

IN MEMORIAM

Madison High School was saddened by the death of its classmate, Franklin Kennett, on May 18.

Franklin was a member of the Junior Class and was always an interested participant in school athletics. His ready laugh, his willing help and his friendly spirit will long be remembered by us.

"Thou wilt not leave us in the dust: Thou madest man, he knows not why, He thinks he was not made to die; And thou hast made him: thou art just."

-Tennyson.



THE MADISONIAN STAFF

THE MADISONIAN

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Alumni Editors

ELIZABETH CHAMBERLAIN

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"By the work, one knows the workman."

Senior Motto

"At the foothills, climbing." Very early one morning a party set out to climb a mountain. The mountain was high and after climbing for some time the party saw rising ahead a peak which they thou ght must surely be the top. But when they finally attained to the top of the rise, they found a slight declivity and a still higher peak rising beyond. So it was for many peaks. Each height attained was but the foothill for a higher peak which beckoned them on. As each new height was attained, the horizon widened, the view grew broader and more sublime.

For the past four years, we, the class of 1927, have been slowing climbing high school hill. Now, as we approach the top, it is to discover that mighty peaks rise on all sides. For those who must go to work, there are new hills to be climbed, new heights to be obtained. For some there are college hills ahead and though the climbing may be rough and steep in places, the vision at each height will be grander. Horizons will widen as we climb.

So we stand almost at the beginning of our life's climb --with heights to be attained. May we not choose the easy paths that lie toward the valley but may we set our faces toward the top and from the foothills go climbing toward the best life can give us of service and strength.

—P. G.

School and Civic Pride

Each year as we journey through high school, we be-

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come more and more attached to the students, to the teachers and to the school itself. We take pride in keeping our school neat and clean, in striving to maintain high standards, in winning in athletics and other activities and in doing the things which make it a good school.

In the same way we should love our community and do what we can to make it a good place in which to live. We owe much to the community—our school privileges come from its efforts in our behalf. Athletics and other activities are possible because of its interest and support. The only way to show our appreciation is by being good citizens. We should take pride in its appearance and do nothing to mar its neatness. We should strive to make its standards of living high and we should support its various activities.

May we cherish the memories which are ours of life in Madison High School and may we strive to do our part as good citizens in the community to which we belong.

—P. G.

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Program for Commencement Week

Friday, June 10—Knights of Good English Banquet. Sunday, June 12—Baccalaureate Sunday. Friday, June 17—Commencement at 2 P. M. Senior Reception at 8 P. M.

Commencement Program

Orchestra Overture, Invocation Singing, School Essay, "Development of World Peace," Salutatory, J. Frank Pearson Essay, "Booker T. Washington and the Negro Race," Charlie W. Crabtree Music, Essay, "Beauty in the Commonplace," Essay, "Current Events," Essay, "Dr. Grenfell," Orchestra **Eleanor** Nason Harriett A. Meloon Reginald K. Lyman Singing, Essay, "Broadcasting," Essay, "The Bearcamp," School Russell E. Bennett Ruth E. Fortier Music. Orchestra Essay, "Nature Reflections," Samuel F. Lyman Essay, "What the Community has a Right to expect of its Graduates," Valedictory, Pearl Granville Singing, School Presentation of Diplomas, Supt. F. W. Jackson Orchestra

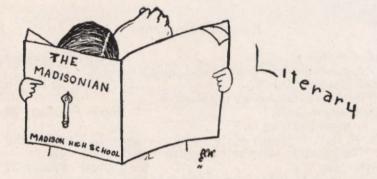
Seniors

President—Russell E. Bennett. Vice-President—Pearl Granville. Secretary—Ruth E. Fortier. Treasurer—Harriett A. Meloon. Marshals—William Kennett, 1927, Leonard Bickford, 1927. Class Colors—Green and white. Class Motto—"At the foothills climbing."

