



Furbush Printing Company

SOLICIT HIGH SCHOOL PATRONAGE
EXCELLENT WORK, PRICES RIGHT

108 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR, MAINE

JOHN T. CLARK & COMPANY

Corner State and Exchange Streets

"Atterbury" Clothes "Fitform" Clothes

MANHATTAN AND ARROW SHIRTS AND COLLARS

Our Display of Neckwear is the Best Ever.

Come In And Look Around.

THE BEAL BUSINESS COLLEGE

Bangor, Maine

A Distinctive School For Discriminating Persons

Send For Booklets

SPRING HATS

Through the brisk morning air—flying to work or to play; wear a soft, easy, jaunty, just-as-it-should-be "Lorex" Hat at \$2.50

There's a correct and splendid style for every occasion.

We suggest that you come in and try a few on.

Swan Russell and Guyer Hats \$3.00 to \$5.00

BENOIT-MUTTY CO.

191 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

Buy A Liberty Bond

Patronize the Advertisers

C. F. WINCHESTER

THE CORNER GROCERY

Telephone 1160

183 Park Street

We Sell
ARCTIC SPRING
WATER
Delivered Daily
Bangor, Maine

W. C. BRYANT

Diamond Dealer

Bangor,

Maine

WARES OF

GOLD, SILVER, AND CUT GLASS
WEDDING ANNOUNCEMENTS
CARD AND SOCIETY ENGRAVING

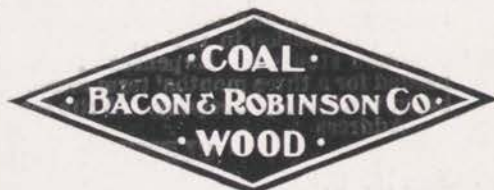
The Hincks Coal Co.

COAL

AND

WOOD

104 BROAD STREET



13 State Street [Next to Bangor Savings Bank]

WHEN IN NEED OF A HAIRCUT OR SHAVE VISIT

Mason's Barber Shop

DANIEL H. MASON

20 HAMMOND STREET

WHETHER YOU EAT TO LIVE
OR LIVE TO EAT

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.

GOODE & DRISCOLL,

101 Exchange Street

PHOTOS

ENLARGEMENTS

HOPKINS STUDIO

14 STATE STREET

DEVELOPING AND PRINTING FOR AMATEURS

Patronize the Advertisers



For sixty years the leading American Business College. Trains thoroughly for business and the Civil Service and obtains employment for students who can be recommended as to character and efficiency.

EASTMAN men and women—fifty thousand of them—occupy prominent and responsible relations to the business world. Ambition plus Eastman training will make YOU eligible to a good situation and a high salary.

EASTMAN graduates are in demand. At Eastman you can qualify in a single year for rapid advancement to an executive position. Persons seeking the best advantages will find at the Eastman Gaines' School of Business, attractive opportunities, not only for instructions and study, but practice in the work which prepares for the most paying positions.

Under the Eastman system of training students operate practice banks, retail and wholesale business, real estate, insurance, brokerage, commission and railway offices.

Higher Accounting, Banking, Civil Service, Stenography, Stenotypy, Typewriting, Business English, Advertising, Salesmanship, and Penmanship, courses with experienced, efficient, and faithful teachers.

Ideal location in the Hudson valley. All Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. privileges open to Eastman students. Expenses moderate; \$125 to \$150 pays the total cost of everything needed for a three months' term except clothing and pocket money. Students enroll and begin work every weekday. Write for handsome, illustrated prospectus,

Address

CLEMENT C. GAINES, M. A. LL. D.

Box H. S.

Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

C. WINFIELD RICHMOND PIANIST AND TEACHER

Pupil of Philipp, Paris; Joseffy, New York

STUDIO IN THE PEARL BUILDING
ENTIRE TOP FLOOR

THE GIRL WHO GRADUATES

from the High School: who hesitates to pledge four years to a College Course: who, nevertheless, desires to study, to enjoy college advantages, to cultivate special talents, to enrich her life and her friendships—should know of

NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY

It is a Junior College for young women planned especially to meet the needs of High School graduates. Collegiate and Vocational Courses, Music, Art, Domestic Science, Business Law, Travel. Outdoor life a feature. Study of the National Capital. Illustrated book of 126 pages free on request. Address

(Suburb of Washington, D. C.)

SECRETARY, NATIONAL PARK SEMINARY,
Forest Glen, Maryland.

The Oracle Staff

James E. Mitchell, '18.....Editor-in-Chief
 Harold W. Green, '18.....Business Manager
 Donald J. Valentine, '18.....Associate Editor

LITERARY		
Marion M. Kenney, '18	Alice I. Gallagher, 18	Mabel B. Peabody, '19
LOCAL		PERSONAL
Russell A. Whittemore, '18	Doreen E. Gregory, '18, Edward C. Perkins, '18	
ALUMNI		EXCHANGE
Rachel G. Connor, '18	Gladys A. Reid, '18, Carl W. Meinecke, '20	
ATHLETIC		ART CONTRIBUTORS
Herbert C. Webb, '18	DEBATING	Donald J. Valentine, '18 Robert F. Cochran, '21
	Marjorie Driscoll, '20	
Donald J. Eames, '19	} ASSISTANT BUSINESS MANAGERS	
Philip C. Chalmers, '20		

CONTENTS

The Oracle Staff.....	I
Editorials	2
Roll of Honor	4
Literary.....	5
The Mollycoddle—Ruth McCabe, '20	5
For the Sake of a Motorcycle—By Kenneth F. Day	
'20	7
My Autobiography—By Trams, '19.....	9
Our Country Calls—By Walter R. Whitney, '19....	11
A Baby, A Button, and A Blizzard—By Doris Carr	
'18	12
A Communication	13
Locals	16
Alumni.....	18
Exchanges.....	20
Athletics	22
Personals.....	23

H. C. HICKS

BUILDER

856 HAMMOND STREET
 Phone Connection

All Work
 Guaranteed

Formerly
 Edwards' Studio

A. J. FARRINGTON
 PHOTOGRAPHER

Try Us For Your Class Photos

3 STATE ST.

BREWER, ME.

THE ORACLE

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS—75 cents per annum in advance

Regular number 10 cents, Christmas and Easter numbers 15 cents, June number 25 cents

Address all business communications to HAROLD W. GREEN, 139 Center Street

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

VOL. XXVI

MAY, 1918

No. 8

EDITORIALS

"Saying is One Thing, Doing Another"

Each name on the Honor Roll of men in the service of their country from Bangor

High School brings back the memories that cling to that name and **Our Boys** causes us to murmur a prayer that our own comrades may return in safety when Right shall have triumphed over Might.

Our brave boys are ready to give their lives for their country. They do what they are told, regardless of their own desire. They are loyal to their comrades and to their leaders. They fight to win, regardless of dangers to themselves.

We also who stay at home can do similar things if we wish. We can be good soldiers and obey the government whenever it says we must do this or that. Our loyal support is needed to back up the work we are trying to do.

The good soldier fires every shot with care in order that every bullet may tell. He is on the job to win at every hour of the day and night. So also we can be good soldiers. We must not let a single chance to strike a blow against the enemy to get by us. We must avoid everything the enemy would like to have us do, and do every-

thing that we think they would be sorry for us to do.

The Huns hope that those who stay at home will not back up the army at the front. Patient co-operation will bring back our own boys victorious from the battle line.

If our own United States were not a participant in the struggle overseas, and if peace reigned in our native land, **Our National Anthem** how many of us here in Bangor High School could sing "The Star Spangled Banner"? It would be safe to say that most of us have learned the first stanza in chapel and have gone little further in the careful study of our national anthem. Every true American ought to know the four stanzas of the poem and if he does not—now is the time to get busy and learn them.

