

Bangor High School THE STUDENTS' RECORD.

NE TENTES, AUT PERFICE.

Vol. I.

Bangor, Me., April, 1887.

No. 7.

"ON THE DEATH OF A FAVORITE CAT,"

Who died from an unknown cause, (presumably poison.)

To H. F. E. This poem is dedicated in sympathy for her loss by The Author.

Last night my sleep was broken off with howls.
What is that shriek, that loud, bloodcurdling yell?
Is it of Indian warfare; or the cry
Of angered woman who her tale would tell?

Sit still my soul! Stop cutting up my heart!
'Tis but Skowhegan singing on the roof.
O cast not boots, hair brushes, rocks at her;
That fiendish cat is long since bullet proof.

To-night at "the witching hour of twelve o'clock
When church yards yawn, and graves give up their
dead,"

I felt upon my brow a clammy touch!
I woke!! There stood Skowhegan by my bed!!!

It was the same, that coat of tawny hue,
Those eyes of green I never could mistake—
The same, but ah! how changed since yesternight
With her sweet voice my slumbers she did break.

She spake! In whispers came her utterance forth:
"Look upon me, and tremble in your skin!
I have been foully murdered! Was it you,
Put "Rough on Rats" my hash and milksop in?"

"Know wretched mortal, he who did that deed,
I am resolved to haunt till time shall end."
"It was not I," I cried with fearful speed.

"To you I've ever been a faithful friend."

"Can I believe you? Yes, I think I may.
That noble brow; that eye of honest fire,
They cannot lie. But I must farther seek
He who caused me by poison to expire."

She ceased, and through the window like a cloud,
Clad in a trailing robe I saw her float.

Beware! for if 'twas you did end her life,
Your chance of happiness's not worth a groat.

I've tried in vain her restless ghost to still.
I've put a monument up o'er her grave!
('Tis bordered round with catnip and the like)
And on the monument this epitave:



Here lies Skowhegan,
The best of cats.
She kept the house free
From mice and rats.
Her voice was sweetest
In midnight song;
She ate some poison,
Did not live long.

M. H.

QUOTATIONS.

"The frivolous work of polished idleness."

B. H. S.

"He knew himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme."

J. M. H.

JUNIORS.

"Her voice was ever soft,
gentle, and low, an excellent thing in
woman."

C. B.

SOPHOMORE.

"Pun-provoking thyme." H. B. W.
"Error of opinion may be tolerated
where reason is left free to combat it."

A. E. P.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to
climb

The steep where Fame's proud temple
chimes afar."

N. W.

"If naebody care for me,
I'll care for naebody."

M. O. S.

THE ADVANTAGES AND DIS- ADVANTAGES OF NOVEL READING.

I suppose there are as many different opinions upon this subject as there are persons who read novels. It is generally thought by great scholars that the mind requires amusement to counteract the more profound studies. With this view of the subject, a judicious reading of light literature would be beneficial; but it is difficult to decide exactly how much or how little of such reading is required. Herschel says: "The novel, in its best form, I regard as one of the most powerful engines of civilization ever invented."

For many reasons there is much to be learned from reading novels, particularly if they are finely written and of a high order, as we may learn from them lessons of human nature and wisdom. Historic novels teach us the manners and customs of past centuries, which seem less uninteresting and tedious, when woven into a pleasing story, and which, if carefully read, will instruct as well as please.

Scott says of those who are too indolent to read save for the purpose of amusement, that they may acquire by means of novel reading a little knowledge of history, which however erroneous is better than none. This unquestionably was said in allusion to historic novels.

It is generally thought, I believe, that Scott, Dickens, Thackeray and George Eliot are among the best delineators of character. And, therefore, novels by these authors would be very beneficial to read, I think, however, that Shakespeare should be included with these, for it seems as if there never lived or ever will live a person whose character has not been described by him.

If novels are read with a careless regard to their moral tendencies and all the best and instructive portions skipped or hurried over that one may sooner arrive at the plot and discover who falls in love, marries or dies, then they must certainly be a disadvantage to the reader, for they injure the mind, destroy the memory and take away the desire for higher and more useful reading.

Goldsmith truthfully says, "Novels teach the youthful mind to sigh after happiness that never existed." I have heard of a young girl who was allowed to read a great many sensational novels, 'till at last she became so infatuated that she left her home and friends, in a chase after the imaginary hero who was never found.

Beecher says, "Weak minds may be injured by novel reading, but sensible people find both amusement and instruction therein." Thoughts like these coming from such eminent men give one great encouragement and one would feel safe in expressing one's opinion that finely written and moral novels carefully read and properly digested are of a far greater advantage than disadvantage to mankind.

We must have books for recreation and entertainment, as well as books for instruction and for business; the former are agreeable, the latter useful, and the human mind requires both. The canon law and the codes of Justinian shall have due honor and reign at the universities, but Homer and Virgil need not, therefore, be banished. "We will cultivate the olive and the vine, but without eradicating the myrtle and the rose."

S. E. F.

COFFEE PARTY NUMBER TWO.

Score another for the Seniors.

