girl,  
Cometh down to rippling waters,  
Down to visit all the earth folk  
And the waters and the grasses.  
Swiftly trips she and so lightly  
As she goeth, softly dancing  
In this magic midnight moonlight,





Among those home for the Easter holidays were:

Leroy A. Campbell, Harvard College.  
 George Barrakat, Bowdoin College.  
 Hazen Nutter, Bowdoin College.  
 Richard Denaco, Bowdoin College.  
 Walter McCready, Bowdoin College.  
 Walter Whitney, Bowdoin College.  
 John McCann, Harvard Law School.  
 John Vose, Harvard Law School.  
 Mary Largay, Marymount College.  
 Rosemary Allen, Emerson School.  
 Donald Eames, Bowdoin College.  
 John White, Coburn Classical Institute.  
 Pauline Fairbanks, Wellesley College.  
 Wilfrid Gillin, University of Penn.  
 Leslie Bowler, University of Penn.  
 Charlotte Crosby, Wheaton College.  
 Dorothy Hallett, Abbott Seminary.  
 Marguerite Murray, Lasell Seminary.  
 Helen Bragg, Lincoln School.  
 Philip Chalmers, University of Penn.  
 John Tarbell, Bowdoin College.  
 Wilson Harthorn, Bowdoin College.  
 Kathleen Caulfield, Mount Ida.  
 Dorothy Whalen, Pratt Institute.

Walter B. Whitney, '19, has been chosen to deliver the opening address at the Bowdoin commencement this coming June.

A great deal of interest has been shown in the marriage of Ralph O. Frost and Miss Bernice R. Small. Both were members of the Junior class of this year, but left school immediately after their marriage. Their many friends extend to them their best wishes.

Dr. and Mrs. Herbert Scribner are receiving congratulations on the birth of a young son. Mrs. Scribner was formerly Miss Ethel Harrigan, the much loved head of the Department of Household Arts in our school.

John P. White, ex '22, has been chosen orator of the Senior class at Coburn Classical Institute, for the coming graduation exercises. He is also president of the class and otherwise prominent in school activities.

## THE ORACLE

Dorothy C. Freese, '20, a member of the Junior class at Mount Holyoke college, has been elected editor-in-chief of the Mount Holyoke News, the college weekly. Miss Freese has served this year as managing editor, and last year as a member of the reportorial staff.

J. Wilson Harthorn, a Sophomore at Bowdoin, has been awarded the Field scholarship, established by the late Rev. George W. Field of Bangor. Mr. Harthorn while a student in the high school was editor of the "Oracle."

George William Rowe, '20, was recently elected by the student body of Bowdoin college as editor in chief of the college weekly, the Bowdoin Orient. Hazen Nutter, '22, was elected one of the assistant editors. Both of these students were mem-

bers of the "Oracle" board while in high school.

### MRS. HENRY K. WHITE.

Graduates of a generation ago remember with affection and gratitude the talented woman whose name is at the head of this paragraph. Wife of their much respected principal, she furthered the interests of the school in every possible way. A pupil of hers once said to me, "I never heard of a student who did not like her!" In a class history she was once called "the friend of boys." Wise, kind, loyal and sincere, she gave her best to her pupils and brought out the best in them. Her friendship was both a comfort and an incentive. Bangor High School may well be proud to have numbered Mrs. White among its teachers.

M. C. R.

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## NIGHT

By C. Bowman.

When the warm glowing sun disappears in  
the west  
And the small, feathed folk have all flown  
to their rest,  
Then softly the Angelus peals forth its  
chime,  
Ringing out to a work-weary world, it is  
time  
To banish the toil of a long summer's day.

When the white summer moon sheds her  
silvery beams  
And each star, like a wee distant candle  
gleams  
To lighten the path of the pilgrims below,  
'Tis then that a kindly power does bestow  
A quiet peace to the sad and gay.





On Saturday evening, March 24, at 8 o'clock, the Dramatic club again made a successful presentation of three one-act plays, *The Clod*, *The Beau of Bath* and *Neighbors*. As it was the last day of the winter term, there was a large crowd and apparently everybody thought the plays very ably staged and acted. Incidentally, these plays marked the first efforts of Leland Powers, the new teacher.