Banquet Program

Supt. F. W. Jackson Toast Master, "A good orator is pointed and impassioned." "The English Club," John A. Nelson "Actions speak louder than words." "Our Senior Class," Rhoda Pearson, '28 "C what learning is." "M. H. S.," L. May Quimby "The greatest satisfaction in life is to do good work." "Athletics," Samuel Lyman, '27 "The best of sport is to do the deed and say nothing." "The Juniors," Reginald Lyman, '27 "Assurance is two-thirds of success." "The Sophomores," Harriett Meloon, '27 "Not afraid of work, but not in sympathy with it." "The Freshmen," Ruth Fortier, '27 "Some are wise; some are otherwise." "The Alumni," Eleanor Nason, '27 "Needs not the painted flourish of our praise." "Response," Henry Hobbs, '26 "Class History," Frank Pearson, '27 "Nothing endures but necessary qualities." "Class Prophecy," Pearl Granville, '27 "His future is aglow with possibilities." "The Will," Russell Bennett, '27 "All great men are dying; I feel bad myself."

16.3



"Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man."

The Dump

EDWARD GRANVILLE, 1929

As I walk home from school, my eyes fall upon a certain place beside the road. This spot spoils the beauty of the whole town. The thing upon which my eyes rest is a dump. Here many people dump their rubbish. One would naturally think that a person would have enough self respect not to dump rubbish on the main highway, as this is. Anyone, tourist or townsman, can see the dump plainly as he rides or walks by. The tourists will naturally think to themselves, "The people of this town are very shiftless or unclean, or they would have made a dump somewhere else."

This dump is a disgrace to the town, the owner of the land, and the people who dump there. The authorities of the town should have this dump taken care of.

A Town Dump

ESTHER JACKSON, 1928

The most unsightly object a town can have is a dump. Every town must have a dump somewhere, but it ought to be far enough from the main roads so it will never be seen from them. But a town dump on the main highway, where it shows plainly to every passerby, is the worst blot any town can have.

Madison is a beautiful little town, but a dump consisting of anything and everything from tin cans and banana peelings to automobile tires, would spoil even the most beautiful town. Anybody will agree that billboards mar the beauty of a place, but is there anyone who will not say that a dump is worse?

We regret that a new dump has been started on the road between Madison Corner and Silver Lake. Coming down the street a full view of this whole unsightly thing can be gained, as it is situated on a curve of the river bank. Coming up the street it is almost as bad.

We wish all citizens had civic pride enough to prevent waste being dumped on their land, and all citizens had pride enough to prevent their dumping things where they could be seen.

There is a dump out of sight of the road two or three miles away, but perhaps it takes too long to travel that distance. In any case a dump does not belong on the main highway and, if there, should be carried off.

The Story of a Pencil

STANLEY JACKSON, 1929

May 2, 8:20. I am lying in the showcase with my hopes high. My ambition is to write essays and go to high school. Ah! here cames a high school boy. He looks homely enough to be good. He is after a pencil. He pays the price asked for me and goes out carrying me in his hand, which, by the way, is none too clean.

8:29 59". I am thrust into a pencil sharpener and the handle is turned with considerable violence. This is kept up too long and my foot breaks. When the boy removes me and discovers that my foot is broken, I hear a word which I am sure was never heard in church. I am again inserted in the sharpener, but this time the handle is turned with greater discretion and I am at last prepared for action.

8:40. There is a history test to be written, but for some reason, probably lack of study on the part of my owner, I am not used for about 20 minutes.

1 4 2 V.S.

9:00. Now, at last, we start! The boy must have been thinking before. Here we go—Hip, Hip——! Oh, gee! it's only a note to the girl in back of us requesting the answer to the question.

9:30. I find that my supposition about the boy's being good is all wrong. My foot is broken again, purposely this time, that it may be thrown at the inoffensive head of a boy across the room. This is accomplished with so much accuracy that the victim utters a startled exclamation for which he is rebuked by the teacher. It is pretty work, but I feel no delight in this kind of sport.

10:00. Have been drawing pictures of girls on the walls, presumably for decoration.

11:00. Have been broken off 10 times by count and am now a scant two inches long.

11:30. I am split up and my remains are used as missiles for bombardments.

12:00. The boy complains to the teacher that someone has been using his pencil while he didn't know it and that he can't afford to buy pencils every day. Someone else, indeed! Tell that to your grandmother, but not to me!

Farewell.

Good Bye, High School

REGINALD LYMAN, 1927.

Graduation's drawing near, Time for partings will soon be here; Good-bye, High School.

Quick the time has glided by— Four happy years in Madison High, Good-bye, High School.

Soon the farewells will be given To the class of twenty-seven, Good-bye, High School.

Then we'll pass to other spheres, Where we'll labor through the years; Good-bye, High School.

