

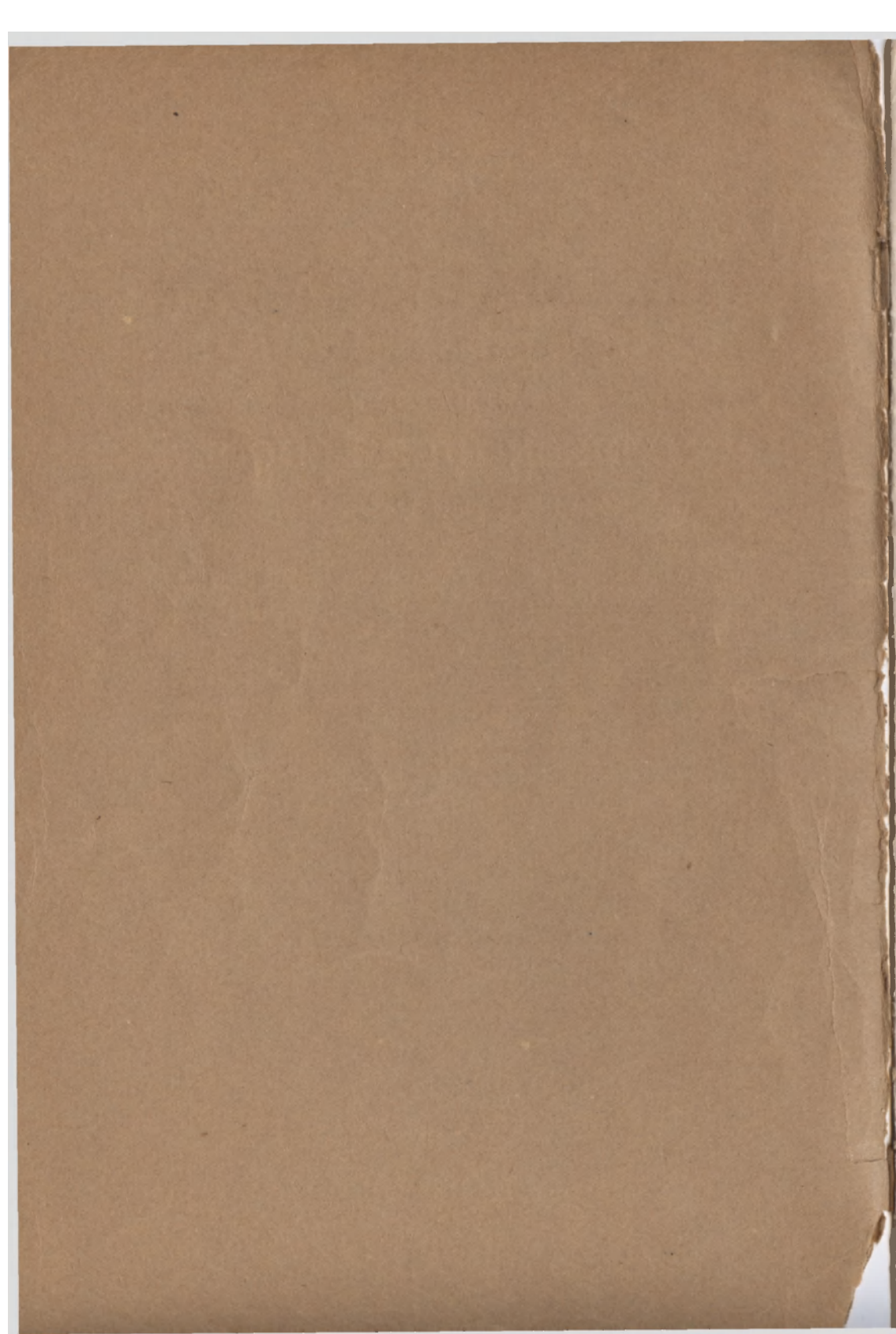
# The Madisionian

PUBLISHED BY

MADISON HIGH SCHOOL

Madison, New Hampshire

MARCH 1924



# THE MADISONIAN

Vol. 2

MADISON, N. H., MARCH 1924

No. 2

Published by the Students of Madison High School Once  
Each Term, 25 cents per Copy.

