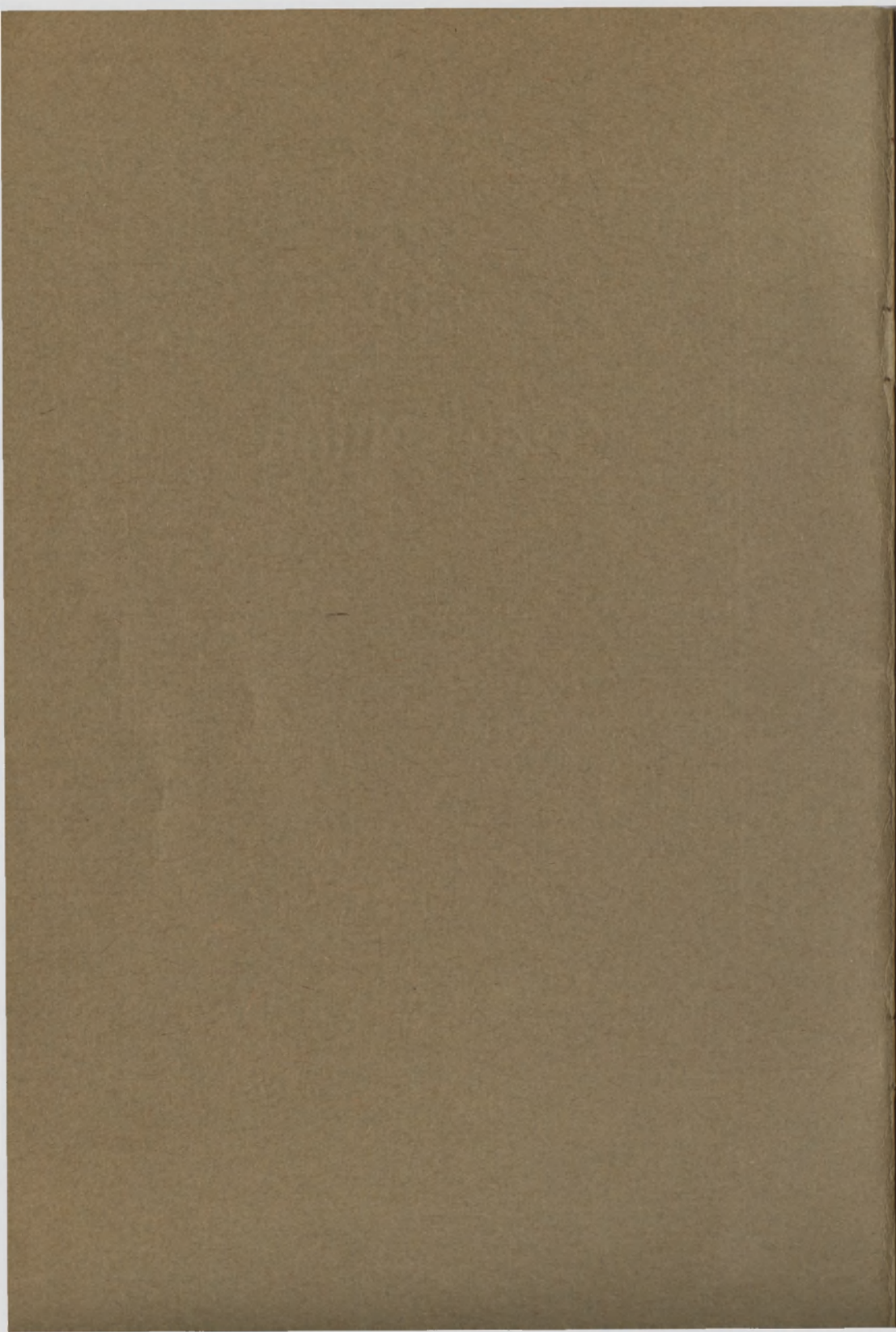


The
Madisonian



Madison High School

March 1926



THE MADISONIAN

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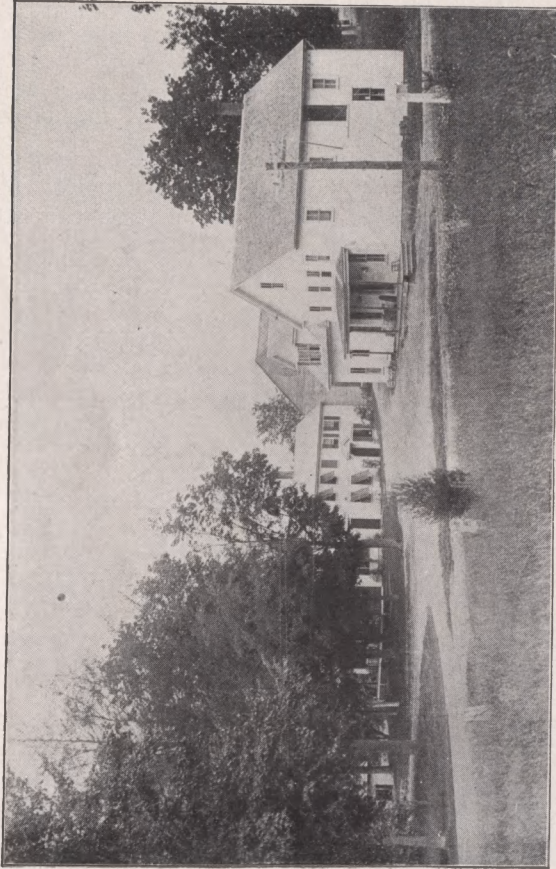
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TABLE OF CONTENTS

	PAGE
EDITORIALS	3
LITERARY	5
ALUMNI	14
SCHOOL NOTES	15
ATHLETICS	18
JOKES	19
OUR LIBRARY TABLE	21
ADVERTISEMENTS	24



MADISON CORNER

Editorials

“As a man thinketh in his heart so is he.”

Good Will

Frequently when a store sells out, it sells its good will with its goods and chattels. This good will is built of the efficiency and courtesy of the clerks who have worked in it, of the honesty and integrity of the firm and the policies which it has endorsed. School good will is built up in a similar fashion. Essential qualifications for obtaining it are neatness, pleasant courtesy and helpfulness. Helpfulness is good will put to work. The atmosphere of a school is determined by its spirit. There is sure to be a pleasant atmosphere if the students strive to please each other, to be honest and faithful in their work and are unselfish in their aims. Selfishness does not win lasting good will. Just as the good will of a firm depends on the clerks who labor for it, the reputation of a school depends on the students who represent it. We cannot be discourteous or boisterous without bringing dishonor on our school. When we deport ourselves in polite fashion, we add to the good will of the school. One great service which we can each render to our school is to so conduct ourselves on all occasions that only good can be spoken of it. “A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches and loving favor rather than gold and silver.”

Minute Men

In Concord, Massachusetts, there stands a notable sculptured figure called “The Minute Man.” It is mounted on a granite pedestal on which are cut these words:

“By the rude bridge that spanned the flood,
Their flag to April’s breeze unfurled;