The plays and their characters follow:

#### THE CLOD.

*The Clod*.....Eleanor Buck  
*Her Husband*.....Joseph Lobley  
*A Southern Sergeant*.....Charles Sawyer  
*A Southern Soldier*.....Ralph Littlefield

The action of the play is rapid and was very capably done by the members of the cast.

#### THE BEAU OF BATH.

*The Beau*.....Burdette O'Connor  
*The Butler*.....Lester Campbell  
*The Picture*.....Ethel Mackie

*The Beau of Bath* is the story of the dream of an old man, who was a famous fop in his day. It was very well staged and acted.

#### NEIGHBORS.

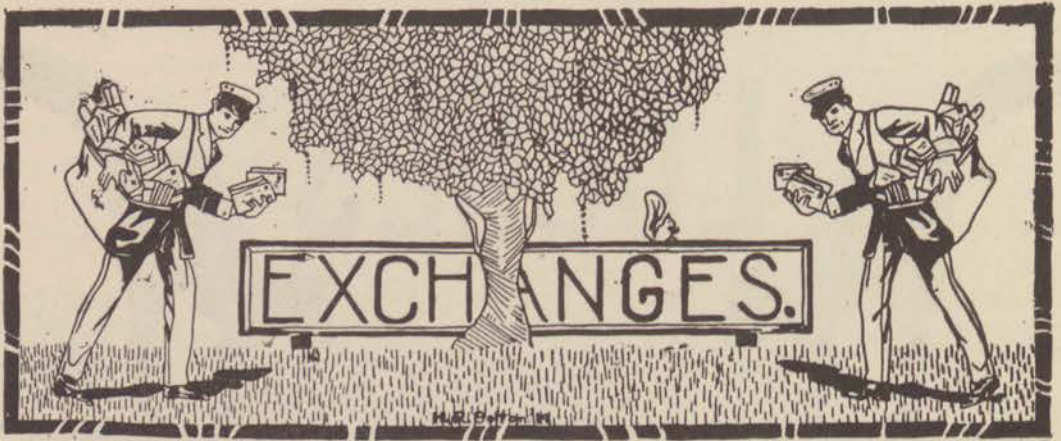
*Neighbors* is the story of a lot of country "folks" who are all wrapped up in their own troubles until a bit of news comes to them.

*Mrs. Trot*.....Eleanor Coffey  
*Mrs. Abel*.....Madeline Heath  
*Inez* .....Dorothy Wilson  
*Peter* .....Walter Whittier  
*Ezra Williams*.....Morris Robinson  
*Mrs. Moran*.....Edith O'Connor  
*Mrs. Ellsworth*.....Doris Sawyer

The play was of a comic nature and well done, being appreciated very much by the audience.

Saturday evening, April 21, the High School Band gave its annual concert and dance in City Hall. A fine program was presented to a very good crowd and after the concert there was a dance enjoyed by many couples. It is rumored that the band may hold a dance in Assembly hall before many more weeks have passed. We hope so, anyway.

With such things as senior pictures, senior plays, and college entrance exams, the senior does not lead a life of bliss listening to the birdies sing.



### AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Organug, York High school, York Village, Me.: Your department headings are very clever. Why not have a table of contents? The large Literary department is excellent, and a poetry section is a good idea. More editorials in your paper would be an improvement.

The Womelsdorfian, Womelsdorf High school, Womelsdorf, Pa.: Your editorial on "'Just as You Please' Town" is written in an unusual and interesting way. In your literary section "The Snob's Valentine" is worthy of comment. More cuts as department headings would make your paper more attractive. We hope your exchange list grows, and that you remain on ours.

The Palmer, Palmer High school, Palmer, Mass.: Apparently in planning the March issue of your magazine, which is otherwise complete, you forgot the table of contents and editorial staff. Most editors like to see their names in print. Having advertisements sprinkled all through the paper detracts from its appearance. We enjoyed your Literary department. More cuts make a paper more attractive. The jokes are all right.

The Unicy, Clayton High school, Clayton, N. J.: Your paper might be much better arranged. Cuts as headings of departments would improve it. Why not have an alumni section? A larger Literary department would make your paper more interesting. The exchange column is rather small. We like your jokes.