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## TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIALS	2
LITERARY	3
SCHOOL NOTES	7
ATHLETICS	9
JOKES	10
EXCHANGES	13
ADVERTISEMENTS	14

## THE ALL ROUND STUDENT

The so-called all round student of to-day is the pride of his school. Very few can boast that they have qualified in all phases of high school or college life. Some students who can make an excellent recitation in the classroom are failures on the athletic field and often the "star" of the game is equally poor in recitation. Scholarship and athletic ability are only two qualifications for our all round student. The social life of the school is one of its most important activities. The student who can mingle with his fellow students either as a leader or, at least, as a "good fellow" has one very desirable trait. In the social life of the school there is an excellent opportunity to meet many different types of students and, by mingling with them and adapting oneself to the various kinds, to broaden his own experience and enrich his life. Another important characteristic of the all round student is loyalty. He must be willing to sacrifice some of his personal interests for the good of the school. He must never by word or deed do anything that will bring dishonor upon his school. And so the student who can come up to standards in the classroom, who can excel in athletics, who is a good mixer and who is always loyal to his school, his teachers and his fellow students is the one who will raise the standards of his school.

—A. G.

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## CARRY ON

As "a new broom sweeps clean but it takes an old one to dig out the corners," so it is with a new school year. At the beginning of the school year, the new studies interest us and we determine to do our very best and to accomplish a great deal. As the weeks pass, the novelty wears off, outside activities draw our attention away from our school work and we find our resolutions lagging. It is much easier to just "get by" than to put our best efforts into our tasks. This is the time when each of us shows what is in him. This is the time when we must carry on. We must summon our will power and attack our lessons with determination. We must rouse our loitering spirits to keep on with renewed vigor. If we do, we shall find at the end of the year that we have been amply repaid for all our efforts.

—R. P.

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## CHINATOWN IN NEW YORK CITY

SARAH CHAMBERLAIN, '24

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We entered Chinatown about nine o'clock one night, on our way to a mid-night missionary meeting at the Doyle Street Mission. When we entered the Mission, we found a guide waiting to show us around Chinatown before the meeting.

First he took us through the Mission building itself. It had been a Chinese theater and around the wall was a hand-painted freize. This would be highly valued in a museum but it is painted on the wall itself so it cannot be removed. The stage was much like the stages in our halls. The seats were built up much higher than ours and were very uncomfortable, for there was only a narrow board to sit on with another board for a back. The Chinese instead of sitting as we do, sit on the backs of the benches with their feet on the seats. They then twine their arms about their knees and when they wish to clap, they clap their feet, encased in wide solid slippers, on the seat, without changing their position. The plays which used to be given were long ones, sometimes lasting weeks.

Underneath the theater there used to be an opium den. One can see now the secret passages leading under the streets in different directions from this room. This has been changed into a place of refuge for those who are without a lodging place. There the "down and outs" can each night get a cup of coffee and a sandwich.

We left the Mission to see more of Chinatown, planning to return later. The first place we visited was the Chinese Joss House or place of worship. This consisted of one small room on the walls of which were hung several mottoes written in the Chinese language. They were placed there by wealthy Chinamen, who felt that they owed something to Confucius, their god, for his goodness in making them wealthy.

The altar in this house is made of teak-wood, which is as hard as steel. The front of the altar is beautifully carved, the work being done by members of one family representing three generations. Before the main altar or holy shrine is placed every day three cups of tea for Confucius. The altar is also beautifully carved. The flowers and birds

in this carving are life size and every detail is accurately worked out. The Chinese bring sacrifices, which they place before the altar, where they pray. Beside the altar are placed two short sticks of wood, round on one side and flat on the other. These are tossed up after a prayer. If they fall with both flat sides down or up, Confucius answers "no" to the prayer; but if one flat side falls with face up while the other is down, the answer is "yes." Another curious thing which is kept in the Joss House is a stack of tissue paper slips with several holes punched in them. At a funeral procession these slips are continually thrown out all along the way. The Chinese believe the evil spirit has to go through all these little holes in following the body and is therefore detained, and the body is buried before the evil spirit overtakes it.

A high priest stays in the Joss House all the time and keeps tea before the shrine of Confucius. A counter, such as is found in any ordinary store, displays articles for sale. The sale of these articles enables the priest to earn a little money while staying at his post in the Joss House. Many things which the Chinese find useful as well as many things which appeal to the visitors' desire for souvenirs are included in the list of articles sold. Such things as Chinese back-scratchers, post cards, statuettes, and trinkets of all sorts are found here.