Here once the embattled farmers stood
And fired the shot heard round the world.”

This monument is a memorial to the colonial militia

which was made up of men from the colonies who had pledged themselves to be ready at a minute's notice to fight for their country. When Paul Revere and William Dawes rode through the country warning the inhabitants that the British were coming, these men left their tasks and rushed to the defense of their rights. Interesting stories are told of how they responded literally at a moment's notice. One man left his plow in the furrow, another did not even stop to get his coat and many others left whatever they were doing to answer the call.

Would not a group of minute men—students so called because they had pledged themselves to show the same spirit of service—be a help to any school? Such students would willingly serve on committees, would help out the editorial staff, or aid the athletes by giving them an hour's practice—in short they would do whatever they were asked to do. Daily assignments would be undertaken with such readiness and courage that failures would be impossible. Pleasures, if necessary, would be sacrificed for the good of the school. As suggested by the name such students would be ready at a minute's notice to undertake responsibilities and to do the things to which they had pledged themselves. Accomplishment would be assured. Prompt and happy service would be the order of the day and the atmosphere of the school would be one of wholesome work and cooperation.

Literary

WHEN HE HOWLS

Esther Jackson, 1928

My doggie, he runs off at night,
Comes softly back when there's no light,—
It fills my very soul with dread
To think of getting out of bed,
When he howls.

He chases pussy up a tree,
But he is only playing, see?
He makes her tail grow round and big,
And almost makes her dance a jig,
When he howls.

And when on Sunday morning
The church bell rings its warning,
He sits out on the snowy ground
And makes a very mournful sound,
When he howls.