Can you see the actual scene described in the poem, including the positions of the author, the fort, and the flag? If you belong to the present day generation, ten to one you would fail to pass on this question. At least, such is the conclusion drawn from the results of a test just given to two hundred high school juniors in another state.

In response to the question—Where was the author? came such brilliant answers as:

1. "The British fleet was bombarding the American flag and he was under the flag."

2. "He was on Fort McHenry defending Baltimore."

3. "He was captive on board a British ship flying over a fort being shelled."

4. "He was a hill watching the perils fight. The flag was down in there where they were fighting."

These answers are the extreme bad ones, yet they serve to show how little some Americans know of their national anthem. If such a test were given to high school pupils throughout the nation the same results would be shown in many instances.

We all are patriotic and like to be enthusiastic from time to time, by giving vent to our patriotic feelings. "The Star Spangled Banner" has been "half-sung" too often! Let us make up our minds to learn the poem and its history and see the picture contained in its lines, so that when we sing it we shall truly feel it, and that if we are questioned regarding it we shall be able to give a clear idea of its meaning.

The annual report of the United States Commissioner of Education deals in part with the present conditions of **Education** the schools in the fighting countries **In Europe** tries of Europe as affected by the war. The substance of this section of the report is that in spite of material losses and temporary disturbances, education has undergone important developments that might have been long deferred if the war had not occurred.

France and England are engaged in reor-

ganizing their respective systems of public education. A bill introduced into the British House of Commons provides, among other things, for universal, compulsory, continued education from the completion of the elementary school course to the age of eighteen. In France a pending bill provides for compulsory, continued education for boys to the age of twenty and for girls to the age of eighteen.

In Germany there is a movement toward making the school system more democratic. New schools are appearing everywhere in Russia. Italy recognizes the value of learning and is providing a more liberal education for her people.

The "short-sighted policy" of eliminating enemy languages from the curriculum of public schools, now prevailing in sections of the United States, appears to have made no great headway in Europe. "Ignorance of a foreign language, or of a foreign nation is not an element of strength, but of weakness." The modern languages should be studied now even more than heretofore. There is no doubt that a knowledge of German and German conditions will be required for commercial purposes after the war, and certainly during the war it would be very handy to a soldier to know what enemy prisoners are saying.

The war has brought about a world-wide movement to perfect the scheme of public education. This movement is being carried on even while the world rages in strife and this fact alone shows that the nations are realizing the full value of public instruction. Education is no longer considered a luxury; it is regarded as an absolute necessity.

ROLL OF HONOR

Lieut. James Mutty

Lieut. Hal Savage

Midshipman Osgood Nickerson

Corp. Almond Hart

Clarence Barker

Charles Budway

Edward Chisholm

Robert Dole

Donald Dwinal

Henry Fox

Walter Gordon

Harold Harrington

William Hough

John Jameson

Rodney Jennings

Joseph Kaminsky

Norman Kearney

Hartwell Lewis

Harry Lutz

Lawrence Martin

Harry McGinnis

Ralph McNeil

Albert Messer

John Mosher

Cecil Preble

David Ryder

Stuart Robinson

John Salisbury

Lloyd Sewell

Garvin Smith

Westley Smith

Newman Taylor

Douglas Thompson

Walter Watson

Julian White



"Difficulties Are Things That Show What Men Are"

THE MOLLYCODDLE

Continued from April Issue.

By Ruth McCabe, '20

Part II.



WHEN September came Merridan high school opened its doors as usual. The foot-ball season began early and on the first afternoon's practice Cecil slipped noiselessly down the street.

The world was not made in a minute; neither is an athlete, but three months' hard practice certainly did wonders for Cecil. Although he remained faithful to his school books, yet Anna knew he hadn't yawned over a poem for two months.

Anna recalled his home-coming at supper-time after the first day out on the gridiron. He had merely glanced at her and with a half stifled groan, had thrown himself into the largest chair in the den.

His home-comings soon became quite different. The new Cecil entered the house whistling and hurried for the pantry, then settled down with his beloved books.

Although he participated in none of the games, yet it gave Anna a little thrill to look down from the bleachers and see his

red sweated figure lying in the sidelines with a dozen or more other subs.

As late October came he took on even more athletics and spent all extra time in the gymnasium and out on the field in track practice. Everyone seemed surprised at the great and sudden change in the boy. When questioned he only smiled and made no explanation.

As the winter passed it became rumored that Cecil Faulkner was a promising track man, for he seemed especially vigorous in the jumps and nearly tireless in the runs. At local meets he proved his worth and a credit to his coach.

Merridan high was keeping ahead of nearly all the other college preparatory schools and had only one rival to contest with indoors. By winning the dual meets over Cloverdon Preparatory, Merridan would hold the state championship.

For many years Cloverdon had held this honor and had, by its unconquerable teams, won the name of "Invincible."

The first dual meet was to take place the middle of March in Cloverdon's fine gymnasium. The return meet would be an outdoor affair. Everyone seemed quite excited and several fans were going over and many speeches had been made to the end of knocking the "vince" out of "Invincible."

Cecil, strangely, thought only of the first of these two meets, only mentioning the return visit and the intercollegiate meet as just school affairs, not as something in which he himself expected to figure.

The afternoon before the great morning affair, a large crowd boarded the express amid the cheering of a body of students who came down to see the team off. Thus they steamed out of the city back to which they earnestly hoped to bring victory.

In the heart of each competitor was fixed one point: he must do his utmost for his school and those who had faith in him. This feeling was strengthened and the spirits of the boys heightened by the coach who went about with a word of encouragement to each one. When he came to Cecil his face grew more serious. "My boy," he said earnestly, "a lot depends upon you in this meet. The physical examiner says you're about the fittest competitor he ever went over. I know you've got the win in you, go to it!" and with a final slap on the shoulder he went on.

The coach had faith in him. The school placed a world of confidence in him; and Anna, well, Anna was a brick.

Cecil threw back his head, squared his broad shoulders and stepped lightly out of the dressing room into the gymnasium. There several other boys were already gath-

ered, some conversing in low tones and some practicing. He was not surprised at the fairly good sized audience, and he looked about for Anna in the crowd, but saw her nowhere.

Cecil Faulkner soon became specially interested in a certain other fine looking fellow leisurely trying the high dive. Catching a glimpse of the other's face, Cecil wondered where he had seen him before.

Someone tapped him on the shoulder and turning he saw his coach. "That fellow is Trap Duffy, Cloverdon's old star. Sure you've heard me speak of him and as usual he's out for the 'dive and distances.'"

Out for the dive and runs! And those were Cecil's specialties, also. He met the eyes of his trainer and each read the others thoughts. Cecil must beat Cloverdon's best man, or—

The antagonists met in the third event, the three hundred yard, when they broke the tape together.

By a fine bit of manouvering Faulkner allowed Duffy the six hundred, thus giving the fellow greater confidence for the thousand.

Here, Cecil having discovered his opponent was no sprinter, played a neat track man's trick and completely dazed Duffy by breaking the tape a good ten yards in the lead.

Greatest excitement now reigned for Cloverdon held the meet by the mere hair-breadth of forty-four to forty-one and the whole outcome rested upon the relay race.

By the extra good lead off sprinting of Tole, a promising Merridan youth, and Cecil's own efforts, the meet ended in Merri-

dan's favor, forty-six to forty-four, the closest score either school had ever made.

Joining arms the Meridan boys danced around in a circle and then at a given signal, raised the amazed Cecil upon their shoulders and shouted to the applause of the audience: "Here's our Faulkner, the chap who ran the 'vince' out of 'Invincible.'"

Never was there a happier boy in the world than the one who bounded up the steps to the Faulkner home that night.

Later that evening sitting by the crackling log fire, Mr. Faulkner ventured, "Well, is our champ ready for Princeton next fall?"

The son smiled and answered a little mysteriously. "I'll let you know later. Perhaps in about a week."

The next Friday afternoon, Cecil left home very unexpectedly and answered all inquiries with a mere, "Called to B—— on a little business. I'll be back tomorrow night."

