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Bangor, Me. High School

High School Index.

Published by the Pupils of the Bangor High School.

Vol. 1.

Bangor, Maine, May, 1884.

No. 1.

May Flowers.

The snow drift had scarce left the hill side,
And the meadows were barren and drear,
When I thought of the fragrant arbutus,
That I found in the valley last year.

To gather them there, then I hastened,
But the cold leaves lay heavy around;
I forgot for the moment how closely
These sweet blossoms clung to the ground,

But recalling the last year's glad Maying
And the rosy buds hidden away,
I quickly removed all the brown leaves,
Then I saw where my dear treasure lay.

Thus we heed not the blessing God gives us,
And we carelessly pass on our way,
Looking not for our happiness near us,
But unthankful for mercies each day.

—Leila A. Kittredge. *Song, Bangor*

A Queer Dream.

ONE evening I was summoned unceremoniously to the door, by the violent ringing of the bell, and found a very odd-looking person waiting on the steps who thus addressed me: "Sum Pius Aeneas"—"What!" said I, interrupting him. Who did you say you are? "Aeneas who?" "I am not acquainted with any such person, and as you frankly acknowledge that you are only *some* pious I will have nothing more to say to you." With this pleasant (?) rejoinder I prepared to close the door, when he quickly said, "O you do not understand me." "You are deficient in the glorious classics." "I am that illustrious man, that Publius Virgilius Maro so beautifully described in his *Aeneid*." I came prepared to converse with you in my own sensible language, but finding that you have not improved your valuable opportunities, I am obliged to speak in English, a weak tongue disagreeable to me." I was so much amazed at these revelations that I could not utter a syllable. "And so," he continued, "I came a long distance to see you to-night, for I take great interest in those who study my history." "O," said I, now regaining my vocal powers, "I am very glad to see you indeed, and I want to ask you some things that puzzle me." "Now how could you preserve such a calm demeanor after that dreadful storm?" He answered, "It was one of the most trying moments I have

ever experienced in all my eventful career, but I well knew that if I did not appear cheerful my companions as well as myself would be lost, and so I pursued the wisest course." "That is clear to me now," I replied. "Now tell me what object your mother had in directing you to Dido's palace and then being so alarmed on your account that she was obliged to send Cupid to arrange matters?" "Ah," said he, "that was a most foolish move of mother's, one which I have always regretted, for if that had not happened, I should never have had that little difficulty with Dido." "Did you have trouble with her?" I asked. "Haven't you read over as far as that?" "No." "I have only read the first book and a little of the second," I replied, "and I don't remember any more questions in the first book, that I do not understand, but please tell me something concerning the wooden horse?" "I cannot," he said, "for you have not read enough to make it interesting, but some other time I will tell you the stratagem and many other important features, but as the dawn draws near I must leave this world." "One moment," I said. "Allow me to humbly beg your pardon for the rude treatment you have received from me, and I am very much obliged to you for your valuable information, and should be happy to see you again at any time." "Good night." "Bona nox," replied he, and vanished, leaving a card in my hand on which was written, "Pius Aeneas of the clouds."

And what do you think? it was only a queer dream, but he was a very entertaining gentleman, and I—I don't blame Dido for liking him.

The Tragical Fate of the Ambitious Snail.

THERE was once a snail who lived under a projecting rock, in a pleasant wood. The wild cherry trees were white with their lovely flowers, the brilliant columbines nodded their bright heads from the ledge above, and the crevices of the rock, under which the snail lived, were filled with bright green mosses, and overgrown by vines and graceful ferns.

To this delightful place came many birds; two robins built their nest in the elm near by, and on some of the bright June days, the ruby-throated

humming bird came, and poising daintily over the cherry blossoms and the columbines, sucked the honey from their deep cups. Gay butter-flies flew swiftly past, caterpillars sometimes paid them visits as they crawled slowly along, and occasionally a dull colored earth worm worked its way up from its under-ground home. A nest of busy ants was near the place and the snail of whom we are speaking had plenty of his own kind near him, who were perfectly satisfied to pass the whole of their existence in their cosy little shells. But in spite of all the pleasantness and beauty around him our hero was not happy; for he despised the closeness of his home and sighed for a noble sphere of action. He would not join his companions in their gossip, but stood moodily apart, thinking of what he would do if he had a larger house. When his little brothers and sisters would ask him to play with them, or would tease him for a luncheon—some juicy leaf,—he would answer them shortly and tell them “not to bother him.”