But in memories golden chain Love for schoolmates will remain, Good-bye, High School.

And our teachers' kindly faces Will be cherished through the ages, Good-bye, High School.

The Poplar's Story

RHODA PEARSON, 1928

There was hustle and hurry about those two neighboring houses that had been vacant so long. A family was moving into each. "How odd!" murmured an old poplar nestling among other poplars near the fence dividing the two houses, "Here they both come again after such a long absence."

"And neither of them know that it is the other family," answered another.

Then the oldest sighed in a reminiscent manner, "I can well remember how happily those two families neighbored together until this well we are sheltering was dug." Then he went on in reply to the young poplars' questions, "The source of the water which both families had used had been turned aside to supply the town, leaving them without a supply. Immediately the men of the two families began discussing where to dig a well. Mr. Boyden said he was sure he would find water on his land in a spot where it was always wet. Mr. Hall was equally sure he could find water on his land. I heard nothing more on the subject until one day Mr. Hall began digging a well on his side of the fence, the one which is here now. It proved to be a fine well. Later, when Mr. Boyden started work on his well, the wet spot was no longer there. He dug, but I could see that he found scarcely enough water to wet the bottom of the well. He stood there a long time, looking first at his well and then across at his neighbor's. Suddenly he picked up his tools and stalked off. That evening when his neighbor called a cheery greeting across the fence, there was no reply. From that time on I never saw them speak to each other. How silly it all seemed to me! Two friends and their families separated just because one imagined that the other had purposely dug a well where it would shut off his source of water. They might have used the same well, but imagined injury on one side and indignation because of suspicion on the other prevented it."

"But what do these families here have to do with that?" came from a young poplar.

"Well, the two families went on having nothing to do with each other as at first. Then the young people grew up and went away and soon the old folks followed. But now a son from each family has come back with their families. I wonder what they will do when they find out who their neighbors are."

The next morning the first people up in the two houses were Jean and May. The old poplar, rustling softly in the morning breeze, watched them. Finally Jean got up her courage to invite May over to play with her. May came with her kitten, the old gate creaking rustily as she passed through. It had been many years since it had been used. They played happily together until breakfast time.

Later on the old poplar saw May's father leave his home and go through the gate toward his neighbor's house. As he passed by his neighbor's well he paused a moment and looked down at it rather sadly. Then he went on. The old poplar saw him go to the door and knock. There he stood, ready to be friendly with whomever he might have for a neighbor. The door opened and a man appeared. The cheery words of greeting died on the lips of both. They stared at each other, then the caller turned on his heel with a curt nod and went back home.

All the rest of the day the old poplar saw the children playing about, but they kept away from each other. "Will things go on just as they did before?" he sighed sadly to himself.

Days passed by and the children began to make advances again. In a few weeks they were playing together, but their parents still persistently shunned each other.

One day the old poplar was aroused from a doze by a child's scream. Looking about he saw Jean and May running about the old well in distress. Looking carefully he could see that May's kitten was floundering about in the well. The children's cries brought Jean's father and mother to help. Soon May's parents came running too. By this time the kitten was safe. But still the two families lingered, talking and laughing. Soon they went to their homes.

That evening the old poplar stood watching the blinking lights in the two houses. Soon the door of one opened and May's father came out. He went through the gate, drew a pail of water from his neighbor's well and went back to his home. The old poplar watched the door shut after him and rustled softly, "What little things change the lives of human beings!"

Troubles of a Conductor

HARRIETT MELOON, 1927

"Tickets, please," said the conductor. "Tickets, please," a little louder this time.

The old lady still looked out the window.

"Tickets, please." This was still louder, but she did not turn. He tapped her on the arm. She jumped back with a jerk, keeping both hands on her pocket-book.

"What do you want?" she gasped.

"Your ticket," he replied.

"You'll have to talk louder, I'm a little deaf."

"I said that I wanted your ticket."

"Want to fix what?" she replied.

Several people began to laugh. The conductor's ears turned red.

"Your ticket, ticket, didn't you buy one?"

"No, I haven't a bunion, and don't get fresh with me, young man. You're old enough to know better."

The conductor looked around to see if anyone had heard her. Everyone was shaking with laughter. He began again, "I— want— your— tick—et." "Eh? How can you fix it when I said that I didn't have

"Eh? How can you fix it when I said that I didn't have one. Furthermore, I never had one in my life."

