

The High School Breeze.

ESSE NON VIDERI.

VOL. I.

Milo, Maine, Saturday, December 19th, 1896.

NO. 1.

Oriental House,

A. F. SPEARING, Propr.,

Milo, - - - Maine.

First-class Livery Stable.

A. S. LEONARD,

TONSORIAL ARTIST

Main St., Milo, Me.

EVERYTHING NEW.

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At W. S. Owen's Store,

MILO, MAINE.

All Work Warranted First-class.

ELECTION OF 1896.

Of course you all have heard and read
Of the issues of the day—
How the Republicans have got their man,
And are going to have their say?

Now if there are any who haven't heard
This story told and dissected,
Then listen and I'll tell you why
Mr. Bryan wasn't elected.

Mr. McKinley has got the vote,
And will take the President's chair;
Why Mr. Bryan lost the game,
Is a mystery, I must declare.

Now this mystery I have solved,
And to you I will explain
How Mr. McKinley won the day,
While Bryan won a name.

Some say his platform wasn't right,
And that he must repent
For trying to spring a dollar on us
Shy forty-seven cents.

But Mr. Bryan is all right,
And is made of the best of stuff;
Why he failed to get the President's chair
Was—he didn't get votes enough.

A Short Description of Milo.

Milo, a picturesque little town of about twelve hundred inhabitants, is beautifully situated in the Piscataquis Valley. Its primeval forests, through which the redman once roamed, have been hewn down, and in their places now stand neatly kept farmhouses, stores, mills, etc.

In the year 1802 the first white settlers came here and made three clearings, and from these have grown the prosperous little town that we now see; but how it came by its present name the writer has never learned. There are many fine farms in the town, but I can tell more of the village. There are two saw mills, one hotel, two public and two private halls, a fine school building, built about three years ago, and quite a number of shops, offices and stores. We have two doctors, two ministers, and two lawyers, both judges. Every year there are a number of new buildings erected. This year there have been six dwelling houses erected, a new station, which is very nice inside, and a butter factory is now in process of construction. There has been some talk of establishing a normal school here, and several men of influence have the matter under consideration. It would be a great benefit to the town and to the scholars who would like to attend such a school, but who think they can not go so far away as Castine. There are many other reasons which I will not mention. I think Milo a good location for the school because it is easily reached by railroad, also because there are twenty quite thickly populated towns within twenty miles that would send pupils, and I doubt not there would be many pupils from other towns. There are many other reasons why the nor-

mal school should be here. Let us have it.

A Few School Wants.

Notwithstanding the fact that we have many things to be thankful for, there are yet a few more things that we want. We have a pleasant schoolroom, plenty of textbooks, some charts, maps, etc., our teachers are doing their best, and yet we want more. First, we want a school curriculum, consisting of two courses, a classical and an English course. Scholars entering the high school should have a choice as to their course of study. When once started, scholars should pursue the same course until it is completed. This can not be done properly in less than four years. We want, then, our course extended one year. We now have but three.

We want a better library. This can be obtained by the scholars and teachers if they are disposed to take the matter in hand.

We want some philosophical and chemical appliances. These the committee should furnish. No real good work in physics or chemistry can be done unless we have them.

We want the parents to take an active interest in our school, and help us by paying us an occasional visit.

But most of all, we want the machinery of the school so carefully oiled that no squeak may be heard during the high school course. To accomplish this we want scholars, teachers, school officers and parents to work together for the good of the whole.

Some Neglected Duties of Parents.

There is no question in our minds but that our parents love us. They have given us many proofs that such is the fact. They have given us a beautiful schoolroom; they have employed the best of teachers to instruct us; they have furnished us with the necessary books; but here they stop. Now we suppose a case: Our parents hire a man to do some work a distance from the house. The utmost confidence may be placed in the workman, yet the workman always expects to see his employer once or twice inspecting the work. Is it possible that they care less for the training of their children than for the cultivation of their farms? They may urge the excuse that they are not

qualified to judge of a teacher's work. This is a lame excuse. Any man or woman with ordinary intelligence can, by visiting school twice each term, tell pretty nearly how the school is running and can certainly see plainly enough if it is going wrong.

Fathers and mothers, come in and see us. Do not take ever idle gossip's "say-so" about us. Do not take our word for it, but come in and see for yourself. Your coming will help us in more ways than one, and not only help us, but will give the teachers renewed strength to fulfill their arduous duties. Come in. You are welcome.

Current Events.

Would it not be well for students to take some of the time daily wasted on studies that will never enter into their practical everyday life work, and familiarize themselves with the important questions of the day? The lack of knowledge among high school scholars concerning the issues of the day is surprising. Let us remember that the occurrences of today is the history of the future. Why not keep in touch with the things? Here are a few of the many questions I would have pupils learn:

Whom did the Duke of Orleans recently marry?

What can you tell of the Armenian troubles?

Who is the new Turkish minister to the United States?

When did the French Parliament re-assemble?

Tell some things of Bryan's political journey.

Tell something of the President and Vice-President elect.

Tell all you can of the Venezuela trouble, and what has been done towards settlement.

Tell something of the life of Charles F. Crisp.

Tell something of our present relations with the Hawaiian government.

Tell something of the present trouble in Cuba.

Tell something of the recent conditions to our navy.

There are many more that should be asked.

A little girl just beginning to go to Sunday school, was learning a lesson, and being asked what question Solomon answered, "queen of hearts."

High School Breeze

Published once in a while by the students of Milo High School, under the supervision of the teachers.

RALPH PINEO,.....Editor
HELEN FORD,.....Assistant Editor

BUSINESS MANAGERS:
ELWOOD BRACKETT,
JENNIE LEONARD,
CORA MAYO.