One day a merry party of ~~pisnires~~ came to the wood. When dinner-time came they spread the beautiful rock with many delicious dainties, among which was a lobster. The shell was thrown away as if it was a useless thing. But to our ambitious little snail it seemed a wonderful palace,—“so unique in form, so gorgeous in coloring.” It was grander than anything he had ever imagined. As soon as the company left the wood he proudly took possession of it. For a while he lived happily in his new home, and was envied by all his kind. So the Summer passed and Autumn came, and with it the bright days and chilly nights. And now the poor snail shivered and shook, and would sit in his door and lament the folly which led him to forsake his comfortable home for this grander abode. At last one sharp cold night the harvest moon looked down on a sad sight. In one corner of the lobster-shell lay the snail frozen stiff, and in the morning the sun, coming up amid a mist of purple and gold, showed the snail's friends all gathered together weeping, around his lifeless body.

Hattie Johnson 3rd Class
sister to Charles “*Handuskeag Ave*
 Something Historical.

There are 90 printing offices in Greece, of which Athens claims one half. One hundred and thirty-five newspapers are printed there.

The first library was erected at Rome 157 B. C.

In 1588, the first newspaper was published in England.

Organs first used in churches in 660 A. D.

In 1349, the order of the Garter was instituted in England.

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LOCALS.

It is rumored that the third class has a pair of inseparables.

Bids will be received until July 1, for cleaning the school house windows.

When the cat is away, the mice can play.

Stop Thief ! Bring back the money for that foot-ball.

The latest accomplishment from the back-woods of Maine, that of chewing gum, prevails to an alarming extent in the High School.

THAT FOOT BALL. The old adage, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," fits the boys of the high school exactly. What we want is a foot ball. The scholars of the high school study hard, and when recess comes need exercise. Everybody knows that what little exercise we would get out of a foot ball in the short recesses which we have, would not hurt anybody. Therefore: Let us have the foot ball ! So say we all of us !

HIGH SCHOOL POLO CLUB. The boys have formed a polo club, and played their first game on Thursday last, at Norombega rink. They were defeated by a score of 3 to 2 by the Petite Club of Bangor. It was an exciting game as this was the first public appearance of these two clubs. The members of the High School club are as follows: Fred E. Bradford, Captain and rusher, George McCarrison, rusher; John Wilson, goal-keeper; Walter Hunt, goal-cover; Ralph Hunt, Bert Cass, backers; John J. Farrell, point cover. The Petites are composed of small boys and are as follows: Eugene Nash, Captain and goal-cover; Dana Brown, Eddie Colvin, rushers; Bert Mason, Ernest Estes, backers; George Charlton, goal-keeper; George Quimby, point cover. The High School Club expect to play them again soon.

The Class of '83, have had a book written for Mr. C. M. Jordan, our former and much beloved principal. It is the work of Mr. Victor Brett, and is of very fine excellence. It is now on exhibition at Bugbee's bookstore.

Hon. Henry Lord came in on Saturday last, and talked to the school on the "Ways for success after Leaving School." He was listened to with attention, and the scholars expressed their satisfaction, for his kind words of advice, by loud applause. We are promised by Mr. Hill some more interesting "talks" on Saturdays by other gentlemen.

We extend our congratulations to those who were fortunate enough to receive 95 per cent.

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Some Interesting Facts About the School.

THE High School commences its daily session at 8.30 A. M. The scholars of the different rooms then assemble in the large room, known as Room A, to participate in the morning exercises. About fifteen minutes are taken up for this, and then the regular recitation hours commence. The scholars then pass in single file to the rooms where they recite or study the first hour; and so on, at the end of every hour, they pass, always supposed to be in single file, if they are not, to the room where they recite or study the next hour. The recitation-hour contains only about 45 or 50 minutes. The session is divided into five of these recitation-hours and a twenty minutes recess. The first hour commences at 8-45 A. M., and ends at 9.30; the next ends at 10.20; then twenty minutes recess. At 10.40 the third hour commences, ending at 11.30; then the fourth hour, which ends at 12.10 P. M., and the fifth and last ends at one o'clock P. M. Below we give the order of study for each hour:

