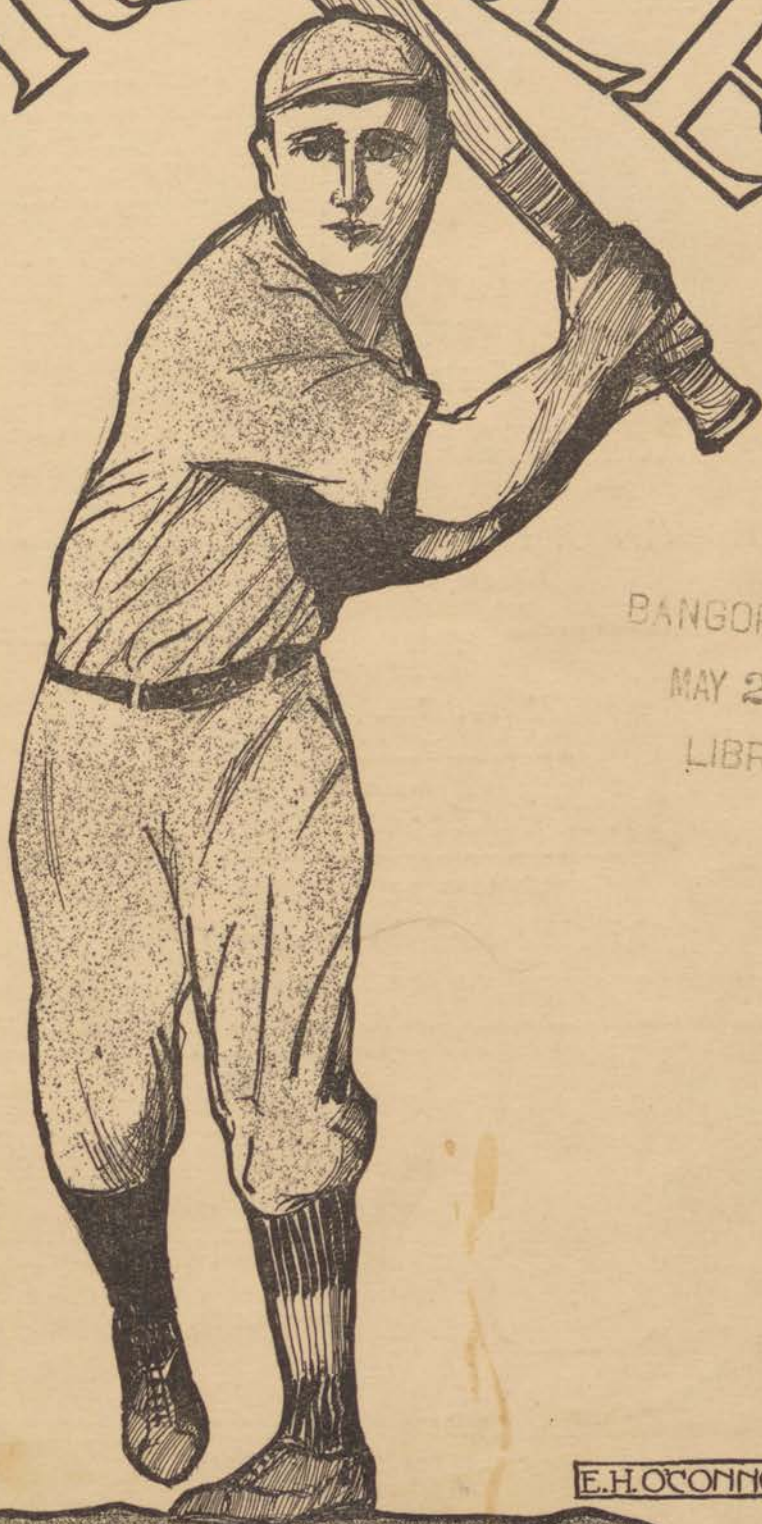


ORACLE



BANGOR PUBLIC
MAY 20 1921
LIBRARY

E.H. O'CONNOR '23

HALL'S

Central Street



Crane's
Linen & Lawn
[THE STANDARD WRITING SUPPLY]

Stationery
and
Engraving



Pictures
and
Framing

Greeting Cards

EDWIN O. HALL

88 Central St.

Bangor, Maine

After Graduation What?

THE SAVAGE SCHOOL for Physical Education

Prepares men and women to become Supervisors, Directors and Teachers of Physical Training and Hygiene, Teaching Games, Dancing, Swimming, etc., in Schools, Clubs, Industrial Plants and Play Grounds.

Best Course in Physical Education for MEN AND WOMEN, and the strongest Faculty in this country. See catalogue.

The Only School of Physical Education Under the New York Regents.

Why not make your living by play instead of work?

Enjoy life as you go and give pleasure to others.

Be strong and healthy and make others likewise.

Keep yourself well and teach others to do the same.

Such is the work and life of the Physical Trainer.

Graduates of High and Fitting Schools admitted without examination.

Great demand for Teachers, Salaries better than for grade work.

CLASS LIMITED, REGISTER NOW FOR CLASS STARTING SEPT. 19th.

For Catalogue address Registrar at the School, or Dr. WATSON L. SAVAGE, President, 309 West Fifty-ninth Street, N. Y. C.

Graduation Day

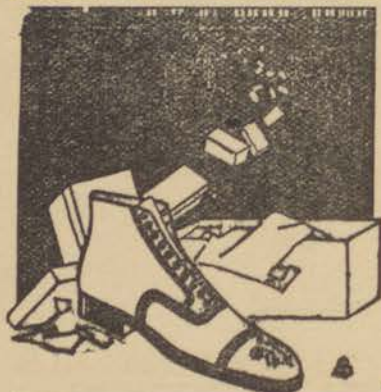
demand the wearing of

Hart Schaffner and Marx Clothes

then you know your appearance is correct.

Miller and Webster Clothing Co.

At the Robinson Corner



A Smart Brogue High Shoe
SCOTCH GRAIN

\$14.40

Style with Comfort

Brogues are the choice of men who demand style and insist upon comfort

A. O. YATES SHOE CO.

Patronize Our Advertisers



GIBSON MANDOLIN SCHOOL

D. L. CARVER

Teacher and Agent

All B. H. S. students owning fretted instruments or interested in same are invited to join the club

Club meets Friday evenings at 8 o'clock, 25 Broad Street, room 10, Merchants Bank Building

Agent for

GIBSON MANDOLIN and ALL FRETTED INSTRUMENTS

These Instruments are the best on earth and the only make that improves with use

Compliments of the

GRAPHIC THEATRE

The Home of
the Best in the
Motion Picture World

ALWAYS A GOOD SHOW

COMPLIMENTS OF

THE NEW YORK SYNDICATE

118 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

Compliments of

Palace of Sweets Co.

HOME MADE CANDIES

ICE CREAM

56 Main Street, Bangor, Maine

C. H. Babb & Co.

PLUMBERS

and

STEAM

FITTERS

106 EXCHANGE ST.
BANGOR, MAINE

N. H. Bragg & Sons

**IRON AND
STEEL**

HEAVY HARDWARE

GARAGE SUPPLIES

74-78 Broad St. Bangor, Me.

A Portrait by Perry Studio

The kind you like to show your friends

The kind they like to see—

We Make Class Pictures

PERRY STUDIO

Phone Connection

Bangor, Maine

Branches at Pittsfield and Old Town

Phone Connection

This is a Neighborhood Store

DON'T GO BY—COME BUY

The Corner Grocery

Tel. 1160

C. F. WINCHESTER

183 Park St.

BIJOU

Matinee, 2.15

Evenings at 7.45

High Class Vaudeville
and Photoplays



POPULAR PRICES

PARK THEATRE

Continuous from 1 until 10.30 p. m.

The Greatest Stars in the
World's Best Photoplay Productions

Patronize Our Advertisers

H. L. Wheelden Co.

THE STORE OF ELECTRICAL
MERCHANDISE

Apex and Universal Vacuum Cleaners

Eden Washing Machine

Universal Ranges

Hot Point and Universal Irons

Portables

Room Heaters

NATIONAL MAZDA LAMPS

BEST QUALITY PRODUCTS ALWAYS

All Standard High Grade Goods

93 Central St., Bangor, Me.

DIEGES & CLUST

("If we made it, it's right.")

MANUFACTURING
SPECIALTY JEWELERS



Class Rings

Class Pins

Medals



73 TREMONT STREET

BOSTON, 9

MASS.

FRANCIS G. SHAW

Bells and Xylophone Soloist

Bangor Band, Bangor Symphony Orchestra and O'Hara's Orchestra

Tel. 914-M

16 Webster Ave.

School Barber Shop

Everthing Found in an
Up-to-date Shop



104 Harlow Street

GEO. N. WHITE, Proprietor

ONE PRICE AT
BENSON'S
The Heart of Bangor's Shopping District

Our abundant stocks offer substantial
help in getting the wardrobe ready for
spring and summer.

Suits, Coats, Blouses,
Skirts, Dresses

And All Dress Accessories

Aside from beauty and quality each is a
revelation in "back-to-normal" pricing

PLANNING AHEAD—

SAVE WITH
US
WE PAY
4%
INTEREST
COMPOUNDED
QUARTERLY

Are your plans for the future dependent upon financial means?

You are perhaps planning to go to College, to enter business or to undertake other things that will require money.

The best time to start saving is NOW. Give the bank book a place with your school books and you will find the rewards correspondingly great.

MERRILL TRUST COMPANY

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND PIANIST AND TEACHER

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

—TWENTIETH SEASON, SEPTEMBER 12, 1921—

Played at Institute of France by Invitation of Widor, 1920

Studio in the Pearl Building—Entire Top Floor

“Banking Beginners”

Probably many of the readers of the “Oracle” already have savings or checking accounts with us. At any rate, we number a great many young people among our customers.

There are good reasons for this. Young people like to do business with a bank which tries to assist them in every practicable way in their financial affairs. Friendly co-operation and a thorough understanding of the problems, perplexities and requirements of “banking beginners”—young men and women about to start in business—will be found at this bank.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

Bangor



Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

The Oracle Staff

Theodore H. Butler, '21.....Editor-in-Chief
 Lloyd M. Dearborn, '21..... Business Manager
 Hazen E. Nutter, '22.....Associate Editor

LITERARY

Pauline M. Aiken, '21

LOCAL

Carleton W. Fletcher, '21

Elizabeth M. Williams, '21

ALUMNI

Lovis Sawyer, '21

Blanche Bowden, '22

MILITARY

Henry E. Whitney, '21

ATHLETICS

Leslie J. Bowler, '21

ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS

Richard P. Denaco, '22

Carolyn Witherly, '21

PSLAMS

Ruth T. Clough, '21

Harold Mosher, '21

EXCHANGE

Harlan E. Atherton, '21

Frank P. Morrison, '22

Charles H. Sawyer, '23

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	1
Editorials	2
Literary.....	4
A Bond of Roses—By Elizabeth E. Pendleton, '21...	4
The Wreck of the "Olympia"—By Wade White....	6
The Tragedy of a Curl Rag—By Dorothy Hallett, '23.	7
He Tried to Tell His Wife—By Glydie B. Beaton....	8
The Little Orphan—By Carolyn E. Witherly, '21....	9
That Junior Ring—By '23.....	10
The Tie That Binds—By Joseph Lobley, '23.....	11
Sunday Morning with the Browns—By Clara Mason..	12
The Spirit of Utopia—By D. B., '21.....	13
The Adventure Which Wasn't—By Clyde Jones, '22.	14
The Bond—By Louise A. Cutler.....	15
The White Lie—By Emily Miller.....	16
"Come Again"—By U. B. Goode, '23.....	18
The Band on Parade—By Gleason A. Rand.....	20
The Grand Old Fiddler—By Helen Benner.....	20
A Smile—Poem.....	21
The Land of Dreams—Poem.....	21
The Tower of Babel—Poem.....	22
Sunbeams at Dawn—Poem.....	22
The Fountain Pen—By Walter Whittier.	23
Some Day—Poem.....	23
I Am The Railroad—Verse.....	24
To My Country—Poem.....	24
Bye Baby—Poem.....	24
Locals.....	25
Military.....	26
Alumni.....	27
Athletics.....	29
Exchanges.....	31
Pslams.....	32

THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—\$1.00 per annum in advance

Regular number 15 cents, Christmas and Spring numbers 25 cents, June number 40 cents

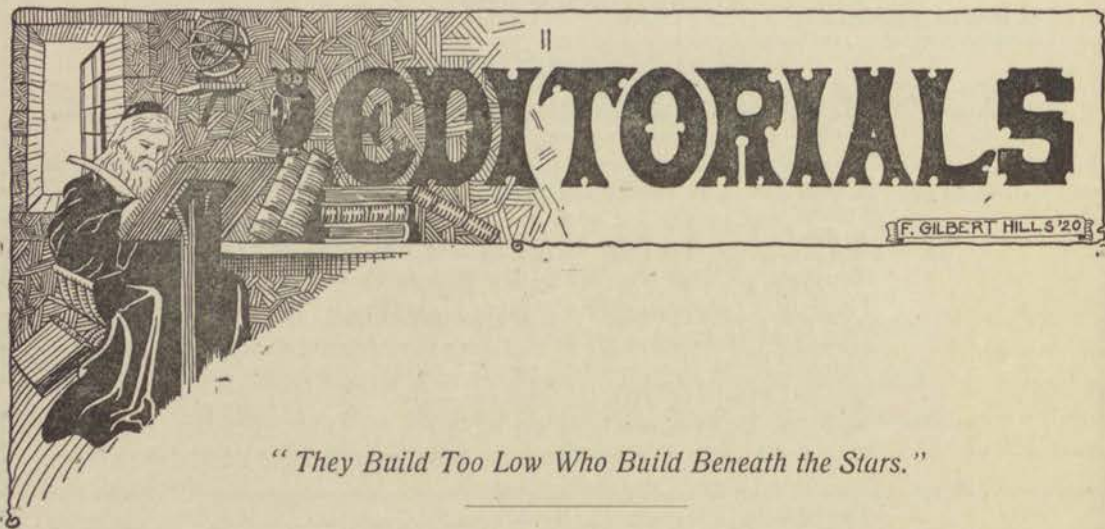
Address all business communications to LLOYD M. DEARBORN, 427 Essex Street

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

VOL. XXIX

MAY 1921

No. 8



"They Build Too Low Who Build Beneath the Stars."