The Echo, South Portland High school, South Portland, Me.: Yours is a fine paper. The editorials are especially good, and your stories are interesting. We enjoyed the athletic section and "Locals."

The Ariel, East Maine Conference Seminary, Bucksport, Me.: It seems that the table of contents was lost in the mails. We liked the poem, "Wondering." Your stories, especially "The Purple Violet," show unusual talent. A larger exchange section would be better, and cuts for department headings would increase the attractiveness of your paper.

The Oracle, Abington High School, Abington, Pa.: Here is a newcomer, and an excellent magazine it is. The poems are much better than those found in most school magazines and the whole Literary department is interesting.



## THE ORACLE

The Pen, Bridgeport High school, Bridgeport, Conn.: We enjoyed your Mid-Year Commencement number exceedingly, especially the "Boys' Class Prophecy," and "The Throw Back," both of which show much originality. We find no athletic, exchange, or alumni sections, but perhaps that is because of the special issue. "They Tell Me" and "Do You Believe?" are amusing features.

The Academy Journal, Norwich Free Academy, Norwich, Conn.: We admire your artistic covers. Why not have your editorial page in the front of the magazine? The editorial on "Fraternity Spirit" has the right idea. "Day by Day" is an appropriate title for your good joke column. We enjoy your interesting stories. "Societies" and "Art School and Library" are two interesting departments which are seldom found in school magazines.

### WHAT OTHERS THINK OF US.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine: We greatly admire your splendid editorials and departments.—The Comet, Jasper High School, Jasper, Ind.

The "Oracle," from Bangor, Maine, is red and read. One of the many good stories, "An Afternoon of Fun," reads like a fairy story to us down in the "Sunny South," for only in the movies do we see quantities of snow and people skiing over it. "The B. H. S. Tatler," a paper within a paper, adds very much to the "Oracle."—The Co-ed Leader, Commercial High School, Atlanta, Ga.

"Oracle," Bangor High School:—February number. A very attractive cover on

this number. Your advertisements show good business management. The cuts at the beginning of each department are fine. "Snap Shots" were very clever.—The Echo, Winthrop High School, Winthrop, Mass.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine: One of our best exchanges! You have a well organized magazine with many clever features.—The Spotlight, David Prouty High School, Spencer, Mass.

The "Oracle," Bangor High School, Bangor, Maine. A very attractive paper throughout. Very good editorials and athletics.—The Flyer, Presque Isle High School, Presque Isle, Me.

The "Oracle," Bangor, Maine: We are impressed by your splendid literary section and artistic department headings. Your cartoons are very original and interesting.—The Torch, Howe High School, Billerica, Mass.

There has been a thing which is most vital to athletics and which has been sadly neglected. That is **CHEERING**. Many times in this "Oracle" have we told you to go to a game and yell your heads off. It was only a waste of time and labor. Bangor High has in the past years shown very poor cheering spirit at our football and basketball games. Now, let's get together and have an organized cheering section. Have regular rallies and practice our cheers. Also elect two cheer leaders and when, at a game, they rise up and ask for a cheer, give it to them in real style. Don't forget, cheering is as essential towards winning a game as the players themselves.

Let's go!



### READ THIS.

Bangor High school is not going to have a baseball team this year! That is the story that is being told. Is it true? I ask you, students of Bangor High School, is this true? If it is then you should be ashamed of yourselves. Think of it, our school without a baseball team! You may say, "well, it's not my fault." It is your fault. The team is what you make it. Two years ago Bangor had a good team. Last year it had an almost championship team. Why then, with all the material that there is to pick from, is there not going to be one this year. The answer is, **THE STUDENT BODY WON'T SUPPORT IT.** You may not think so but it is true, nevertheless. Last year everyone talked about school spirit and told how he or she would support the team and go to every game, and cheer their heads off. To make a long story short, **THEY DIDN'T!** Many are saying that the Athletic Council has enough money without the students to run the team. Why should the council run and back the team when the school's own students won't do it nor even attend the games. Now are you going to let everyone say that Bangor High has not enough school spirit to have a baseball team? It's up to **you!** Get busy now and show Principal Proctor and the Athletic Council that

we do want a team and that we will back it to our utmost. If they decide to have a team and come out with season tickets, each and every one of you **buy** one whether you can go to the games or not. Don't tell us that you haven't got enough money because we know better. Stay home from the shows a few times and eat less candy, **save your money** and buy tickets. That is what we mean by school spirit, and if we do this, Bangor will surely have a ball team this spring.