8.45—	Greek Gram.,	Room A.
	Eng. Lit.,	" B.
	Iliad,	" C.
	Lat. Gram.,	" D.
	Civil Govt.,	" E.
9.30—	Analasis,	" A.
	Am. Lit.,	" B.
	Botany,	" C.
	French 1st,	" D.
	Algebra 2nd,	" E.
10.40—	Study,	" A.
	Nat. Hist.,	" B.
	Geometry,	" C.
	French 2nd,	" D.
	Algebra 1st,	" E.
11.25—	Cæsar 1st,	" A.
	German 1st,	" B.
	Virgil,	" C.
	Cæsar 2nd,	" D.
	Philosophy,	" E.
12.10—	Ovid,	" A.
	History,	" B.
	German 2nd,	" C.
	Lat. Gram.,	" D.
	Geography,	" E.
	Mental Philosophy,	Library.

Each teacher remains in a room and has charge of all scholars in her room. Mr. Hill remains in Room A, Miss Clark in B, Miss Brown in C, Miss Boyce in D, Miss Wright in E. Prof. Carl Braun comes in at the fourth hour, as he has two classes in German. Prof. Braun then takes Room B or C, and Miss Brown takes a class in

the library. Room E, is where the Freshman class sits, D where the Sophomores sit, and A where Seniors and Juniors sit. In Room C, there is a promiscuous gathering of Sophs. Twenty-five scholars take Greek in its different grades, 140 take Latin, 32 French, 22 German, 19 English Literature, 17 American Literature, 25 Arithmetic, 62 Algebra, 33 General History, 13 Natural History, 27 Botany, 13 Geometry, 33 Rhetoric, 112 English Composition, 66 Natural Philosophy, 8 Mental Philosophy, 7 Physical Geography, 7 Civil Government. The whole school endure a spelling-lesson once a week. A temperance book is read by the Freshmen. They need it. The library, the gift of the ambitious "Class of '83" now contains 408 volumes. W. D. Stewart is the efficient librarian.

In the library there is a fine collection of mineralogical specimens, owned by Mr. Hill. The Rhetorical Exercises on the last hour of Saturdays, have given place to some useful talks on different things.

Mr. Sumner L. Crosby loans specimens of mounted birds to the natural history class, from which they derive great benefit.

About Graduation.

IT is the general desire of many citizens and scholars, that the graduating exercises of the out-going classes of the High School, should take place in the Opera House. In years past our old City Hall has been inadequate for such purposes. In the first place, its seating capacity is insufficient for an audience which is sure to attend these exercises. Then, the stage is not large enough to seat a whole class, so that they will present a creditable appearance, and people crowd in so, that the air soon becomes hot and stifling; while if we should have the Opera House all these inconveniences would be avoided, and everything would pass off so much smoother. The city, it is said, takes pride in its High School, and if this is so, they surely ought to show their appreciation, by undergoing a little expense for the sake of obtaining a suitable place for our graduation exercises. A petition has been gotten up by the scholars and signed by all of them, and it is to be hoped that the School Committee will favor their proposition.

The High School Polo Club return thanks to Mr. F. P. Wood, the popular and gentlemanly manager of the Norombega Skating Rink, for favors received.

Mr. Jordan exchanges pictures with the Senior class.

The High School Index.

Published by the Pupils of the Bangor High School.

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Editorial.

IN presenting this the first number of the INDEX, published by the pupils of the Bangor High School, we solicit the patronage of our friends and ask their co-operation, which will be essential to the success of our paper. The public has ever been ready to help us in all our undertakings, and we urge all our friends to subscribe for and advertise in our paper, which we will try hard to make instructive and entertaining. We will endeavor to bring the principal events which happen in school life, before the curious public, and thus help them remember their own school days, and let them see whether we have made any progress since the time they themselves were in the power of the school-master.

Editorial Notes.

The INDEX.

"That's the one."

What? The High School Literary Bomb.

How do you like me so far?

In our next number will appear some interesting matter crowded out of this.

Summer Crosby, the rising young taxidermist, has promised to write some interesting articles on birds.

We hope all school and amateur papers will accept the INDEX as one of their exchanges, as we should be glad to accept theirs as an exchange of ours.

Some members of the Junior class have lately been struck with the yellow fever, *a la Oscar Wilde*, but at the time of this writing it has somewhat subsided. *daffodils the girls want*

Miss Vail and Miss Crocker of the Junior class, have retired from scholastic duty.