EDITORIAL.

In placing before the public the first edition of the BREEZE, we are making our first attempts at literary work.

In the year 1893, our new school building being completed, we entered into a new form of school life, the graded system being established under the auspices of Mr. Geo. H. Gould. The building is situated on High street, about forty rods from the site of the old one. There are now three grades: Primary, Intermediate, and High. The primary and intermediate are on the first floor, the high school on the second. There is talk of repairing the old school building for the use of the primary school, and forming four grades. This would be a great improvement. One teacher for each school was all that was necessary at first, but the number of pupils in the high school increased so rapidly it was decided to hire an assistant, and the services of Miss Edna W. Harvey were secured. Although entering into the graded system in 1893, no class was prepared to graduate in '94 because of the greater proficiency required of the scholars, but in '95 a good-sized class graduated. A paper was issued by this class, edited by the principal, called The Budget. One copy only of this paper was issued, and it was read at an entertainment given by the school. A library was started about this time, which has grown slowly. It is yet very small.

Shortly before the graduation Miss Harvey resigned her position as assistant, and was succeeded by Miss Jennie Jones. The school was also admitted as a preparatory school to Maine State College.

Another year slipped uneventfully by until the class of '96 presented to the public its graduation exercises at the Baptist Church.

At the beginning of the school year Mr. Gould was succeeded by our present teacher, Mr. C. E. Perkins. During the term he has taught, nothing of unusual importance has happened. Our essays are now being prepared, and the class stands a fair chance of having as good graduating exercises as either of the preceding ones.

This paper is to help us to funds for defraying the expenses of graduation. If it will pass muster before the people who know us we shall be satisfied. Kindly draw a veil over our imperfections.

Something for Nothing.

It has often been said that the Americans like to be humbugged, so when a quack arrives in sight offering something for nothing the people hurry forward to grasp what is offered. That they get fooled is a foregone conclusion. In the daily walks we must earn what we honestly get—we must pay for what we buy.

Pupils in school are much like their elders, and very many of them believe they can get something for nothing; or in other words, that they can get an education without study. Here again the pupil is deceived. Earnest effort alone will tell in the long run. The scholar who thinks he can attend school one day and stay out the next and still keep pace with his class, deceives himself, for he is trying to get something for nothing. It matters not how dull a student may be, he will win in the end by good honest work. He may be slow and hard to learn, but such an one, if he sticks to it, is the one who will some day make his mark. Parents who allow their children to go and come as they please, attend school or stay away, must be lacking in intellect if they think this can be done and the children keep their places in school. They must surely fall behind. They can't get something for nothing.

Where There's a Will There's a Way.

Every scholar will sometime find the truth of this statement. When they say "I can't," they mean they don't want to; but if they put their whole minds and bodies to it they find it much easier. Not only scholars but men and women as well find much truth in the statement, "Where there's a will there's a way." A man will say, "I can't get any money out of my business, the times are so hard;" but "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." It is not so often that you hear a woman say "I can't." If she tries hard enough she will succeed. These two proverbs are very sure in all times of life: "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again;" "Where there's a will there's a way."

The Schools of Milo.

Milo has eight schools besides the village school which is the largest. In the village school there are three divisions, Primary, Intermediate and High, employing five teachers: two in the primary, Miss Maxfield and Miss Mayo, one in the intermediate, Miss Moore, and two in the high school, Prin. C. E. Perkins, and assistant Miss Jennie Jones. We have a new school building and quite a large playground. The building is heated by steam. The high school

has about sixty scholars. The A class has about thirty scholars, and if they all graduate it will be the largest class that has graduated. We have some quite good books in the library, including a fine cyclopaedia. There is a school committee of three, of which Mr. Mayo is chairman.

Scholars in the district schools as soon as they are twelve or thirteen years old, come into the village school. Now if the same course of study is pursued by the district schools as is taken in the village schools, as soon as a scholar comes in he will know in just what class he belongs; but if the same course is not taken he may be in one class in one study, and another in another, and so on until it is pretty hard to tell to which class he does belong.

The Alumni.

The alumni of M. H. S. are as yet few in number, but as that is a fault "Father Time" will mend, we do not feel discouraged.

The Alumni Association was organized April, '96, with Martha Jones, Pres., and Ethel Brown, Sec'y. It at present consists of thirteen members. Those of the class of '95 are, Ethel Brown, teaching; Nora Hodgkins, housekeeping; Clara Mitchell, teaching; Mae Mitchell, teaching; Wendel Hobbs, bookkeeping; Carroll E. Sandell, farming. '96, Katie Hanscom teaching; Susie Bumps, housekeeping; Lottie Hobbs, at home; Martha Jones, teaching; Rosa West, at home; Eugene Doble, medical college, Baltimore; Melvin Bishop, express office.

The Milo Butter Factory.

The new butter factory which was commenced late last fall is now nearly complete. The main building is 30x40 feet, with an addition of an engine room 10x25 feet. There is also a large icehouse. In the main building are three rooms, the office, 10x10, storeroom, 10x20, and the room where the butter is to be made, 30x30. A platform occupies about one half of this room, on which will be placed the churns and other machinery. Water for use at the factory is taken from a spring near by through pipes. The factory is on Main St., and on the line of the B. & A. Ry.

The New Depot.