The Joss House is the most interesting place on the street. The rest can be seen from the outside. The street itself is dimly lighted, very narrow and crooked. On each side are miniature houses and shops which seem tiny when compared with other buildings in New York. In the shop windows are shown, among other things, the meats and vegetables which are eaten by the Chinese. The things displayed are very interesting especially the souvenirs. Scarcely any American goods are found on display. As we pass up the street, noting the places of interest, we see peering from the shadows groups of Chinese children and even grown-ups, who have gathered to see us pass.

At last we find ourselves again in the Mission. It is time for the meeting and the place gradually becomes full of men. We are given a place on the platform. The meeting is something like our evangelistic meetings. It is midnight before it is over and we leave Chinatown for our homes.

## SEEING A HERO

PAUL BICKFORD, '24

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Marshal Foch, the great French general during the World War, Commander-in-chief of all the allied armies, was in Boston and was to be in a great parade. It rained, but my sister and I, like many other people, were curious to see this World War hero and determined to go in spite of the rain.

We arrived in Boston with plenty of time to spare, so we found our way to one of the smaller streets, where Marshal Foch was scheduled to pass, hoping that we would have the good fortune to see him. Much to our disappointment we discovered that the street was already crowded, but we resolved to stay there, thinking it would be as good a place, probably, as any. We waited an hour in the rain without seeing any signs of a parade or the hero of the day. By this time we had gradually wormed our way nearer the main street. All the time the crowd had been gathering. The street was literally packed. We waited another full hour, pushing and being pushed, jabbed in the ribs, trodden upon, and jostled by the crowd as it surged back and forth. All the time the rain fell in a cold drizzle which all but dampened our ardor.

At last the word was passed through the crowd that Marshal Foch was coming and sure enough in a few minutes he passed in an auto. Everyone stood on their toes and stretched to their fullest height in an effort to catch a glimpse of the great general. Only those in front were able to see much, the crowd was so great. My sister and I saw only his red hat as he passed. The parade lasted for nearly an hour. By this time my sister and I found ourselves next the street with a great crowd back of us pushing. Finally we were pushed into the street and separated as the crowd surged around us. The mounted police were having a difficult time keeping the way clear. They backed their horses into the crowd to force them back. When I saw one bearing down upon me, I made haste to get back into the crowd in any way I could.

Finally the last of the parade passed and the crowd began to break up. My sister and I very fortunately found each other, a rather remarkable thing in such a large crowd,

and went home. We were drenched and sore from too frequent contact with our neighbors and we had gained no personal knowledge of the great War hero for whom we had risked our comfort and almost our lives.

## AN EXCITING PICNIC

RUPERT LORING, '27

One fine day last summer my aunt invited my brother, sister and me to go on a picnic with her and a friend. They were going to the head of Big Danhole Pond in their canoe. Of course we accepted gladly.

We had a fine trip going over. The waves were nearly two feet high; but as it was a warm day, it was not unpleasant to have the water spray over us. We were only a short distance from our destination, when my sister called our attention to a white animal sitting on a log which extended into the water on our right. It was an albino porcupine. It was eating lily-pads and I never saw a prettier sight than the little white animal as it sat there in the sun. My aunt wrapped her sweater around his tail and carried him to the edge of the pond where she took his picture. Then I pulled the quills out of her hands for her.

When we reached the beach, the ladies began picking berries while my brother and I played in the sand. Suddenly my brother shouted, "The canoe is going away! Quick!" The boat had already drifted away from the shore and none wanted to risk getting wet. In a second I jumped up and ran after it. When I was up to my hips in the water, the canoe was still out of reach and sailing in the wind away from me. I hurried as best I could but when the water had reached my arm pits, it was still beyond reach. One more jump, however, and I would have it. I jumped. The water came up around my neck. Could I get it? I reached as far as I could. Yes! I had it. Back to the shore I waded with the canoe in tow but, alas! I was soaking wet.

While we ate dinner, I dried my clothes as best I could. On our way back the wind was so strong we held up our paddles and sailed all the way to the landing. We saw two ducks on the way.

In spite of my unplanned bath, I certainly had a good time and readily agreed to go again when another trip was proposed.