How many people in the country realize that during the participation of the World

War the number of American soldiers killed on the battlefield **Prevent Accidents!** was 78,055 fewer than the number of persons killed by accidents in the United States? Although there is a long space of time between wars every day, perhaps every hour, in the year, someone is hurt or killed by an accident. The number of daily accidents both in industry, on the highways and in our homes is enormous. Devices to prevent accidents in all walks of life are sorely needed not only to prevent the sorrow and suffering but also to stop the great economic losses which necessarily result from an accident. In fact, of all conservation movements on

foot today, the most important is the conservation of human life and to further this cause there is great need of increasing the efforts already started to terminate the continuous occurrence of accidents.

The function of the National Safety Council in preventing accidents is varied and far-reaching. Its energy and work is divided into two classes with allied foundations: One, accidents in the industrial field, which is perhaps the larger of the two, for there the dangers are more imminent. The other class is also divided into two parts: The home accidents and those of the highway. The first part of this last class deals especially with the mishaps which happen in the household altogether too frequently, thus depriving a home of a life.

The highways, too, are not to be left untouched upon, for no one can pick up a newspaper without reading where either a child was run over and killed or where somebody was in a collision with somebody else. The National Safety Council is formed with a purpose which this entire country needs to see fulfilled and in which every man, woman and child who is exposed to the danger of accidents, should feel justly proud.

In Massachusetts a Safety Council has been recently formed with the same purpose as the National Safety Council. Through this Safety Council the highways of Massachusetts have been much improved in regard to the safety of autoists. Since its formation much interest has been taken in the work and many states have noted very favorably its success not only with the highways but in other ways. It is to be hoped that in future years with the aid of Safety Councils, both state and national, the prevention of accidents will be accomplished so successfully that we need not fear for our lives when at work, in our homes or while riding in our automobiles.

H. N.

The biggest, best, and brightest number of the year! Thus, we hope, will run the general description of the June issue of the Oracle. Pages upon pages filled with pictures of all your Senior friends, also reviews of their chief characteristics and more important battles for life and prosperity during their High School career. Each Senior receives individual attention and the above mentioned lumps of wisdom we expect will prove satisfactory to others, if not to himself.

Next comes the Literary department, upon whose pages will be printed the winning Senior essays, also the words of the Class Ode. Following these will appear the regular departments, all overflowing with the magic spirit which foretells that most wonderful of events, "Graduation." Moreover, these sections will be liberally sprinkled with full or half page group photographs of the members of our principal organizations; debating, military, Junior speakers and so forth. Prefaced with a splendid cover, in several colors, we promise you the June Oracle will be worthy to be added to your collection.





"A Man May Have Knowledge Without Having Wisdom."

A BOND OF ROSES

By Elizabeth E. Pendleton, '21.



UT, my dear, you don't understand, you can't. Neither Susan nor I have touched our roses on Memorial Day for the past ten years or more, since we had the awful disagreement about what our dear father should be buried in. She wanted that we should buy a new suit and I wanted him to be buried in his wedding clothes. We couldn't seem to agree at all and when she says to me, 'Now, Deby, father always liked me best when he was alive so I know he'd want me to choose his burial clothes,' I got mad, and we ain't either of us so much as spoke one word together since."

"Oh, but, Miss Deborah," pleaded the minister's pretty daughter, "you needn't either of you speak as you gather your flowers, and we do so need your beautiful roses! Just think what those boys did for us over there across the waters. Doesn't it seem just a little bit selfish to let all those lovely blossoms stay on the bushes when they will be needed so much on Memorial Day?"

"Well, it may seem so to you. But you're so young you could hardly understand anyway. But I'll tell you one thing right now, I'm not going to touch those roses and I don't believe you can get Miss Susan to, either. We're both of us pretty sot in our ways and we made this Memorial Day agreement just after we stopped

speaking. Oh, are you going? Well, I hope you get enough flowers without ours. Good day."

As Florence walked along she thought how terrible it must be to live that way; in the same house with one's sister yet never speaking to her. The gossips said that after the disagreement the house had been partitioned exactly in the middle, veranda and all; the beautiful rose bushes had been divided by a wire fence, and some of the bushes had had to be transplanted but each lady had the same number. They carried on all communication by means of their servants, an old negro and his wife; the wife lived with Miss Deborah and the husband with Miss Susan. Through their interpreters they had made many arrangements among which was the one that they should have alternate days for picking their roses, because if the process of gathering them were carried on on both sides of the fence at the same time it would cause the sisters to come disagreeably near to each other. Now, it appeared that because they both wanted the flowers on Memorial Day, they had agreed that neither should pick them.

Miss Susan refused as firmly and even more emphatically than had Miss Deborah, and Florence was obliged to return to the parsonage with the promise of many different kinds of flowers but of very few roses. The Betts sisters had been her only

hope for roses and now the bubble had burst and there weren't to be any roses.

The morning of the thirtieth dawned warm and sunny in the little Southern village. Miss Deborah rose early after a sleepless night through which there had been a great struggle in her mind concerning picking the roses on Memorial Day. She knew in her heart, and repeated continually that, in the end, she would sit right in the house all day, as usual. But why did the tiny voice within her keep asking, "Why shouldn't you pick your own roses when you wish?" It was very annoying, to say the least and had given her a restless night. She might just go and look at the blossoms. She went and looked—there were just myriads of beautiful blossoms, pink, red, white, mixtures, and even the yellow bush was heavy with sunny balls. If she had but known it the same thoughts and questions were going on in the mind of her sister, who occupied the other side of the house.

At noon, just after dinner, Miss Deborah took one more look at the loaded bushes, and suddenly she made up her mind and said, "They shan't be wasted. They shan't." And, lest her good impulse be overcome by her obstinacy, she dashed down the steps to the nearest bush and began cutting with her very best and sharpest shears, which she had been using but a moment before.

As she cleared a bush of the posies which had been so thick she could scarcely peek through them, she saw on the other side of the fence, much to her amazement, her sister engaged in a like occupation. She had evidently seen Miss Deborah so there was now no retreat. The sun felt warmer and warmer and beat down on the bare head of the elderly woman, relentlessly; the thorns pricked her fingers cruelly but she must not give in and let her sister think that she was weak or afraid. She picked on, and on, for, seemingly, hours, but was nearly at the end

of the row gathering her last half dozen blossoms when everything began to whirl round, and round, and round, so fast that Miss Deborah simply could not keep her balance but fell headlong onto the ground, and knew no more.

"There, she's coming now, Aunt Dolcey. Thank you. You and Uncle Peter go into the house now," Miss Deborah heard her sister say as she opened her eyes. As her thoughts gradually collected and she remembered, wondering at her sister's being there, a new wonder came to her, How should she treat her sister? But Susan decided that for her, "Are you feeling better, Deby? You ought to have known better than to be out in this broiling hot sun without a hat, but then hats is awful nuisances sometimes.

The younger Miss Betts sat up and looked around rather dazedly; then she spied—oh, terrible sight!—a great pile of beautiful crushed roses lying on the ground. She uttered a shriek, "Oh, my lovely, lovely flowers, that I was going to give to the soldiers. I must have fallen on them and now they're gone, so I haven't anything to take to the cemetery for a remembrance. Oh, Susan, what shall I do?"

"Why you shall have my roses. Of course you shall. I have plenty of other flowers that I want very much to take this afternoon. I'll go in and make you some nice, cold ginger tea now while you're resting a bit."

That afternoon the Misses Susan and Deborah Betts walked arm in arm to the cemetery; Miss Deborah carrying a huge blue basket of roses, and Miss Susan swinging a much smaller brown basket of many different kinds of old fashioned flowers, but not nearly as pretty a collection as Miss Deby's. People around town said they never could understand what got into those two ladies on that Memorial Day, but the ladies merely told them "It was a bond of roses."

THE WRECK OF THE "OLYMPIA"

By Wade White, '22.



HE "Olympia," a fast freighter, was steaming swiftly along towards the Philippine Islands, where she was bound, with a cargo of airplanes and supplies. These planes were to be used to establish a commercial route between the Philippines and Japan. Jack Williams, my assistant in the wireless room, and I, were standing in the door of the wireless room looking at the sunset which was especially beautiful that evening.

"Well," remarked Jack, "I guess we'll have another good day tomorrow." And he went back to his instruments.

"Perhaps so," I replied, "but I think we will see trouble first. That barometer has fallen five points in the last fifteen minutes."

Jack was about to reply when he got the faint tick of a call over the wires. He tuned up his instruments and got a message that he handed to me saying, "I guess you were right about trouble coming our way. This message says that the biggest typhoon known in years is due to hit here in less than 12 hours."

I took the message to the captain, who only gave it a glance and muttered, "I thought so." Then he turned around and gave orders to batten the hatches and rig the life-lines. By this time the sky had become overcast and the wind was whistling through the aerials.

Two hours later, when I came up from supper to relieve Jack, I was glad to have the life-lines to hang to. The wind was blowing a hurricane and the rain was beginning to fall. The storm kept increasing and by midnight I was glad that my chair was screwed to the floor.

When Jack relieved me at four o'clock, I was glad enough to turn in. I had just fallen asleep when the regular throb of the

propeller died out. Just as I was about to get out of my bunk an extra heavy roll of the ship relieved me of the exertion. When I picked myself up off the floor I found a large goose egg was making itself felt on my forehead; also I had a barked nose and a few minor bruises.

When I reached the deck I found the crew busy raising the mainsail. They had hard work getting the reefs taken and the sail raised but finally they got the mainsail and a jib raised into the wind, giving the ship steerage way. All that day we wallowed along through the storm with only those two sails to keep the ship under control. The chief engineer was trying his best to get the engines repaired and going again, but so far he had not succeeded. He never found out what the trouble was for while crossing the deck the main boom struck him in the head and he never regained consciousness.

That evening the wind increased and the sails were reduced to the smallest possible surface that would still give us steerage way. About ten o'clock that night the wind carried away what canvas we had spread. It was nearly morning when Jack and I picked ourselves up from the floor, where we had been thrown by a tremendous shock. We both had been sleeping for when the engines stopped we could get no current for our instruments. An investigation showed that we were aground. Not only that, but a large hole had been torn in our side, causing the water to flood the furnace room. Thus no steam could be procured to run the engines even if they were repaired so they could run.

About noon the storm abated and by sunset the sun was shining and the barometer was back to normal.

We were wrecked on a desert island, one that was seldom visited by ships. A sur-

vey of the island showed that save for a group of palm trees at one side of the island, clustered around a spring of good water there was nothing there but sand.

After gazing at that sand for about an hour by moonlight, and thinking over my past life, an idea struck me. I hunted up Jack and told him of my idea. At first he was doubtful but soon he was as enthusiastic as I was. This was my idea:—Jack and I had served in the aviation branch of the navy during the war, and I thought that Jack and I could, with the crew, assemble one of the planes stored in the hold of the "Olympia." Then we could fly to some place where we could get help for the rest of the crew.

It took about two days to assemble the plane. This was better time than I had hoped for, because the captain found the blueprints for assembling the machines among the bills of lading and other documents that went with the shipment. These blueprints helped very much to speed up the work. At the end of the second day I took the plane up for a trial trip. It worked perfectly.

As the captain had finished the map we

started the next morning. We had rigged an emergency tank to help out our fuel supply, so we had no fear of running out of gas. The plane was equipped with a dual control and had floats so it could land on the water if necessary.

We flew for about six hours before we came to the island designated by the captain on his map. We flew around the island and located the city on the northeast corner of the island. We flew lower and finally found a place where it was safe to land. Going into the city we had little trouble in chartering a ship to go to the rescue of our friends.

We started back about the middle of the afternoon and by noon the next day we had sighted the island. We anchored about three hundred feet from the beach and began the work of taking off the men.

A week later, in the employ of the concern who owned the "Olympia's" cargo, Jack and I returned to the wreck to superintend the unloading of the planes from the "Olympia" and their transportation to the Philippines. On our return we received a job with the owners of the planes as pilots on their commercial route.

THE TRAGEDY OF A CURL RAG

By Dorothy Hallett, '23.

"Lena is the queen of Paleste-e-e-na
Just because they like her concerte-e-e-na
She plays———"

"Well, fer the land sakes Lizzie, stop making that tirrible noise. Do you want to drive us all out?"

Whereat the music ceased and a young girl of about seventeen years appeared in the doorway. From her head at every angle projected numerous curl rags.

"Mother," she said, "**Elizabeth, NOT** Lizzie, and **terrible NOT** tirrible. Really, I am perfectly ashamed of you people—why—"

"Well, you'll be more ashamed of me if you don't get them dishes done and mind

you hurry, too, because you know Jack is coming up tonight and—"

"Well wait until I play Palesteena on the piano first please."

"It's all right if you **play** it, but fer goodness' sake don't sing it and I think you'd better hurry up and git them curl rags off'ern your head 'cause Jack don't like curl rags."