Anna puzzled, her mother and father too wondered, what was Cecil doing in B——? Saturday night she met her brother on the

steps. The overjoyed fellow caught Anna by the arm and pulled the astonished girl through the front doorway at the same time calling, "Mother, Dad, hey, where are you?"

"Yes, for goodness' sake," added Anna, "do come quickly, or the dear boy will go crazy."

As they rose to greet the returned son, he danced around the table at the same time opening an evening "Post," which he took from his pocket. With a final flourish he spread the paper out before them and proudly pointed to the following:

"B——, March 25.

"This morning at the state examination for West Point, Cecil R. Faulkner, of Meridan, passed with a very creditable average. He and the following will leave in about a week to take up spring work."

The family only stared at Cecil. Noting their blank faces he burst into his deep hearty laugh. "Put one over on you did I, eh? Sorry to disappoint you, but no thanks! No Princeton this fall for your mollycoddle!"

The End.

FOR THE SAKE OF A MOTORCYCLE

By Kenneth F. Day, '20.



HARRY Dunwood and Ned Preble were two wide-awake Arizona boys, who lived in adjoining ranches. Harry's father owned the "Three Star" ranch, while Ned's owned the "Lazy Colt." Both men had suffered heavy losses from cattle thieves. On the day of which I am writing, Mr. Dunwood was especially angry, as

a rider had just brought him word of finding two "Three Star" cowboys tied hand and foot in a gulch and fifty of the finest steers gone.

"Five hundred dollars!" he cried, "to the man who brings in that bunch of rustlers."

"What a chance," thought Harry. "If Ned and I could only capture those rascals, we could buy those two motorcycles that

we've wanted so long. I believe its worth trying anyway."

So going to his room he held a long conversation with Ned over their wireless.

"All right, meet me at the Painted Rock in twenty minutes, and have plenty of grub along," tapped Harry, and then shut off the current.

He ran down stairs and secured a good substantial packet of food, then taking his Winchester and two 44 colts went out to the Corral. He soon had his pony saddled and was galloping off down the trail towards Ned's home.

In ten minutes he was at Painted Rock waiting for Ned, who soon came jogging up the road.

"Where do we go from here?" cried Ned as he came within speaking distance.

"Over to the 'Little Sandy,' where the last bunch of stock was rustled," answered Harry.

"All right, then lead the way," said Ned.

On arriving at the "Little Sandy" they found the two sullen cowboys guarding the remaining steers. They were very eloquent on the subject of rustlers, so the boys soon learned all that they wished to know. The punchers said that Emanuel, a half-breed Mexican, and three companions were the ones who had overpowered them the night before.

After a few more minutes the boys rode away in the direction the men said the cattle had been taken. They easily picked up the trails of the stolen cattle.

Harry set the pace at a good brisk lope that carried them over the ground so swiftly that at dusk they were nearly across the

southern line of the "Three Star" ranch. Just before dark they halted a half hour for supper and rest. At the end of that time they were up and away again. The trail was so plain and the moonlight so bright that it was easy to stay in the right track. They wished to make the best time they could while the moon was up, so they urged their horses forward, and the wiry little cow ponies responded as though they were fresh from the corral.

At half past twelve, just as the moon was sinking below the horizon, Harry pulled his horse up and said, "Listen, Ned, I hear cattle off there toward the south."

"I guess you are right," replied Ned. "We had better not go too near with our ponies as the other horses will neigh."

The boys dismounted, and taking their Winchesters crept toward the herd. Near the mouth of a little cooler, they came upon the dying embers of a campfire. As the moon had gone down, the boys could discern by the dim light from the fire, only three figures rolled in blankets, and stretched on the ground.

"They must have driven the cattle into a blind pocket and are camping in the entrance," said Ned.

"They must have a guard somewhere around here or they wouldn't sleep so soundly," volunteered Harry.

"We had better look around a little." So they circled around and finally they came upon an evil-looking greaser who was peacefully sleeping the sleep of exhaustion. The boys crept up and then with a spring were upon him. Ned clasped his hands over the outlaw's mouth while Harry pin-

ioned the man's arms to the ground. In a minute they had him securely bound and gagged. Then stealthily as Indians they returned to the fire and secured the Winchester's of the three rustlers. Then with a shout of "Hands up and keep 'em there!" they awoke the men. Three more surprised ruffians would have been hard to find.

"Now just drop your reta over the big one's hands while I keep them covered," suggested Harry. No sooner said than done, and in five minutes the three men were safely bound.

The dawn was just breaking, so the two chums decided they would eat a little breakfast and start for home. They lined their

prisoners up, tied a rope from the saddle of Ned's pony to the neck of the first man, then back to the second and so on to Harry's saddle. The prisoners feet were released and the march was begun. By striking across country the boys reached home at dusk.

Mr. Dunwood was so much surprised and pleased with their success that he immediately wrote a check for double the amount of the reward and handed it to the two boys.

"Wow!" cried Harry. "Three cheers for Dad, and then we'll make out an order for those motorcycles. Come on, let's hustle for I'm nearly dead for want of sleep."

MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By Trams, '19.



WHEN I was about a year and a half old my guardian as well as my only playfellow was a great Saint Bernard Dog. This dog was charged not to let me pass beyond certain limits. When I attempted to exceed these bounds he would sprawl his great body fairly in my path. In my short life I had already learned that the best thing to do, if an obstacle blocked my path, was to go around it. The attempt, however, in this case, was frustrated for I met more dogs at every turn. Somehow in my youthful mind I associated blame with the obstacle. A veritable fire of wrath consumed me; my anger knew no bounds. I brought sticks with which to pound the dog, but he would take these sticks in his mouth and while I hastened for others, the first would be quietly placed under a

great paw from whence no strength of mine could dislodge it. In my sundry excursions for weapons perhaps I might catch sight of my sister's tame crow resting peacefully in the sun. Ah! here was a worthier object for my attention. I would pull his tail feathers and hear him "holler." In this new interest at once sticks and dogs would be forgotten.

With more years came other aims. The family moved to Bangor. Although the city may offer bright opportunities to men and women, it offers even brighter ones to boys. In the country one may have to wait two weeks, or even a month, perhaps, before a distant neighbor's lad is sent to borrow something and the chance is given for a good "rough and tumble scrap." But in the city a wonderful chance in the line of amateur boxing is offered the energetic

youth. And so the city brought undreamed of pleasures to me—I fought continually. Such fights! Especially one every day or so with a certain youngster whom, because he lived in a bad quarter and used strong language, I had been forbidden any intercourse with.—“Say, but that fellow could fight!

But I also learned that failure was sure to attend a fight with a boy very much larger than myself. I have especially in mind one other with whom I had been forbidden intercourse. I speak of this class of boy because nice boys who lived in nice houses and wore nice clothes never would fight. Kind of ‘fraid their mummies wouldn’t like it, I suppose. Well this boy of whom I speak outclassed me as a scrapper.

One day while coming home from the store with a bag of lemons I met my arch enemy standing squarely in the road. Fight was in his eye, so I knew that I should have to run, which was against my principles, or to get severely beaten up, which was still more against my nature, since I had no show at all; or—and a thought lashed through my brain. Holding my bag of lemons quite in prominence I announced in chilling tones, “If you bust them eggs you’ll have t’h pay for ‘em.” the baffled youth subsided. I was saved.

I passed successively through all those stages of education called the grades. On looking back, I cannot see why promotion came to me, and why each new year found me starting in an advanced class. For my interest was not in studying. I got strap-

pings from the principal for fighting in the school yard. I had a great passion for the woods and would go on long hikes with my dinner in a knapsack on my back. In fact, I did many things except studying, but at last I entered High School.