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REV. THEODORE GERRISH is pastor of the Pine St. Methodist Church of this city. Mr. Gerrish is author of the well known books, "Reminiscences of the War," and "The Blue and the Gray." Some time ago he was recommended to use BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA for a member of his family who was afflicted with Canker, a very prevalent disease. To his surprise BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA did what many other remedies had failed to do: it cured the patient. Mr. Gerrish will willingly tell any one of the power of BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA over troubles of this nature. I endorse the above.

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MR. F. A. CURTIS, dealer in Boots and Shoes, Kenduskeag Bridge, recommended BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA to his sister, wife of Mr. Briggs, Chairman of the present Board of County Commissioners. Mr. Briggs tells us that his wife never had anything in the way of medicine that was so beneficial. He has purchased in years past hundreds of dollars' worth of medicine, but gives BROWN'S SARSAPARILLA the preference. Ask Commissioner Briggs what his wife thinks of it.

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The Names of Our Class.

“WHAT’S in a name?” This, quoted, sounds
More times than a scholar can tell.
But there’s always a meaning to each,
And each holds a charm or a spell.

From “Susie” of Hebrew recalled,
To the Greek “maiden” “Kate.” of to-day,
That need no dead language to tell
The meaning they whisper away.

A sweet subtle tale of their weft,
With threads running into the past
And wound on tradition or truth,
Or made to life’s stepping-stones fast.

Fair “Alma,” a “princess,” moves on,
And “Lelia” shines clear like a star,
Our “Lizzie” “God’s worshiper stands,”
And “Minnie” glows “radiant” afar.

Sweet “Mary,” from Marah’s sad root,
Blossoms out of its bitterness blest,
Through the maid of Judea, who bore
Our Saviour asleep on her breast.

Pure “Agnes” shines “chaste” as the snow,
Grave “Marion” so “calm” and “serene,”
With “Bertha” so “bright” we may find,
And “Lady-like” “Lottie” is seen.

Our “Cora,” a “maiden” so fair,
Beside “Edith” our “happiness” stands,
And “Harry” the “chief of a house,”
And “Fred” “peaceful ruler of lands.”

“John” means a most “gracious gift,”
And “Walter” “commander of hosts,”
“Stanley” “towering above as a light,”
And “Carrie” “refined” never boasts.

On a green laurel-leaf “fair” “Flora’s” name,
Amid the sweet blossoms of spring;
Our “Louise” as a “princess” advances
Beside “Frank,” free hearted king.

“Theodore means, “the gift of God,”
And “Mae,” a fanciful name,
And “Rose,” the last upon the list,
Signifies ever the same.

—Rose A. Dugan.

Senior

Chronicles.

AND it came to pass in the days of Arthur the King that a certain damsel of the tribe of *Bridges* did draw near unto a *Hill*. And the damsel being inspired did open her lips and declare with a loud voice, that the deeds and misdeeds, the up-risings and down-sittings of her race, should be engraved on tablets of stone and of brass. And the chief priests and rulers called the people together, saying unto them, “Shall not *John* the son of *James* be our scribe?”

And the people did make a joyful noise upon the cymbal, the lute, and upon instruments of two strings and did exclaim with one accord, “yea, verily, shall *John* the son of *James* be our scribe; moreover shall *Elizabeth*, she of the tribe of *Towle*, be unto *John* an helpmate and adviser.” Again the music sounded, and the chief priest spake, saying. “Shall not *Frederick*, he of the race of *Adam*, receive and count our shekels of gold and of silver?” And the people made answer as before, “yea, verily, shall *Frederick* the son of *Adam*, count our shekels of gold and silver; and *Grace* shall keep his hands from dishonesty.”

And the people departed and went their way rejoicing. And when the morrow was come, the scribes and the chosen of the people did assemble and commune with one another. And a good spirit was manifest in them, for they did declare with one voice, that they would faithfully obey the wishes of the people. “For it was for the good of this race.” And *Frederick*, the son of *Adam* did bind on his sandals, and traverse the road from the Temple to the city. And when he was come thither, he went into the market-place, where sat the merchants and the money changers, and did ask them for their assistance, which was cheerfully given. And those were happy days in the land of *Judah*, and the country though *Hilly*, did bring forth abundant harvests. For the people were not a slothful people, but did strive diligently and were as content as on the banks of the *Jordan*.

Eddie Morse Jun.

Thus endeth the first chapter of *Chronicles*.

A Medley.