"Why, mother, Jack wouldn't care if I didn't have any hair at all—he likes me just for myself." With this, Elizabeth walked out of the room into the pantry.

All the time she did the dishes she sang "Palesteena" and all the time she sang it her mother kept calling to her to stop.

Just as she finished washing the sink, the door bell rang. Elizabeth made a wild dash for the front stairway, but fate was against her; for, just as she reached the stairs, she slipped and fell right into Jack's arms. He looked at her in amazement—so she wore curl rags—well, that would be the end.

Excusing herself, Elizabeth made her way to her room and after arranging the curls (not the rags), she came downstairs. Jack was pacing up and down the sitting

room and as she appeared he stopped—looked at her and said:

"So you have deceived me. Well, you won't do it again! Curls—bah! I'll make sure the next girl I go with has straight hair." And with this he walked out, thus ending the curl rag tragedy.

(Elizabeth thought she saw Jack with a girl with "make believe" curly hair the other day—but **Of Course It Couldn't Have Been Jack**).

HE TRIED TO TELL HIS WIFE

By Glydie B. Beaton.

If there is one thing more than another calculated to throw a man into a gnashing of teeth and tearing of hair condition, it is to try to give his wife the story of some ordinary affair. He begins with:

James (the husband): Oh, my dear, I must tell you something that Jack Burroughs told me today while—

Wife: Where did you see Jack Burroughs?

James: Oh, we went to luncheon together and—

Wife: How did you happen to go together?

James: Well, we didn't exactly go together, but I met Jack at the restaurant and—

Wife: What restaurant?

James: Calloway's, and Jack—

Wife: How did you happen to go to Calloway's? I thought you always lunched at Draper's.

James: I nearly always do, but I just happened to drop in to Calloway's today, along with Jack; and—

Wife: Does he always lunch at Calloway's?

James: I'm sure, my dear, I don't know whether he does or not. It makes no earthly difference if—

Wife: Of course not. I just wondered

if he did, that's all. Go on with your story.

James: Well, while we were eating our soup, Jack—

Wife: What kind of soup?

James: Oxtail. Jack said that—

Wife: I thought you disliked oxtail soup?

James: I don't care much about it, but—

Wife: How did you happen to order it if you didn't care much for it?

James: Because I DID. But the soup has nothing to do with the story.

Wife: No, of course not, I never said it did. I don't see why you get so cross over a simple question. Go on.

James: Well, while we were eating our soup, Lawrence Hildreth and his wife came in, and—

Wife: They did—?

James: I just said so.

Wife: Well, you needn't be so cross about it.

James: They came in, and—

Wife: Is she pretty?

James: Pretty enough. Jack bowed, and—

Wife: Does he know them?

James: Well, now, do you suppose he would have bowed if he hadn't known them? I declare if I—

Wife: How was she dressed?

James: How should I know? I never looked at the dress. What I was going to tell you is that—

Wife: Did they sit near you?

James: Yes; at the next table, and while they were ordering, Jack said that they—

Wife: Couldn't they hear him?

James: Do you suppose that Jack would have no more sense than to let them hear him talking about them? Look here, now—

Wife: James, if you can't tell a simple little incident without getting into a passion you had better keep it to yourself. What did Jack say?

James: He said that Mrs. Hildreth's father was opposed to the match and—

Wife: How did he know?

James: Great Caesar! There you go again!

Wife: James, you will please remember it is your wife to whom you are speaking, Sir!

James: No other woman could drive me

raging, distracted, crazy, asking silly questions about—

Wife: James!

James: Everything I try to tell you, you begin, and you—

Wife: James, I do not propose listening to any such insulting remarks and—

James: You never listen to anything, that's the trouble, if—

Wife: When I ask you a simple question you—

James: I'd say "simple!" You've asked me a million simple questions just because I was going to tell you that Jack Burroughs said that—

Wife: I do not wish to know what Jack Burroughs said, if you can't tell it respectfully. I shall have my dinner sent to my room since it is so painful for you to eat with an idiot.

And the much injured wife leaves the room scornfully, while her husband narrowly escapes an attack of apoplexy.

THE LITTLE ORPHAN

By Carolyn E. Witherly, '21.



ONLY the stars could be seen that night as the poor little orphan wended her way through the quiet streets. Only the stars could read the mind of the child who was tortured with hunger and cold. Only the stars, I say, because they alone were friends of the child, sent forth by God so the poor little orphan could trust and believe.

Vague was her memory of love—love of a mother who had died in the heart of the city without a friend, yet surrounded by people whose thoughts were only for self and always the greed for money.

The child had then wandered into the streets with a heart full of sorrow, only to be scorned by the passing throng of humanity.

Darker and darker had grown the

shadows beneath her eyes, for sorrow and hunger leave their cruel marks on even the face of a child!

The stars alone had the child learned to trust, for they watched over her while she tramped the streets at night to keep warm and to fight off the dark form of death, which hovered over the city, always ready to claim the child as its captive.

Houses and homes she passed as she tramped those streets, but always, when she begged for bread, she was turned away as hungry as before so, after a while her childish pride had made her timid and ask for bread she would not.

Colder and colder grew the night and faster and faster walked the child until she had left the narrow streets and was in the part of the city which contained only the homes of the rich.

Parties and balls were being held in these mansions and the little orphan now and then caught a glimpse of dancers as they whirled on with only the thoughts of pleasure. They knew not of the little child outside, striving to live only because she knew not of God and was afraid to die. Perhaps if they had known it would have troubled them not, for their thoughts were only for self.

The stars shone brighter and brighter as the child crept into a corner between the walls of a mansion. She was not cold now, for the world had grown suddenly warm. She seemed to be walking through a field of flowers. Her mother was holding

her hand and leading her on as of old.

On and on they walked through a path strewn with flowers—flowers resembling the stars for they were bright and seemed to smile at her—until they came to a beautiful mansion, the home of the sad and the weary; the home in which sorrow and hunger are not known; a home for the little orphan.

* * * * *

The next morning a child was found between the walls of a mansion, somewhere near the heart of the city.

"Frozen to death," the physician said, for the soul of the child had found a home up beyond the friendly stars.

THAT JUNIOR RING

By '23.

Prologue:

Junior rings! What havoc, what ruin, what joy and jealousy they have caused in the hearts of covetous sophomores and admiring freshmen!

The Story:

A sweet young "mademoiselle" of the class of '24 is seated, most improperly, on the top of her desk, in a freshman home room. A group of admiring young misses of the same class surround her. She is proudly displaying something bright and big and shiny, which is ornamenting one of her fingers.

Various exclamations of admiration escape from the group.

"Oh, isn't it a peach!"

"O-o-o-h!"

"What a beauty!"

"Where'd you get it?"

"Whose is it?"

The proud possessor condescends to reply to the last question.

"Oh, I'm not going to tell!"

Miss '24 looked at the ring with a peculiar gaze—a seemingly wistful, loving gaze. Is she thinking of the owner of that ring? Of course! Now imagine a hand-

some young demigod—he must be handsome and wonderful if he is a junior! This is what all the group of senioritas are imagining. But not so with the wearer of the ring. She is thinking of the owner—ah, yes—but she sees no handsome young gentleman. That gaze, rightly interpreted, is one of fear. Fear lest sister Dorothy, '22, who is at home suffering from a cold, will discover the loss of her new class ring!

Miss '24 clutched the ring tightly. "No, no, Pris, I don't want you to see the initials!"

Pris was endeavoring to get the ring from Mary's finger.

"Is he nice looking, Mary?"

"M-m-m! And he—" Mary was saved from equivocation by Ted, '22, who interrupted Mary to inquire how her sister was feeling, and then he saw the ring.

"Oh, Mary, let me see your ring," said Ted, and Mary handed it to him. She could explain to him, later, that it was her sister's ring and that she was only wearing it to fool some of her friends.

Ted took the ring and looked at the initials. He laughed and gave the ring back to Mary. He looked at her queerly as he

said, "Don't let anyone else see those initials, Mary!"

Mary smiled at him, sheepishly, and resolved that she would give the ring back to Dot as soon as she got home.

Three nights later Ted arrived to take Dot to the basketball game. As they stood in the hall, Mary came downstairs.

"I'm going to tell her, Dot," whispered Ted, and he stopped Mary as she was slipping past them.

"Mary, why did you make Priscilla think you had a fellow's ring when you **knew** you had Dot's ring?"

"Oh, because."

"Go on."

"Oh, well, I wanted her to think that I had a boy's ring. It's fun!"

"You didn't look at the initials yourself did you?"

Dot was vainly trying to pull Ted out the door.

"No."

"Well, Mary, it **was** a boy's ring. It was mine—wasn't it, Dot?"

The blushing Dot managed to pull Ted out the door then, and the astounded Mary hastened to tell the astonishing news to Mother and Dad and brother Tom.

THE TIE THAT BINDS

By Joseph Loble, '23.



BEG your pardon!"

Roger Cadwell was unpleasantly aware that he had bumped into a young lady, just because he had been dreaming. It was in the aisle of the electric car, which was very crowded. She had, evidently, realized the bump first, and was regarding him very haughtily. When he came to, he stammered apologies and allowed her to pass on.

Upon looking around, after he was comfortably seated, he discovered that his left hand neighbor was the selfsame young lady whom he had encountered in the aisle. His next discovery was that his shoe lace was untied. Of all the unpleasant things to do in public, Cadwell thought that tying a shoe lace was the worst, but he managed to get it tied after a fashion. He was very near his destination when he felt his left foot being pulled aside just a little bit.

"I beg your pardon," again fell on his ears.

"Yes?"

"I fear that you have tied my shoe lace with your own," she said. "Will you kindly move your left foot ever so slightly, just to see?"

He did so and found, much to his chagrin, that it was true. He had tied one lace of her shoe to one of his. He immediately pulled off his glove and was about to stoop to remedy his awkward mistake when his shoe lace companion said:

"Do not touch it! I will not allow you to humiliate me so before all these people."

"But my stop is next," he explained.

"After you have been so careless as to do that, will you not oblige me by waiting until the people leave the car?"

They rode on and on and still people were left in the car. Finally, he suggested—

"We might try walking by using—er—one of my feet and one of yours, as one; a sort of a lockstep, you know."

"I never could rely on you. If you should happen to begin dreaming and miss a step, where would I be?"

After riding a distance that seemed miles to them both, during which he tried conversation and was coldly rebuffed, the last interested onlooker left the car, wondering about the couple who sat so near together and regarded each other so coldly.

He stooped to untie the knot, but something, perhaps the seriousness and the joke

of the situation, made thumbs of his fingers and he could not loosen it. She suggested coolly that he let her try, and succeeded quickly and easily, much to his chagrin.

"You will pardon my stupidity, and may

I not accompany you?"

"Please do not attempt further apologies, and I should advise you to wear button shoes," she replied, turning on her heel, to depart.

SUNDAY MORNING WITH THE BROWNS

By Clara Mason.

Cast of Characters:

Mrs. Brown.

Mr. Brown.

Betty Brown.

Bobby Brown.

Peggy Lane.

The Minister.

Act I.

Scene I.—In the kitchen on a fine summer morning on a Sunday. Betty is busily washing dishes. Enter Mrs. Brown.

Mrs. Brown: Betty Brown! Will you wash them dishes! 'Pears to me like you're mighty slow. Here it is just nine o'clock by the correct time and church begins in just one hour.

Betty: Yes, ma, I'm a hurryin'. I was just a lookin' out the winder at that stuck up Peggy Lane. She's got on her new Easter bonnet and it cost fifteen dollars. She told me so with her own mouth.

(Suddenly a loud crash is heard).

Mrs. Brown: For the land sakes, Betty, what's happened now?

Betty: Oh! nothing much, ma, only just one of those slippery china plates of yourn slipped out of my hand, that's all.

Mrs. Brown (in tears): That's all, well I should say it was enough! That's the last china present your Aunt Liza ever gave me before she died and I th-thought so much of th-that pl-plate.

(Enter Bobby, slamming the door as he enters).

Bobby: Well, ma, goin' ter church? Gee! I wish little boys like me could stay ter home and shoot marbles on Sunday instead of goin' ter church.

Mrs. Brown (angrily,): Bobby Brown,

you stop right where you are. If I say you'll go ter church, you'll go.

Bobby: Why, mother?

(At this moment Mr. Brown enters all ready for church).

Mr. Brown: Be yer ready, ma? What's the matter with that kid now? He's always yellin' about something. Don't want ter go ter church? Humph! Don't know's I blame him.

Mrs. Brown: Why, Jeremiah Fitzsimmons Brown! Do you want your children ter grow up like heathens? I don't, if you do!

Scene II.—Betty has finished the dishes and as they are ready they start to church. (Enter Bobby).

Bobby: Say, ma, you ain't ready, are you?

Mrs. Brown: Yes, ser, I am. What's the matter with me? Ain't my hat on straight?

Bobby: Yes, ma, you're a peach in that hat—you're beautiful! It looks just 'sactly like a peanut on a mountain! Ha! ha!

Mrs. Brown (angrily): You wait, ser, till I get you home I—

Betty (interrupting): Bobby, I wish you'd come here and take hold of my hand. I seen a "Mary Pickford" picture and she and her brother was goin' ter church and he did.

Bobby: Aw, Betty, only sissy boys do that. The other boys wouldn't.

Betty: I suppose if the other boys ate a snake you'd have to.

Mrs. Brown: Hush, children! Don't yer know today's Sunday?

Mr. Brown: Oh! Let 'em fight it out

by themselves. Why! when I was a boy—

Mrs. Brown (interrupting): Oh! Jeremiah, please don't preach about when you was a boy.

(After church).

Mrs. Brown: Well, children, wasn't that

a fine sermon?