The people of Milo have at last obtained a long-felt want, the new depot, which was built last fall by the Daggett Bros. for the B. & A. Ry. It is situated near the site of the old station. It is one of the finest medium sized stations on the line, the interior being finished in hard pine, and oiled so as to bring out the handsome grain of the wood. There are two waiting-rooms with seats for about thirty

people, an express room, office, and vestibule. The building is surrounded by a covered platform seven or eight feet wide, the entire platform in front being about two hundred and fifty feet long. The yard is nicely graded. Nearly a mile of track has been laid to replace that destroyed by fire in the spring, one branch of which runs to the excelsior mill, on which the Excelsior Co. is building a large storehouse.

Improvements in Milo.

In the past three or four years there have been a great many improvements made in our village.

The first, and most important to the young people is our High School building in which we have been pursuing our studies since the fall of 1893, and from which this paper originated.

It has three large recitation rooms, well heated by steam, and well ventilated. The high school occupies the second floor out of which is a large room for the assistant, and two cloak rooms. The lower floor is divided into two rooms occupied by the primary and intermediate schools. The ground have been graded but in mudd weather we need a sidewalk—this a suggestion to the selectmen, for which I do not ask a cent.

Our concrete sidewalk in several parts of the village is appreciated by everyone.

Several very fine private houses have been erected and on Main St. some old buildings have been remodelled, improving the looks of the street very much.

We think our new depot adds to the village both in respect to appearance and usefulness, and with Mr. Cooper's taxidermists shop and workshop and the butter factory nearly completed, that part of the village has been improved most.

The fire in May that swept the excelsior shed, boarding house and two large barns, threatened to destroy our pretty village, but help from Bangor and Brownville saved us. A larger shed for the excelsior mill is now being built.

We hope to see this spirit of improvement go on, and think health officers ought to look at several places that are very disagreeable as well as unhealthful.

Our Taxidermist.

We have as fine a taxidermist Milo as can be found in the State. Mr. Wm. Cooper, whose shop is conveniently situated near the depot. He has a fine collection of specimens, consisting of moose, deer, elk and caribou heads, birds, etc., a nest of hummingbird, an old stub being particularly charming to look upon. Mr. Cooper is doing a good business, and work and price give the best of satisfaction. Mr. Cooper was formerly connected with Prof. Ward, New York, and was at one time awarded a gold medal in London.

Courses of Study for High Schools.

In my life as a teacher I have noticed that a great variety of opinions exist relative to the right course of study to pursue in our ordinary high schools. I confess that I have changed my opinion several times in regard to the matter, and I am free to say that what I once considered a good course I now would not accept at all.

It is generally conceded that the majority should rule and that what is the best for the greatest number should be pursued. It is also obvious that men who are themselves educators do not agree as to what is the best good for the greatest number.

For example, I received recently a four years' course of study for high school wherein *Literature* formed about one third part of the work for eight terms out of the twelve, and yet I heard the man who made that course state in a public meeting that he could not enjoy Dickens or Shakespeare. About one fourth of six terms is devoted to General History, while United States History takes a back seat and is put into one term and Cicero only receives a very unimportant place, while Commercial Law and some other practical studies are left out of the question altogether. I have never yet seen a class entering a high school which could not use to advantage portions of three terms on United States History; nor has any entering class that I have yet seen been too weak to begin Civil Government the first year, while Commercial Law and Current Events should enter into each year's work after the first.

It is my humble opinion that many "would-be instructors until something turns up" keep our country schools in a state of ferment all the time by aiming their guns too high.

Let us get down to business and give the boys and girls something that will help them earn a living. It is true that many of our scholars go no higher than the country high school. Let us see to it, then, that when they leave that school they have the tools with which to earn a living.

For our country high school there should be two courses, an English and a Classical. I would suggest a course which, while it will bear criticism and considerable remodeling, has been quite practical to me. It should be understood that the pupil has passed the successive steps required by the course of the grades below.

FIRST YEAR.

FALL TERM.	WINTER.	SPRING.
Rhetoric	Rhetoric	Rhetoric
Commercial	Com. Arith.	Com. Arith.
Arithmetic	Algebra	Algebra
Algebra		

SECOND YEAR.

Geology Phys. Geog. Physics Civics	Geology Phys. Geog. Physics Civics	Phys. Geog. Physics Civics Com. Law
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THIRD YEAR.

Literature Com. Law Chemistry Reviews	Literature Chemistry Com. Law Reviews	Literature Chemistry Botany Reviews
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FOURTH YEAR.

Botany Gen. History Mineralogy Geometry	Gen. History Mineralogy Geometry Reviews	Gen. History Geometry Psychology Reviews
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Current Events, Declamations, and Compositions should be used every week during the term.

It may be urged that I have marked out too much. Let me say that we can only get a part of what we need in the class, the rest must be learned by outside reading and study. We can encourage scholars to dig deeper, but as a matter of fact there are but few who abide by our advice.

To any who wish to make a classical course we give due attention.

C. E. PERKINS,
Prin. High School, Milo, Me.

The Trip to Moosehead Lake.

One morning my father and I started for Moosehead Lake. We took the train at Milo Junction, and arrived in Greenville about noon. The mail steamer left at about one o'clock. We ate our dinner and went down to the wharf where we got on board the boat and started for the head of the lake.

The water looked very pretty, and the sun shone bright. The steamer skipped along and made the water part, like a snow-plow going through the snow.

About four o'clock we arrived at Deer Island and getting off there went up to the hotel owned by Mr. Capen, who had been there for twenty years.

My father had taken a fish line with him, and going down to the wharf he cast it into the water. He had not been there long when he pulled out a large trout, which he carried up to the house and getting some more bait returned, and in about an hour got another trout weighing about three and a half pounds.

The next day we took Mr. Capen's steamer, and came home, with two large trout and some knowledge of what was around Moosehead Lake.