Somehow High School changed things. Since I had always quietly accepted the fact that sooner or later it was my fate to study Law, I began to talk with men who were lawyers by profession. These men agreed that if I wanted to be a “one horse” lawyer I had better turn out for athletics and “take in” all the opportunities for pleasure that the High School offered. They, moreover, agreed that success came only through work. When this fact was “brought home” to me, I rebelled at first. Later, being convinced of its truth, I began slowly, and by stages, to adapt myself to it, but I felt all the while that I was bidding farewell to that refuge and haven of my childhood, the great out-of-doors.

I slowly began to realize that there are things, other than physical, to be combatted, that Caesar must be fought and can be conquered.

So I shall try to believe what I am told, to heed my elders, and to stick to the job, in the possibility that success may attend my efforts. Perhaps this was the thought of the poet who said:

“Follow thy star through life’s dark-shadowed hollow;
Follow that gleam though never so faint or far;
With all the might of thy soul-sinew, follow thy star.”

OUR COUNTRY CALLS

By Walter R. Whitney, '19

Ye sons of men who long ago
Fought, bled, and died for Freedom's cause,
Hark to the call that comes to-day,
And in your answer do not pause.

'Twas o'er a century gone by
Those men, inspired by God above,
Threw off a tyranny despised
And made the Nation which we love.

It sheltered you in times of Peace,
It's gracious gifts you well do know.
The time has come at last, my friends,
To show the gratitude you owe!

Our Country calls! Who is so low,
That he will still in silence stand
And read with unshamed eyes
The doings in a foreign land?

And who, with pleasures all about,
Is loathe to hear his Country's call,
But rather stay a Slacker here
And let, perhaps, his Nation fall?

Oh God! They surely do not know
The fate that hovers now so near,
For if they did, not one would stand
And disregard the call we hear!

'Tis you, Ye Sons of Liberty
For whom the world does breathless wait.
Go! Answer to your Country's Call
And haste, 'ere you may be too late!

A BABY, A BUTTON, AND A BLIZZARD

By Doris Carr, '18.



WITH a sigh of satisfaction and deepest content, John Maybridge stretched out his stockinged feet toward the open fire and picked up his weekly newspaper. He was a farmer, and although only thirty years old, he had, three years before, taken unto himself a wife and settled down into the monotonous routine of daily life, as all good farmers do. And as a farmer, he liked nothing better, after his evening chores were done, than to sit down with his feet in their homie-knit stockings on the warm hearth.

Into this scene of comfort there rushed, a few moments later, his wife. In her arms she held his son and heir, Reginald Eustace Maybridge, crying lustily.

"Oh, John," she exclaimed tearfully, "Baby has swallowed a button. What shall I do?"

"A button! Are you sure? Have you looked for it?"

"Looked for it? Of course I have! I had just started to get him ready for bed, when I saw there was a button off his dress. Just hear the poor darling cry!"

Reluctantly John Maybridge turned away and began to pull on his boots, shivering slightly as he heard the storm raging outside. He hurried out to the stable, avoiding the old grey mare's indignant look as he adjusted her harness. Never before in her long life had she been driven on a night like this, and the surprise was extremely unpleasant.

Mrs. Maybridge rushed out of the house as her husband drove up to the door. Shouting to make himself heard above the roar of the wind, he tucked wife and baby in with robes and blankets, and started. The old mare, hearing the baby's cries, felt instinctively that something was wrong and stepped off briskly.

A slight snow flurry late in the afternoon had developed into a blizzard, until now the earth seemed held in the lash of the wind, which rushed by with incredible speed.

Blown along by the strong wind behind, the sleigh flew swiftly over the icy ground. Farmer Maybridge, true to masculine characteristics, thought more of the three long miles ahead of them, than of the object of their ride; while his wife, shivering from fear and cold, held the baby tightly.

The storm raged louder and fiercer every moment. Snow and sleet blew against the travellers' faces, almost cutting through the skin. The man clutched the reins tightly and the old mare plunged blindly forward. Above the roar and whistle of the wind, there rose the wail of the child. Incessantly he cried, at the top of his voice, scarcely stopping to take his breath. Now and then a faint light shone from some farmhouse window, or an open door showed a warm, cozy room beyond. Then all was darkness again; deep, endless darkness. Once the old mare stumbled and fell forward, but she righted herself and went inward. Still the wind howled and the snow blew around

them, and still the long, weary road stretched out before them, while they rode into the black, angry night on—on—on—

* * * * *

Thomas Lanson, M. D., turned up the light and settled down in his armchair preparatory to an hour's reading. As he took up his book, he muttered:

"Simpson kid's fever ought to be all right,—Mrs. Brown's pneumonia is mostly imagination anyway,—and Tim Jones' measles are coming along fine. Ought to have a good night's rest. Storm's getting worse—hope no one is selfish enough to be sick tonight."

Quiet descended on the room; only the ticking of the clock and the man's easy breathing could be heard besides the mournful whistle of the wind.

With a quick, sharp sound the front doorbell rang. Doctor Lanson roused himself with difficulty, and with some impatience, for he recognized that excited pull of the bell and knew that someone needed him. He crossed the hall and turned the key in the lock. The door burst open as if pushed by some mighty force and in

rushed the snow and the sharp, freezing air.

Mrs. Maybridge hurried into the lighted room and taking off the baby's outer wraps explained their visit.

"He's swallowed a button, Doctor! And he cried all the way here. Do you suppose he will live? Poor little thing, how it must hurt him!"

The Doctor, after asking a few questions, took the child and began to undress him.

"But I tell you I looked everywhere for it!" said the excited mother.

"Just a moment, Mrs. Maybridge."

While the father stood by the table crushing his hat in his hands, and his wife alternately wiping her eyes and wringing her hands, the Doctor went on undressing the child. A moment later, he looked up at them, his eyes twinkling. There, next the baby's skin, was the button where it had evidently slipped down inside his clothes, and beside it a safety-pin, open and piercing the flesh, innocent explanation of the cause of all the mother's anxiety, the child's incessant crying, and the bitterly cold, long ride through the storm.

A COMMUNICATION



DEAR Senior Girls:

You are planning to go to college next year, aren't you?

You realize, don't you, that now more than ever the college trained woman is being called upon to help, and that after the war those women who have had the advantage of a college education are going to be those upon whom so much will depend? With your brothers

and your friends fighting for these glorious United States of America, you have an uncontrollable passion for doing your bit. Am I not right?

And yet, when you offer your services you will be told, nine cases out of ten, "We thank you very much for your kind offer and we appreciate your enthusiasm BUT—" and then will come a long-winded explanation for the refusal, telling you that the

work in hand must be done by others who are trained in that capacity, or at least by women whose minds, due to a higher education than yours, are essentially broader and hence more capable of managing the affair.

Therefore wouldn't it seem that the biggest bit you could do would be to fit yourself for the great work of reconstruction, which is going to be the tremendous problem after the War? That question decided—whether or not you will go to college—you are confronted with "Where shall you go to college? Shall it be to a girls' college or to a University?"

My dear girls, that depends entirely on what sort of a college training you want to get, and just how forthcoming is your finance—for I am taking it for granted that, instead of specializing, you want the regular college course which leads to a degree.

You say that you cannot go away from home? That is a splendid attitude, just now when war conditions make states of finance most uncertain and when it is patriotic to be as economical as possible, but that should not deter you from the idea of going to college—you Bangor girls who have such an advantage over many others; you who have at your very doors the University of Maine.

You would find a most beautiful campus—one of the most beautiful that any New England co-educational college can offer. You have the advantage of co-education if, as I do, you consider that an asset. You have the benefit of national fraternities—which, if rightly handled in the individual chapters, are always ennobling

and enriching. And, above all, you have a praiseworthy faculty and a splendid scientific equipment.