Bobby: Yes, peachy. That minister's full of prunes 'cause he said that every time you draw your breath someone djes and if that's so I can't help it, 'cause if I quit drawing my breath I'll die, too.

THE SPIRIT OF UTOPIA

By D. B., '21.

The word Utopia as taken from the Greek language means No Where or An Ideal Land; as translated by the Spirit of Utopia, it means The Abode of Supreme Happiness.

The ordinary people of Utopia call that division of Bangor Rocky Corner or Rotten Corner, but the true Spirit of Utopia would say that the ordinary people think only of the roads, the outward appearances of the houses, the many rocks in their gardens, and the other inconveniences of country life. The other people, those considered odd or queer by their neighbors, see more than the inconveniences. They revel in their freedom. They enjoy the fresh, embracing air, the broad, open fields, the green gardens, and, most of all, the woods and the swamps.

It is in the air, the woods, and the swamps that the Spirit of Utopia is found. Although the Spirit is invisible, she exercises great influence over the people of Utopia who love the fields, the hills, the woods, and the swamps. She is the spirit of Nature.

Some days she causes her subjects to be shy, other days, bold, and still other days, neither shy nor bold. If they are sad, she cheers them; if they are ill and fretful, she soothes them; but, always she makes them happy. Often she makes them smile at some hidden thought, thus causing people, not of Utopia, to wonder and to look about to see what is happening to make them smile.

If you leave your window open some moonlight night, perhaps the Spirit will float in on the moonbeams and bring you some lovely dream of the woods and hills,

of flowers nodding in the breeze or hiding under the fallen leaves, of the many mysteries of the swamp and of the secrets of the birds. Perhaps you have had such dreams or in your waking moments, have had visions of such things. If you have had these dreams, then you should know that the Spirit watches over you, loves you, and longs for you to come to Utopia.

Imagine a person whom the Spirit loves shut up in a dull office on a day when the woods are green, the sun bright, and the birds gay. Can one blame her if she finds the work tiresome, the air oppressing, and the day long? How can her heart be in her work and, at the same time, be climbing the hills for lady's slippers, wading in the swamp for orchids or violets, or roaming the woods for the sweet scented Mayflower? Her heart cannot stay in the office when the Spirit calls. Now, imagine that same person on the same kind of a day when that day is a holiday. Where would she be? I'll tell you. She would be tramping in the woods, lying under a wide spreading pine, watching the birds, or on a horse galloping over the country roads. She would not be penned in a building if the Spirit called.

Such is the influence that the Spirit of Utopia exercises over her subjects. Her influence is good. It never causes pain. The gift of the Spirit is Happiness. But, you will ask, what is Happiness? In answer to your question, the Spirit would say, "I know of only one mortal who has rightly defined the word Happiness. His name was Philip Freneau. He was an American

poet who said, 'To read, to be free, and to be with Nature—that is Happiness.'"

The Spirit is as old as the hills are old. She is always ready to heal and to cheer. If a person once falls under her influence, she leaves an impression on his soul which will endure for all time. "If you are sick, come to me and I will make you well; if

you are sad, come and I will change your sadness to joy; if you are tired, come and you will find rest." This is the advice the Spirit of Utopia gives to her subjects. Nature is the best medicine for all ailments either physical, mental or spiritual, and Nature is another name for the Spirit of Utopia.

THE ADVENTURE WHICH WASN'T

By Clyde Jones, '22.



WAS on a cold and wintry night when the snow was blowing and the wind was howling; in short it was a regular northeast blizzard, such as is seen only in the deepest winter on the rocky coast of Maine. That night, however wild, could not interfere with the usual evening gathering in the general store. There the old and young alike sat around on soap boxes and crates,—always keeping a comfortable distance from the huge, round stove that stood in the middle of the floor. You will wonder, I suppose, what the idea of such a meeting is, but if you happen to come from a small town you will undoubtedly know in an instant. But for the benefit of those who have not seen a gathering of this sort, I will explain that these people had met to spin their yarns to each other, to discuss the doings of the day and last but not least, to indulge in that malicious pastime, gossip.

On this night there was for an "added attraction" a young man who had been stranded there on account of the storm and forced to find lodging for the night at the home of the owner of the store. So it happened that he was prevailed upon to tell the following story to a group which was, as he afterwards told, the most attentive that he had ever seen.

"In the middle of a thick hedge of cedars, now grown very tall and rank with age, sat an old gray house. This house in its day was a very beautiful place with high

towers and great rooms, with windows overlooking the fine lawns and gardens that surrounded it. It was built by a rich old man, who lived alone except for his servants. There were many fine horses in his stables and everything was carried on in the most elegant fashion.

"When the old man died he bequeathed all his belongings, except the house and grounds, to some distant relative, and the house was to be left untouched. The old man had always kept his money hid in the house somewhere and as his will mentioned only a comparatively small sum, it was rumored about that he had left a large amount still hidden in the house.

"One night in passing the house I heard a faint, indistinct groan. I thought I would see what it was, so I started into the yard. When I came to the door the groans were much louder and as I stepped inside the big hall, I was greeted by such a series of shrieks and yells that I fled in terror. As it does not take long for news of this kind to travel, it had soon spread through the village, and as the noise was heard every night, it was believed that the old man's spirit had come back to guard his home and money.

"This state of affairs continued for many years, nobody daring to enter the house,—and the beautiful hedges were now but a tangled mass, while the old house was almost ready to fall apart; but still the dismal groans and shrieks were heard whenever anyone tried to enter the grounds. At this

time my parents decided to move to that town and when I had fought and made friends with the boys in that locality I soon learned of the haunted house, and, being new in the place, I wanted to go and investigate immediately. That, however, was not a job for one boy alone and the other boys of the village would not listen to me at first, but after constant urging and scoffing, I at last got two other fellows who were willing to stay with me, no matter what happened. So it came about that on a dark night, three boys might have been seen creeping through the thick bushes around the old house. As we approached the door we heard the groans as usual, and as we opened the door, it was all we could stand, when the increased shrieks and groans beat upon us, but we clung together in fright and thus prevented each other from fleeing.


"When we had cooled down a little we started again to investigate the noises. Lighting our lantern, we proceeded to the attic and began to make a systematic search of the old house, in hopes of finding the money. We searched the attic in vain and as we were descending the stairs, suddenly a large white figure appeared at the door, waving its arms and making the most unearthly combination of shrieks and groans you ever heard. As the ghost started for us boys a gust of wind blew out the lantern and—!"

Here the young man paused for breath. The old gossips' eyes were sticking out, and on each face there was an expression of pained anxiety and terror. "Yes! Yes!" cried one excited old fellow. "What happened then?"

"Then," replied the young man. "I woke up."

THE BOND

By Louise A. Cutler.

HE large, dark room was still except for an occasional splutter of the open fire or the infrequent conversation of two people. Before the smoldering coals they sat—the tall man of perhaps thirty years of age and his companion, an Italian boy with a pair of big black eyes and a mop of thick, curly hair.

The boy gazed thoughtfully at the coals and said, yearningly, "Oh, if father only understood—how I want to hear him!"

"What's that, Michael?" the man asked, quickly.

"The boy looked at him in astonishment. "Why, Philip Burton, don't you know? The musician that's in the city this week! Aren't you going to hear him?"

Philip Burton flushed slightly and said quietly, "Oh, yes—yes, I'm going to hear him. You're fond of music, too, Michael?"

"I—I love it!" the boy cried passionately. "How I long for a violin of my own! Little

tunes dance through my head and my fingers just ache to play—oh, it seems sometimes as if I should burst. But father hates it—I think it's because my mother used to play—and the thought of having me playing nearly drives him wild."

"I was that way, too," his companion said dreamily, staring at the fire. "I'll get permission for you, Michael. You shall go!" he exclaimed, abruptly.

The boy started, his cheeks flushed and his eyes glowed. "I think you could do anything," he whispered. As the boy arose to depart his companion announced that he would go with him.

A few months before Philip Burton had come to the little town, desirous of a rest from his busy life. There he had met Michael and the two had become fast friends. Evidently his promise was fulfilled, for the next night a very proud and happy boy led his sister into the big theatre, where they were soon safely ensconced

among the audience. The audience was well prepared for the long, drawn out "Ah-h-h!" which came from the lips of the boy as the beautiful prelude was played but when the musician appeared upon the stage they were quite unprepared for his shriek of amazement and his cry of "Phillip Bur-r-ton."

Although Burton, under his real name, of course—returned to public life, he did not forget Michael. With the musician as his teacher, the boy rapidly advanced to mastery of the violin. Several years later, with the rosy dreams of his future before him, he sailed to Europe to complete his education.

THE WHITE LIE

By Emily Miller.

O. H. H. S.
Aldrich, r.g.
Sedgewick, l.g.
Taylor, c.
Allen, r.f.
Rice, l.f.

S. H. S.
l.f., White
r.f., Grant
c., **BLAKE**
l.g., Madison
r.g., Emery

This is the way the lineup of the Scott High School team looked to the basketball team of Oak Hill High the afternoon before the game. Dick Taylor, the tall center of the Oak Hill team, looked especially down-cast.

"He's a wizard," said Dick in solmen tones. "I can't cover him and I know it."

"So does everyone else," retorted Lawrence Sedgewick, the brown haired, reddish-eyed left guard. "I hope you don't think you're telling us any news."

Bob Allen, a slim forward, sighed incautiously and rolled off the basketball upon which he had been sitting. "I'm glad he isn't my man," he observed in a thankful tone.

"You boys make me tired," snapped "Mac" Aldrich, the brown haired, blue eyed right guard and captain. "It is up to every one of you to guard Blake. If I hear any one of you saying you can't stay with him I'll fire you, see? We know Blake is a fast player but he is only a boy like the rest of us."

"Aw, rats," scoffed Don Rice, the irrepressible right forward, knocking Mac's hat over his eyes. "He's a good three years older and you know it."

Mac turned on him and in the free-for-all

that followed the team lost its fright and also its respectable appearance.

Ten minutes later, his clothes hastily brushed and hat haphazardly reshaped, Mac departed for the station to greet the Scott High team. The crowd of eight clean-cut young men and their coach was easy to distinguish among the throng. Mac instinctively picked for Blake, the tall, blue eyed fellow in the lead.

"Blake?" he asked, easily. "I'm Aldrich, the Oak Hill captain. Welcome to our city."

"Well, no, I'm not Blake," replied the boy, with a smile. "Although I shall begin to believe I am if people don't quit mistaking me for him. I'm White, the captain of this gang. Hey, there, Blake, what are you celebrating?"

The boy who was dodging under a baggage truck, turned with a dirty white cat in his arms. He grinned amiably. "Getting me a mascot," he returned. "Let it go if you say so."

White shook his head and grinned at Mac. "That kid is a case," he said, solemnly. "I have to keep my eye on him every minute or he is in a scrape."

Mac was certainly surprised at the appearance of the much famed Clifford Blake. Instead of a tall, dark, grim visaged boy, older than the general run of players and taller than himself by a half a foot, he saw a slim, sandy haired, gray eyed boy with a perpetual grin; younger, if anything, than himself and only an inch or so taller. To

be sure Blake was lithe and well built but he was far inferior to Taylor. Taken as a whole, he was most satisfactorily disappointing. Mac escorted the visitors to their hotel and hurried homeward. Climbing the hill, he saw Betty Allen ahead of him and quickened his steps to catch her.

Betty turned with a smile. "The victims arrived yet?" she asked.

Mac shook his head. "They may not be victims," he replied, solemnly. "We may be victims."

"If you think you are beaten you are," quoted Betty. "Psychology stuff wins."

"In this case it may be Blake stuff," he retorted. "It has won in nearly every other game."

"That may be," argued Betty, "but I know that psychology strategy if used correctly by a bright person will conquer Blake."

Mac paused as she turned in at her gate. "I hope you wish me luck," he said.

"I wish you all the luck you make for yourself," she replied. "Remember, 'What you think you are, you are.'"

Mac pondered over the game all the way home. He decided to call Taylor up and tell him about Blake; then he frowned suddenly. What good would it do to tell Taylor that Blake was shorter than he? It was not Blake Taylor was scared of; it was Blake's reputation. Suppose they did not know who Blake was; would it affect their game against him? Suppose, suppose they thought Blake was not on the floor, what then?

Mac laughed suddenly. "I wonder what branches psychology includes," he said to himself. "What you don't know won't hurt you."

At the city hall that night Mac herded his players quickly into the dressing room lest they meet Scott High too soon. Each team had its turn at shooting and then all but the two captains retired.

Mac stood silent while White gave his

lineup to the scorer. Blake was at center, in fact, the whole lineup was as had been expected. White chose the right hand basket and they parted.

Mac burst into the dressing room. "He isn't playing," he announced joyfully. "Taylor, you scared him off. Blake, I tell you, Blake isn't playing."

The four boys sprang to their feet, hope, surprise and joy written upon their faces.

"Oh, gosh," breathed Taylor, in an awed tone. "If you knew how I had been trembling at the prospect of playing him. How I thank my lucky stars!"

"Watch us sew up the game," shouted Don, happily. "Come on, Mac, there is the whistle."

The team that pounded onto the floor bore no resemblance to the dismayed team of the afternoon. The transformation was effected by the simple statement, "Blake isn't playing!"

Taylor shook hands heartily with his opponent. How nice it seemed to be playing this cheerful youngster instead of the much heralded Blake.

Mac was trying to still the voice of conscience by thinking to himself that in words he had told no lie. He was well pleased with the result of his strategy as he grasped White's hand.

"Let the best team win," he said, cheerily. Somehow Mac was very sure of winning.