Church of the Nativity.

That Bethlehem is the city of Christ's nativity there is no doubt, but that the grotto in the rock is the spot where he was born there are many who question. They contend that the gospel gives no authority for this, saying that the manger belonged to an inn or khan; that it was because the rooms above were filled with guests that the holy family were compelled to take up their temporary abode in the court used to stable the mules and the horses. But until the doubters can prove that some other spot has superior claims to this the world will go on revering the little grotto beneath the Church of the Nativity.—New York Herald.

When Jesus Was Born.

Sound over all waters, reach out from all lands,
The chorus of voices, the claspings of hands;
Sing hymns that were sung by the stars of the morn,
Sing songs of the angels when Jesus was born!

—Whittier.



OPPORTUNITY

Makes a thief as well as a successful man.

The prudent housekeeper of Milo and vicinity has a grand opportunity for the next three months to buy

Furniture and Carpetings

direct from the manufacturers at the lowest price ever named by any dealer in this section. We offer you a \$10,000 stock to select from.

There is no mistaking this.
We mean business.

To remove all doubts you may have, call or write us for prices. They will tell the tale to your advantage.

Goods on Installments.

J. F. ARNOLD & SON,

FOXCROFT, ME.

Wm. COOPER,

Taxidermist.

Formerly with Prof. Ward, Rochester, N. Y.

Gold Medal awarded, London, England.

Greatest care and attention to Game Heads.

Hides and Shanks dressed and tanned.

An inspection invited of my work on birds, mammals and fish.

Prices are the lowest consistent with good work.

Licensed by Commissioners of Fish and Game.

Opposite Depot,

MILO, ME. Opera House Blk., FOXCROFT



-DON'T FORGET

THAT YOU CAN BUY

Xmas Slippers

—AT—

DINSMORE'S

At prices lower than any place
Piscataquis County.

H. K. Dinsmore,

Items of More or Less Interest to the Pupils.

All ready? Yes! Let 'er go!
Did Miss D. tear her best black skirt?

What attraction has Miss H. in Williamsburg?

Coasting and sleighing parties are now in order.

Come in and see us, friends. We will not harm you.

Miss Edith Lyford, who has been quite sick, is gaining.

The sun has setten—the way in which Miss G. puts it.

The *Educator* is a valuable paper for a school to have.

Hurrah! How the snowballs flew the first week of this term.

Miss Lora Owen, '98, is spending the winter in Portland.

Mr. Nelson Brown, ex-'97, is teaching in district No. 4.

Sixteen off your rank. Miss M—. Be careful of that voice.

Say, *naouw*, what does monkey shi nes mean? *Look it up, please.*

The Judges in the Demorest contest were all from Brownville.

Ask a young lady of M. H. S. if plowed ground is easy to ride over?

If practice makes perfect, then some scholars should be good singers.

Large bodies do not always move slowly, as Friday night's sociable proved.

Why doesn't Miss L. sing "Go to Sleep, my Little Pickaninny," now?

Standing on the doorstep these cold nights is bad for the health, girls.

Mrs. Helen McIntosh of this town died at her home, Dec. 9, of gastric fever.

The sleighing was reported to be very fine on Park St., Saturday night, Dec. 12.

Quite a party of young people went to Brownville Saturday night on a sleigh ride.

Some small boys can use big oaths. A little birch tea would be good medicine.

Mr. Geo. H. Gould, our former teacher, taught the High School at Greenville this fall.

Miss Edith Lyford, ex-'99, and Miss Lona Owen, ex-'98, visited our school recently.

That boy with the loud voice should be more careful. His rank will look small at the end of the term.

What a weary position some pupils assume when studying or reciting!

Clarence Stanchfield has taken to himself a wife. Cigars are now in order.

Miss Martha Jones, a graduate of class '96, is teaching in district number one.

(Two girls in the entry). Now this term we will make an agreement not to tell wrong stories.

Lost, a lady's rubber, size ten. Finder please return to Miss B., Paradise Alley, and receive reward.

Miss Clara Mitchell, a graduate of class '95, is teaching the winter term of school in the Hobbs Dist.

Some of the pictures in the high school room are "turned toward the wall." That's a proper caper.

I say, have I got to speak a piece now?

No, Thomas, you have written a good poem.

If tramping continues in the intermediate school at the same rate each day for a year they will need a new floor.

Prin. Perkins and Mort Durgin were at Dover Saturday looking after the printing of the High School paper.

There are thirty scholars in the class of '97. If they hold out to the end it will make a good class to graduate.

What can you say of echoes? That depends on who speaks. If it is Tom, the echo will reach a great distance.

We hope that our fellow students will notice who have advertised with us, and govern themselves accordingly.

There are a few new scholars this term, Durgin and Jones, '97, Miss Glover, '98. Miss Hanscom, '96, is taking a post-graduate course.

We wish to show our greatest sympathy for the two girls who should be dressed in mourning from the effects of the sociable, Friday night, Dec. 11.

When a fellow takes a girl out to ride and she begins to sing "My Sweetheart's the Man in the Moon," it makes him feel like the man that fell out of the balloon.

Among the scholars attending school from out of town are Miss Alberta Hughes of Lake View, Miss Florence Danforth of La-Grange, Miss Dinsmore of Medford, Mr. Abner Allen of Lake View.

At the Demorest contest Friday night Miss Ina Brown took the prize. All who took part in the contest acquitted themselves well. It was a close decision between Miss Brown and Miss McLeod.

School began Monday, Dec. 7, after three weeks' vacation, to be taught by Mr. Charles E. Perkins, principal, and Miss Jennie Jones, assistant.