'87 held its second and, presumably, last Coffee Party April 20. When the writer reached City Hall, few were there, but it soon filled up pretty well. Refreshments were served and soon after the dancing began. The music was furnished by Andrews, Hall, Cushing and Wasgatt. Comment on that part of it is, therefore, unnecessary.

The dancing was thoroughly enjoyed by all, and the floor was well filled. The candy and lemonade sold very well, but the Seniors had to pay for their ice cream this time, and only one-third as much as before was required!

The galleries were rather slimly filled, and this took something off of the profits

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if not from the pleasure of the occasion. But the dancers minded that not, and went through the program, from the (decidedly) mazy contra to the stately and dreamy waltz, and then added several extras.

To the credit of the assembly and the new Maine law, be it said that the bottle found down stairs was emptied at once. The question is, how did it get there?

It was a merry party that went home that night, all had enjoyed themselves, especially a few small boys. We are informed that some profit was netted, but no one seems to know just how much. It is thought at present that '87 will have no rings.

D.

"SPRING, GENTLE SPRING"

(The following is one of the essays written in the English Literature class in 45 minutes, with no previous preparation—Ed.)

"Beautiful Spring-time
Bright-blooming roses,
When hope with pleasure sweetly reposes."

It is an evident fact that the writer of this beautiful poem was not a resident of Maine. If he had been, we should have found the subject of his song something like "The rainy day," or "Snow, Snow, beautiful Snow." Can we imagine ourselves picking "bright blooming roses" in spring-time? Alas no—such joys are not for us. Instead, we find ourselves (if we are so inclined) making snow balls and snow men. How should we feel if we were obliged to miss our walks to and from school in the lovely rainy days of Spring time? We cannot tell.

In this climate we have no romantic "dreams" of Spring time no "wandering at eve'n o'er valley and mountain," we come to plain facts here, and when any "wandering" is indulged in you are sure to hear your Mother's voice from the door saying as you are departing, "don't forget your rubbers Mary" or "Ought you not take an umbrella?" Such remarks as these take the romance away.

We read on—"We hear the bells chiming where peacefully dreaming." We hear no bells, we even listen for the melodious sound of a *whistle* some days in Spring time. We listen in vain, no such sound greets our ears. We feel here that if any one wishes a poem composed on "Winter" that any citizen of Bangor could write it, and by so doing make himself famous forever.

S. C. P.

IT IS RUMORED.

That most of those MS. papers in rooms B. and C. have suspended very lately.

That the reason is simple, the Record came out and over-shadowed their glory.

That Bangor will have an Electric Railway sometime,—perhaps.

That if it does, there should be a connection with Abbot Square, with cars running at 7.55 and 12.30,—with allowance for Senior class-meetings.

That Fast Day was well observed in the H. S. Most of the boys rode horse-back and the rest played ball.

That the B. (not Brewer) H. S. Base Ball Club will be a great scheme.

That the B. H. S. Base Ball Club is called "The Apollos." Probably because its members are "Ideals of Manly Beauty."

OUR EXCHANGES.

As seen by G. C.

The initial number of *Wise and Otherwise*, a new literary monthly which promises to become a leading representative of Amateur Journalism, has been received from N. Y. This number contains the best article we have seen in an amateur paper,—"*Goldwin Smith on the Nationalization of Land*," by J. D. Miller.

It should be read by every young thinker. Mr. Miller is a disciple of Henry George, who advocates the most sensible plan yet presented for bringing about a more equal distribution of wealth; the removing of all taxes from personal property, from the wealth that man has created and is creating, and laying the whole tax on *land*. No argument yet directed against this theory has impaired its validity in the least. It is constantly gaining ground among prominent thinkers.

Another good thing is a short article on *Tariff Revision*. That our present tariff is truly "an amusing swindle" may be perceived from these few facts. Castor Oil is taxed 180 per cent., while attar of roses comes in free, common window glass is taxed 87 per cent., diamonds only 10 per cent. The system is rotten to the core, and should be abolished at once.

LOCALS.

How do you like Standard Time?

"Please may I sit with——?"

The Juniors have had several class-meetings lately, elected class officers, and resolved to give the Seniors a reception. Nobly done.

The last issue of this paper was very late and this one is about as bad, but we hope to "catch up with Father Time" very soon.

We wish more of the "Scrubs" would contribute to our "broad columns."

We want 50 Audobon Society pledges signed in this school, if not more.

'88 has lost Bourne, Bickford, Yeaton and Mayberry since the opening of this term. The class is thinning out very fast. Of nearly 100 who entered, scarcely 50 remain.

We sincerely hope that the new rule on tardiness will put a stop to the evil. It is very fair to all and will probably be a help to the whole school.

The Orchestra is a great addition to our Morning Exercises.

There has lately been formed by some of our enterprising youths a base-ball club, which is intended to carry off the honors for numberless games this season. We hope their ardent longing may be satisfied, and that success will crown all games played. The club is as follows, and is said to be stronger than it was last year. Manager, E. B. Sanger; Scorer, Ralph White; H. R. Pote, c. and cf.; C. Taylor, cf. and c.; G. Gillespie, p. and rf.; F. W. Davis, cf. and p.; W. A. Constantine, ss. and Capt.; B Files, 1st base; H. Menges, 2nd base; Chas. Lombard, 3rd base.