“ONE NIGHT WITH UNCLE REMUS.”

LITTLE boy named “*Oliver Twist*” accompanied by “*Don Quixote*” was walking down the street when they saw “the Colonel’s Opera Cloak” hanging on the door-post of Mrs. Beauchamy Brown’s residence. The little boy asked if that was “*Bleak House*,” and Don replied, “No,” that is a “*Castle in Spain*” where the “*Bread Winner’s*” live. The little boy pushed through the fence and saw “*An Average Man*,” who by the “*Light of Asia*” was intently reading aloud “*Yesterday’s with Authors*” to an admiring crowd of “*Little Women*.” Oliver said he was reading “*Emerson’s Essays*,” and Don said he was reading “*The Path Finder*.” Along came Arthur “*Bonnycastle*,” who put a stop to the discussion by saying he was reading “*Burton’s Anatomy of Melancholy*.” Then they all started for the “*Mill on the Floss*” where they saw “*Daniel Deronda*” amusing himself with “*The Complete Angler*.” They asked him if he had seen anything of “*Marmion*” and he replied that he was down among the “*Lotus Leaves*” hunting for “*Anne*.” Just then the “*Shandon Bells*” rang out, and they started for “*Vanity Fair*,” where with a flourish of trumpets it was announced that “*Artemus Ward in London*” would appear with “*Judith Shakespeare*” in the “*Spanish Student*” followed by a laughable afterpiece entitled “*Mosaics of Grecian History*.” The shades of night were fast falling into “*An International Episode*” and they saw “*Madame De Stael*” with a bunch of “*Golden Rod*” in one hand leading

"The Fair God" with the other, out "Under the Trees;" they thought it was time for "Villages and Village Life," so they bade each other good-night and went their several ways, one towards "Central Palestine and Phoenicia," the other to "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the third "Twenty Thousand Leagues under the Sea," and the last in search of his grandfather "The Count of Monte Cristo."

Lulu Bridges Jones

Experiments in Natural Philosophy.

UNDER the influence of gravity alone, all bodies fall with equal rapidity." There is a very pretty experiment to prove this. Place in a glass tube a piece of money and a piece of paper, invert the tube, and of course, the money reaches the bottom a little sooner than the paper does, but, if the air be exhausted from the tube they will fall in the same time. This shows that the unequal resistance of the air causes the difference in the time of falling of different substances.

The three properties of air are weight, elasticity and expansibility. To prove the weight of air, tie a piece of thin gutta percha over the top of the tube, and exhaust the air from within; the weight of the air on the outside of the tube pressing on the rubber has sufficient force to burst it.

To illustrate the expansibility of air, tie a piece of rubber over the top of a jar, place it under the receiver and exhaust the air, the air inside the jar expanding, to fill the vacuum in the receiver, bursts the rubber.

The elasticity of air is illustrated, by filling a glass jar partly full of water, inverting in it several homœopathic vials partly filled with the same water that the jar contains. Tie a piece of rubber tightly over the top of the jar, and place it under the receiver. When the air is exhausted the rubber will rise and the air from the bottles will rush out to fill the space thus made. The water will fill the place that the air held before in the bottles, and they will sink. Now let the air back into the receiver, and by the air rushing back into the bottles they will rise.

Expansibility is again illustrated by an experiment with two bottles partly filled with colored water. Let a bent glass tube be inserted tightly in one, and loosely in the other, put them under the receiver and exhaust the air. The air in the bottle with the tight tube expanding, will drive the fluid over into the other bottle; let the air in again and the fluid will go back. It may thus be driven from bottle to bottle with pleasure.

MABEL HARLOW, Fourth Class.

LOCALS.

Who pulls the string? Harry Boyd.

They say that Bradford yearns to pull teeth.

The Seniors are all busy preparing their parts for graduation.

W. D. Stewart is goal keeper of the Knickerbocker Polo Club.

Orin A. Buzzell is goal keeper of the Norombegas. Both are members of this school.

Carleton, Cass and Robinson, of the fourth class have left school.

The Freshmen have been amusing themselves blowing soap-bubbles.

We call attention to the inducements offered by our advertising patrons.

Fenno Heath, of the Junior Class, has left school to work in Lyford's shoe store.

They say, that the Freshs throw chalk.

They say that the High School Orchestra is played out!

These last two are imitations.

It is estimated that a larger percentage of scholars, take Latin in this school than in any other High School in the State.

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