The next time certain young ladies of the M. H. S. go for a pleasant walk they should be careful and not get stuck in the mud and be obliged to call Mr. C. to help them out.

The young lady who attended the summer school at Orono, and fractured her ankle while walking to the college grounds on the patent sidewalks of that place, is thinking of going elsewhere next year.

As yet we have not decided on the admission fee for our next entertainment, but we have decided that after all 5 cents is too small a fee and that we shall change the date from April 1 to some other more appropriate.

It has not yet been decided what music will be engaged for the graduating exercises, but it is feared we cannot enjoy the unmistakable bliss of listening to the soul stirring strains of the M. S. C. orchestra, as there is at the present time a scarcity of board fences on which to post our bills. See?

LOCAL BREVITIES.

F. M. Strout had a pig killed recently which weighed 428 lbs.

The Boston Excelsior Co. is building a dryhouse 150x30 feet.

They are going to observe Christmas at both churches in town.

Mr. Martin, the barber, has moved from his former shop to the one he fitted up under his dwelling.

Dr. H. A. Snow got a nice buck that dressed over two hundred pounds and had a very fine set of antlers.

Freemont Bishop, James Hall and Israel Dean went hunting a few days ago and brought home a large buck deer.

The Sunday School of Milo Baptist church is going to change quarterlies, thinking to make it more interesting.

E. Sherburne and C. H. Randall each got a moose above K. I. Works. They took the hind quarters to Bangor where they sold them for a good price.

OUR ADVERTISERS.

Charles Stanchfield keeps the B. C. M.

R. M. Ingalls can fit you with a suit cut by himself.

If you are looking for Xmas dolls call on Mr. McIntosh. See what he says in the BREEZE.

See what Mr. Clement says about photographs.

Al. Leonard can handle a razor with the best of them.

Mrs. Gould has a good ad. for the ladies to read.

Have you tried any of W. S. Owen's perfumes, girls?

Sargent has a fine new line of crockery. Look it over.

Landlord Spearing is full of business. He keeps a popular hostelry.

Percy Hanscom is now doing business alone at his planing mill.

The scholars can find a big team at Dean's when they want a sleigh ride.

Courteous attention and good bargains is what you get at Brackett's.

Is your life insured with Mansfield & Mooers? If not, be careful of it.

Frank Monroe has something to say about clothes in this issue of our paper.

See Blethen's jewelry ad. If you need rings or pins see what he has to show.

They are doing a rushing business at Daggett & Sands' mill. That's because they advertise.

If any of our '97 girls are thinking of getting married, Arnold would fit them out with furniture.

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Watches,

Clocks,

Jewelry

and

Silverware

IS AT THE

Blethen House Jewelry Store.

BARGAINS IN CLASS RINGS

AND PINS.

Respectfully,

H. W. BLETHEN,

Propriet

DOVER, ME.

Is Opera Dead?

The summary going to pieces of the ill starred New Imperial Opera company in Boston suggests some interesting questions. Here was a company, acknowledged to be of a high order artistically, under the management of Colonel Mappleson, one of the most experienced impresarios living. Still, it died ingloriously after a few weeks of feeble life.

It is a fact undeniable that opera does not flourish in America, at least as it did 25 years ago. Then it was not uncommon for grand opera troops to sing in even the comparatively small cities of the Union. Now, with 20,000,000 more people, this style of music is less and less in accord with popular taste. Opera bankrupted Henry Abbey and indirectly, perhaps, caused his death. It is true that in New York city there is an annual season of both German and Italian opera, but neither can be said to be greatly successful financially. Subscriptions from millionaires must piece out the money returns. The immense prices paid to stars are enough to keep any manager on the ragged edge all the time, but these salaries are no greater than those paid to Patti or Campanini in their prime. The expense of staging an opera has greatly increased, but salaries have not.

The only conclusion to be drawn is that the general public does not care for opera as it used to do. People are richer now than they ever were before and better able to pay for grand opera if they wanted it, so it cannot be poverty that causes the hard luck of the companies. Indeed, at the very time the opera has been struggling for existence Paderewski has carried away \$100,000 as the result of a single season's performance in America. We love music as much as we ever did, perhaps more than ever, but opera we are tired of. Is that it?

When one thinks of it, possibly there is reason for the weariness. Opera cannot be appreciated by anybody till a taste for it has been cultivated, like admiration for Kadijah's shoulder blade. Even to the ear moderately well trained in music it must be confessed that the highest flights of some of the highest priced sopranos sound like caterwauling. Perhaps, too, the absurdity and incongruity of singing while one commits murder or steals is so borne in upon us that we will have no more of it. And four hours even of music is a weariness.

It has many a time been noticed by sane persons that if they feel depressed or nervous or irritable a ride on the bicycle will take all the crankiness out of them and fill them with peace and good will to all mankind. Even the dyspepsia fiend flees before the fascinating outdoor pedal exercise. Perhaps this suggested introducing the bicycle as a curative agent into insane asylums. Certain it is that it has been thus used with wonderfully beneficial effect. Patients who balance themselves on the wheel are obliged to think consecutively and look straight ahead. This draws together as by magic the lunatic's scattering thoughts, binds them together and tones them up. The physical exercise strengthens and exhilarates the whole being. At the insane hospital at Kalamazoo the plan has been tried with excellent results.

Of all the marvelous achievements known to man there is nothing quite so astonishing as the operation known as bookkeeping, particularly railway bookkeeping. The bookkeeping of a government that desires to show gains for a given political party is almost as wonderful. A deficit can be juggled from one account to another and actually made to appear as a gain. Items can be held back from expense lists and the money that has gone to pay for them

carried on the profit side. As a matter of fact, so far from it being true that "figures won't lie," there is nothing in the universe that can be made to lie so persistently, so atrociously and with such little chance of detection as figures, bookkeeping figures.