But, if you are able so to do, I should advise you to go away to college—simply to get the broadening influence which comes from meeting many women from other states and even from remote sections of the country. If you want the thrilling experience of a large college, Wellesley, 'Smith, Vassar, and a host of others that have withstood the test of years, bear witness to their great success. In such colleges, it goes without saying, there is a freedom and an independence which cannot be enjoyed in smaller institutions. Here one can be sure of the work accomplished, for one of the principle aims is to keep the standards of scholarship ambitiously high. Of course, the expense in such colleges is quite considerable and some of us, even though we wish to, cannot possibly afford the luxury.

Just here let me say, however, that the expense in smaller colleges and likewise in universities such as Mt. Holyoke, Wheaton, B. U., and others is very nearly as great. In the smaller college or university one is a factor in everything. One is a member of the class, of the Y. W. C. A., of the French or German club, of the mandolin, or glee club, of the Athletic Association—until one has as many calls for dues and contributions to good and worthy causes as ever any church unit in a small town.

However, there are many advantages in these smaller institutes given over against larger colleges which offset this constant demand for money. One has the fullest kind of "dorm" life. One knows all the

girls in her college, she has a "camaraderie" and a democracy which is quite impossible elsewhere, and she has individual attention and sympathy from her instructors.

But—once again the big "But"—on the other hand, if you do want co-education, if you do want national women's fraternities, if you want the broad outlook which a city gives, if you want contact with the constant changes of these vital years, if you want professors who are living in the closest kind of contact with these changes and who have interests outside and beyond the college activities—then welcome to Boston University.

B. U. not only offers the degrees of A. B., S. B., Litt. B., M. D., D.D., and others whose names I cannot remember, but it also offers Phi Beta Kappa to those who have the patience to work for it. The faculty is composed entirely of men, most of whom have acquired no little fame and share in this world's honors. They are men who are vitally connected with the outside world and who therefore have no time to stagnate or grow narrow-minded.

As to expense! Living in a city is expensive, to be sure, but at four dollars a week for a good room and a very little above the same price for meals at such places as the Students' Union, and with the advantages of reduced rates at Boston clubs and the Women's Exchange, it does not, in

the long run, exceed the cost of dormitory life. At the Y. W. C. A. and the Franklin square house the price of rooms is even less than I have mentioned.

Besides having the advantage of the Boston Public Library, which is just next door to the B. U. College of Liberal Arts, one is given tickets to lectures and concerts and sometimes to the Symphony, as well as having to pay for all college affairs—such as plays, glee-club concerts, etc.—never more than the modest sum of twenty-five cents. This price is made possible by the large number of students who attend the functions.

I have endeavored not to over-influence you—although it is plain to be seen where my sympathies lie—for I know that different kinds of colleges, just like different kinds of cake (before War times), appeal to different kinds of girls. Therefore, my message is not "Come to Boston University next year," but rather "Go to college next fall—somewhere, anywhere," and fit yourselves for any sort of an emergency which may arise. DO YOUR BIT.

I send, as I shall always send, a very great deal of love to dear old Bangor High School and especially to the senior girls who so soon have to leave its loving guidance.

A former B. H. S. student,

Lora E. Blanding.





LOCALS

"And So On to The End of the Chapter"

The Senior essays have been judged and the following were chosen:

1. "The Wages of Sin is Death"
(Medal Essay)Doris Carr
2. "Woman's Supreme Test".....
..... Marion Kenney
3. "The Altar of Sacrifice," Mary Clough
"The Glimpse".....Regina Wardwell
4. "The Black Torment That Accompanies Easter"
..... Gertrude Sullivan
"Her Priceless Treasure".....
..... Helen Burton
5. "Jerusalem, a Vision of Peace"....
..... Catherine Mullen

In the boys' essays the first two chosen were ineligible on account of the rules governing the contest.

1. "The Gale"
..... Perry Hodgman (Ineligible)
2. "Industry and the Period of Reconstruction," John McCann (Ineligible)
3. "The Evolution of Civil Government" (Medal Essay).....
..... Everett Eveleth
4. "The Scenery of Maine"....Roger Small
5. "A Ghost Story"....Donald Valentine

The judges were Miss Sylvia Parker, Mrs. H. D. Smart, Prof. Clarence Peabody (U. of M. Law School), and Miss Ida J. Brown.

The Class Ode for 1918 was written by Miss Esther Willis.

A striking and stirring picture was presented in City Hall on April 4 by the drill in which Co. A and Co. B of the Cadets Debutantes competed for the championship of the city. The drilling of both companies was really very fine and when it came to a matter of choice the judges could find no point in which one company was superior to the other and so the drill was announced a draw. This drill was followed by a very enjoyable dance with excellent music by Pullen's orchestra.

This drill formed a part of the District Nurse entertainment which was well attended. Lieutenant Valentine was drill master.

Never before has the musical department of the Bangor Schools been able to present to the public such a fine exhibition of work as was presented in the opera "Martha."

Besides a chorus of two hundred and twenty voices and an orchestra of forty-five pieces, nine soloists of high merit took part.

Martha is a story of court and pastoral life. It relates of a court lady, Lady Harriet by name, with her attendant, Nancy disguising themselves as peasants and going to a country fair on a lark. Sir Tristram as "Old John," was to accompany them.

The two ladies are bound out to Plunket who, with his adopted son Lionel, are looking for new servants. The young ladies agree as a joke without realizing what the bargain means, but the bargain cannot be undone and the maids follow the two men.

In the next scene Plunket attempts to teach his new servants how to work but he doesn't have much success. The maids escape and are followed by Lionel and Plunket who try to bring back their servants and in the mixup that follows the proper identities are revealed and Lionel and Lady Harriet marry also Plunket and Nancy.

Following are the cast of the principals:

Lady Harriet	Luda McKenney
Nancy	Grace Carver
Sir Tristram	John McCann
Lionel	Albert Black
Plunket	James E. Mitchell
The Sheriff	Frederic Jaques
Farmer	Philip Kaminsky
Maid servant	Geraldine Hallett

Mrs. George Eaton directed and prepared the production.

The B. H. S. band gave a fine concert and dance at City Hall, April 20. The band showed a marked improvement over last year and furnished very good music for the dance. The affair was a success financially as well as socially. In the absence of Albert Black, Francis Shaw gave a splendid solo on the xylophone, a variation on the Mocking Bird. The cornet duet by Director O'Neil and Freeman Murry was very well rendered

On April 8 James E. Mitchell and John S. McCann were chosen as representatives and Frank McGuire as alternate at the semi-finals to the Lyford Speaking Contest to be held at Colby College in Waterville on May 10. These boys were chosen from the speakers who made the semi-finals in the Junior Exhibition in 1917 and will represent B. H. S. in the Lyford contest which is open to all Class A high schools and prep schools in Maine and New Hampshire.

The contest to choose the contestants was held in the assembly hall of the high school from 3 to 4 o'clock. The following took part: James Mitchell, John Quinn, Charles Whalen, Herbert Webb, John McCann, Frank McGuire and Thomas McGuff. The judges were Dr. William C. Mason, Miss Humphrey and Mr. Gray of the high school faculty. The speakers all took their parts well and the choice of the judges although quite difficult was satisfactory.

Parry Boyd, manager of the baseball team, gave a very interesting talk in chapel. He urged all the students to buy season tickets and to support the team. After his talk many signed pledges. An excellent schedule has been arranged for the coming season with other members of the Penobscot Valley League consisting of Brewer, Orono, Old Town, Bucksport and M. C. I.

IN MEMORIAM

Rodney H. Ginn

Class of 1919



"By the Work One Knows the Workman"

The contingent of the Medical Reserve Corps, of which Capt. Harrison L. Robinson, '07, was in charge, has left the training camp at Allentown, Pa., and arrived safely in France. Other former students of Bangor High School in this contingent are: First Lieut. Herbert Scribner, '07, Sergt. Fred Woodman, ex-'12, Sergt. Robert Dunning, '14, and Philip Coffin, ex-'11.

1902—Dr. Barbara Hunt is going to France to do War Relief work there.