Track has been a dead issue in Bangor High for the past few years, but it seems that we are going to have a first class team this spring. That is, we are, if the student body will stand behind it. By this, I mean, go out and try your luck. You may be a hammer thrower, a runner or a shot putter and not know it. What if you do fail to make the team. You will know that you have tried to raise the standard of your school in athletics. Don't forget that only a few years back Bangor High had one of the best track teams in New England. It's up to you.

### MATTANAWCOOK GAME.

Saturday evening, March 31, in the last home game of the season, the Crimson proved conclusively to all the inhabitants



## THE ORACLE

of the northern part of Penobscot County, that the Bangor High basketball team was the least bit superior to Mattanawcook. The final score was 59 to 30, and this, too, with the super player, Sammy Lowell, doing his stuff for the up river youths. The lads from the gateway town were not to be classed with the home team. They had no defense, or offense for that matter. They were woefully weak in what is considered by most authorities as an essential, viz., team work. The whole Bangor team played well, and several of the subs showed up well when they were sent in to keep the regulars from getting in bad condition from lack of exercise.

**Bangor High (59) (30) Mattanawcook**  
 Epstein, 10.....l.f.....1 Mulherin  
 Gallagher, 1  
 Kamenkovitz, 7....r.f.....8 Lowell  
 Samway, 1  
 Fairbanks, 1.....c.....3 (2) McKinnon  
 Casper .....l.b.....2 Bailey  
 Murray  
 Seavey, 7 (1).....r.b.....Beach  
 J. McClay, 2

### CHICAGO TOURNAMENT.

Sunday morning after the Mattanawcook game we find Bangor's basketball team whizzing across the continent like knights of old, on their pilgrimage to Chicago in quest of the cup symbolic of the basketball championship of the nation. They were defeated by Morton High of Chicago, 55 to 19, which was naught to their discredit. The Morton team was used to rules which are in vogue in the Middle West, personal contact and a lot of it. The Crimson was not used to this, and were at a great disadvantage.

The Morton team had a cheering section to support it. Our team did not play as well as it has, and had it put up the game it had on some former occasions, according

to a good authority, it might have won.

**Morton High (55) (19) Bangor High**  
 Stanicek, 3.....l.f.....1 Kamenkovitz  
 Dahlquis, 5.....r.f.....2 Epstein  
 Pesek, 7 (3).....c.....McClay  
 Butwell, 3.....l.g.....3 (7) Seavey  
 Brasik, 8.....r.g.....Casper

### THE PORTLAND SERIES.

In the first game of the series of three games for the championship of the state, Bangor easily defeated Portland in the Exposition Building at Portland, March 23, by the score of 40 to 21.

Kamenkovitz was easily the star of the game, caging nine baskets. Henry Fairbanks, who was playing in the place of the injured Frank McClay, played a wonderful game both offensively and defensively. Ward and Flavin did good work for Portland.

The summary:

**Bangor (40) (21) Portland**  
 Kamenkovitz, 9....l.f.....Mahoney, 4  
 Epstein, 3.....r.f.....Flavin 3 (3)  
 Frasier  
 Fairbanks .....c.....Benson  
 Seavey, 4 (8).....l.g.....Ward, 2  
 Casper .....r.g.....Fay  
 Frasier

Referee, Flack.

The second game which was played in the Bangor Auditorium, March 26, was very much like the first.

The summary:

**Bangor (41) (22) Portland**  
 Kamenkovitz, 5.....l.f.....Mahoney  
 Frasier  
 Epstein, 6.....r.f.....Flavin, 8 (4)  
 Fairbanks, 1.....c.....Benson  
 McClay  
 Seavey, 5 (7).....l.g.....Ward, 1  
 Casper .....r.g.....Fay  
 Referee, Edwards.

# PERSONALS



## GEOMETRY, THE GIANT

Characters:

My Patience.

My Temper.

Geometry, the Giant.

My Conscience.

Scene: My Room.

My Patience (seated at a table): To be, or not to be, that is the question. Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to suffer the lines and angles of outrageous Geometry, or to take arms against a couple of triangles, and by opposing, end them.