The conductor was about to give up and had just turned away, when she spoke again.

"I'm going to Deepcreek. Do I have to change trains to get there?"

"Yes, when we stop at Spokane, you."

"Listen here, young man, I never smoked in my life, and moreover I probably never shall. You're hired to conduct this train, not to tell other people what they can and cannot do."

"I didn't say anything about smoking, I— said— that you— had— to— change— trains— at— Spokane."

"Oh, thank you, and how much farther is it from there?"

"About 25 miles."

"Oh dear, all that. I didn't suppose it was so far. If I had known it...."

The conductor interrupted her by again asking for her ticket. "Will you please give me your ticket, lady?"

"My what?"

"Your ticket, I'm the conductor."

"Oh, I see now. So you're a corn doctor? Is that the reason you asked me if I had a bunion?"

The conductor did not answer but went down the aisle and disappeared into the smoker.

The old lady opened her pocketbook and took out a handkerchief. As she pulled it out, the ticket came with it. "Why, he must have forgotten to ask me for it. I'll have to give it to him." She jumped up and waddled down the aisle, waving the ticket in her hand. "Here, you haven't taken my ticket yet," she called. She went through into the smoker. The conductor was in the lower end. In a high shrill voice she called again, "Here's my ticket. I've got my ticket for you." She came down to the end puffing a little, but triumphant, "I brought you my ticket so you wouldn't have to bother and come back again."

"Thank you, madam," said the conductor, "that was very thoughtful of you."

The old lady waddled back, smiling as she went, and again took her seat in the other car.

Class of 1927

"If any here chance to behold himself, Let him not dare to challenge me of wrong; For if he shame to have his follies known, First he should shame to act 'em."

-Johnson.

RUSSELL ELDEN BENNETT, "Russ," "Ben"

Russell is our handy man, having a genius for tools.

Vice-President, K. G. E., '26; Joke Editor, Madisonian, '26; Treasurer, Madisonian, '27; President, K. G. E., '27; Class President, '27; Baseball, '26-'27; Manager, '27; Basketball, '27; Plays: "Daddy Long Legs," '25; "Come out of the Kitchen," '26; "Believe Me, Xantippe," '27.



"To know him is to be his friend."

CHARLIE W. CRABTREE, "Crab"

Charlie's ambition is to attend a business college and become a stenographer.



"And still his music seemed to start, The sweetest echoes of our heart."

RUTH ELEANOR FORTIER



Ruth came to M. H. S. in her Junior year. She plans to enter Keene Normal School in the fall.

Joke Editor, Madisonian, '27; Librarian, '27; Class Secretary, '27; Lincoln medal, '27.

"As merry as the day is long." PEARL GRANVILLE, "Hannah"



Pearl plans to enter the University of N. H. in the fall.

Secretary, K. G. E., '25; Vice-President, K. G. E., '26; Librarian, '27; Joke Editor, Madisonian, '25; Literary Editor, '26; Editor-inchief, '27; Class Vice-President, '27; "Professor Pepp," '24; "Believe Me, Xantippe," '27; Manager, Girls' Basketball Team, '27; Honor Pupil; Valedictorian.

"One who has truly made good." REGINALD KENERSON LYMAN, "Reg"



"Reg" is always willing to do his part in school activities.

Cheer Leader, '25; Baseball, '26, '27; "Come out of the Kitchen," '26; "Believe Me, Xantippe," '27; Assistant Manager, Madisonian, '27.

"Gladness of the heart is the life of a man."

FREDERICK SAMUEL LYMAN, "Sam"

"Sam" enjoys out-of-doors, and is good in athletics.

Treasurer, K. G. E., '27; Manager, Basketball, '27; Captain, Baseball, '27; Baseball, '25, '26; Marshal, '26.



"Silent, steadfast and demure." HARRIETT APPHIA MELOON, "Hat"

Harriett is an inveterate reader. She goes to the University of N. H. Exchange Editor, Madisonian, '26; Literary Editor, '27; Class Treasurer, '27; Won M. H. S. letters, Field Day; Captain, Girls' Second Basketball Team; Honor Pupil, '24, '27.



"A good book is good company." ELEANOR NASON, "Tommy," "Len"

Eleanor wants to be a nurse and hopes to begin her training next year.