Ex-1907—First Lieut. Harry D. McNeil, Medical Reserve Corps, was reported "wounded slightly" in one of the recent lists of casualties, given out by General Pershing. He is now at a base hospital in England where he is recovering rapidly.

1907—Corporal Guy E. Smith, of the 104th U. S. Regiment, was one of fifty American soldiers who have been in action, and were chosen to come to the United States from France to aid in the Liberty Loan drive in New York. Everyone of these Pershing veterans is the pick of the entire expedition, and they have been either wounded, gassed, or have been decorated for valor in action. While in High School, Corporal Smith distinguished himself in track athletics; after his graduation, he

studied at Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, N. Y. At the outbreak of the Mexican trouble in 1916 Corporal Smith enlisted in the Massachusetts National Guard, which was lately made a part of the 104th Regiment.

1908—Allan Woodcock has been appointed captain at the aviation camp at Fort Sills, Little Rock, Ark. At present, there are 40,000 men in this camp and 1,000 of them are in the hospital. Captain Woodcock is in charge of the orthopedic section of this hospital.

1911—Cornelius E. Clark, a famous track athlete and graduate of Yale, has returned from France, where he has been doing Y. M. C. A. work.

Ex-1912—George Ripley Cutler was recently decorated for bravery with the War Cross by the French government. He is in Section 642 of the Ambulance Service, and while on duty, was slightly wounded in the leg by a splinter from a shell which killed a French stretcher bearer beside him and wounded another ambulance driver with him. At last accounts, he was recovering rapidly.

John H. Curran has enlisted in the Medical Corps of the United States army.

1912—Edward P. Garland, president of the class of 1912, and a graduate of Bowdoin College in the class of 1916, has a position in the Ordnance Department at Washington, D. C.

1913—Lieut. Robert J. Travers has been promoted to the rank of first lieutenant at Camp Devens, where he is an officer in the 301st supply train, commanding Company A. Lieutenant Travers graduated from the University of Maine in 1917, where he studied electrical engineering; he also attended the first Plattsburg camp, where he received his commission.

1914—Rose M. Davis, a former literary editor of the Oracle and a student of Mt. Holyoke College, has accepted a position as teacher of French at Mars Hill. Miss Davis' record in High School was exceptionally fine and she will, no doubt, be an excellent teacher.

1915—Glynn Furey, former B. H. S. and University of Maine football player, has accepted a fine position with the Emergency Marine corporation at Washington.

Arthur Ramsdell is a member of the Machine Gun Co., 103rd Regiment, now in France.

Ex-1916—Bradford Derby, who enlisted in the Navy last June, is a first-class apprentice at the Naval Hospital in Philadelphia.

1916—Dorothy Eames is training to become a nurse at the Eastern Maine General Hospital.

Arthur Jones, one of the best athletes who ever represented Bangor High, is now in Scotland with Division 128 of the Canadian Forestry Corps, was made corporal recently. He was in London on escort duty last month, and while there was caught in two air-raids.

Oliver Hall, a member of the class of 1920, Bowdoin College, has enlisted in the Naval Reserve and will go to Hingham, Mass., for training.

Ex-1917—Earl Parker, who enlisted in the Navy in May, 1917, is now serving on the transports, U. S. S. Mercury. He has been promoted twice since his enlistment and has been overseas twice.

Frances F. Daley has enlisted in the Naval Reserve and is now training at Hingham, Mass.

1917—Harold Vayo, after successfully passing civil service examinations, has received a fine position in the War department, at Washington, D. C.

Ex-1918—Corporal Almond J. Hart, Sam White are all members of Company G, Kaminsky, Harry E. McInnis, and Julian 103rd Infantry.

Ex-1920—David Ryder, who enlisted last year as soon as war was declared, is a first-class gunner on the U. S. S. Missouri.

Newland Taylor is a member of Company G, 103rd Regiment, now in France.

William Hough is a member of the 3rd Maine Infantry.



"We Always Like Those Who Admire Us"

AS OTHERS SEE US

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—Your December number is a dandy! Your literary department is good and shows much interest on the part of the students. Your editorials, too, are quite exceptional.—Oakuan, Punahon Academy, Honolulu, P. Is.

Oracle, B. H. S.—You have a very wonderful paper, neat in its general appearance and interesting in every department.—Breccia (Deering High) Portland, Me.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine, always comes out on top. We wish to congratulate you on your well developed paper.—Reflector, Jackson, Mich.

The Oracle, Bangor, Maine—Your editorials are interesting—Philomathean, Beeville, Texas.

B. H. S. Bangor, Maine—Some snapshots would brighten your issue immensely. Although your ads. spell prosperity, we believe that you have too many.—The Owl, Fresno, Cal.

The Oracle—Bangor H. S.—We have no more welcome exchange than the well-composed "Oracle." From front cover to back it is a fit presentation of scholastic journalism. The cover is a timely design and is better than the ordinary. The editorial writers are surely up to the standard and take subjects of interest for topics. The stories might well be lengthened, especially the story, "The Folly of Youth," a short piece worthy of longer treatment, for, to our eyes, it is a story which suffers from shortened handling. The last part of this February number is given over to humor which is really amusing.—The Concordia, Danvers, Mass.

AS WE SEE OTHERS.

The Philomathean, Beeville, Texas, is not nearly as bad as it sounds (excuse, but we can't pronounce it), and not nearly as good as it might be. In the first place, we should suggest broadening out—both in respect to size and the material you accept for publication. By all means be critical of what you accept! Nothing's too good for a school paper!

Mirror, Emerson High School, West Hoboken, N. J.—The things we notice first in your paper are: the appearance, the quality of your stories, and the arrangement—and we find them very good. But we do not see any Alumni department, which, in our opinion, is one of the most interesting of all. Surely upper classmen like to know what has become of the students who have graduated recently. The letter published in your March edition, from one of your own boys, is one of the finest we have read.

The Tripod, Roxbury Latin School, Boston, Mass., disappoints us in many ways—but the greatest of these is in arrangement. Poor management is bound to spoil a paper, no matter how excellent the material contained therein. Your stories are of the best, but by all means have a Literary department and put nothing but stories under it. The Editorials rightly belong at the front of your magazine, do they not? We enjoyed your well written poems, but even they would have had a better reception had they not been mixed with the Editorials. Come on! Say something about us now, please?

The Brown and White, Brown College Preparatory School, Philadelphia, Penn. A very entertaining and non-amateurish

paper. Your literary department is laudable in that the stories are nearly the finest that a secondary school is capable of. "A Synopsis of Longfellow's Evangeline," and the "Mystery of the Crimson Box" are both excellent literary attempts.

The Easter number of the St. John's Concordia, Danvers, Mass., certainly goes "over the top" in our estimation. The magazine is large, but the workers on the board of editors know that space is valuable and do not waste a bit. The Athletic and Exchange departments are as praiseworthy as the others. We think a page of real jokes would not be superfluous.

Megaphone, Athens, Ohio. So sorry that you couldn't enjoy the whole of our magazine. (You'll see us again, though.) Evidently no glue pot ever touches your paper; this is convenient in some respects but on the whole loose-leaf magazines never look quite finished.

The Salem Oak, Salem, N. J., proves the theory that great things are done up in small packages or some similar maxim. A remarkable paper! And an exceptional exchange department! But there is one crying need, to improve the appearance. How? Appropriate cuts!

A Riddle.

Question: If hell should be turned over, what would be seen on the other side?

Answer: Made in Germany! (Loud applause).

Great Scott!

If Ivanhoed the Bonnie Brae,
And Othestaned his tunic new;
If Friar Tucked the food away,
Oh! What did Roderick Dhu?

BASEBALL

On March 25, a squad of about thirty men reported for baseball. There is much promising material and there is no reason why Bangor High, with a little practice should not have a fine team this year.

Penobscot Valley League.