This is a great and rich country, yet every cold night the winter through from 10 to 50 men apply at each of the Chicago police stations for a warm place to sleep. Half of them are tramps, but fully half are men out of employment who are looking for work. They sleep upon the floors of the police stations, many of them spreading newspapers under them to keep their clothes from the dirt. Cannot political economists provide some way of securing work for people?

Sympathize with the Cubans? Of course we do, heart and soul. It is our right, our pleasure and our blessed privilege to sympathize with any people who are trying to throw off the yoke of a hereditary monarchy. We would be a queer republican people if we felt otherwise, would we not?

Lawyers are discussing earnestly the difference between kleptomania and stealing. It is very easy to decide. When a rich person takes things that belong to other people, it is kleptomania; when a poor person does the same, it is plain stealing.

Within the next quarter of a century our population will be so large that we shall need all our farmers can raise to feed us at home.

Cuba is divided into six provinces—Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, Las Villas, Puerto Principe and Santiago de Cuba.

Consuelo, duchess of Marlborough, is well provided for on the paternal side. She has both a father and a stepfather.

Inexactness in small matters shows a defect of intellect.

Pingree Again.

Governor Elect Pingree of Michigan is sometimes amusing and always original. His latest utterance—that the accumulation of fortunes of \$100,000,000 or more should be prevented by law—will strike many persons as both. If the constitution will not permit income taxes or inheritance taxes, then Mr. Pingree thinks the constitution ought to be changed. He believes after a private fortune has reached a certain limit all above that limit should be turned over to the government to lighten the people's taxes. The state has as good right to limit the size of fortunes as the hours of labor, he argues. He does not undertake to decide, however, how much wealth one person may be allowed to have, but quotes the example of Mayor Carter Harrison of Chicago, who willed \$350,000 to each of his children, saying that was enough for one person to have, and then gave the rest of his possessions in charity.

"Think of it!" Mr. Pingree is reported to have said. "One man having an income as large as that of 15,000 of his fellow citizens combined!"

Why, when you get these fortunes up into the big millions, you see fathers taking their daughters to Europe for a sale to a duke or prince. How much did the Vanderbilts have to pay for their duke? What was it C. P. Huntington got? It was a full fledged prince, wasn't it?

A lawyer who represented the prince in that affair told me that Huntington was going to give the money to the bride. You see, the lawyers arranged all these details. After everything was ready for the wedding, and it was just about to come off, and the transfer was about to be made to the bride, the prince called a halt. No, sir; the money had to be paid over to the prince, and Huntington had to come to time.

I tell you such things are a disgrace to a nation. If people haven't enough sense not to do such things, the law ought to limit their incomes.



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ODD FELLOWS' BLOCK, MILC

HE'S PARENTS AT HOME.

One summer eve, not long ago,
In a quiet little town,
In a barn quite near the station,
A "hobo" laid him down.

Foatsore, weary, broken-hearted,
Made his bed upon the hay;
There the farmer found him sleeping,
And he sent him on his way.

He forgot then that his own son
Years before had gone away,
And had said that in the future
To his home he'd buckwheat stray.

To the house he went as usual,
Had his smoke and went to bed,
Never thinking of his own son—
Whether living now or dead.

All this time the poor old "hobo"
Had been walking at his best,
To o'er take that train of Bunker's,
Called the Iron Works Express.

Tramping thus he reached the station,
Got upon that fatal train,
Thinking he would not attempt to
Wander backward home again.

Bunker opened wide the throttle,
Down the grade he let her sail,
When, but fifty rods before him,
He saw a sight that made him pale.

To his ears there came a whistle,
As up the grade the monster flew;
With no time to throw the lever,
Crashing on came Number 2.

Through the train she went like fury,
Cutting, mangling as she went,
Crippling the poor old "hobo,"
Whom they thought owned not a cent.

But you see they were mistaken;
He had money—yes, to burn;
He had more within his pocket
Than in a lifetime we could earn.

He recovered from his injuries,
Chose a wife and settled down;
Bought a cozy little cottage
In that same old farmer's town.

He had been there perhaps six months,
When one pleasant summer day
He hitched into the old farm wagon
And to the farmer made his way.

Broke it to the sooty farmer
That he was his only son;
Told him where he'd been those five years;
Said he dressed up just for fun.

Said that when he left the homestead
He had wished them lots of harm,
But to pay their deeds of kindness
He would clear the mortgaged farm.

Now when in town there comes a "hobo,"
If by that farm he ever roams,
Helgets a feed, the farmer thinking
He has parents at his home.

W. Harvey

JOLLY SANTA CLAUS.

PATRON SAINT OF CHILDREN IN MANY LANDS.

Different Names by Which He Is Known
In Various Countries—In Austria He Has
a Servant Who Helps Carry the Bundles.
Naughty Children Punished.

St. Nicholas is one of the patron saints of Russia, and so at Christmas time he is a very special favorite. But Easter is the great feast, and the Christmas gifts are not so handsome as the Easter presents.

He is known as Santa Claus in Holland. He is Samiklaus in Switzerland. In Helgoland the children call him Sonner Klas.

In the Tyrol he is the Holy Man. St. Lucy and the Christ Child go with him.

In lower Austria his name is Niklo, or Niglo, and his masked servant, who helps to carry the bundles, is Krampus.

In the Vorarlberg he is Zemmiklas, and he puts all naughty children into his bag and carries them off.