People are afraid of him
Because he has such stored up vim,
They are afraid he'll eat them up,
But he is just a harmless pup,
When he howls.

I WISH

Frances Thompson, 1926
I'd love to be a little flower,
A nodding in the breeze,
No lessons, no work to bother me—
Just a life of jolly ease.

I'd not worry about exams
I'd not fret or frown.
If I didn't have my lessons done
Zero wouldn't weigh me down.

I'd not think of wealth or fame
Nor houses of rich delight
But I'd just grow and grow
And nod at the sun so bright.

I wouldn't care for the rain or snow
Nor how the world goes round,
I'd think of the beauty of things—
Of the brook and its babbling sound.

I'd love to be a little flower,
With no thought of pain and strife.
I want a place in this world of ours
And a beautiful useful life.

A CHICKEN'S FATE

Esther Gilman, 1926

A farmer who had more poultry than he cared to winter called at my father's store one day to see if he could exchange some chickens for a few groceries. After looking at the fowl and finding he could make a good bargain, Father decided to take a few. Not long after he made the purchase, my Aunt Molly came to visit us. The next day when Mother gave Father an order for meat for dinner, he proudly told her he had some chickens and if she thought she could dress one, he would kill it and bring it up to the house. Mother decided that she and Aunt Molly could manage it somehow. Not many minutes passed before Father appeared with a fine bird, weighing five pounds, which he dropped in a pan in the sink. He then hustled back to the store. Aunt Molly had run in to one of the neighbor's so Mother thought that she would see what she could do before Aunt Molly returned. She went into the

pantry determined to pick that chicken, when up he jumped and looked her in the face as much as to say, "Touch me if you dare." Mother grabbed me and made a dive for the door screaming, "Molly! Molly! come here. This chicken's alive!" Aunt Molly wasn't overburdened with courage but she knew something had to be done so she made for the chicken and got him back in the pan. What was to be done next? Neither of them felt they could kill him. The only possible way out of the dilemma was to carry him to Mrs. Lyman, a neighbor, and ask her to kill him. This they decided to do. My aunt grabbed the pan, which contained the bird and started. Mrs. Lyman was calmly washing her breakfast dishes when Aunt Molly dashed around the corner with the pan held out at arm's length. She was almost crying over the poor chicken and Father's butchering. Mrs. Lyman found a small gash about a fourth of an inch long in his neck but she soon gave him a clip that severed his head from the body. Mother then managed to get him cooked for dinner. Father only laughed when they told him what a dreadful time they had had with the chicken but I notice Father is sure now the chickens he brings home are dead before he leaves them.

STUDYING UNDER DIFFICULTIES

Rhoda Pearson, 1928

I had been working all afternoon and didn't get ready to study until four o'clock. I decided to study my Latin first. I hoped that if I could finish studying the assignment in Caesar by six o'clock, I could get my other studies without any trouble.

I had studied but a few minutes when my attention was diverted by hearing Lincoln, aged seven, ask mamma if she had always lived here. As I looked up, mamma replied that she hadn't always lived here—she didn't come until a few years after she was married. Lincoln was silent for a moment, then he asked, "Mamma, was Papa ever married?" He didn't receive much satisfaction from this question as mamma laughed instead of answering him.

I turned back to my Caesar only to hear Lincoln say

reflectively, "Mamma, I shouldn't think that you would be able to talk at all now your teeth are all out."

"What makes you think so?" queried mamma.

"Well," Lincoln said, "When baby didn't have any teeth, she couldn't talk."

This time I turned back to my work determined not to pay any attention to what was going on. I had translated nearly half of the first sentence, when a voice at my elbow said, "What you doing?"

"Studying Caesar," I answered, without turning around for I knew it was three year old Nattie, who generally managed to make life interesting for himself as well as for the rest of the family.

This reply wasn't satisfactory so he demanded imperiously, "Why?"

"Oh, because Mr. Edgerly told me to."

"Can I have this pencil?"

"No, you cannot. Nattie, how can I study Latin with you talking to me all the time?"

Nattie evidently decided he wasn't appreciated so he went off. Soon I heard him saying, "Hic, haec, hoc." Looking up I saw that my sister was trying to get Nattie to say Latin words after her. "All right. Now say 'Huius, huius, huius.'" Apparently this was a little too much for him, for he stumbled around a minute then jerked out, "Who is it, who is it, who is it." He was fully appreciated this time so he decided to stay in spite of the fact that my sister told him he had better go away now so she could study. Finally mamma came along and gave Nattie something to do, and thus rescued our Latin lessons.