This year Bangor High is one of the six teams in the Penobscot Valley League, the other teams being Brewer, Orono, Bucksport, Old Town, and Higgins Classical Institute. Each team will play one home and one visiting game with every team in the League. The team winning the most number of games during the season will be awarded a beautiful cup.

B. H. S. vs. Orono H. S.

Orono High won from Bangor High by the close score of 10 to 9 at Orono, Saturday, April 20, in the first game of baseball that either team has played this year. Up to the sixth inning Orono was in the lead by five scores, the score being 8-3.

Beatty of Bangor came back with a great burst of speed and held the Orono team down to two runs for the rest of the game. The summary follows:

Orono H. S.—Boulier, p.; Doaks, l.f.; Hodgman, r.f.; Cunningham, 2b.; Shatney,

c.; Hogan, s.s.; Pulk, 1b.; Ross 3b.; Burdin, c.f.; Mullaney, r.f.

Bangor H. S.—Geagan, 2b.; Webb, c.; Greeley, s.s.; Gray, 1b.; O'Leary, 3b.; Phillips, 1f.; Lamson, c.f.; Allen, r.f.; Beaty, p.

Higgins C. I. vs. B. H. S.

Saturday, April 27, Higgins Classical Institute won from Bangor High by the score of 19 to 9. Bangor got a run in the first inning by Higgins; got two in the second. In the fifth inning Higgins brought in seven runs making the score 9-1 in their favor. In the sixth Bangor got five runs. Each team scored in the seventh and Bangor got two in the eighth. With the score 10-9 in the last inning Higgins brought in nine runs which raised this total to 19. The summary:

H. C. I.—McNair, r.f.; Baker, c.f.; Cahill, 2b.; Larae, s.s.; Keith, c.; Killam, 1b.; Small, 3b.; B. Wentworth, 1.f.; Nicholson, p.

Bangor H. S.—Geagan, 2b.; Greeley, s.s.;
Pierce, l.f. and 3b.; Gray, 1b; McGuff, c.f.;
Webb, c.; Adams, 3b.; Toole, l.f.; Perkins,
r.f.; Beatty, p.

By innings:

H. C. I....	0	2	0	0	7	0	1	0	9-19
B. H. S....	1	0	0	0	0	5	1	2	0-9

Teacher (in agriculture): "How should weeping willows be planted?"

Teacher in French: "What is 'midi et midi'?"

Hopeless Pupil: "In tiers."—Ex.

B. H.: "Dinner and me."



Camouflage in B. H. S.

J. Buckley's excuse: "Not having expended any elaborate preparation on my assignment it will be necessary for me to speak extemporaneously."

He: "Do you know there is something I like about you?"

She: "What's that?"

He: "My arm.—Ex.

Some One: "I've heard a fellow blow a cornet so that it sounded like two horns."

M. Finnigan: "Huh! That's nothing! I can blow one so that it'll sound like a hundred."

Notice on the board, "Senior Class Odes due Friday, April 20th."

Scholars: "Now we'll hear some funny sounding things which the Seniors call "poetry."



J. Malone Disturbs A Physics Lecture

Favorite Songs.

"Soldier Boy."—H. W.

"When Along Came Ruth."—H. W.

"He's a Devil."—C. A.

"Meet Me at the Station, Dear."—H. G.

& Co.

"Send Me a Curl."—W. F.

"When I'm Through With the Arms of the Army."—D. V.

"O'Brien is Looking for You."—M. F.

"Mary, You're a Little Bit Old Fashioned."—S. T.

Favorite Expressions of Some B. H. S. Students.

Oh, Rats!—H. B., '19.

You go die!—H. C., '18.

Jehosaphate!—D. G., '18.

You stewed prune!—E. W., '18.

Hush!—H. B., '20.

See!—G. B., '18.

You know!—L. N., '18.

You don't say so?—G. F., '18.

Oh, dear what an awful lesson—All of us.

A Corridor Incident.

There was a flash coming along the hall,
 It looked like a red streak upon the wall,
 But yet it was only a red-haired boy
 Whom Kennedy was using as a toy.
 He was a freshman, fleeing for safety,
 For where Kennedy is he feels shaky.
 They say that "freshies" are to be amused,
 But oh my! How he was getting abused!
 While the lordly senior was having fun,
 The little freshman was trying to run.
 Then up came Myles Finnigan to the scene
 For our "Mickey" had heard the freshman's scream,

And together they pulled him here and there,
 And even ruffled his pretty red hair.
 Myles said, "We'll give him what he won't forget
 If he don't give what he owes on a bet."
 Red had a dollar—you should have seen Myles!
 His face was all covered with big loving smiles,
 They let Red go with a kick of the toe,
 He was minus his "plunk"—was full of woe,
 And resolved from then he'd bet no more dough.

Harvard Dental School

A Department of Harvard University

Graduates of secondary schools admitted without examination provided they have taken required subjects

Modern buildings and equipment. Fall term opens September, 1918. Degree of D. M. D. Catalog.

EUGENE H. SMITH, D. M. D. Dean
 Boston, Mass.

LOWELL TEXTILE SCHOOL

Scientific and practical training in all processes of textile manufacture including all commercial fibres.

Three-year diploma courses in Cotton Manufacturing, Wool Manufacturing, Textile Designing.

Four-year degree courses in Chemistry and Textile Coloring, Textile Engineering.

Degrees of B. T. C. (Bachelor of Textile Chemistry) and B. T. E. (Bachelor of Textile Engineering) offered for completion of prescribed four year courses.

Certified graduates of High Schools and Academies admitted without examination.

For catalogue address Charles H. Eames,
 S. B. Principal, Lowell, Mass.

Rensselaer

ESTABLISHED 1824
 TROY, N. Y.

Polytechnic

Engineering and Science

Institute

Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Special Courses.
 Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories.

For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.

Extract from letter to Capt. Webb regarding the Military Ball:

"I understand you are planning to hold a Military Ball on May 11 and if you are going to use paper hats we would be glad to send you samples."

Now wouldn't the boys be sweet in paper hats! Perhaps this concern might furnish wooden swords for the officers."

Mr. Varney: "There is a gallery in France where one can hear a pin drop caused by sound reflexion."

"Fat" Clark: "That's nothing! There's a place like that here in Bangor."

Mr. Varney: "Where is that?"

"Fat" Clark: "Down to the Bowldrome."

The Shaw Business College

Our CIVIL SERVICE COURSE should interest you at this time. Other SHAW courses are BOOKKEEPING, SHORTHAND, STENOGRAPHY, BURROUGH'S BOOKKEEPING MACHINE, Secretarial, Teacher.

Free Catalogue, Telephone 830, 49 Hammond Street, Opposite City Hall

"MAINE'S BEST PAPER"

THE BANGOR COMMERCIAL

50 Cents Per Month
Delivered By Carrier

The PERRY STUDIO

Maker of

Fine Photographs Graduation Pictures

193 Exchange St. Bangor, Me.
Phone Connection

DAN T. SULLIVAN

Sells

OFFICE SUPPLIES

at 23 Central Street

LOOK!

Bicycles on installment
plan==\$5.00 down, \$2.00
per week. Bicycles re=
paired.

Kendall-Winch Co.

25 Central Street

Bangor, - Maine



Treat Your Eyes

As they deserve and they will
give you comfort.

Eye strain is invariably due
to the lack of glasses or lack
of proper glasses.

Yours for proper glasses.

Arthur Allen Optical Co.

28 Main Street, Bangor, Me.

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

We have anticipated the extensive demand for apparel of Quality for now war times demand economy, and true economy means buying the good and serviceable. Notwithstanding advanced cost of materials and labor we are offering Very Notable Values

Fashionable Tailored Suits

Two Special Groups at
\$29.75, and \$39.75

Street Coats and Capes
\$25.00 to \$75.00

Tailored Street Dresses
\$15.00 to \$55.00

Sport and Dressy Waists
\$2.00 to \$13.75

BESSE SYSTEM
27
STORES

Graduation Suits

A specialty of ours at a saving to you. "Money Talks"
and talks up loud on savings in our

Young Men's Serge Suits

\$15.00 to \$30.00

**BESSE
ASHWORTH
— CO. —**

Telephone Connection

WILBUR S. COCHRANE
TEACHER OF PIANO

Studio, 57 Fifth Street

C. H. BABB & CO.
PLUMBERS and STEAM FITTERS
106 EXCHANGE STREET

BANGOR,

MAINE

CHANDLER
Always
Saves
You
Money

Furniture, Floor Cover-
ings, Draperies, Shades,
Upholstering and Re-
pair work.