In Belgium the children polish their shoes and fill them with hay, oats and carrots for the saint's white horse. Then they place them in the fireplace or in a corner of the room, one of the saint's favorite hiding places. The door is carefully locked and next morning everything is found topsy turvy. The chairs and table have been turned about, the horse has eaten up the hay and left instead sweetmeats and toys for the good children and rods for the bad ones. But there are very seldom any bad ones at Christmas.

In the Netherlands the children write to him and sing to him to let fall from the chimney top something into their white aprons. As they sing they keep time, swinging the aprons back and forth:

Sunder Klaus du gode Bicoet!
Brug' ni Noel en Zuckerbrod,
Nicht to veer en nich to minn,
Smiet in mine Schorten in!

In Bohemia and Styria there are Christ plays in every village during Advent. St. Nicholas, dressed in a long cloak, has a golden miter on his head and a bishop's staff in his hand. He reads his report of how the school children have behaved. Those who play truant, loiter on their way, get their lessons, soil and tear their books or forget their prayers are to be punished with his rod. Then comes the Christ Child and says: "Good Nicholas! Spare the little ones! Spare young blood! Forgive them this time, good Nicholas!" And St. Nicholas forgives them because it is Christ's birthday.

In Carniola the good bishop dresses in a sheet and wears a pillow case on his head instead of a miter. Then he comes to see the children in their dreams, and asks them if they always say their prayers. Then he leaves fruit for the good ones and rods for the forgetful out of the big basket he carries on his arm.

In Alsace the Christ Child himself comes, dressed as a maiden, in white, to bring the good children sweetmeats. With a silver bell in her hand and lighted tapers as a crown on her head she fills the tiny wooden shoes from her basket.

Then she disappears out at the window where she came in, and her bell is heard tinkling as she enters the next house.

In Suabia the Christ Child carries a bell and an earthen pot full of gifts.

In Hanover, Mecklenburg and Holstein the Christmas fairy is Clas.

In Poland the heavens are opened and Jacob's ladder is let down for the angels to come down with gifts for good children.

In some parts of Austria candles are placed in the windows to let the Christ Child see the way.

Near Cologne the country children go round with cowbells in honor of the manger of Bethlehem.

Three boys, dressed in white, with leather girdles and crowns of colored paper, march about and personate the three kings of Cologne, who were said to be the three wise men.

The first child left at the gates of the Foundling hospital at Lyons on Christmas eve is laid in a handsome cradle and dressed in pretty clothes.

Bonhomme Noel brings the French children sweets for their shoes.

Children in Lorraine must not sit in the chimney corner on Christmas eve because they intercept the draft.

In the country villages near Stuttgart and Tubingen the children on the three Thursdays before Christmas shoot peas and lentils through a pipe at every window. This custom is said to date from the time when the plague raged and country friends came into town to see if their relatives were still alive. They threw handfuls of peas at the house, and the inmates appeared, if able to do so, and gave them a kindly salute.

In the Black Forest the Christ Child announces his arrival at the door by ringing his silver bell. Then the door is partially opened, and the gifts are thrown in. Sometimes a rod or a handful of peas is added for the naughty folk. The rod is for punishment, and the peas are for penance.

In northern Germany lights are placed in the windows and food on the tables, so that the Holy Mother and the angels who pass when every one is asleep may find food.

Saturn's temples were hung with flowers and wreaths of greens, tapers burned everywhere, feasting and dancing were in every home, gifts were freely exchanged, and all these customs were observed by Christians, but with a newer, deeper zeal for the dear Christ Child.

The Christmas tree, born in Germany, has taken root in every land where the Christ Child is known and loved.

American children have chosen the best of all the Christmas customs of the old world. Santa Claus comes from Holland; the stocking is French or Belgian; the "Merry Christmas" is English, as is also the mistletoe; the holly is Norwegian, and the happy, happy whole is American.—Philadelphia Ledger.

IN THE DAYS OF QUEEN BESS

Puritans Could See No Fun In the Christmas Jollifications.

Many people are aware of the general passion for feasts and amusements which distinguished the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, but few persons are aware of the character of the sports which were then so popular. Among the many customs which prevailed in the days of Queen Elizabeth, the investiture of a person with the power and privileges of assembling a number of persons and teaching them tricks, tumbling and fantastic performances for the purpose of amusing the peasantry, and, indeed, the higher classes of the community, is one of the most remarkable.

That uncompromising Puritan Stubbs, who, indeed, could see good in nothing that partook of the nature of harmless and innocent enjoyment, in his "Anatomic of Abuses" descants with the greatest fervor on the proceedings of "this heathen company." In speaking of a parish festival he says:

"First of all, the wilde heades of the parish, flocking together, chose them a graine captaine of mischeffe, whom they enable with the title of Lord of Misrule, and him they crown with great solemnity and adopt for their King. This King annoynted chooseth for the twentie, forty, threescore, or an hundred lustie guttes, liketo himself, to waite upon his lordly majestic and to guard his noble person.

"Then every one of these men he investeth with his liveries of greene, yellow, or some other bright wanton color, and, as though they were not gawdie younf, they bedeck themselves with scarfs, ribbons and laces, hanged all over with gold rings, pretious stones, and other jewels. This done, they tie about either legge twenty or fourtie belles, with riche handkerchiefs in their handes, and sometimes braide across over their shoulders and neckes, borrowed for the most part of their prettier Mopsies and loving Bessies.

