

AGRICULTURE

The certification of seed potatoes is an industry that has of late been introduced into the potato growing districts of the United States, especially in the northern states, including Maine, from which a large part of the southern seed supply is drawn.

When certification of seed potatoes was first advocated, the farmers looked at it from a very different angle than they do today. At one time farmers would go as far as to drive government inspectors off their farms or lock their potato houses to prevent inspection. However this is not the condition today and the state is unable to supply sufficient money to hire a force large enough to cover the acreage of seed entered for certification.

Just what certified seed means is somewhat foreign to a large number of people and even to some of the farmers themselves. Certified seed does not necessarily mean that the potatoes certified are perfect in every respect and characteristic. There are always some qualities that cannot be secured or prevented beyond certain percentage. In the cases of diseases, for instance, some diseases appear on the plant at certain times of the season and in order to remove all diseased plants, it often happens that a field which has passed inspection, while growing may be turned down when the field is dug.

Certified seed is: Potatoes that do not contain a certain per-cent of such diseases as black-leg, weak hills, stem rot, mosaic, sprouting tuber, and other diseases. It sometimes happens that this grade of seed is not any better in shape and quantity, than some that did not pass inspection. This is no argument against certified seed however.

If a farmer wishes to have his seed certified, he must first give notice to the Department of Agriculture, some time before his potatoes blossom, and have his name filed with the number of acres that he wishes inspected, as well as the variety grown. He must give notice to the Department of Agriculture when his potatoes are blossomed so the inspector will find them in the best maturity for inspection. If his fields pass three inspections, he will at some time later receive a certificate stating to that effect and that they are eligible for certified seed. This field inspection is by no means all that the inspector does. If possible he visits the field while it is being dug and examines the tubers as to shape, yield, etc. At the time the potatoes are put in sacks, the inspector makes his final inspection, and in case they fill the requirements, he puts a tag on each sack, showing to southern buyers and growers that they are certified.

Certified seed has been grown for the last five years by the boys of the agricultural department, and the enterprise has been very successful. Every year we have more demands than our limited supply can fill. As a general rule we can raise between 25 and 40 acres. There are now about 40 acres signed up for this coming fall, but probably they will not pass inspection, as the inspectors are getting more strict every year. These potatoes are sold through the Young Farmer's Association to outside growers in New York, New Jersey, and the south. The price received is considerably more than could be obtained in the local market.

S. G. B.

LITERARY

IMPORTANT CHARACTERS IN P. I. H. S.

The results of the recent balloting was very, very gratifying (to some). The voting was carried off in a very fair manner, since we know positively that no one cast over sixteen votes for himself. It may seem incredible, but nearly everyone cast only one vote. Some, although you may not believe it, did not vote for themselves!

The results are as follows:

Most Brilliant Girl Yvonne Langlois
Most Brilliant Boy Kenneth Brown

Yvonne Langlois, a comparatively new comer in our midst, ran away, as it were, from all contestants. Yvonne's showing in Latin class alone entitles her to this title.

Kenneth Brown blushing admits that there must have been some mistake. We agree with him. (Editor's note:—Kenneth wrote this).

Best Looking Girl Charlene Thompson
Best Looking Boy Everett Larrabee

Charlene, our celebrated actress, needs no eulogizing. Her beautiful countenance speaks for itself. Juliet would have had no reason for killing herself had Romeo seen Charlene first.

Everett has his rightful crown at last. Everett's handsome phiz has shown in our midst like a searchlight for a long time, but it was not widely appreciated until this contest. A little advice, Everett: Patronize home trade for your face cream, etc.

Most Popular Girl Louise Hanson
Most Popular Boy Linwood Williams

Louise just can't help being popular. It comes natural—like the color of her hair, and Louise is not what we would call bad looking, either. Absolutely not! Positively not, Mr. Gallagher.

Linwood Williams, the friend of the Freshmen, the Sophomores' friend, the friend of the Juniors and the Seniors' friend. We'll bet on "Skinny" every time. Most Witty Girl Ilda Crandall
Most Witty Boy Robert Taylor
Ilda Crandall, our ideal—wait a minute, wait. Our ideal idea of a true opponent for our most witty boy. The match will probably be held very soon. The meeting will be held under the rules of "The Taming of the Shrew." Nothing barred.