Cheer Leader; Secretary, K. G. E., '26, President, '27; Alumni Editor, Madisonian, '26; Exchange Editor, '27; "Daddy Long Legs," '25.



"The deed I intend to do is great, but what as yet I know not."

JOHN FRANK PEARSON, "Curley"

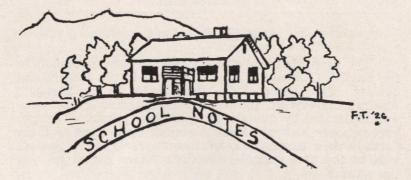


Frank wants a business career and will enter Boston University in the fall.

President, K. G. E., '27; Basketball, '25, '26, '27; Manager, '26, Captain, '27; Baseball, '26, '27; "Professor Pepp," '24; "Daddy Long Legs," '25; "Come out of the Kitchen," '26; "Believe Me, Xantippe," '27; Assistant Manager, Madisonian, '26; Manager, '27; 3rd Prize, Public Speaking, '26; Honor Pupil, Salutatorian.

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"A man well liked by men-and women, too."



"Ask how to live? Write, write news."

School Play

The school play, "Believe Me, Xantippe", has been given twice at Madison. Parts were well taken and this comedy seemed to be well liked.

Teachers

Miss Pauline Mountain from the University of New Hampshire is taking Miss Learned's place this term, and is teaching the French.

Musical Program

In honor of the Beethoven Centenary, a musical program was given at the English Club meeting one Friday afternoon. The program was much helped by Martha Kennett who was home from the Boston Conservatory and sang a solo and by Ruth Pearson of Plymouth Normal School, who helped the girls in the chorus.

English Club

Officers for the present term were elected as follows: President—Eleanor Nason Vice-President—Leonard Bickford Secretary—Evelyn Frost Treasurer—Samuel Lyman

Outside Speakers

The very instructive talk given by Rev. Scammon to the English Club was of special interest to the Juniors and Seniors. The subject, "The Part Played in the Struggle Against Slavery by the Four New England Poets" was well illustrated by quotations from their poems. The two upper classes had just finished studying the lives of these poets in their American Literature Course and the Seniors were at the time studying the Civil War. We all enjoyed the address.

The English Club was given another treat when Major Cooper consented to speak to us. Major Cooper was a photographer during the World War and saw much of the real life of the army. He told many interesting incidents which occurred while he was "over there."

Senior Class

The Senior Class held a meeting early in the term at the home of Mr. Jackson and organized, electing class officers. They also decided commencement questions which needed to be discussed.

The class has decided to present the school with a silk flag and standard. This gift will be very helpful in assembly meetings.

French Notes

Numerous compositions have been written in French by the Juniors and Seniors. These were well illustrated and have made an attractive set of papers.

Yard Committee

A yard committee was appointed early in the spring when the yard looks its very worst. With a few rakes and the cooperation of many willing students the yard was raked and the dry grass was carried away. The school garden also received attention, being weeded and spaded. Franklin Kennett contributed a load of dressing which was placed about the bushes and used to enrich the flower beds. The school has been reaping the benefits of this committee's work not only in the improved appearance of the yard but in the rich blossoms which have been blooming in the gardens.

Madisonian

The Madisonian submitted magazines to the Annual Contest arranged by the Columbia Press Association. Special mention was given on the report received from the Record for the excellence of the paper for so small a school. In Range of subject and number of contributors, we were ranked 100% but we need to work for improvement in General Appearance, Quality and Variables. It is of course impossible for us to increase the fifth point—that of Frequency of Publication.

Holidays

The school was closed twice for high school conferences which the faculty attended.

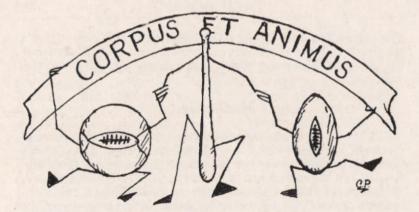
Exhibition

The second annual exhibition was held at the Town Hall, Friday, May 13. A good display of work was exhibited on the walls and a physics demonstration which invited people to "come and get a shock" created quite a bit of interest.

The senior class served a baked bean supper, after which an excellent program was given by the grade schools. The high school classes closed the program with an original pageant which traced the development of schools in N. H.