We understand that some of the Seniors are growing laddely (which is only an aggravated form of spoony) as graduation draws near.

Chestnut bells have been revived, but they have become very stale, and we hope the rage will not last long.

The third class were treated to a pleasant talk on Civil Government by Mr. Donegan. The Seniors wish that they might have something of the kind.

The Seniors have completed the Saecular hymn of Horace and have read almost all the Odes. Next week they will begin the Satires.

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It is not to be assumed by a casual glance at our exchange columns that all the editors of this paper possess the certainly very radical ideas which are there set forth. On the contrary, the present writer would respectfully differ from many of those opinions. If we had space, or thought our readers wished it, we would refute (or try to refute) at length the whole column. We would show that our present tariff is for protection, not for revenue, and that for that reason window-glass, which is largely manufactured in this country, is taxed or protected, while diamonds and other articles which we consume but do not produce are admitted comparatively free. We would prove the utter falsity of the "red flag" doctrines, and then show how nearly like them, in the end if not in the manner of reaching that end are those of Henry George.

But, as it is, we won't.

The corsage bouquets of the young ladies increase in size and beauty every day. If they do not repress in some degree their decorative tastes, the Maine crop of apples and pears will be sensibly diminished.

Botany increases in interest every day. It is a delightful study at all times, but is still more so at this season of the year when the flowers begin to be plentiful.

The Seniors in German are reading Schillers "Jungfrau von Orleans" and find it very interesting.

What are the girls of the Saco H. S. going to do this year for a foot-ball?

Grindstone.

We don't know. In this benighted school they don't even want one.

The study of entomology is in itself a sort of education. It teaches the student to observe, to be patient and to reason, and fills him with new ideas on all subjects. It is fascinating too, if a person really enters into it—we are not defending or even advocating the indiscriminate fever for "catching bugs" which enters into all boys at one time or another of their life. A fair collection of insects, such as anyone may get together in a few seasons, is a "thing of beauty." The gorgeous and many-colored moths and butter-flies, each with the interest of its name and life-history added to the charm of its beauty, prove attractive to the most careless observer.

We are moved to speak of this by the great success of Prof. Carl Braun's lectures on entomology. He has now appeared at several places in this State, and in each instance the press of the place visited has spoken very highly of him. He was especially well received at Houlton, and filled the Opera House there with the best people in the place. As a result of his lecture, entomology is to be given, we understand, a place in list of regular studies at the Academy.

No answers to the problem in our last issue, have been received thus far, probably the students of the B. H. S. feel unable to cope with such large numbers as must necessarily result in working out the whole example. We are informed, however, that there is a "catch" somewhere, although no one seems able to find it. We hope to be able to print the correct solution with the name of the sender in No. 8.

Junior translating, "Sed cadet ante diem mediaque inhumatus harena." "But let him fall in the night, and be buried among the sands." Pretty well, for a Junior.

Owing to the kindness of the orchestra who have consented to play for us, the singing for the last two or three weeks has been much better than usual.

The Seniors have so much work on their shoulders that the teachers have kindly consented to contract their lessons for the remainder of the term.

Arbor Day passed very uneventfully. We were allowed ten minutes longer recess, but that was as far as our celebration went.

The preparations for the reception are getting on finely.

There is talk in this city of forming a bicycle club, to include all the riders in the place, with headquarters at Crosby's bicycle rooms on Franklin Street. Such an organization would be sure of success from the start, and the sooner the first move is made the better.

Getting tired of answering that ever-recurring question, "Where on earth is that paper?" we have made an effort, and here we are. Please excuse all chestnuts, as part of the matter was put in type several weeks ago. The best way for the school to prevent such things happening again will be to send in a few good contributions.

The graduation exercises are to be held in the Opera House on the afternoon of Monday, June 27.

The B. H. S. Base Ball clubs seem to be meeting with slightly more success than last year. A consolidation would make an efficient nine.

Professor Carl Braun has been elected an honorary member of the Philadelphia Society of Natural History.

The Juniors are no longer alone and unsupported. The Senior class in the Woonsocket High School has adopted N—G—as its class color.

Amor in vita, epluribus unum,
Non Composmentibus jam pius Aeneas
Hoc satis slumgullion et ipse
Vox faucibus haesit Arma virumque Boe-
chat,
remarks *Our Howl*, and promises "Mo(o)re in our next." The age of the pun is about equal to the vileness of the Latin.

Teacher to Latin Scholar. "In reading Caesar have you ever met with an infinitive which has its subject in the Nominative case?"

L. S. "Yes, I think so."

Teacher. "Very well, what is such infinitive called?"

L. S. "Infinitive with Subject Accusative."

The teacher faints.

We hope the Scrub who exhibits so much watch chain, does not contemplate suicide.

We understand that the young lady of the Senior class whose feelings received such a severe shock lately has recovered some of her former cheerfulness, and has in part thrown off the black cloud which oppressed her spirits.

Class pictures fairly swam in the Senior class.

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