Bob Taylor has his head right with him. Bob's bright remarks are original and pointed—like a pin, you know.

Most Courteous Girl Dorothy Loring
Most Courteous Boy Philip Annas

Dot easily takes the prize for being courteous. The writer once heard of a dancer(?) who stepped on Dot's little foot. "Oh, please excuse me for getting my foot under yours," cried Dorothy. "Very sorry, I'm sure." Can you beat it?

Everett Larrabee and Philip Annas will fight out this serious tie at some near date. It will doubtless be after the fashion of "Permit me, my dear Gaston." "Allow me, dearest Alphonse!"

Most Athletic Girl Frances Shields
Most Athletic Boy Stewart Donahue

Nearly everyone gets discouraged after one look at Fran. Anyone who gets fresh with Frances will soon be the leading man at a funeral.

Stewart Donahue and Glenn Bennett are tied for the most athletic boy. Both are in

everything in the athletic line from football to eating soup with a fork.

Best Girl Sport Dorothy Loring
Best Boy Sport Robert Taylor

Dorothy also deserves the title of best sport. Dot has shown us all that she "can't be beat."

Bob is not satisfied with one superiority over the common herd. However, no one will deny that Bob deserves his title of the best sport in P. I. H. S.

Biggest Girl Flirt Christine Newcomb
Biggest Boy Flirt Floyd Clark

Christine Newcomb comes second after nobody. Unanimously elected, but she deserves her votes. In fact, she earned them all. Hats off to "Chris!"

Floyd makes up in what is commonly called "nerve" what he lacks in avoirdupois. Floyd is right there when someone says "Cherchez la femme."

Most Conceited Girl Viria Bulley
Most Conceited Boy Richard Laffin

Viria must be excused. She has enough of the necessary requisites to turn any girl's head. Possibly she is the most "bee-yutiful" girl in school, but she lost the envelope containing all her votes, but she got left. Tough luck, if true.

Dick is, according to the ballots, the most conceited boy in school. He should have been elected the best looking, most courteous, most brilliant, and most athletic. He admits it.

Tallest Girl Ilda Crandall
Tallest Boy Charles O'Brien

Ilda Crandall is kept busy dodging circus agents trying to fill the freak tent. Oh, what a "faux pas." We refer to Ilda's length up and down. She is almost six (6) feet up and six (6) feet down, making a grand total of almost twelve feet. "All for a dime inside."

Charles has ruined the tops of all the doorways in school with his head. Pardon us, Charles, we infer that the doorways are soft, and nothing else!

Shortest Boy Miles English
Shortest Girl Lydia Howlett

Lydia Howlett is not quite as lengthy as her name. It's hard to believe. We can't believe it ourselves.

Miles takes the cake. He admits that he has been made huge, fabulous and also glittering offers to take the place of the few imitation dwarfs on the stage now. But certain ties, or rather one tie, holds him to P. I. H. S.

Most Bashful Girl Amber Sutter
Most Bashful Boy Fred Lamoreau

Amber wins first prize in this respect. Too bad, Amber, but maybe you will be glad of it some day.

Fred, the insignificant little lady's man (?). Fred is very, very much different than his brother, Paul, but then, maybe Paul will be able to give Fred a few lessons in "Don't be bashful." We are all with you, Fred, despite all slams.

Thus ends the famous list of the important (so-called) characters of P. I. H. S.—Kalamazoo papers please copy.

K. B. '24.

DIARY OF A SMALL BOY

April 2—Dere Diary—Today I bot sum candy for alis Jones, which is my gurl. It was a peecce of red and white striped pep-
(Continued on page 3)

THE P. I. H. S. FLYER

Entered as Second Class at the Post Office at Presque Isle, Maine, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The object of this paper is to keep the graduates and friends of the school informed of the school activities, and to promote school spirit, and all patriotic enterprises.

Subscribers are requested to notify the manager of changes in address and of failures to receive any numbers of this paper.

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EDITORIAL

Spring

Spring is here once more, hurrah! Those wild windy days don't look much like it. Well, never mind the wild windy days, for they will all vanish a little later, but just take a good look out of doors, or rather a "listen," and you can hear at any time the "caw, caw" of Mr. Crow. Isn't that a sign of spring? Well, if it isn't I'll give up.