Correspondence Club

Several letters have been received by members of the foreign Correspondence Club. This has proved to be very interesting reading and has added much to our knowledge and friendship for these foreign friends.



"Tis deeds must win the prize."

Girls' Hiking Club

With the coming of spring, the hiking club has resumed its hikes. One hike each week is planned, different girls choosing the destinations. We hope to complete our fifty miles this spring.

Madison High School has played only three games of baseball this season, due to late scheduling of games. The first game was played on the Madison grounds with Quimby High School. The Madison boys had had very little practice and some of the players were new to the game. Score—M. H. S. 11—Q. H. S. 10. Battery for Quimby, Tibbetts and Gordon. Battery for Madison, Kennett and Lyman.

The second game was also played on the Madison grounds with Kennett. Some of the Madison boys appeared frightened and didn't play their best. The game resulted in a decisive victory for Kennett. Score—K. H. S. 31—M. H. S. 3.

In the second game with Quimby High Madison hammered five pitchers from the box. The new players were more confident and played good baseball. Score—M. H. S. 29—Q. H. S. 7.

We hope to give a better account of ourselves at Conway on June 4.



"The greatest satisfaction in life is to do good work."

125 Hemenway St., Boston, Mass. May 10, 1927

Dear Seniors,

The class of 1923 sends you congratulations and best wishes on your roads to success.

We hope you have made the most of your life while at Madison High—given your best, thus receiving the best. It is the start one has in early life which counts, and the High School days mean a great deal which is realized after they are over.

We wish you the best life has to give and welcome you as Alumni.

Martha Kennett

Boston University S. R. E., 20 Beacon St., Boston, Mass.

Dear Class of '27,

To Madison High School and especially to you Seniors the class of 1924 sends heartiest greetings. We have never forgotten our happy days at M. H. S. and know that you are now having as fine a time as we once had there. Many of you we do not know now, nevertheless we wish you success and happiness in your high school life. At least there is a spirit bond for you are availing yourselves of the same opportunities we once had and perhaps some day we shall all become better acquainted.

We wish to congratulate the class of 1927 on the accomplishments and success they have already attained in their four years at M. H. S. We join with the other classes which have gone before you in welcoming you to the ranks of the Alumni. You are ready to begin again as we have done or are doing. May you find joy in "commencing" again, and may your Graduation Day be a happy one. Very best wishes from,

> The Class of 1924. Sarah A. Chamberlain.

> > Plymouth, N. H. May 11, 1927

Dear Students of M. H. S.,

The class of 1925 extends best wishes to M. H. S. for a happy, successful close of the school year.

The Quartette of P. N. S., have spent two very busy, happy years at Plymouth Normal, and are looking forward to graduation in June.

"To the Class of 1927"

The class of 1925 wish to welcome you to the Alumni.

We wish to say that we have found the days that we spent at M. H. S., were our happiest days. We shall always remember them. We hope you will profit by this and make these last few days the very best of all.

We would enjoy attending the Commencement Exercises, but we are unable to.

I hope we meet at M. H. S., sometime.

"Congratulations" to the class of 1927 from 1925.

Sincerely, Edith M. Gilman

Keene Normal School Keene, N. H. May 4, 1927

Dear Students of Madison High,

Once again it is drawing near the time for another class to leave your midst. While your loss will be the Alumni's gain, certainly the graduating class themselves are losing a great deal—for they are leaving dear old Madison High and all that that means. But as they continue

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in their work, they will be meeting new people, forming new friendships and encountering new experiences. May these new things be of the same happy, broadening type as those they have already experienced in M. H. S.

As you, the class of 1927, go forth to "conquer the world" remember what Budges has so well said,

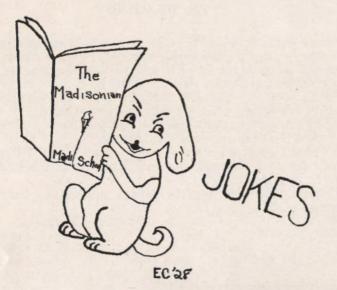
"Then give to the world the best you have,

And the best will come back to you."

Those students who will take your place will surely profit by your example and will carry on as splendidly as you have done.

That your lives may be happy, successful ones is our earnest wish.

Frances Thompson Class of '26.