The whistle blew. Blake tapped; Mac alert, as usual, whipped it to Bob. Bob shot. The ball rebounded to Taylor who passed to Rice. Rice was closely guarded and White intercepted his pass. Blake dribbled down the floor but Mac blocked his throw. Taylor took the ball out and passed to Allen. Bob dodged his guard and passed back to Mac. Mac, shooting from his own particular angle, caged the ball.

The game continued, fast, clean and exciting. Oak Hill played as never before and they played a foe which demanded their

best. Taylor allowed Blake, the marvel, only one tap out of three. Bob and Rice were sure on their shooting. The guards were everywhere. But the team work of Oak Hill was the best part of their playing. Scott High was dazzled by the passes, long, short, slow and swift, which always found a ready receiver. The Scott boys played a quick, snappy, aggressive game but their defense was weak. Time and time again Oak Hill took the ball the length of the floor without being intercepted. Blake flashed brilliantly and briefly. He was great but his team failed to support him well. Taylor although not always as fast as Blake, kept him under fair guard.

Between halves the boys rested in a silent but happy group.

"By the way, where is Blake?" demanded Bob, finally.

Mac rolled over carelessly. "Off his feed, I guess," he replied. "Your man isn't bad, Dick."

"Bad! He's a cinch," retorted Dick. "There goes the whistle."

The second half was only a repetition of the first. Oak Hill's power could not be denied. Slowly but surely Scott High was left behind.

When the game ended a tired but happy team romped to the dressing rooms.

Mac resolved to unburden his mind at once. "Say, boys," he said, "I hope that I haven't lost all your confidence tonight, I lied to you. Clifford Blake played center and I knew it."

Taylor sank onto the bench. "I played Blake?" he gasped. "Confidence destroyed! Mac, you are a genius."

"Lied!" exclaimed Bob. "Well, Mac, old boy, we profited. You may have a special lying license."

And this is the way the lineup looked to the Oak Hill boys after the game:

O. H. H. S., 35	S. H. S., 21
Aldrich, r.b., 4	l.f., White, 3
Sedgewick, l.b., 2	r.f., Grant, 1 (1)
Taylor, c., 2	c., Blake, 5
Allen, l.f., 5	r.b., Madison, 1
Rice, r.f., 3 (3)	l.b., Emery

"COME AGAIN"

By U. B. Goode, '23.

Characters:

Mrs. Gerrish, somewhat progressive.

Mr. Crabtree, the store keeper.

Mrs. Crabtree, his wife.

Maude Crabtree, his old maid daughter.

Anna Smiley, a girl of the neighborhood.

Ruth Basset, her friend from the city of Ashland.

Act I.—The only store in small town of Squedunk. Time, 4.30 p. m.

Act II.—Same; three hours later.

Act I.

(Curtain rises on Mr. Crabtree, who has just come into his store, having been shingling the store roof. Anna Smiley and Ruth Basset enter).

Anna—Hello.

Mr. Crabtree—'Lo. Gosh! I've been up on the roof shingling and it's worn me all

out. Well (sighs), what d'ye want?

Anna (reading from list)—One bag of yeast bread flour.

Mr. Crabtree—Hain't gut none; can't get it. I went all over the city of Ashland today and I couldn't get a grain. Oh, there's plenty of it but they can't get it shipped. It's these railroad men that are making flour scarce.

Ruth (nudging Anna and whispering)—There's plenty of flour in Ashland 'cause I went down and ordered a bag yesterday and they had plenty.

Mr. Crabtree—Well, anything else?

Anna—Five pounds of sugar, please.

Mr. Crabtree—Well, I can give you two pounds but that's all. I've only got a few pounds and I don't expect to go to the city again for two or three days, these roads

are so darned bad. There ought to be something done about it or this town will have to go without sugar. Anything else?

Anna—Yes, two cans of corn.

Mr. Crabtree—That's twenty-five cents a can now. It's awful the way prices are going up so, but I'm doing all I can to help the people. I ain't gaining a cent. I'm selling this corn to you for almost the same price I bought it for. Now, there's that fly paper over there. I paid six cents for two pyramids of it and I sell it for five cents. It certainly is awful the way prices are. Everything is way up in the air.

Ruth (whispering)—Huh; corn's only twenty cents and the pyramids are four for five cents in Ashland.

Mr. Crabtree—Hurry up, child, it's my supper time.

Anna—I'd like two bars of Ivory soap.

Mr. Crabtree—Ain't gut that kind. There ain't enough profit in it. Why, the people' round here don't buy enough of me to pay for the gasoline it takes to go to the city. I've got some Fairy soap. My wife uses that kind and she'd rather have it than Ivory any day. Ain't one cake enough? I only got that soap a little while ago and it's most gone already.

Anna—All right, I'll take one bar. Have you any ink?

Mr. Crabtree—No, I couldn't get any in Ashland. Every one has sold out their ink business.

Anna—I guess it is rather hard to get. Would you mind putting these things in a bag for me? I came on my bicycle and it's hard to ride unless I have things in one package.

Mr. Crabtree—Huh! I guess not. You won't get a bag out of me, they cost too much. Here's a piece of rope for you.

Anna—All right, thank you. Good bye.

Mr. Crabtree—G'bye.

Anna (to Ruth, outside the store)—Phew, I'm glad I'm out of there. I didn't dare to ask for half I wanted.

(Curtain)

Act II.

(Curtain rises on Mr. Crabtree, Mrs. Crabtree and Maude, sitting around the stove in the store. Mrs. Gerrish enters).

Mrs. Gerrish—Good evening.

Mrs. Crabtree—Good evening.

Mrs. Gerrish—I'd like two cans of deviled ham.

Mrs. Crabtree—Henry calls it devilish ham. He hates the smell of it.

Mr. Crabtree—I should say I do. I never smelt anything so rank in my life. You can have all you want but I don't ever want to see the stuff on my table.

Mrs. Gerrish—I guess the smell is rather unpleasant but my children like it for their sandwiches. You know they're going on the Sunday school picnic tomorrow.

Mr. Crabtree (as the electric lights grow dim)—There, I guess Bill Smith must be pumping his water or Cy Jones is milking his cows. Them new fangled electrical appliances get on my nerves. When Cy Jones milks the lights get so dim you can't hardly see nothing. If this keeps on I'll have these lights taken out and I'll use my kerosene lamps. I guess no one can milk their cows with those.

Maude—Oh, my goodness, there's a cockroach. Kill it quick! quick! It's right under that box. Oh, quick, papa! There (sighs), I'm glad you've killed it. Those cockroaches are awful bothersome.

Mrs. Gerrish—Well, what do you think of women voting, Mr. Crabtree?

Mr. Crabtree—What do I think? Say, if these women get to running this country I'd rather the Germans had conquered it. There's nothing worse than a woman. I know one thing,—if women get to voting this town will lose my vote. I'm all through, that's all I've got to say. Women don't know anything about politics, anyway.

Mrs. Gerrish—Well, I think that the women have just as much brain power to learn about politics as some men.

Maude—Well, women's place is in the

home. One of the girls in Ashland asked me if I was going to vote and I says, "No sir-ee you don't catch me voting. It's the men's place to vote and they're the ones to vote."

Mrs. Gerrish—I'm going to vote anyway. If suffrage fails it will be because the intelligent women don't vote, I guess.

Mrs. Crabtree—You're right there, Mrs.

Gerrish, it's only the ignorant women that will vote.

Mrs. Gerrish—Well, I guess I'd better be going. Good night.

Mrs. Crabtree—Good night.

Mr. Crabtree (reckoning up his accounts a little later)—What d'ye know about that, I've had twenty customers today. Gee, but I'm all drove up.

(Curtain)

THE BAND ON PARADE

By Gleason A. Rand.



THE Bangor High School Band was out for parade. Many of the members had never played and marched at the same time. A heavy rain had recently fallen and the pavements were rough and slippery.

The leader calls, "No. 11, 'The Stars and Stripes Forever.'" The signal is given. The first three notes are played correctly, then the mouthpiece of one cornet strikes the player in the ear. The trombonist steps

in a hole and his slide goes down to the limit, emitting a shriek like a hungry hyena. The clarinet player stubs his toe and gives out a series of runs from home plate to third base and back again. The base horn comes in "pum, pum," two measures behind, while the baritone doesn't come in at all and the drum major steps on a banana peel and rests on the downward beat.

"A new interpretation of Sousa's march," says the leader. "The 'Stars and Stripes Forever, with variations.'"

THE GRAND OLD FIDDLER

By Helen Benner.



His hair was gray and long and although he seemed quite old he was tall and straight—this fiddler man. But it was plain from the first that he was a violinist of no ordinary talent. The ball, the great event of the season at Clifton, had begun before he arrived. He slipped quietly into his place among the dapper, young players of the orchestra from the city and began to tune his violin. He sat quite still, holding the instrument tenderly, and then he drew the bow lovingly across the strings and even as the first sweet notes filled the air all talking ceased and the gay dancers were silent, listening—

And this simple old man held a spell over all that huge ballroom. He watched the

revelries with a dreamy, thoughtful expression on his face, as though recalling memories of events of yesterdays. Once he started to speak and the little crowd near held its breath, expecting to hear a story of those old days but he seemed, suddenly, to catch himself and continued silent until, at last, the ball was nearly over. The fiddler had become a man of mystery. Everyone wondered who he could be for surely such music as this had never been heard in Clifton before.

The last lingering strains of "Good Night, Ladies," had died away and still the people lingered in the ballroom, hoping to learn who the fiddler might be. But no one seemed to know anything about him. The committee on arrangements had simply ar-

ranged for an orchestra from the city, not knowing of whom it was composed. A member of the orchestra, upon being questioned, said he knew nothing of him except that he had been sent by their leader to fill a vacancy.

The last dancer had reluctantly departed, and the orchestra was about to leave when Tom Curtiss, the manager of the ball, advanced to the stranger and said, "My friend, your playing was wonderful! Who are you that play like that?"

The old man appeared to be pleased as he answered: "Did I really play well? You

see I have not played for dancing for some time and I was a little doubtful as to how well I should do. There is a train for the city in a quarter of an hour, is there not? I shall take it. As to who I am, here is my card. Good night, sir!" And the grand, old fiddler was gone, leaving a much bewildered young man staring at a bit of cardboard bearing the name of one of the world's greatest violinists, and not until he learned that the violinist and the orchestra leader were very close friends was the mystery solved.

A SMILE.

What is there in this world, friend,
That will make a person glad,
That will heal up all his troubles,
And cure the pains he's had?
That will chase away all sorrow,
And make the world seem bright?
I will tell you—it's a smile, friend,
That makes all seem so bright.

In the trials of this life, friend,
When the world seems dark and drear,
And the clouds about us gather,
And all the things about appear
As if made but for our trouble,
But to change our day to night,
Oh, a smile will do so much, friend,
To make the world grow bright!

So through all this queer old life, friend,
Just you keep this in your head,
From the time you're but a kiddie,
Till the time they lay you dead,
That a little smile makes someone,
Just so happy, just so glad.
If you'll remember this, friend,
What a joy we'll all have had!

—Dorothy Black, '22.

THE LAND OF DREAMS.

Across the sea in sunny Spain
Is the land of some folks' dreams,
Far, far away their palace lies,
Their golden city gleams.

They dream of mountains capped in white
And brooks that always sing;
And there they live in memory
Where Happiness reigns king.

Why go to the land of far away,
To the dreams across the sea?
Why wander from the place called home
To find eternity?

Here at home is God's blue sky,
Bluer than skies of Spain;
Home is the place to dream your dreams
Of greater worlds to gain.

So build your castles about you here
For what is the use to roam
Far away for your Land of Dreams,
When it's here in the Land of Home?
—Elaine Utterback, '22.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

In misty ages, long ago,
 In midst of Shinar's plain, beside
 Euphrates' flow,
 Was lifted high against the sky,
 From ample base, built strong and wide
 With brick and stone, by mortal power,
 A monument to human pride,—
 The shaft of Babel's tower.

Remembered might of a mighty math,
 The wave of diluvial death, the cup of
 Jehovah's wrath,
 The judgment wage, for a sinful age,
 Had given these sons of ancient time
 The hope to lift from earthly sod,
 With wood and stone and brick and slime,
 A challenge to their God.

So thus arose both weak and strong,
 To lay aside their own, to bear the work
 along,
 To rear a wall about them all
 Far stronger than the frightful fear
 That starts and chills the pulsing blood,
 Far higher than the sunken pier
 That lies beneath the flood.

SUNBEAMS AT DAWN.

The sun was just tipping the hill-tops,
 So dark, so mysterious, so still,
 With a golden burnished brightness
 That wakened each slumbering rill.
 It fringed the tall pine, and the hemlock
 That majestically rose from the dell;
 It kissed the clear, tinkling brooklet
 That laughed like a silvery bell.
 It caught on the nest of the blue jay,
 That twittered and trilled with delight,
 It filtered through green leafy bowers
 That sparkled with dewy gems bright.

Thus was begun an infant tower,
 The best that hand could shape, the best in
 human power;
 So carefully stone was laid on stone,
 And brick and mortar put in place
 With sense of pride and cunning skill,
 Till deep and sure its steadfast base
 Was planted on its hill.

They carried it upward bold and bleak
 Against the twinkling star, above the
 mountain peak,
 Till when its height against the night
 Revealed the mighty work they wrought,
 They cried to diluvial aftermath,
 "Ah, now we'll reach the thing we sought,
 We'll build beyond His wrath.

But He who sits above the flood,
 Who made from miry clay the house of
 flesh and blood,
 Confused the tongue of all the throng
 Who thus had lent their brawn and brain
 To fill their cup of vanity there,
 And smote their tower in Babel's plain
 Which crumbled in despair.

—Leroy A. Campbell.