But that isn't the only sign we notice. Look at those school-boys and girls. Aren't they a happy croud with their smiling faces? They are beginning to feel new life awakening in them and are happy with the thought that soon all school work will be over and a jolly summer vacation ahead.

Yes, spring certainly has at last made an appearance, but besides all the happiness it brings, it also carries under its wing a nice bundle of work; hard work for each one of us. But, however, that work will not seem half as hard if we accomplish well

what is assigned us each day, instead of shirking our task one day, for the next day, the double duty we have to do can only be given a "lick an da promise". One might say it was a waste of time both days, for what is "half done" might as well not be done at all, for all the benefit he receives from it.

That is one fault of our wonderful spring. It gives one the desire to shirk his duty and stay in the open to enjoy the beautiful weather. But I believe there is no need of this. There is a time for everything and if we do our work well while we are at it, there will be plenty of time afterwards to remain out of doors, to play, and enjoy life.
L. M. K. '24

GRINDS

The Twenty-Third Psalm of the Geometry Class

Mr. Reed is my teacher; I shall not pass. He maketh me to explain hard propositions; he exposeth my ignorance before the whole class. He restoreth my sorrows, he causeth me to give rules for my good sake. Yea, though I study until midnight, I shall gain no knowledge, for angles and originals sorely trouble me. He prepareth a test for me in the presence of the whole school; he giveth me a low mark; my sorrow runneth over.

Surely sadness and gloom shall follow me all the days of my life, and I shall remain in the Geometry class forever.

Ex.

Things That We Would Like to See
Floyd Clark wide-awake in classes.
Charles O'Brien in short pants.
"Bill" Haines in a love scene.
"Hubby" Johnston as night watchman.
Dawn Sylvester riding horse back.
"Skinny" Williams selling carpets.
Sumner Atkins without the least bit of hope (Hope).

Clarence Paul with a new comb (New-comb).

Dorothy DeWitt without a blush.
Louise Hanson and Ray Kelley elope.
The "Freshies" keep out from under feet.
"Doc" Bennett as a pianist.
Mabel Downing without her stage-door Johnny.
Elizabeth Jacques not used so savagely.
"Goosie" Berry as mama's boy.
"Kay" Pipes working for a tailor (Taylor).
Frances Shields using hair tonic.
John Chase answering a question in Commercial Geography.
The remaining days of school shorter.
Philip Annas not arguing.

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat;
I thought my heart would surely burst,
So wildly did it beat;
No hand in all the world,
Could half the pleasure bring,
As the hand I held last night
Was four aces and a king.

Why does a blush creep up a maiden's cheek

Because if it went up any faster it would kick up the dust.

EXCHANGE

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The New York Store

LITERARY

(Continued from page 1)

mint candy. When I was goin to give it to her, Willyum McDurnie, which is the new boy in town, and which has mutch munney all the time, he cum up and give her a lot of candy, and Alice likes Willyum better than me now. I am saving up some munney and I'm goin to buy her a big box of candy with a greene ribbon on it. I have now 11 (aleven) sents.

April 3—Dere Diary—Today I soled Pas ruber butes, which was in the bac hawl. It hasunt rained for a long time so he dont nede them. The Sheeny which bles junk gave me 44 sents for them. 44 and 11 maks 55 so I bot a box of candy which was 50 sents. I bot 5 gawbrakers with the uthur 5 sents. When I gave Alis the candy she smiled and said "O thank yew! Yey are a nice boy!" I said "Thats nothing. It only cost 50 (fiftee) sents." Then I was goin to hunt for Willyum becaws I am after him. But Ma caled me to super. I will get him tomorrow. As Ded Ide Dick, in "Bloody Nites" sez, "He cant escape my direful venjunce."

April 4—Dere Diary—Today aftur brekfust, as their is not eny scool, I found Willyum on Burch St. I wawked up to him and sed, "Yew kepe away from my girl, which is Alis Jones." He sez—"Oh, yew mene that fassinating littul lady with the ciris?" I sez "Yes." & he sed "Well, if I want to I gess I can speke to a gurl." And I punched him on the noze, and he ran hoam. I found sum boys and we plaid Birglars & Pleece, which is funn. When I went hoam, Ma sed "James, have you ben fiting?" Mrs. McDurnie cauled up and sed you assaulted her Willyum." "Nosir," I sed, "I only punched him in the noze." When Pa cam hoam he took me in the wudshed which is verry embrassing to the humiliasun.