My Conscience: 'Tis a bitter struggle and a hard, but oft where the hill is steepest the road is smoothest. Now, then, take this triangle for instance. All is very clear, as has been demonstrated by Professor Wiles.

My Temper: But really, tho', there is no sense in it! Here you have a point, stretch that a little and you have a line. Stretch that a little and you have the moon. Let me see. Angle A equals Angle B, all very fine. You were right, Conscience. Oh, I am weary, weary. Would I had my clutches on the man that put the "Gee" in Geometry. What delight I would take in reducing him to such misery as he has caused me. I would say, "Now, villain, I have you in my power. I'll be as merciful to you, as you were to me. You'll regret the day you ever invented the word,

"angle." Geometry is no good in the world, except to make people tear their hair, and try to see with fourth dimension eyes.

Enter Geometry, the Giant: What harsh words are these I hear. Who are you that dare insult me thusly? For punishment I will haunt you the rest of your days. Every time you look at a tree or a building you will think of me. Then you will regret the injustice you have done me.

My Temper: Mercy, mercy, I prithee, mercy!

Geometry: My head is an angle, my arms are lines, my feet are lines, my body is quadrilateral, my eyes are moving points. I will ever be the companion of your conscience and you will never know what peace of mind is till you conquer me. You will not like such a monster to be ever at your side, always in sight. Although others will not see me, you will. There is your book. Leave it and study Latin. Here I am, where you can see me plainly. Study French, Geometry is always here to be conquered. Ah, I have another victim. (Laughing gleefully).

My Patience (to My Temper): He is a demon, see his horrible eyes. He is only testing you. But don't submit. Don't leave your Geometry. Study it.

My Temper: I've studied and studied, but what is the gain? All is a confusion of



## THE ORACLE

lines and angles twisting and curling around each other like worms. Ugh! There is a time when patience ceases to be a virtue.

Conscience: Don't doom me to such a companion as this creature. Pray, don't abandon me.

Patience: Although my services are denounced, yet I am ever willing. Now come, all three, and let's study together.

Temper Impossible.

Patience: Be calm. Now you have angle A equals angle A by hypothesis. Haven't you?

Temper: Yes, yes, that's true.

Patience: And angle C equals angle C by hypothesis.

Temper: That's true enough.

Patience: And A B equals A 'B,' an included angle.

Geometry (frightened): I am invincible.

Temper: For pity's sake, shut up.

Patience: And angle A C B equals angle A' C' B' by hypothesis.

Temper: Very simple.

Geometry (shrinking to a triangle): I will never leave you.

Patience: Then the angles are equal.

Geometry: I am ill.

Patience: Now the triangles are equal.

Geometry: Have mercy.

Patience: Now the corresponding parts are equal.

Temper: That's so.

Conscience: Now I am happy, for Geometry has disappeared.

Tom: "Hello, Dick. What y' doin'?"

Dick: "Fishin', can't ye see?"

Tom: "Why ye got a mouse on for bait?"

Dick: "Cause I'm fishin' for cat-fish."

Three-year-old George: "Papa, I want to get married."

Father (surprised): "Indeed, who do you wish to marry?"

Georgie: "Grandma."

Father: "What? Do you suppose I would permit you to marry my mother?"

Georgie: "You married my mother, didn't you?"

May: "Mamma, why do they keep lions at the telephone office?"

Mother: "They don't, dear. What can you mean?"

May: "Yes, they do! I called up papa's number and the central lady said, 'the lion's busy.'"

There was a man who lived in the country who had several children. One day, when he and his wife were returning from church the oldest ran up to them saying, "Mary has fallen into the well." He turned to his wife and said, "Have we a daughter named Mary?"

Teacher: "Charles, if a pie is cut into six pieces, what is one piece?"

Charles: "A mouthful."

### The Two Extremes.

A Senior is a "know it all."

A Freshman is "nothing at all."

Little Girl (in theatre): "Mother, when do the Indians come in?"

Mother: "Why—why, there are no Indians in this show."

"Well, then, who scalped all the men in the front row?"—Yale Record.

"Did he meet with any obstacles in his love making?"

"Yes, he tripped over a rug, a chair and the piano stool as he proposed."—Judge.