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## NIGHT WOODS IN WINTER

BEATRICE GILES, '26

The ground is carpeted with snow  
So thick and soft and white!  
Tall pines their giant branches  
Toss against the sky of night.

A faint soft rustle of dried leaves,  
The bound brook's icy tinkle,  
A murmur from the stately trees,  
Then stars begin to twinkle.

A rabbit scurries homeward fast  
To his hole in the thicket deep.  
Every whisper is stilled at last.  
The night woods are asleep.

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## TWILIGHT

HARRIET MELOON, '27

At twilight when the sun goes down,  
And the birds have gone to rest,  
And the sky in beautiful colors is gowned—  
This is when I like it best.

After the sun goes out of sight,  
And the children come in from play,  
The sky is covered with colors bright—  
Purple and pink and pearly gray.

After the clouds come from the mountains  
And cover the colors so bright,  
The dark shadows deepen and deepen,  
Till they blot out the beautiful twilight.

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## SCHOOL NOTES

Four essays have been sent to the Granite Monthly Contest. Whether we win a prize or not, we feel that the time spent on these essays has been well spent.

We were pleased to have the book review sent to the Scholastic accepted and printed.

Several of the Seniors are studying on Chemistry, preparatory to sending in essays on some phase of that subject to the Contest arranged by the American Chemical Society.

We are sorry that two of our pupils have had to leave because of ill health—Madeline Giles and Barbara Reynolds. We were sorry also to have Elliott Gordon leave but are glad to know that he is continuing his studies at Tamworth High.

### KNIGHTS OF GOOD ENGLISH

We were fortunate to have for our first speaker of the term Mr. Allen, who addressed us November 28 on "How to Use Simplicity in Writing." He illustrated his point by reading some of Carl Sanburg's "Rutabaga Stories." The stories fascinated us by their originality and catchy word combinations.

Friday, February 8, Mr. Jackson gave us an illustrated lecture on "Dr. Grenfell and His Work in Labrador." The pictures were interesting and the story of this man's life was inspiring and full of suggestion. We all enjoyed this program.

The Club gave a Thanksgiving supper, November 27. A fine crowd came and we all enjoyed the evening's program which consisted of music by the high school, solos by Mrs. James Ridgway and an illustrated lecture by Supt. Jackson.

At the last meeting of the club before Christmas, we had a Christmas tree and program. Popcorn and candy were served by the program committee. We were glad to have with us at this meeting two of our alumni—Martha Kennett, and Mrs. Mildred Nason Frost.

Before the snow came the club planted bulbs.

On February 22nd the Knights of Good English gave a Washington Party at the I. O. O. F. Hall at Silver Lake. The grammar schools of Madison and Ossipee were present. Patriotic songs were sung and the flag salute was given. Stereopticon pictures, showing the "Spirit of '76," accompanied by a lecture by Supt. F. W. Jackson, were enjoyed by all. A reel showing the "Snowmobile" was also shown. The program closed with a comedy. After the entertainment ice cream and cake were served.

## ATHLETICS

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We lost the game;  
No matter for that—  
We kept our tempers,  
We swung our hats  
And cheered the winners.  
A better way  
Than to lose our temper  
And win the day.

T.V.M.

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The basketball season opened last fall with the prospects of a winning team. However, this was not to be. We were beaten by Porter, Nute, Kennett, Bartlett, Brownfield and Manchester, making a total of eight games played. The season ended with the game at Manchester. The excellent time which the team had on the trip helped to make up for the defeat. The team left early Saturday, February 23, and returned Sunday noon. The prospects for next year's team are much better than this year.

With a disastrous season behind us in basketball, all interest is at present centered on baseball. Practically every member of last year's team, which won half of its games, will be eligible for the team this year. Ward and Nason will undoubtedly pitch better ball than last year, in fact, the whole team should be superior. Manager Angell has arranged the following schedule for the coming season:

April 16—Kennett High at Conway.  
April 26—Parsonsfield at Madison.  
May 3—Nute at Madison.  
May 7—Open.  
May 10—Madison at Nute.  
May 14—Porter at Madison.  
May 17—Madison at Porter.  
May 21—Madison at Parsonsfield.  
May 24—Madison at Brownfield.  
May 30—Reserved for West Side High at Madison.  
May 31—Brownfield at Madison.  
June 6—Kennett High at Madison.