April 5—Dere Diary—Today I had to clean up the suller, in the mornin, but I found menny things which mutch funn can be had with. As follos: I pr. seals, 5 bere bottils which is wurth I sent eche, I blak egg, which must have bin lade by the hens we had last year, I pr. suspenders, with Pleece on them, and I bottil of hare loshum, I bottil of stale catchup, I bottil of pink cake flavring, & I bottil of shew blac. In the afternoon, Henny Wilson & I plaid doctur in the shed. The old wite cat next door wanted a drink, so we gave it a drink of sum medisun which we made. The cat acked kindov funny and she ran up the side of the shed & turned a back summersalt off the raf. She got kindov stiff so we laid her on the step of the mete waggun when it went by. The cat wasunt mutch gud enyway.

April 6—Dere Diary—This morning we (me & Hen) went fishin out to Blaks Bruk. I cot 1 suker, 1 littul trout & a ded rabbit. This afternoon I met Alis wawking with Willyum. His tuter (which teeches him at his hoam, insted of goin to scool) was wawking behind them so I didnt tuch him. As he past, he sed lowd to Alis "Lets get

a ice creme soda," and so Alis didnt even luk at me. I swear to get venjunce, and I think I'll run away to the ochun and be a pirit. We had lemun mering pie for super tonite which is lemun pie with fuz on top. I only had 1 (Wun) peece. I have desided not to run away till after the other lemun mering pie is gone. Thare is 1 more becaws Hen & me only took one off the windo sill.

April 7—Dere Diary—Today is Sattidy & it is raning hard. At brekfust Pa sed "Ma, where is my ruber butes?" I sed "I guess I have had enough brekfust" & I went to play in the water. When I came hoam Ma sed "James, yore father wants to see you in the wudshed." What foiled was verry humileating to my prond spirut, which is how the nobul redskins felt when they was put in jale for hoss-stealing. This afternoon I sold the sick bere bottils for 6 sents which I found in the suller, and bot 5 awl-day sucers. These otto have lasted me untill next Wensday, but I met Alis & she axed we ware I got the nise sucers, and sed Willyum had mooved to Yurup for the sumer with his famly. So I gave her a red sucer and I tuk a new greene wun to start even with her, and the yello wun fell down a sucr, & the wite I was grabd by a dog which kep rite on goin, and so awl of my sucers was gon, but Alis smild at me & sed Willyum wasunt half as nise as me, so I gess I will not run away to be a pirit today. Ennyway tomorro is Sundy, and we are goin to the zoo.

K. B. '24.

A THRILL

All my life I had sought for a thrill and last week something occurred which partially lessened this desire.

It was a beautiful moonlit evening, the air shorp and still. Four of my friends and I were returning by way of the railroad track from a skiing trip in the country, and having partaken only a few moments before of a good, old-fashioned New England supper, felt ready to do battle with Jack Frost.

We were chatting and laughing gaily enough when a warning shout told us that a train was approaching. Little need to say that with all haste we took to the deep ditches and waited, knee-deep in snow, until the long freight had bumped and rattled past.

Everyone now declared that we would be wholly safe while crossing the bridge, which is at least one-sixth of a mile long, so we trooped carelessly onward. Upon reaching it we started hand in hand to cross over, thinking all would be well.

Fate would have it differently, however, for when nearly half the distance was covered, we heard with awful fear, the scream of a locomotive. Whirling around, we saw the great searchlight bearing down on us and knew that all possible haste must be made if we should reach the nearest staging. We made it, somehow, and clung frantically to each other while the huge, black monster came on. I shall never forget the sensation which came over me as I saw on the snow-covered ice below the shadow of us five girls huddled together on a narrow staging while that thing of steam and awfulness came on. One moment with the bridge shaking and trembling, and the train had roared past, enveloping us in a cloud of steam and black smoke.

With a great gasp of relief we rather shakily picked up our skis and continued homeward. I had had the long sought thrill.

D. L. '23.

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LOCALS

Monday morning, April 2, chapel was conducted by Nathaniel Coffin.