84-96 Hammond St. Bangor, Me.

**COMMENCEMENT
CARDS**

**Everyday
Greeting
Cards**

Fine Stationery

**High Grade Picture Framing
Our Specialty**

EDWIN O. HALL

Where the Post Office used to be
88 Central St. Bangor, Me.

BUY A THRIFT STAMP

Diamonds

Pendants

S. L. ROGERS JEWELER

FINE LINE OF WEDDING GIFTS
Kenduskeag Bridge, Bangor

Watches

Glassware

CHARLES E. HICKS

Teacher of

Trombone and Baritone

Telephone 1467-R

P. T. DUGAN & CO.

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Trunks, Bags, Horse Supplies and Shoe Findings

Order Work and Repairing a Specialty
34 CENTRAL STREET

SAVE YOUR EYES

HARRY J. COVELLE

OPTOMETRIST

31 Central St. New Stetson Bldg.

Portraits by Photography

Emma J. Taney, Photographer

28 Main St., Bangor, Me.

Connor Coal & Wood Co.

COAL and WOOD

39 Hammond Street
So. Main Street, Brewer

Electric
Work

Willard Storage Battery
Service Station

Lighting
Fixtures

THE DOLE COMPANY

Electrical Engineers and Contractors

Wm. McC. Sawyer, Treasurer

61 Main Street - - Telephone 74

FREDERICK JOHNSON

RAMSDELL STUDIO

Pictures of Distinction
Reduced Rates to Students

148 Main Street Bangor, Maine
Phone 1935-M

EAST SIDE NEWS DEPOT

W. L. ELDRIDGE

STATIONERY

Magazines, Daily and Sunday Papers
Postal Cards

56 STATE STREET, BANGOR, ME.

STICKNEY & BABCOCK COAL CO.

19 State Street, Bangor

J. BACHELDER & CO.

TRUNKS, BAGS AND SUIT CASES

160 EXCHANGE STREET

Electric Massage

Children's Haircutting

THE UP-TOWN

BARBER SHOP

J. W. LUTTRELL

165 State Street Bangor, Maine

Agent
for the
GIBSON



Finest on Earth

DAVID LANE CARVER

Teacher of
Piano, Classical and Popular
Violin, Mandolin and Fretted Instruments

Only Mandolin teacher in Bangor
Club Coach and Instructor

Studio, 25 Broad St., Room 10

Merchants Bank Bldg.

Phone 1107

The Reading Room, Swimming Pool, and Game Room

Make The

Y. M. C. A.

an Ideal Place to Spend the Evenings

CALL AND SEE US

PHOTOGRAPHY
in all its
branches

Supplies
for the
Amateur

CHALMERS' Studio

23 Hammond St.

Amateur
Developing
and Printing

All kinds of
PICTURE
FRAMING

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 Massage and Shampoo
No long waits, 6 chairs*

Compliments of

ANDREWS' MUSIC HOUSE

98 Main Street

Bangor, - Maine

Patronize Our Advertisers

WOOD & HUGGARD

UNDERTAKERS

255 No. Main St.

Brewer Me

CURTIS & TUPPER

Druggists

The Fountain Pen Store

5 HAMMOND STREET

DON'T FORGET FICKETT'S SATURDAY CASH SALES

You will save money by coming to
this market—cold weather—you
can buy a week's provision

OSCAR A. FICKETT CO.

12 BROAD STREET

Our Showing of Wear-
ables for Young Men is
exceptionally attractive
this season. You'll find
it to your advantage to
have us show you.

Finnegan & Monaghan

"The Good Clothes Shop"

17 Hammond St.

Bangor

LUFKIN'S

Home of Pine
Tree Taffy

and

54 Columbia

Street

Extra Rich

Velvet Ice Cream

Chadbourne's Barber Shop

79 CENTRAL STREET

All Star Crew

(4 Chairs)

BANGOR

GUS. A. YOUNGS

**Soda Fountain, Cigars
and Smokers' Supplies**

100 Harlow Street

Bangor, Maine

FOR THE SMART GIRL GRADUATE
AND THE
YOUNG MAID AT CONFIRMATION

Handsome Springtime Dresses, White and Grecian in Their Simplicity

ORGANDIES

NETS

VOILES

GEORGETTES

WOOD & EWER CO.

COMPLIMENTS OF

Miller & Webster Clothing Co.

The Home of Hart Schaffner & Marx Clothes

Bangor

=

=

=

Maine

Compliments
of

F. S. JONES & CO.

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES

210 Hammond Street

Tel. 880

BANGOR, MAINE

ICE CREAM

SODAS

HOT DRINKS

Buckley Drug Co.

27 Hammond St.

Bangor

Maine

Bangor's Best and Most Popular Theatres

RENDEZVOUS OF THE ELITE

Matinee Daily at 2.15—Evenings, Continuous from 7 to 10.30

Prices afternoon, 10c and 25c—Evenings 15c, 25c and 35c

5--ACTS OF REFINED VAUDEVILLE--5

and the World's Best

PHOTO-PLAY MASTERPIECES

COMPLETE CHANGE OF PROGRAM EVERY MONDAY AND THURSDAY

THE "STRAND" OF MAINE

PARK P PEERLESS
PICTURES
PERFECTLY
ROJECTED

A Clean, Comfortable, Airy and Wholesome
Amusement Resort For The Whole Family

Devoted exclusively to SELECT
PROGRAMS of the World's Best

PHOTO MOTION PRODUCTIONS

Continuous Shows from 12 to 10.30 P. M.

All Seats 10c. Children, afternoons only, 5c.

Refined Entertainment for Those Who Discriminate

FREDERICK W. HILL, CHAIRMAN OF BOARD C. D. CROSBY, PRESIDENT
 JAMES W. CASSIDY, VICE PRESIDENT
 HARRY A. LITTLEFIELD, ASSISTANT 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	600,000
Deposits.....	6,350,000

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.

YOU BEGINNERS IN BUSINESS:

You need a Bank,—

that will take an interest in your business plans;
 that will give you deserved encouragement;
 that will do "team work" with you in developing
 your opportunities.

Come to this Bank

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

BANGOR, - 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.



— USE —

JONES' CELEBRATED FINNAN HADDIE

Delicious! Nourishing!
 Tempting!

Sold From Coast To Coast. Look for
 the tag on every Haddie. For Sale at
 all best dealers. Cured by

ALFRED JONES' SONS

BANGOR, MAINE

Graduation Suits For Young Men

In a variety of models that are extraordinary, from the Country's foremost makers such as Michael Stern, Styleplus and Clothcraft.

Special Prices of \$16.50, \$19.75, \$22.50, and \$24.50

J. WATERMAN & CO.

Maine's Largest Outfitters
for Men and Boys

Spaulding and D. & M. Baseball Goods are the best

DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

THE S. L. CROSBY CO.

146-150 Exchange Street,

Bangor, Maine

FINE FOOTWEAR

FOR LADIES, MISSES AND CHILDREN

A Fine Line of Corsets, Hosiery, and Neckwear

MRS. B. J. DOLLIVER

44 MAIN STREET

Full Line of

Fine Shoes

for Ladies and
Gentlemen

JOHN CONNERS SHOE CO.

40 MAIN STREET, BANGOR, MAINE

C. H. SULLIVAN

T. N. CURRAN

D. F. CURRAN