I settled diligently to work. Glancing up at the clock, I was surprised to find that it was already five-thirty and I hadn't prepared more than half the assignment. I made up my mind, I would at least have it done by seven. My attention was riveted on an exiting place in one of Caesar's battles, when sounds reached me that might have come from the battle field.

"Pat, stop it. Mamma, Pat's got my yarn. Don't, May."

Turning I saw that Nattie had been raveling a crocheted necktie and winding the thread on a spool. He likes to ravel better than to wind, so he had ravelled a long thread carrying it clear across the room as he ravelled.

Pat, the puppy, had made a dash for it and caught it in his mouth. Baby May had hold of the upper end. So there they were; Pat with the thread in his mouth, starting for the kitchen; May at the end near the tie, ravelling as fast as she could; and Nattie screaming for mamma to come and help him. Finally the uproar was calmed and mamma decided it was time the children went to bed.

By this time my thought was completely lost, but I went back to my work and finished preparing my Caesar promptly at eight.

HONESTY

Frances Thompson, 1926

"Hello, Joe. Got your Math for today?" asked Jack.

"Yes. I had to work hard on it but I finally mastered it," answered Jack.

"Well, I can't do it and I'm not going to try. I say, let me take yours, will you? I can't go into class without any of my work done."

Thereupon he proceeded to copy all of the examples. As it happened none of these examples were explained in class, since everyone, including Jack, had them right.

For several days this sort of thing went on. Finally a test day came. No opportunity to crib came to Jack. He flunked.

Not only in Math, did Jack crib but in Latin and French also. Passages too hard for his "can't do it" mind were left for his more studious classmates to translate for him. Consequently every test paper of his (when no chance for cribbing presented itself) came back marked zero.

Of course Jack's mind did not develop. He never used it. If anything went beyond his mental scope, he copied someone else's work. Standing alone, he never could do anything. He had to rely on someone else. His teachers and parents tried to show him his mistake but light would not reach his sluggish mind. He didn't want it to and he never exerted himself to make it.

If Jack could only be made to understand, he would know that only Jack was being harmed permanently. He

was not spiting his teachers for they were interested only in him.

Honesty in school life pays—both for the school and for the individual.

HONOR BEFORE HONOR

Beatrice Giles, 1926

It was Commencement week at Allston Seminary for girls. Within the dormitory all was quiet for the final examinations were to be given next day. Excitement ran high for the girl in the graduating class who had the highest rank would receive a gold medal. Jean Wharton and Virginia Wells had practically the same average for the four years' work and every one knew the tests would decide who should be the winner.

On this evening, Jean, a tall, slender girl, in kimono was sitting at her desk working diligently. Although neither wealthy nor beautiful, she had been a class favorite. Tonight she felt that she was foolish to hope. Virginia would win the prize. Tears came to her eyes. She wondered if her people would care a great deal if she didn't win. They had sacrificed to send her, she knew, and she had wanted to win for their sake.

Promptly at nine the next morning the seniors gathered for the examinations. Jean's seat was directly back of Virginia's. When she at last finished, she was fairly sure of everything except the last proposition in geometry. Suddenly a temptation came to her. Virginia had left her seat to get some paper and why couldn't she just glance across the paper and compare answers. No one would ever know and it might win her the prize. In spite of all she could do, a tiny voice within her kept saying, "It's wrong!" Just as she was about to steal a glance at Virginia's paper, she noticed the class motto. Jean read with a sense of shame, "Honor before honors." It took several minutes to crush the temptation but at last she folded her paper and handed it in, without glancing at the other desk.

The exercises on commencement were very impressive. At the close of the program, the principal mounted the plat-

form. Jean knew the moment had arrived and braced herself for disappointment.

"I am about to award the annual gold medal for the highest rank received in scholarship," Jean heard the words in a dream, "I take great pleasure in announcing that Miss Jean Wharton received that rank and is awarded the medal."

In relating the story to her mother the next morning, Jean said, "It was the dear old class motto, 'Honor before honors' which made me realize what I was about to do. And," she added, "I am going to make it my motto throughout life."

AN AFTERNOON WITH THE CHILDREN

Edith Pearson, 1929

"Oh, come quick," cried Lincoln, "May wants to cut out pictures and Nattie always wants to have what she does. What shall I do?"