"A smile and a laugh for all the world."

Definitions from M. H. S.'s new dictionary. Miss Q. (English): "What is a trap?" Bright pupil: "Something to get out of."

Mr. N.: "What is censorship of press?"

N. D.: "It's having everything inspected before you write it."

Mr. N.: "What does the word 'radish' come from?" E. F.: "The garden, of course."

Mr. Nelson (in Physics, talking about the way some of the Juniors spelled sawdust): "Franklin, what two words is the word 'sawdust' made up of ?"

F. K.: "Wood."

Wanted at M. H. S.

Either a straw hat or a fancy petticoat for a Junior boy. Some gum for the school's champion gum chewer. A new bicycle for L. S.

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We wonder

Why Miss M. thought hedgehog and hogshead were the same.

Play Echoes

Does the Constitution forbid a girl ordering a man to bed?

Why were all the red squirrels shy, we wonder, when they saw M. H. S. boys out with guns?

Can anyone tell what became of the stage properties at the last production?



Our Library Table

"You may consider that nothing in the world is more excellent than friendship."

New Magazines

Two new magazines, "The Century," and "Harper's" have been added to the Library Table this year. These two are more general in character than some of our magazines and have been much enjoyed because of their interesting articles and entertaining stories.

Exchanges

We wish to extend our thanks to all schools who have exchanged papers with us during the past year. We have enjoyed this way of getting better acquainted and we wish for all of you continued success in all your school activities.

A Few Suggestions and Comments.

Fairflax High School, Fairflax, S. Dak.—Why not add a Literary Department to your interesting newspaper?

"Rostrum News," Guilford High School, Guilford, Me. —Your paper is interesting. We wish you the best of success.

"Red and Black," Stevens' High School, Claremont, N. H.—A very good paper, well organized.

"The Jabberwock," Girls' Latin School, Boston, Mass. —Your paper is attractive. We like it.

"The Leavitt Angelus," Turner Center, Me.—Your stories are entertaining.

"Drury Academe," Drury Academy, North Adams, Mass.—We are glad to welcome you as a new Exchange. We enjoyed your Literary Department. Come again.

"The Profile," Plymouth High School, Plymouth, N. H. —A well balanced paper.

"The Brewster," Brewster Academy, Wolfeboro, N. H. —We are always glad to see your paper.

"The Record," Littleton High School, Littleton, N. H.---We enjoy your Literary Department.

"The Meteor," Berlin High School, Berlin, N. H.— Your paper is excellent.

"Portsmouth High News."—A good newspaper.

"The Red and White," Rochester High School, Rochester, N. H.—Some of your cuts are especially good.

"Wax a Beacon," Waxahachie High School, Waxahachi, Texas.—We are glad to hear from your distant state.

Extracts from a letter received from a letter from Aberdeenshire, Scotland.

I think I have told you I was studying for an examination—The Day School Certificate Higher. It took place on Monday the 21st of March. It was not really difficult but of course I made a few mistakes. The examination took place from 10 to 12 o'clock not long but a lot to put into it. Afterwards we got a half-holiday. Going home by the mid-day train I found a letter for myself from an Indian correspondent. By the afternoon post your letter came. It was a great pleasure I can assure you.

It was a great pleasure I can assure you. On the 25th and 26th our concert, "The Magic Key", took place. It was a great success. I was Kadiga, the Gypsy Queen; I was well suited for the part as my hair and eyes are both brown. My hair would I suppose, have looked much better had it been long. My hair was very long a few years ago.

Are you going anywhere for your holidays? I don't

suppose I shall go except for a few jaunts to Aberdeen— The Granite City. A white stone called granite is mined in the neighborhood with the result that most of the buildings are built of it. It is rather pretty.

Do you celebrate Easter with Easter eggs and Hot Cross Buns? On Easter Sunday an egg or as many as are wanted, is boiled hard and dyed by ribbons. Each person takes an egg and rolls it down a slope. When the egg is broken we sit down and eat it. It is meant to represent the rolling away of the stone from Jesus' tomb.

Tomorrow will be the 1st of April—April Fool's Day. I will try not to be caught. If you don't know what it means I shall tell you in my next letter.

Kathleen L. Morrison



The Madisonian Staff wishes to take this opportunity to thank all those who have supported them with advertisements during the year. We very much appreciate this aid.

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