Both the Affirmative and Negative Debating Teams met at the Grange Hall Saturday, March 31. After debating by vote of the people the Affirmative side was declared victors. Later the teams and students were entertained at supper. Again Tuesday April 3, a debate was given at P. I. H. S. The Affirmative were again victors by a small margin of votes. By sale of tickets \$15.00 was realized. Then April 6, our debaters, Clifton Williams, Jack Mooney, Philip Annas and Everett Larrabee accompanied by Miss Cooper left for Bates, there to take part in the debate between Libson Falls High School and Maine Central institute.

The members of the committee appointed to assist the executive officers of the English Club are Charles O'Brien, Mary Craig and Kenneth Brown.

The classes in Music Appreciation have started and are using the new Victrola that was bought recently. Records from friends and members of the school will be greatly appreciated.

We are glad to see Hope Bean back to school.

Friends of Gladys Rogers are pleased to know that she is now recovering rapidly and able to receive visitors.

Friday, April 6, chapel exercises were led by Ilda Crandall. Miss Sayles sang some very pretty solos, accompanied on the piano, by Miss Watson.

Presque Isle High School has a good chance to earn some cups. The American Legion boys of our town and the Merchants Association are offering good prizes in essay contests. Go to it, Presque Isle, and win.

During the week some of the alumni have been visiting school.

A Freshman and Sophomore social was held in the assembly room Friday evening April 6.

A committee of five members has been appointed by the Glee Club to plan some way in which money may be raised. These members are Marie Perrault, Murilla Hayden, Elva Duncan, Beatrice Lyons and Kathryn Bean.

If the advancement and brilliancy of the Chemistry Classes may be judged by the sound of breaking test tubes, one would know that from the class of '23 the world will receive many illustrious chemists.

The sale of Chocolate bars has replaced that of apples in the halls at recess. We are pleased to see that the nickles and dimes are still forthcoming.

Post card pictures of our successful basketball team are being sold.

Thorough the Local columns we wish to express our appreciation and thanks to the unknown contributor of \$20.00 to be used by the Debating Club. This donation comes at a time when it can be readily used and the Club gratefully thanks the giver. We wish also to thank those that have contributed in any way toward the maintenance of the Debating Teams.

To those that assisted at the Flyer supper we extend our appreciation for their services. It is only by such hearty co-operation of friends and students as in the above case can P. I. H. S. still continue to put across all that is undertaken.

ALUMNI NOTES

At my wits end for fresh material for the Flyer, which would be a little difficult to the jaded eyes of the alumni readers, I decided to make "music" my theme. Music naturally suggests the place which the school pianist had always held in the history of P. I. H. S. Chapel, choruses, plays, and operettas would be nothing without the able and efficient aid of a bright pupil on the piano bench. This position is by no means an easy one. Long and conscientious practice and hours of hard work alone can make the pianist the leader that he should be, and the help to his fellow students.

Evelyn Whidden was one of those pianists, and her painstaking efforts did much toward the advancement of music. Just at present, Miss Whidden is studying at Boston University to become a music supervisor. Well we know that her former zeal will help her a great deal toward her goal.

Jennie Melville Campbell followed her, and spent her years of toil on the piano bench, striving to push onward and keep up the standards which her predecessor had set before her.

Charles LePierre was the next, and we all know Charles' brilliant and fiery playing, which entertained and delighted us so in his moments of leisure. Charles has been studying since his graduation at Faelten Pianoforte School, Huntington Avenue, Boston, Massachusetts. Lately he had a great deal of trouble with his eyes, but at the last report, they were improving, and he had taken up his routine work once more.

Alma Beaulieu, now one of our music teachers in town, had the added duties of an orchestra to uphold. She, also, is a pupil of the Faelten Pianoforte School, and has spent some time studying there since her graduation. Miss Edwards presented the operetta, "Pocahontas," with Burton Akeley and Eva Kilpatrick in the leading role, when Alma was pianist, and the fact of its success is due greatly to the aid of Miss Beaulieu.

Edna Guion followed up her music with a course at the New England Conservatory, Boston, Massachusetts, after her graduation, and is now public school music teacher in Presque Isle. A few weeks ago, Miss Guion presented the operetta, "The Isle of Chance." This is the first time for a number of years that P. I. H. S. has given an operetta, and those who attended know what a success it was. We newer knew Edna to fail!

Phyllis Wilkins was our last school pianist to graduate, and we all remember her good work at the piano. Now she is at Wellesley College, and we feel sure that she knows that the best wishes of the whole school go out to her in her newest work, in which she will succeed, the way she always did in P. I. H. S.

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