"I'll see," I said and rushed to the living room. I found May sitting on the table with an old catalogue under her and a pair of blunt scissors in one hand. Nattie was standing in a chair beside May doing his best to take her from the table.

Soon Nattie, who is three, was happily riding his kiddie car and May, who is two, could enjoy her cutting.

Mother had gone away for the afternoon leaving me in charge of the children. I had planned to do many things that afternoon. Now after settling the children's dispute, I returned to the kitchen and continued my work. After some time I realized that it was very quiet in the living room.

I found to my dismay May and Nattie sitting in the middle of the floor eating sugar from the sugar bowl. They seemed so contented that I hated to disturb them but knew I must.

"Nattie," I said, "what are you doing?"

"Eating sugar," was the calm reply.

I could hardly keep from laughing so I am afraid they

will do it again. Lincoln was nowhere to be seen. He had gone out to play.

Giving up all my own plans, I came in and played with the children, until some of the folks came home.

LEGEND OF THE ROCK HOUSE

Frank Pearson, 1927

Owayneo was standing on the summit of old Mount Maskewa looking over the surrounding country. The air was beginning to be chilly. His eyes sought a slight form which could be barely seen in the distance. He had watched this figure every day for a month.

Months before little Kalosseai had been turned out of her home. Her brave warrior father had been angry because she had not been a son. For twelve long years he had allowed her to remain in his wigwam, but she was never wanted there. One day she had displeased him. When he returned from hunting he had been terribly angry and told her to go. Kalosseai had many friends in the village but she was as proud as she was beautiful and she said that if her father was ashamed of her, she would not live with anyone else. So she went into the forest to live.

Kalosseai had a lover who was a brave warrior. Just before she left her father's house, he had left the little village and gone on a long journey.

The Good Father watched over the girl all summer. She often sat for hours watching the valley through which her lover would return. She hoped he would return before the winter for she was sure she could not live through it alone. But he did not return. Day after day passed and the air became colder and colder. Still her lover did not come. Kalosseai did not despair for she never feared he would come in time.

One day the wind whistled through the trees. A storm was in the air. Owayneo was again standing on the summit of the mountain. He was watching a huddled figure that sat close to a fir tree, cold, oh so cold. He knew something must be done for he could not let her freeze,

The next morning it began to snow. Kalosseai was nearly dead with the cold but something made her stumble to her feet. As she turned about she found a great cavern in the side of the mountain. Slowly she made her way into the cave, fearing that she was dreaming. But no, it was real. There she made herself a bed of leaves and boughs of trees. She was safe for the winter. All winter the good Owayneo fed her and kept her warm in the cavern he had made for her.

When spring came, her lover returned and claimed her for his bride. In time he became the chief of his tribe because of his bravery. He made the cavern that had sheltered Kalosseai the council chamber of his tribe.

To the Teachers and Pupils of Madison High:

In behalf of my family and myself, I wish to extend my gratitude and thanks for the Memorial number of the Madisonian dedicated to Mr. Conner. It comforts us to know that the school which he loved so well and for which he worked so faithfully appreciates him and honors his memory.

Your loyal friend,

Mrs. E. C. Conner.

Alumni

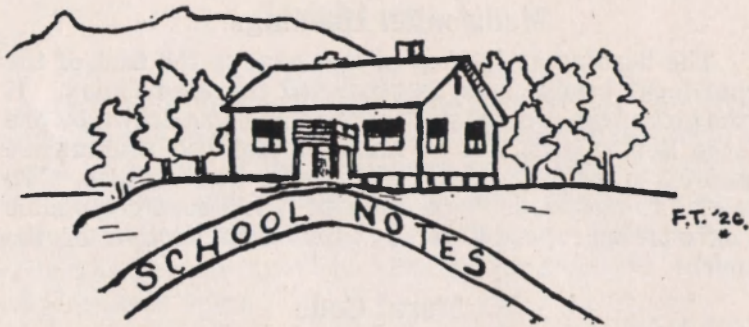
Here's to the alumni of Madison High,
The classes who in school ranked high,
They were always happy and full of fun,
And many honors have they won.
We will always remember their friendship true,
And wish them success in all they do.
May they sometimes think of Madison High
And may their love for it never die.—E. N.

We are very glad to hear that Joe Lyman of '24, has made the track team at Bates and we wish him success.