"Thus, all things set in order, then have they their hobby horses, their dragons and other antiques, together with their pipers and thundering drummers, to strike up the devil's danche withal. Then march this heathen companie towards the church, their pipers piping, their drummers thundering, their stumplies dawning, their belles jynghing, their handkerchiefs fluttering about their heads like hadman, their hobby horses and other monsters skirmishing amongst the throng, and in this sorte they go to the church, though the minister be at prayer or preaching, dancing and singing like devils incarnate, with such a confused noise that no man can here his own voice. Then the foolish people they looke, they stare, they laugh, they fleece, and mount upon the formes and pewes to see these goodly pageantry solemnized."—Boston Herald.

RUSSIAN ROAST PIG.

Dishes Which the Subjects of the Great White Czar Enjoy on Christmas Day.

On Christmas day the Russians adhere to their strictly national dishes. In the morning their breakfast consists of boursch, the national soup, or broth, composed of the fermented juice of beet root, sour cream, boiled cabbage and meat bouillon. This extraordinary mixture tastes much better than it reads, and after the quantity necessary to appease the appetite is consumed in the morning an enormous punch bowl is filled with the soup and stands upon a side table during the day. In all well regulated Russian households

there is also found upon the same table a roasted pig, dressed with boiled buckwheat, or kasche, as it is called, mingled with the liver, heart and other edible adjuncts of the animal. This pig is especially raised and killed for Christmas day. It weighs never more than seven or eight pounds.

Accompanying these there is the pasca, a mixture of white cheese, cream, butter, sugar and raisins, which are all placed together in a wooden bowl and allowed to stand for 24 hours. There is also the koulische, a cake plentifully filled with raisins, and then, as a little side dish, are the varicolored eggs that all good Russians are expected to eat with salt that has been purified by roasting. The evening meal is composed of great dishes of sausages and immense joints of roasted veal, which, together with the black bread peculiar to the country, is eagerly devoured and washed down with plentiful libations of koumiss and vodka.—New York World.

The Merriest Day.

Then do not select the merriest of the 365 days for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago put a good face on the matter and troll off the old ditty you used to sing and thank God it's no worse. Look on the merry faces of your children, if you have any, as they sit around the fire. One little seat may be empty; one slight form that gladdened the father's and mother's pride to look upon may not be there. Reflect upon your present blessings, not upon your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Your Christmas shall be merry and your New Year a happy one.—Charles Dickens.

A Gascony Tradition.

In Gascony there is a tradition that the lost spirits in hades experience a cessation of their tortures on Christmas day, and that on this one day of the year there is rejoicing even in the lower regions.—Exchange.

A Silesian Superstition.

In Silesia there is a superstition that a boy born on Christmas day must be brought up a lawyer or he will become a thief.

French Christmas Delicacies.

Liver puddings, well truffled and plentifully seasoned with garlic, together with the national poulet, are seen on every Christmas table in France, accompanied, especially in the south, by the celebrated Languedoc stew, which is composed, according to M. Colombie, of the following materials:

Take beef, lean bacon, a clove of garlic, a small onion in which is inserted one clove, the third of a quart of wine, a small glass of cognac and some salt. Cut the beef into square pieces, very small, and put the whole into a small earthen pot, the bottom of which is lined with thin slices of bacon. Cover the pot with thick paper closed at the edges by flour paste made with cold water, put a plate over all and let it simmer for six hours.—Exchange.

Why Ivy Is Proscribed.

The ivy is never used for Christmas decoration. It was once sacred to Bacchus and constituted almost the sole leafy decoration at the Roman saturnalia. The early Christian clergy, desiring to wean the people from their pagan practice as far as possible, forbid the use of the ivy, and the prohibition has lasted until the present age.—Selected.

Holly.

Not one pretty flower would stay
When old autumn nipped the grass,
For she had a cruel way,
Though as red checked as a lass,
Winter had our northland taken,
His white flags by winds outshaken.

What, then, was there bright enough
For the merry Christmas day?
"Good Dame Nature, be less rough,"
Said the folks. "Leave storms, we pray;
Bring some posies and be cheery,
Lest she find the world be dreary."

"What are posies in the gleam
Of my beautiful white frost?"
Said the old dame from her dream.
"By the hedge, all snow embossed,
Bloom itself the glad day carries,
And she hold up holly berries."

How their scarlet brightness shone
In the morning's airy tracks!
Nature is a wise old crone.
She knows what a picture lacks.
Winter lost is melancholy,
Christmas laughed to see the holly.

Since that hour, now far away,
When time's tired wing was light,
In the path of Christmas day
Always shines the berries bright,
And mid all its tender folly
Gleams the blush of Christmas holly.
—Subjected.

Memory Dependent

that is, the more we attend to a thing the better we remember it. It is very important to have a good memory. In reading or studying history or any other good and useful book, one is more apt to remember the simple things and forget the things most important.

Some people have a better memory than others, and having seen a person but once will recognize them after a lapse of several years. I cannot remember much farther back than when I was three or four years old.

There are a great many methods of improving the memory. One is in the recollection of numbers. The best method for this is to reduce the figures to letters by assigning a letter to each of the ten numbers.

Animals have a good memory. The dog, for instance, if whipped or used cruelly will not forget the person or the act for a long time.

Christmas Tree Ornaments.

Strings of silver and gilt balls and balls of raw cotton make pretty and effective decorations. Shreds of raw cotton may also be sprinkled over the tree. This does very nicely to represent snow. English walnuts, either natural or gilded, may be tied with ribbon and added to the other materials. You cannot have too much. Quantity rather than quality makes a tree beautiful. A dozen or more dolls, made of bright colored tissue paper, should be added if there are any little girls in the house. Candy canes and sugar animals of every conceivable kind are always appreciated by the youngsters.