TODAY  
The Devil's Quartet  
with  
Red Emple World  
Red White Known  
Red Lynch Singers  
Red Kelley,  
Coached by  
"Sammy" Goodman.

FOUND  
In the Assembly  
Hall a Book written  
by George Day, '23,  
on, How To Be a  
Successful Man on  
the Track, With  
Illustrations. The  
owner may have  
same by calling at  
Waste Basket.

BOXING  
ATTRACTION  
—  
MISS DORR,  
who now holds the  
Heavyweight Title,  
will give an  
EXHIBITION  
BOX, at the AS-  
SEMBLY HALL.  
She will have as an  
Opponent,  
DODO CLARK.

Compliments  
of  
R. WILSON'S  
JAZZ  
ORCHESTRA  
with  
World Reputation.

# B. H. S. PALACE

TWO SHOWS  
DAILY

8—12

12:15—4:15

**A** OVERTURE,  
"Why Do They Pick On Me?"  
By G. I. Veayo.

**B** CECIL MAY SMITH  
In a  
COMEDY SKETCH,  
entitled  
"HOW TO BE FOOLISH."

**C** FREDDIE FOGG,  
With His Pet  
Poodle  
In a  
DANCING ACT.

**D** DEAK BURNS,  
the Only Original,  
In a Stirring Romance of the Sea,  
Do Not  
Mistake This "ALGEBRA."  
For Arabia One of  
Deak's  
Best

**E** SPECIAL  
A 5 Reel Comedy-Drama  
Featuring  
The Wonderful—8c—The Stupendous  
Benny Davis—vs.—Sammy Goodman  
in  
"PALS TO THE END."

All Next Month  
FAIR & WARMER  
—with—  
WILLIE SNOW.

SEE  
BEN DORSKY  
in  
ANIMAL  
CRACKERS  
For the Benefit  
Of the Weary.

SPECIAL  
ACT,  
SEE  
PAUL E.  
GOODWIN  
in  
"WHERE IS MY  
BOOK BAG?"

—NOTICE—  
The Management of  
the B. H. S. Palace  
wishes to announce  
to theatre goers,  
that on Wednesday,  
at 12:15 P. M., DOC  
V. W. SAVAGE,  
the Human Dare-  
devil, will—for the  
benefit of the pub-  
lic—ride down the  
trolley wire, on his  
Motorcycle, in front  
of the Palace. No  
Admission will be  
charged, but a col-  
lection will be taken.  
—THANK YOU—



The Rogue's Gallery Craze  
Has Begun



AT THE CADET  
EXHIBITION

Special students tickets for the June Oracle  
will be sold

June 4-5 Price 25c

All who ordered leather covers and have not  
a ticket must buy one June 4th or 5th or  
pay 50c for their Oracle at time of issue.

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Wear in All Our Departments



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Patronize Our Advertisers



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PART of the fun of graduating from knicker suits is the knowing that your new mannish clothes are absolutely right in style and that they fit and will give good service. Make sure by wearing one of our "Young American" first-long-trouser suits! We invite every young man of the High School age to see our new array of these smart togs for spring. Just the right amount of pep. Quality considered, there is nothing to touch them—

*Twenty Dollars and Up*

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Patronize Our Advertisers





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*With one, you know  
your appearance is  
beyond any criticism.*

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Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes

—Miller and Webster Corner—

The month of May finds a complete line of  
newest ideas in

Clothes and Furnishings  
For the Student

Come in and give us a try

JOHN T. CLARK CO.  
BANGOR



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# DAN T. SULLIVAN

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EMMA J. TANEY

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28 Main St. Bangor, Me.

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Postal Cards HOLIDAY NOVELTIES.

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STICKNEY & BABCOCK

COAL CO

19 State Street, Bangor



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

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7% PREFERRED STOCK 7%

is reflected in increased property values, increased business and increased prosperity throughout Eastern Maine.

A splendid investment for you combining safety and good earnings, in an industry that is in its infancy, growing rapidly and destined to be the greatest industry in the world.

This stock has paid its dividends regularly on the first days of January, April, July and October each year since it was first placed on the market.

Price, \$102.00 per Share  
Dividends,

\$7.00 per Share per year.

"Let's Work Together and Win Together"

Patronize Our Advertisers



# 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.

## 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.

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