Mildred Frost and her husband have been installing officers for several granges recently. Their work is very fine, we understand.

Letters have been received frequently from the quintet at Plymouth Normal School and we judge the girls are still enjoying their work there. Dorothy Huckins is the first of the five to make her chapel speech. Ruth Pearson reports that she is on a committee to work up Health material for the Bulletin Board.

We have had several visits from members of the alumni. Sewell Kennett, Maynard Hilton, Al Conner, Carroll Welch and Luther Hill of the class of '25, Arthur Gilman of the class of '24 and Florence Pearson, class of '23, have all been in to see us. It seemed like old times to have them back and we enjoyed their visits. We hope others may visit us before the year closes.



“North or south or east or west,
There’s but one school we love the best,
O’er all it towers;
Other ones may grander be,
But there’s none for you and me,
Like this old school of ours.”

The Library

Senior girls are giving their services to the school library again this year. This work includes charging and discharging borrowed books and cataloguing new books and magazines.

Lincoln Medal

The Junior and Senior classes wrote essays on the “Life of Abraham Lincoln” again this year. On Lincoln’s birthday, Henry Hobbs was presented the medal for the best essay, by Supt. Jackson who gave the English Club an excellent talk on the characteristics which made Lincoln a great man.

Prize Speaking

Preparations are being made for the prize-speaking contest which will be held early next term. Try-outs are to be made during the next few weeks and the eight pupils who are adjudged to be the best will be given an opportunity to try for the cash prizes offered by the Silver Lake Woman’s Club.

Madisonian Headings

The heading at the top of this page is the first of the department headings to be presented the Madisonian. It is the gift of the present student body and was drawn by one of the Senior girls. It is rumored that the Alumni are planning to make the paper a gift of a heading also. We are glad to make this start and hope it will soon be possible to have an appropriate heading for each section of the paper.

Moral Code

The school is grateful for the gift of "The School's Moral Code" which they are having framed and which they hope to hang in the hall.

Club Work

It pleased us that one of our students should receive the honors which came to Pearl Granville. For her outstanding club work, she was awarded a trip to the Chicago Club Convention. Pearl reported a fine trip and we are glad she was given this opportunity.

English Club

The officers elected for the term are as follows:

President—Florence Gilman.

Vice President—Russell Bennett.

Secretary—William Kennett.

All students have been given a chance to speak at some club meeting during the past term in preparation for the public speaking contest.

Speakers: Miss Quimby gave us an excellent talk on her trip to Chicago last summer. She told us many interesting things about A. Lincoln and the memorials which have been preserved in Illinois of this man.

Mr. Edgerly talked to the club one Friday on the Lost Republic in Pittsburg, N. H. This bit of state history was new to most of us and we were much interested in his account of the republic.

Mr. Lovejoy of Conway also gave the club a most instructive and interesting talk on banking and insurance. We very much appreciate his coming to the school with this information.

Social Life

A very jolly afternoon was spent the last Friday of school in the fall term. A fine program was enjoyed which consisted of many of the Christmas carols sung by the school. The tree was well loaded as usual and after the program, the real fun began. As gifts were distributed many laughs were provoked for some of the packages were found to contain jokes.

In spite of the defeat which the team met at Kennett High, it was a jolly crowd who filled the big team Friday night, January 22. Merry songs were sung on the way home as well as on the way to Conway.

A successful supper and social was held at the Town Hall, Wednesday night, February 24. A short program was followed by an evening of games and a social hour.

Athletics

Basketball has held the center of the athletic interest at M. H. S. during the past few months. At the beginning of the season, the prospects for a team were somewhat discouraging. Several strong men graduated last June and the first of the year was broken up in trying various men for coaches. These disadvantages were unavoidable but the team suffered, nevertheless. Ralph Kennett was finally selected to act as coach.

Our first game of the season was at Madison with Par Sem, Oct. 21, and resulted in a victory for Madison. Score 22 to 18. The return game was played at Parsonsfield, Nov. 5, and here the team was defeated with Par Sem scoring 29 to Madison's 25.

The next game with Porter High was a very fast game resulting in another victory for Madison. Score 34-26. We also won the return game by a very close score, 27-26.

We met our next defeat at the hands of Bartlett, Nov. 17. Bartlett has a splendid team which outclassed ours both in speed and size. The score was 34 to 24. The return game came at Bartlett, Jan. 15. Madison boys were again outclassed. The team missed William Kennett in this game. He was sick and unable to play. Bartlett boys proved good sportsmen on the floor. The score for this game was 44 to 14.