It tripped, and it rippled, and twinkled,
 On moist mossy mats, cool and gray;
 It played by the blushing arbutus,
 And danced all her shyness away.
 It dazzled, and dipped, to the valley,
 Burnishing the lake deep below,
 It reveled in green, gold and fire;
 Cast o'er all a gay, shimmering glow.
 At last it crept up to the farmhouse
 That in slumber awaited the dawn;
 Slid through cracks and said by its bright-
 ness,
 "Night has gone, and now it is morn."
 —Blanche Bowden, '22.

THE FOUNTAIN PEN

By Walter Whittier.



HE fountain pen; what a mechanism it is!

By what devilish brain was it first conceived?

Oh, if only the blouses, the coats, the vests, the shirts, the dresses it had soiled could speak! Oh; yea, doubly oh; if only the people that have had to clean those same blouses, coats, vests, shirts, dresses, (and those pieces of feminine apparel, the names of which are not known to the mere male), could speak!! What incriminations, what curses, what epithets of shame, would they hurl upon thee; oh, cursed fountain pen!

What dainty white hands (I am speaking only of those of the female of the species), hast thou polluted? Oh, if only these were the days of chivalry many would be the knights that would go forth to seek ven-

geance upon those manufacturers of fountain pens, whose products have soiled with vile ink the hands of such ladies fair.

Oh, fountain pen, what a deceitful thing thou art! When one has time in abundance, then will thou write; yea, verily thou then showest off thy charms as freely as the most seductive vamp of fildom. But when time presseth; then art thou likest a traitor, thou fruit of a demented mind, thou shameful work of infamy. And oh, what vicious habits hast thou! When one is writing a test, and every second is as a precious pearl, then wilt thou balk as the naughty mule; or, most baneful of instruments, thou goest dry as the Sahara, and sendest thy innocent owner scurrying thither and yon in a fruitless search for that noxious and murky fluid, ink.

SOME DAY.

Grampy went away last night,

God took him up in the sky,

I wonder if he'll like it

'Way up there so high.

An' he left Granny all alone,

An' she's so lonely here,

But I thist dry her tears away

An' tell her Grampy's near.

'Cause Grampy wouldn't leave Granny—

God thist took him away,

'Cause he suffered so, but He'll send

Him back to her some day.

But Granny cries all the harder,

An' says it can never be,

'Cause Grampy's crossed the sea of life
Into the far country.

I've never seen that place at all,

But I'll go there when I'm a man,

An' bring Grampy back to Granny

To see her smile again.

* * * * *

I'm fraid I didn't go in time

'Cause Granny went up to him,

An' mother's eyes are full of tears

An' the house's all still an' dim.

So now I dry my mother's tears

An' tell her not to cry,

'Cause some day she'll see Granny

Up there in the sky.

—Elaine Utterback, '22.

I AM THE RAILROAD.

I am the railroad.
 My bands of shining steel
 Wind through the valleys
 And over the hills.
 I connect ocean with ocean;
 The fields of wheat
 And the thundering mills;
 The remote village
 And the hustling city.
 I carry the fruits of the fields
 For the dwellers of cities to use;
 And the fruits of the hammer and loom
 For the dwellers on farms to use.
 I carry the coal to warm many a hearth
 And the ice to cool many a brow;
 I carry the mails
 With all their joy and their sadness.
 But, finest of all,
 I unite people with people,
 My motto is "Carry on!"
 I am the railroad.

—Henry Starr Dowst, '22.

TO MY COUNTRY.

My country, I love thee,
 Thou hast in my heart
 A place to thyself, from
 All others apart.

My friends and my kindred
 Are dear unto me;
 But, land of my birth, I
 Do homage to thee.

The weak and the helpless
 Have found thee their friend;
 Dear land, may peace shield thee—
 A peace without end.

—Olive Wentworth, '22.

BYE BABY.

The mother sat gently singing
 To her wee baby six months old,
 And her voice was trembling with sorrow
 For the baby was crying with cold.
 But the brave mother held her child nearer,
 And her voice rose into the air
 Like the voice of an angel singing
 Words of a tear-stained prayer.

And the veil of twilight came softly
 And covered the world with its rest
 'Till the mother wished the veil warm
 enough

To cover her baby's breast.
 And so the shadows deepened
 And the stars began to peep,
 When the baby, weary of crying,
 Fell into a troubled sleep.

And so they sat in the shadows,
 And the mother said never a word;
 'Till through the echoing darkness,
 Faint falling footsteps were heard.
 Slowly she rose to her feet then
 And softly she whispered "Dan,"
 As she crossed from her baby's bedside
 Into the outstretched arms of a man.

She took the pack from his shoulders
 And placed it down by his gun;
 And softly hand in hand they crossed
 To the bed of the little one.
 The man stooped down to the baby
 And pinched one of his little toes;
 "You won't be cold any longer," said he,
 "For I've brought you some bunny
 clothes."

Now the mother is sitting singing
 As she blows the baby a kiss,
 As she watches him happily playing;
 And the song she is singing is this:
 "Bye baby bunting,
 Daddy's gone a hunting
 To get a little rabbit skin
 To wrap his baby bunting in."

—Elaine Utterback, '22.



LOCALS

"Fats are Stubborn Things."

Saturday evening, March 26, a dance was given in Assembly hall by the members of the High school track team. The proceeds were put aside for the purpose of obtaining a coach for the team. The affair proved to be a success, both for the benefit of the team and for those who attended the dance.

The words presented by Miss Pauline Aiken, '21, have been chosen as the most fitting among those given to the judges for the Senior Ode of the class of 1921. Many Seniors have already started to write music for it.

There was no school held Friday, March 25, as this came on Good Friday. That lengthened our Easter vacation from the customary two weeks. The building was opened again for the spring term of school on April 11.

One morning after chapel, the Seniors were requested to remain in Assembly hall. Lloyd Dearborn, business manager of the Oracle, and Theodore Butler, editor-in-chief, spoke to the class in regard to the class pictures to be printed in the graduation number of the Oracle. They said that the pictures must be ready by April 25, and that we must be thinking of the rhymes which are to be printed with each picture.

School was closed April 19, which was Patriots' Day. The band gave a concert at the City Farm. Even a vacation of one day was welcome and many enjoyed the day by going Mayflowering or by taking hikes into the country.

Rehearsals are being held for the Junior Senior play, "Fannie and the Servant Problem," which is to be given soon.

TEACHERS' COLUMN.

By M. E. U.

Mrs. Mary B. Jones has joined our ranks to fill the position left vacant by Mrs. Free-land (Miss Mansur). Mrs. Jones and her husband were formerly at the head of the Millbrook School, Concord, Massachusetts.

Yes, indeed, teachers like to study! Who is satisfied with nine months of preparing lessons, correcting papers, and making out ranks? If reports are true, the Bangor High School faculty will be well represented at Columbia University this summer.

Aside from college entrance examinations, and the unusual willingness of students to study during the spring weather, there is nothing to disturb the calm and peaceful routine of a teacher's life.

SONNET TO—

The angel beckoned you. You went.
With closed eyes at radiance of that sight,
When leaving us and thinking all was
right,
I saw you smile with peace and sweet
content,
We dare not to our thoughts so sad give
vent;
With laughter gay and fancied joys, we
fight

The lurking shadows creeping on the
 night,
 To steal the twilight's bliss—without con-
 sent.
 O hapless cloud, with your dark shifting
 mask,

To harshly take from sunset's brightest
 glow

An opal ray, the hallowed light of day.
 A gleam, not daunted by the cruel task
 Of dimming shadow, blesses us below,
 But perfect day, with cloud, has fled away.

—Harriet L. Sweetser.



MILITARY

"So Ends the Bloody Business of the Day."

Most of the band members have signed up for the R. O. T. C. and will probably begin drilling in the near future. Only band movements will be taken up. This will make a very pleasing addition to the battalion as the boys all enjoy the band while marching and drilling.

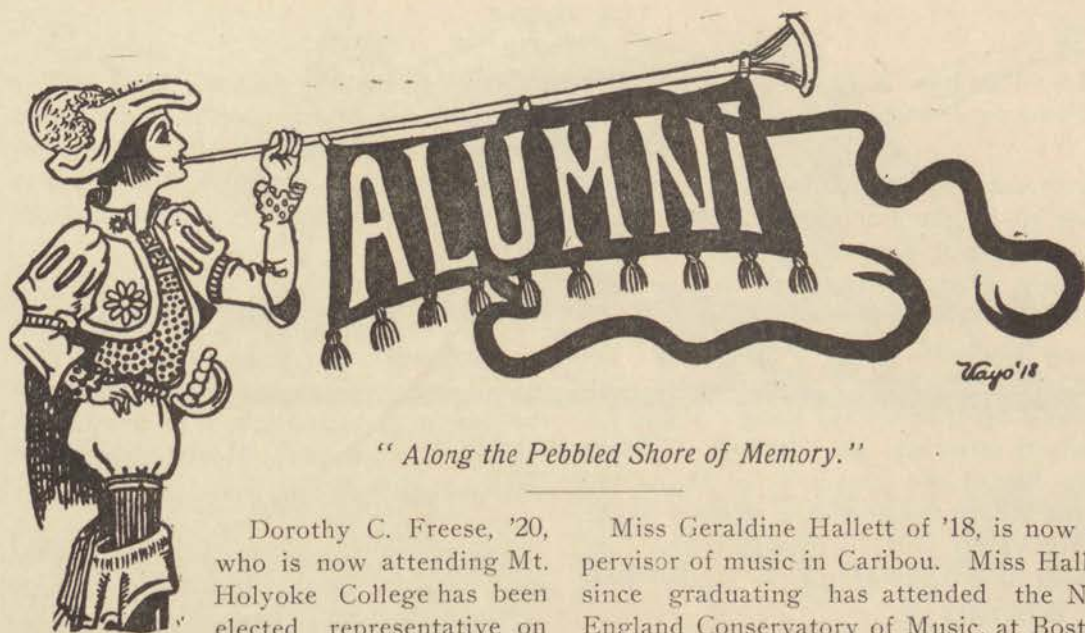
At present nearly all the members of the R. O. T. C. are fully uniformed. This improves the appearance of the battalion greatly and gives the men greater interest than ever in the work.

With the beginning of warm weather the R. O. T. C. battalion began drilling out of doors. The first outdoor drill was held in Abbot Square, April 21, and was devoted to rearranging the battalion according to height. Four companies were formed, each having a strength of fifty-four en-

listed men in addition to officers and non-coms. In these drills physical training will receive particular attention. Lieutenant Doyle is at present in charge of this work and with two summers' training at Devens he makes a very competent instructor.

A large number of men have signed up for the summer camp at Plattsburg this summer. The camp begins June 16, and covers a period of six weeks of intensive drill, during which nearly all features of Infantry drill will be taken up.

The officers' commissions and non-commission officers' warrants will be given to the officers and non-coms. before long. The distribution of these will probably be accompanied by some ceremony either during chapel or during some drill.



"Along the Pebbled Shore of Memory."

Dorothy C. Freese, '20, who is now attending Mt. Holyoke College has been elected representative on the board for Student Government there.

Mr. and Mrs. George L. Higgins (Mrs. Higgins was formerly Miss Amy Woodworth of '06), are receiving congratulations on the birth of a daughter, Joyce.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. William West are rejoicing with them at the birth of a second child, Danforth Emerson. Mr. and Mrs. West were both members of B. H. S., Mr. West being president of the class of 1913. Since graduating from this school he has attended the University of Pennsylvania.

Miss Margaret Hills, '17, who is now attending Russell Sage College, is one of the five girls this year, to win a sweater with letters, R. S. C., awarded for superior scholarship, sportsmanship and standardizing of attainments of the school.

Many Bangor people were shocked to learn of the untimely death of Walter Cimbollek at the age of 17. Mr. Cimbollek was drowned while his ship was near Philadelphia. He enlisted with his brother last September, in the navy and was on board the U. S. Lansdale.

Miss Geraldine Hallett of '18, is now supervisor of music in Caribou. Miss Hallett since graduating has attended the New England Conservatory of Music, at Boston, taking a course in public school music. She is now teaching in both High and Graded schools.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Mincher are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. Mincher was Elizabeth Chapman. Both were of the class of 1913.

Dr. Leon Banton, '13, is interne at the Eastern Maine General hospital. Dr. and Mrs. Banton are receiving congratulations on the birth of a son. Mrs. Banton was Lyda Moore of '11. Mr. Banton is a graduate of Dartmouth and Columbia.

Frank Lorimer, '12, is studying for the ministry at Chicago University. He is a graduate of Yale.

Lieut. Harold Milan, U. S. Army, of B. H. S., '13, is home for a visit with his parents before going to China on government work.

Miss Elizabeth Head, at one time a pupil of B. H. S., a member of the Sophomore class at Wellesley College, was recently elected secretary of the college government association.

Harold Banton, B. H. S., plans on going to China as a missionary.

A recent wedding of interest is that of James H. Freeland and Miss Pauline Mansur, which took place April 16, in Bangor. Both are former B. H. S. students. After graduating from Wheaton College and taking an advanced course in English at the University of Maine. Miss Mansur has been a popular teacher in Bangor High. Mr. Freeland attended the Mitchell Military Boys' School and University of Maine and during the war served as a member of the regular army with a cavalry troop. At present he is treasurer of the Bangor Battery & Service Co.

Miss Helen E. Patch has just been appointed assistant professor of romance languages at Mt. Holyoke College, for the coming year. Since graduating from B. H. S. and Mt. Holyoke College, Miss Patch has held five scholarships and fellowships for graduate work. At present she is teaching in the Shipley School and doing graduate work in Italian at Bryn Mawr College.