## JOKES

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### PARODY ON "CICERO"

How long, O Latin, will you abuse our patience? How long will your tangled passages torment us? To what end will your long lines and lingering lessons hurt us? Does not the sight of our exhausted frames, our tired eyes and our long hours of study move you? Do you not know that many of our cherished plans and fond desires are given up for you?

Oh, these modern times! Oh, these long established customs! We know what a subtle hold you have upon us and our elders are not ignorant of it. Yet, if as each day goes by, we have not gone down to defeat before your tyrannical hand, we think we have done our duty. Whether in day or when wrapped in slumber, we seem to see you beckoning with a long, greedy finger.

Since these things are so, wretched seducer, we have a very grave decree against you. We would exile you from the realms of learning that you may no longer distract the minds and wreck the physique of unsuspecting students.

What would happen if:

Madeline Giles should yell?  
Our clock should run all day?  
Maynard came to class on time?  
Ruth Pearson didn't know her lesson?  
Albert Fortier should sit still?  
Luther Hill got his French?  
Marion should forget to turn round?  
Albert Conner should cease to tease?  
Edith Gilman didn't laugh?

History recitation: "Titus gave each one of his people a president."

French translation: "Cornelius Van Baerle constructed a certain building in his heart (yard)."

F. G., (reading from the "Merchant of Venice": "Even so void is your fake teeth (heart) of truth."

## "THE STUDENT LAMENT"

This writing of poems  
Is not in my line,  
But the rules of our school are  
Our teachers to mind.

"She" said I must write one  
And be sure of the rythm  
So here goes "your s truly"  
With all that is in him.

In spelling I'm poor,  
But I try to improve;  
For whatever I do,  
If I spell poor, I lose.

Mathematics and English  
Are surely worth knowing,  
But how useless for me  
To try to write poems.

When I think of real poets  
So gifted and famous,  
I know in *this* work  
I'm a real ignoramus.

I've had some hard problems  
In Madison High,  
But none that so nearly  
Brought a tear to my eye.

My brain I have racked  
Till I'm nearly insane.  
So don't ask your fond pupil  
To write poems again.

—R. L.

Where did we see Roland Lyman January 18?  
Wy-att Nute!

We understand that Rip Gilman is a good seamstress.

## WHO'S WHO IN THE CLASS OF 1924?

The Most Popular

Paul Bickford

The Ladies' Man,  
 The Class Humorist,  
 The Noisiest One,  
 The Best,  
 The Most Happy-go-lucky,  
 The Only Girl,

Roland Lyman  
 Arthur Gilman  
 Roland Ward  
 Philip *Angell*  
 Austin Savary  
 Sarah Chamberlain

### BACK TO THE FARM

I'm a Freshman pupil  
 At Madison High.  
 And to keep up my ranks  
 I'm determined to try.

A first-class farmer  
 I'm anxious to be  
 So this writing of poems  
 Doesn't appeal much to me.

I've had some fine thoughts  
 That were really sublime.  
 But when I try to express them  
 They're bound not to rhyme.

It would give me more pleasure  
 To put in the time  
 Studying how to feed cattle  
 And horses and swine.

Or how to raise beans  
 On some old run-down farm  
 Which holds for me truly  
 An exquisite charm.

What time has a farmer  
 Fine poems to write  
 When he's working so busily  
 From morning till night.

When I start out in life  
 I must earn my own dollars,  
 So I'll leave writing poems  
 To more gifted scholars.

—C. C.

## EXCHANGES

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We are glad to acknowledge receipt of many of our old friends and to welcome several new acquaintances this month.

"The Academy Herald," Bethel, Maine: You have an excellent paper. The Editorials are particularly good.

"The Record," Littleton High School: We like your paper very much. The poems are fine. Why not reserve one section for them?

"The Meteor," Berlin High School: Your paper is very good. We especially like your Literary Department.

"The Outlook," Porter High School: You have a very good paper.

"The Red and White," Rochester High School: You have a very interesting Literary Department.

"Fisbury Bomb," Vineyard Haven: For a small paper, yours is splendid. It shows that you are keeping up to your resolutions in regard to the co-operation of the student body.

"The Leavitt Angelus," Turner Center, Maine: You have a very interesting paper. It is very well arranged and shows a good school spirit.



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