On April 5, Prof. William Otis Sawtelle of Haverford College, Haverford, Pa., addressed the Bangor Historical society at the Bangor Public Library. Mr. Sawtelle is an alumnus of B. H. S. and an oldtime resident of Bangor.

News has been received in this city of the death of a former well known Bangor

woman, Miss Abbie Rollins. Miss Rollins was born and brought up in Bangor and graduated from B. H. S. After her graduation she moved to Saginaw, Mich., but is still remembered here by a large circle of friends.

Edwin Costello and Miss Susan M. Phinney, both of Bangor, were recently married. Mr. Costello was a well known athlete of the class of Bangor High, 1913, and is now employed at Johnson's Dental laboratory, Exchange Street.

John H. McNamara, Jr., and Miss Katharine Sweeney of this city, were recently united in marriage. The bride graduated from B. H. S. in 1917 and since then has been a stenographer at the Sawyer Boot & Shoe Co.

The death at Atlantic City, N. J., recently of Walter M. Lowney, well known candy manufacturer, recalls to many Bangor people that he was at one time a resident of Bangor and that he married a Bangor girl, Miss Nettie Bolton. Mr. Lowney attended both the Bangor grade schools and Bangor High school and after completing his studies he entered the book store of E. F. Dillingham, later forming a partnership under the name of Lowney & Baker, custom tailors, the business being located on Ken-duskeag bridge. After two years he went to Philadelphia and then to Boston, where he got a start that formed the foundation for the big industry that brought him fame and fortune.



"For Alma Mater."

BOYS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

On March 22nd, Bangor High met Dexter High in the University of Maine Gymnasium in a game which was played to settle the championship of Penobscot County. The victory, however, is not one of which the Dexter team can be very proud, for the Bangor team received from Umpire Baldwin about the meanest treatment that any high or prep school team has ever been accorded. The Bangor team played the game in a sportsmanlike manner although they were severely handicapped from the first. The Dexter team started the game by playing in a fast, free manner and the Bangor team followed suit. Bangor was unable to keep it up, however, as Mr. Baldwin persistently called fouls on the Bangor players for the slightest infringement of the rules and at times without any apparent reason. Before the end of the first half, Short was forced to leave the game, and soon following him, Cohen and Fairbrother were sent out. Coburn, a substitute, was also removed later in the game, while the Dexter team played the same five men throughout. Any one who has seen the Bangor team in action this year can readily see the unfairness of such official decisions, for the Bangor team is one of the fastest, as well as one of the cleanest, teams playing in high school circles this year.

The Bangor daily papers were quite aroused by the treatment accorded the Ban-

gor team and several sharp criticisms of the officials occurred in their columns after the game. A writer on this subject, in the Bangor Daily Commercial, says in part: "We ask no favors of anyone but it does seem that a team representing Bangor should be accorded at least a 50-50 consideration when competing under U. of M. athletic officials, because Bangor has loyally supported U. of M. athletic events, which was evidenced at the football games last fall and the basketball game played recently in our City Hall with Boston College."

The Dexter team, Bangor is ready to admit, is the fastest Maine team they have played against this year, but because of the fact that Bangor, with a team made up largely of substitutes, succeeded in scoring more points from baskets-from-the-floor than their opponents, they are not convinced that Dexter has the superior team.

The summary of the game:

Bangor High, 22	Dexter High, 27
Jordan, lf, (3).....rb, Hall, 1	
Flannigan, lf, 1	
Fairbrother, rf, 2 (3).....lb, Coughlin	
Sullivan, rf	
McClay, c, 3.....c, Champion (9)	
Cohen, lb.....rf, Bernard, 1 (1)	
Coburn, lb	
Seavey, lb	
Short, rb, 2.....lf, Keyte, 5 (3)	
Kamenkovitch, rb	
Referee, Flack.	Umpire, Baldwin.

On March 31st, Bangor High played Orono High in City Hall for the purpose of raising funds to purchase sweaters. From a financial standpoint, the game was a decided success. From a basketball standpoint, the game was not. Professional rules were observed which tended to slow up the game and at times it seemed to be more of an indoor football match than a basketball game. The summary:

Bangor High, 38	Orono High, 20
Fairbrother, lf, 4 (6).....rb, Powell	
Kamenkovitch, lf	
Jordan, rf, 6.....lb, Wing	
McClay, c, 2.....c, Tracey, 3	
Flannigan, c	
Cohen, lb.....rf, Mitchell, 2 (1)	
Collins, lb	
Short, rb, 4.....lf, Dukes	
	lf, Day, 3 (3)

Referee, Heal.

The boys' team cannot claim either the state or county championship this year, but it certainly is as fast and clean an aggregation as ever represented Bangor High anywhere. The team is to be congratulated on their fine record. They met all comers and won thirteen out of sixteen games. The record follows:

Bangor High	Opponents
71	Newport High, 10
28	Orono High, 15
32	Old Town High, 13
80	Lee Academy, 9
25	Old Town High, 22
25	Swampscott (Mass.) High, 23
26	Leominster (Mass.) High, 16
18	Kent's Hill Seminary, 34
39	Northeast Harbor High, 28
60	Waterville High, 13
29	Morse High (Bath, Me.), 23
39	Mattanawcook Academy, 18
44	Portland High, 15
13	Torrington (Conn.) High, 27
22	Dexter High, 27
38	Orono High, 20

GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM.

The Girls' basketball team of Bangor High has just closed a most successful season. They are the undisputed champions of eastern Maine, and are undoubtedly one of the fastest teams in the state. They closed their season with two games away from home, one at Lincoln with Lee Academy and the other with Eastern State Normal School at Castine. Bangor won both games. The summaries follow:

Bangor High, 8	Lee Academy, 7
Gilpatrick, lf, 1.....rb, Bishop	
McCarthy, rf, 2.....lb, Applebee, 1	
Finnigan, rf	
Bowden, c.....c, Sargent (1)	
Williams, lb, 1.....rf, Thibodeau, 2	
Cluff, rb.....lf, Thompson	
Referee, Morgan.	

Bangor High, 12	E. S. N. S., 11
Finnigan, lf, 1.....rb, Cochrane	
McCarthy, rf (2).....lb, Gray, 1	
Bowden, c, 4.....c, Greenlaw	
Williams, lb.....rf, Mayo, 4 (1)	
Cluff, rb.....lf, O'Leary	
Referee, Wescott.	

TRACK.

The Bangor High School track team ran a dance in the High School Assembly Hall, on March 26th, and made enough to permit of their hiring a coach. There is much good material in school this year and with a good coach, a crack team may be expected.

BASEBALL.

For several years Bangor High has been without a baseball team, but this year it is highly probable that the school will be represented by a team. Principal Proctor announced in Assembly, April 20th, that if enough of the students would buy season tickets to make the idea practical from a financial standpoint, we could have a team. It is very likely that the necessary funds may be raised as the spirit is running high this spring.



"He that Wont be Counseled Can't be Helped."

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The "Scribbler," of Spartanburg, S. C., has some excellent editorials, stories, and poems, but could be improved in the jokes section. The system of cash prizes offered by the staff for the best story, poem, or essay, evidently gives good results.

The "Advance," of Salem, Mass., is a creditable magazine. The editorial, "What Next?" is both excellent and instructive, the exchanges are cleverly written in story form, and the remainder of the "Advance" is equally as good.

The "Record," of Littleton High is interesting and certainly merits praise. A few more comments in the exchanges, even in place of the list, if necessary, would be an improvement.

The "Red and White" of Rochester, N. H., is a magazine of high literary standards, as one will soon discover by reading it. The editorials are the most interesting part of this publication, while the literary department is entirely praiseworthy.

The "Oceanic" of Old Orchard has arrived in all its splendor. The many cuts make it a most attractive magazine. Together with the other contents, all of good quality, the "Oceanic" is something of which its school may justly be proud.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

"Oracle": We are always glad to discover what lies beneath your artistic cover. Your athletic and military departments are very good.—"Red and White."

"Oracle": Your jokes and cuts are fine, and the drawings clever.—"Lancastonian."

"Oracle": We are glad to welcome you. Call again.—"Messenger."

The "Oracle" from Bangor High proves what a school can do when it makes a try. Its cartoons are full of interest, as the hero tries to look his best. Its stories, too, are full of vim, especially the one about brave Jim.—"Ariel."

"Oracle": Your editorial and literary productions are excellent.—"Student."

"Oracle": We like the quotations at the beginning of your departments. Would suggest that you eliminate jokes from your exchanges and systematize that department.—"Cliveden."

"Oracle": What a complete exchange column! Your Literary department has some gifted contributors. Your "Pslams" are as original as usual and we agree that "a laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."—"Bulletin."



"A Laugh is Worth a Hundred Groans in any Market."

NOTICE.

"Doc" Collins announces that owing to the fact that he is so popular with the ladies, he will have ten dozen class pictures taken. All young ladies apply in 209.

Senior: "You are a very poor scholar."

Junior: "Pieces of timber and geological strata may injure my anatomical structure, but plebian nomenclature will never hurt me."—Ex.

R. Allen, '21, seems to know Exeter all down "Pat." We wonder why?

Miss G—(in oral English)—A butterfly lays anywhere from six to 600 eggs.

Mr. W—'23—Gee, I bet she does some cackling!

Speed?

Tarbell, '21—I tell you I'm the fastest man on record. I can race a bullet a mile and beat it!

Corning, '21—Huh! That's nothin'. I can turn out my electric light and be in bed before the room is dark! !

C. Hodgman says that in all speaking contests he's the egg that almost gets by.

"My!" he exclaimed at the Sophomore reception, "this floor's awfully slippery. It's hard to keep on your feet."

"Oh," replied she, sarcastically, "then

you were trying to keep on my feet. I thought it was purely accidental."—Ex.

Whatever troubles Adam had,

To keep his brain awhirl,

He never had to lie to Eve

About another girl.

—Ex.

SCANDAL!

One day R. Dougherty, '21, came to school with his face all scratched up. What's the matter, Roy, fight with a wild-cat or playing with Father's razor?

L. H., '23 (as she stifled a yawn, asked sweetly): Is your watch going, Ralph?

R. L., '23: Yep!

L. H.: How soon?—

Good Beezness.

"I wish I was as religious as Abie."

"And why?"

"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer, he can't get them open ven de collection box comes around!"—Ex.

Teacher: "I'm surprised you can't prove that proposition. Why, when George Washington was your age, he was a surveyor."

Pupil: "Yes, and when he was your age, he was President of the United States."—Ex.

STOP!



and just think what a
fine time you will
have at the

POVERTY BALL CITY HALL---FRI., MAY 27

Cobby O'Brien's Orchestra Will
Play For The Dance

"Wear Any
Ole Clothes"



Everyone in
School is Going

PICTURES WE'D LIKE TO SEE.

L. S., '21, in "Kismet."
 H. C., '22, in "A Message from Mars."
 F. W., '21, in "The Nut."
 M. B., '21, in "The Lion of the North."
 A. S., '21, and "Peanut" S., '21, in "Mutt and Jeff."
 "Tinker" I., '21, in "Boob McNut."
 A. S., '23, in "The Kid."
 L. P., '21, in "The Thinker."
 P. M., '22, in "Hearts of Hu MAN ity."
 G. C., '21, in "The Charm School."
 "Brute" F., '21, in "The Rat."

Freshman Year: "Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore Year: "Much Ado About Nothing."

Junior Year: "As You Like It."

Senior Year: "All's Well That Ends Well."—Ex.

Traffic Cop (to B. C., '22)—"Come on! What's the matter with you?"

B. C., '22—"I'm well, thank you, but my engine's dead."

Blank ? Verse.

A woodpecker lit on a Freshie's head
 And settled down to drill,
 He bored away for half an hour,
 And then he broke his bill.

Another lit on a Sophie's head
 And drilled away with a will
 But after five seconds had passed away,
 The poor bird had his fill.

—Ex.

Freshman—"Say, why are false teeth like stars?"

Sophomore—"Stung! 'cause they come out at night!"—Ex.

Mr. C—: "I don't think you should give me zero in this examination."

Miss A—: "Correct, but that's the lowest mark I know of."

FRENCH FOOLISHNESS.

Why should the noun "milk" make students hurry?

Because it is late (lait).

Why should the French noun "book" make the boys weep?

Because it means leave her (livre).

Why is the French word "fragment" harder than the worst problem?

Because it is more so (Morceau).

Why is the French word "church" an option on food?

Because it is an egg lease (eglise).

Why is the French noun "cap" a gloomy word?

Because it is a casket (casquette).

Customer: "Have you any invisible hair pins?"

Salesman: "Certainly, Madam."

Customer: "May I see them, please?"
 —Ex.

Miss W.—Dearborn, what makes you late to class?

Dearborn, '21—The bell. (But ask Edith).

Favorite Fiction of Sophs.

G. Smith—"Sandman Stories."

C. Dudley—"Grace Harlowe Books."

L. Hall—"The Raven."

L. Knott—"Don Quixote."

C. Sawyer—"Webster's Orations."

R. Hitchcock says: "The rain makes the grass and flowers beautiful, so why doesn't it rain on me?"

S. Leonard used to get passes to the Bijou. (War tax, 3c). Now he gets passes to 201 (no war tax).

Miss R—: "You are behind in your studies, Mr. W—."

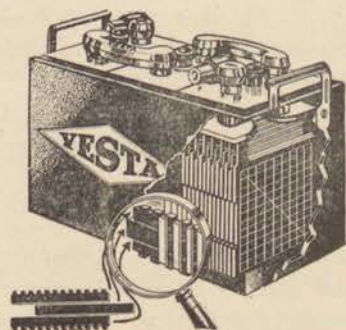
Mr. W—: "Well, you see, it gives one a chance to pursue them, ma'am."

Automobile Ignition Service

Complete Equipment

Efficient Service

Competent Workmen



A Service Station for Your
Convenience

Call us on all battery and ignition troubles
— And We'll Call—

Bangor Battery and Service Co., Inc.

119 Franklin St.

Tel. 2516

Bangor, Maine

The Battery Service Station Nearest the High School

ELECTRICITY

means

Better Lighting

Reliable Cooking

& in any

Event--ideal

Comfort

78 HARLOW ST.
BANGOR, ME.

Patronize Our Advertisers

We Wonder (—)

How R. Jordan, '21, will get by in History?

How J. Nelligan, '21, got all A's last quarter?

Who will be the next to ask a girl to go to a dance with J. H., '21?

If the Freshies know that "Sophomore" comes from two Greek words meaning wise fool?

Why G. M. D., '21, blushes so much?

9 P. M. FINDS (—)

C. Crosby, '21—Where all good little girls should be.

P. Hodgman—Studying, of course.

R. Allen—Looking for "Budd-ee-ee-ee!"

L. Bowler—In McLaughlin's garage.

F. Mitchell—Out with one of the four.

A. Crowell—Directing his ? orchestra.

P. Aiken—Completing l. 11,021 of Virgil.

M. Adams—At the movies.

L. Sawyer—In the pantry.

E. Curran—Down cellar, orating.

Them "Pictures."

"Oh, yes, I've got 'em, but say, they're rotten,

Just look right here and see.

Why, I wouldn't give mine to three kinds of a fool,

Oh, will you exchange with me?"

HIGH LIGHTS IN B. H. S.

Our smartest—H. Bowles.

Our prettiest—A. Crowell.

Our wittiest—I. Goldsmith.

Our highbrow—P. Aiken.

Our poet—H. Corning.

Our shortest—A. Soderburg.

Our tallest—P. Staples.

Our pet—Mme. Beaupre.

Miss C. (in History): Who was our proverbial fat man in late political life?

J. O'B—'21: Fatty Arbuckle!

A school teacher wrote a sentence on the blackboard and beneath it wrote: "Define the above and punctuate it."

In the test one little girl wrote: "The above is heaven. It is punctuated with stars and angels."—Ex.

"Eli" Whitney, '21, states that he has a future father-in-law. We wondered why he was so anxious to graduate.

Poor Li'l Willie.

"'Twasn't the cough, that carried him off,
But the coffin they carried him off in."

Lucky?

A goat ate all my other jokes
And then began to run.
"I cannot stop," he softly called,
"I am so full of fun."

—Ex.

Predestination.

Optimist (speaking of the hereafter):
"What worries me is how I'm going to get my shirt on over my wings."

Pessimist: "Huh! You'd better plan how to get your hat on over your horns."—Ex.

"Bunty" C., '22, is now ready to sing her latest song success entitled, "Goodby Tweezers, 'Till My Eyebrows Meet Again."

Some Trick!

M. Cluff, '21 (in French)—"She became a little pail (pale)."

The Young Fellow Who Wears Our Clothes Knows That His Appearance is Above Criticism.

For spring and summer we are showing particularly attractive fabrics and colors in the most popular new double-breasted models at \$25, \$30, \$35, \$40. Come in and try on a few Suits. CLASSY FURNISHINGS, HATS AND SHOES.

J. WATERMAN CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters for Men and Boys

Do not make the mistake of judging an article merely by its price. Our values will surprise your purse pleasantly

All the Latest Styles in Footwear

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER, 44 MAIN ST.

Compliments of

GOODWIN'S BILLIARD HALL

7 Hammond St.

FRANK D. GOODWIN, Proprietor

Telephone 859

A first class billiard hall where young men may enjoy their hours of recreation at either billiards or pocket billiards.

Clean and Sanitary

Light and Well Ventilated

Patronized by Bangor's Leading Business Men

"WHY NOT BUY GIFTS THAT LAST"

W. C. Bryant, Jeweler

For Graduation Pictures try

HOPKINS STUDIO

63 SIXTH ST., BANGOR, ME.

PHOTOGRAPHS

AMATEUR FINISHING

ENLARGEMENTS

Patronize Our Advertisers

A Recipe for Happiness

Take one generous slice of our bread. Spread it over with good butter and don't be stingy. Add a layer of home-made apple sauce. Then take one healthy boy about the time he gets home from school, hungry as two wolves, insert the bread-butter-sauce combination into said boy organization, and if that don't produce happiness, where can happiness be found?

Sunbeam Bakery, 42 Central St.

FREY'S--Central Street's Leading Cafe

If you want a Nice Dinner or a Quick Lunch try us

We are Headquarters for

BROILED LIVE LOBSTERS, BAKED STUFFED, SALADS,

STEAKS, CHOPS AND FISH

LADIES' DINING ROOM UPSTAIRS

FREY'S CAFE

30-32 CENTRAL ST.

BANGOR, MAINE

M. Soda Fountain—M. M. LEAVITT—Soda Fountain M.

M. M. LEAVITT M.

thirsty
?

L
E
A
V
I
T
T

L
E
A
V
I
T
T

Soda Fountain—M. M. LEAVITT—Soda Fountain

**For Long and Short Lumber, Roofing,
Asphalt Shingles, Wall Board, etc.**

—COME TO US—

C. WOODMAN CO.

136 Exchange Street

Bangor, Maine

— THE FASHION —
GRADUATION DRESSES

Organdie - Voile - Dotted Swiss
DAINTIEST OF COLORED DRESSES
Gingham - Voile - Swiss Muslin - Linen

WOOD & EWER CO.

East Side
Pharmacy

32 State St.

CHAS. H. DAVIS, Prop.

—

Prescriptions

Fine Chocolates

Soda

Ice Cream

KENDALL-WINCH
COMPANY

|||

We carry the finest line of
fishing tackle in New Eng-
land. We have all the lat-
est patterns of John Shields
flies. Call and inspect them

|||

25 Central Street

Compliments of

S. L. CROSBY CO.

Sporting Goods

150 EXCHANGE STREET, BANGOR

CHARLES E. HICKS

Teacher of

Trombone and Baritone



Banngor Band and Bijou Orchestra



TELEPHONE 1467-R

Member of American Federation of Musicians

Edgar L. Tibbetts

Teacher of Banjo



Pupil of Lansing in Boston



22 Ohio St.

Tel. 944-Y

A. Stanley Cayting, Violinist and Teacher

Member of Cleveland Symphony Orchestra

May 12—SUMMER CLASSES—Oct. 1

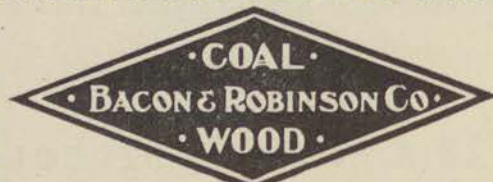
Phone 1971-W

Res., 5 Park View Ave.

Compliments of **MAX ALLEN** Successor to Gus Youngs

Soda Fountain, Cigars and Smokers' Supplies

104 HARLOW ST., BANGOR, ME.



13 State St. (Next to Bangor Savings Bank)

Furbush Printing Co.

Solicit High School Patronage
Excellent Work, Prices Right

108 Exchange St., Bangor

The Home of Fashion Park and Morse Made Clothes

BENOIT-MUTTY CO., 191 Exchange St., Bangor, Me.

When in need of a Haircut or Shave visit

MASON'S BARBER SHOP

Daniel H. Mason

20 Hammond Street

Patronize the Advertisers

REMEMBER—We're Up-Stairs

We are doing the shoe business of Bangor on Ladies', Misses' and Children's Footwear

BECAUSE—We're giving you BETTER SHOES FOR LESS MONEY and If it's not Right we'll make it Right. How we do it—Judicious Buying, Low Expense, Volume of Business. It will pay you to see our line. Mail orders given prompt and careful attention.

62 Main Street — **S A M'S** — Up One Flight

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—6 Chairs

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

O. CROSBY BEAN STATIONERY, BOOKS, NOVELTIES PLAYTHINGS

16 STATE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

Photography in all its Branches
Amateur Developing and Printing

CHALMERS'

Studio 23 Hammond St.

All kinds of Picture Framing
Supplies for the Amateur

Manhattan Shirts

Lamson & Hubbard Hats

We have an exceptionally fine line of
Ready-to-Wear Suits
at very attractive prices

Our Made-to-Measure Clothes
start at \$32.50

and there are some wonderful fabrics at that price

McCann's Quality Shop, 12 State St.

E. & W. Collars

Rain Coats

WILBUR S. COCHRANE

TEACHER OF PIANO

Telephone 1503-R

Studio, 91 Fourth Street

Patronize Our Advertisers

**Society Printing and
Engraving
Wedding Stationery**

that cannot be surpassed; in fact it compares very favorably with the best of *engraving*, and at a great saving in price.

Mail Orders Solicited Send For Samples

(Remember—We do all kinds of Book
and Job Printing and Binding)

**Proper Goods,
at the Proper Time,
at a Proper Price**



W. J. Cherry's Barber Shop

Formerly Chadbourne's Barber Shop

Electric Clippers

Electrical or Hand Massage

79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

PATRONIZE CHERRY'S

Telephone
Connection

Mandarin and
American Style

Oriental Restaurant

Shopper's Novelty Luncheon

The Home of Prompt, Efficient and Courteous Service

Catering to Banquets, Automobile and Private Parties a Specialty

209 Exchange St.

Bangor, Maine

Do Not Lay That Diploma Away

that you have worked so hard to get. Let us frame it for you with one of those "Just Right" frames.

THE W. H. GORHAM CO.

54 State Street, Bangor, Maine

Whether You Eat to Live
or Live to Eat

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

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

101 EXCHANGE STREET

The Quality Cigar
B C M

Made to Meet a Demand not a Price

H. M. PULLEN, Teacher of VIOLIN
Pupils Prepared for Professional Work
SOCIETY HALL *Summer Term* EXCHANGE ST.

**STICKNEY & BABCOCK
COAL CO**

19 State Street, Bangor

BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE
50 Columbia Street

All Commercial Branches taught in a
thorough manner. Complete equipment
of all Modern Office Appliances.

Free Catalog

S. LEAVITT

Fruit, Confectionery, Sodas
and Ice Cream

196-198 Harlow St., Opp. High School
Telephone 8654

Ralph Fisher Smith
Teacher of Piano

Studio: 50 Columbia Street
Tel. 2546-W

SUMMER CLASS, JULY 1 TO SEPT. 1

C. E. PENDLETON
"Everything Electrical"

56 State Street
Bangor Maine

Portraits by Photography
Emma J. Taney, Photographer
28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Electric Work Lighting Fixtures
Willard Storage Battery Service Station

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors
Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street Telephone 74

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers
Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

**All kinds of Plaiting
Hemstitching**

Place orders early to avoid
disappointment

Edward I. Morris, 27 Central St.

LUFKIN

U. M. CHOCOLATES Sold only at
58 Columbia St.

Home of the famous Pine Tree Taffy

NORTHEASTERN COLLEGE

SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING



Drafting, Designing Engineers Office, B. & A. Railroad

COURSES OFFERED

The School of Engineering of Northeastern College offers four-year college courses of study, in co-operation with engineering firms, in four branches of Engineering leading to the following degrees:

1. Bachelor of Civil Engineering
2. Bachelor of Mechanical Engineering
3. Bachelor of Electrical Engineering
4. Bachelor of Chemical Engineering

REQUIREMENTS FOR ADMISSION

Graduates of Bangor High School who have included Algebra to Quadratics and Plane Geometry in their courses of study are admitted without examinations.

EARNINGS

The earnings of the students for their services with co-operating firms vary from \$200 to \$600 per year.

APPLICATION

An application blank will be found inside the back cover of the catalog. Copies will also be mailed upon request. These should be forwarded to the school at an early date.

For a catalog or any further information in regard to the school, address

**Carl S. Ell, Dean
Northeastern College
316 Huntington Ave.
Boston 17, Mass.**

Bangor Opera House

May 20-21st

The Selwyns Present

WILLIAM COURTNEY

and **LOLA FISHER**

—in—

“HONORS ARE EVEN”

By Roy Cooper Megrue

Author of “Under Cover,” “It Pays to Advertise”
and “Tea For Three”

Prices: 75c to \$2.50, Plus Tax

Matinee Saturday

HUGH R. CHAPLIN, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD

GORHAM H. WOOD, PRESIDENT

JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT

HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, TREASURER

Eastern Trust and Banking Company

BANGOR, MAINE

Organized April 9, 1887

Paid Up Capital.....\$ 175,000

Additional Liability of Stockholders 175,000

Surplus and Profits 875,000

Deposits..... 8,500,000

Maintains a Savings Department paying interest on deposits therein. Loans money on Real Estate Mortgages at favorable rates. Receives deposits subject to check and transacts a general Banking and trust company business.

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

The BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 cents per month
delivered by carrier

Baker & Hodge Co.

FIRE INSURANCE

Eastern Trust Building

Bangor

Maine

All Work
Guaranteed

Formerly
Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON
PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE STREET

BREWER, MAINE

All the latest in

HAIR GOODS

To Let

Theatrical Wigs
and Beards

for all classes of
Entertainments

LOVERING'S
European Hair Store

52 Main St., Bangor, Me.



LARSEN & SAWYER

Manufacturing Jewelers

All kinds of Jewelry Repairing

Gold and Silver Work

Stones of all kinds

Sizes of Rings Changed

Old Gold and Silver Bought

31 Central Street, Bangor, Me.



The Newest Spring Shapes are now Ready
For You



JOHN T. CLARK CO.
FINE CLOTHES SHOP

Patronize Our Advertisers