Both games played with Kennett High School resulted in defeat for the team. The first game at Conway, Jan. 22 was lost after a hard struggle. The game at Madison was also lost after a struggle. The score for the first game was 39 to 32 and for the second, 32 to 21.

This is Ossipee High School's first year at basketball and Madison defeated it in both games played.

M. H. S. wishes to take this opportunity to thank the people of Madison for their loyal support and interest during the season.

Jokes

Slips Made by the Faculty

Miss Q.: "When I was a little boy—"

Mr. E.: "King Charles was reading with his eyes shut."

In English: "Minerva congealed her toes (foes)."

Student Errors

"The population of Europe is very densely populated."

"Whoever isn't killed is killed."

Mr. E.: "What happened to some of Caesar's ships in Britain?"

E. J. (absent mindedly): "They were killed."

"If a line is parellel to one side of a triangle, the other two sides are parellel."

"Are you going to the country last summer?"

We Wonder—

If Frances really thought Shakespeare looked like Shylock?

If R. T. likes "friction" stories?

What Miss Q. thinks is the matter with H. H. since she says we had better not put him together.

If Madeline knows the difference between a square and a rectangle?

If F. P. will ever become an abbott?

If H. H. will vote for tariff?

If M. G. thinks the boys played remarkably?

If J. S. really thinks Daniel Webster wrote the dictionary?

Odds and Ends

One of the sophomore girls was surprised when she received her medical card to find she had "symptoms of teeth."

"Lambs are little muttons" according to a Sophomore French student.

The people of France must have queer customs. We discover by translating one of their books that "The men carry high animals but small gloves."

CAESAR

In joyful haste we read the fourth book;
But our teacher said with a very stern look,
"Don't think this is all you are going to do,
The fifth book is very readable too."

We groaned in despair at this stern decree,
But there was no way out, it had to be.
So we settled to work with gloomy mind,
Determined this would be the last of its kind.

Last night as I read, I turned to the back
Of the book and discovered more pages, alack!
The one way of escape, O unfortunate dreamer
Is found in books six and seven of Caesar.

R. P.

According to one of the Freshmen, Hannibal killed the consul, Tiberius Gracchus, a second time.

Senior (thinking of vegetables): "Are you fond of green things?"

Sophomore: "No, Freshmen get on my nerves."

F. P. discussing race color: "I think all races were one color once. If a white man went to Africa and stayed three or four generations, he would be black, too." We wonder how many generations a white man can live.

Isn't it discouraging if after an hour's hard work, you evolve from your head a fine (?) poem and are asked: "Did you make that up out of nothing?" One of our Senior girls thinks it is.

Something startling must go on in the French class for "the lights winked" one morning.

The Library Table

“Reading maketh a full man; conference, a ready man; and writing, an exact man.”

Francis Bacon

The Exchange List

Time: Any afternoon just before the “Madisonian” goes to press.

Place: Madison High School.

Characters: The Exchange Editors.

Setting: The Exchange Editors in solemn conclave meet to pass judgment on various exchanges which have come to the library table during the term.

Oh, girls! listen to this: “The Western Star” says, ‘Your first issue bids fair for a year of success!’ ”

“Mm. Here’s another one: “We enjoyed the Embarrassing Moments particularly. As an improvement, why not add cuts for the headings of the columns.”

“They all suggest using cuts. It would improve our magazine, I suppose, but we haven’t been able to afford it. Still I wish—”

“Cheer up! We are having a cut made for this issue.”

“Really?”

“Yes, it is the gift of the student body. And I think the Alumni are planning to give us one, too.”

“Fine. But, you know, this isn’t getting our comments on these papers made.”

“We’ve done it so many times, it is getting hard to find something really new to say.”

“Oh! I’ve a dandy idea! Let’s pretend we are judges and let’s hold court on the magazines seeking admittance to our table.”

Enter, “The Brewster,” gray clad and modest.

The Brewster: “I am a representative of a neighboring school. I bring news of your friends and many other interesting bits of information.”

Judge: “Yes, you are a good friend and we are glad to welcome you but you are a modest little person and we suggest that you add a few cuts to liven up your appearance.” (Exit The Brewster).

Judge: "What gaily dressed child comes here?"

The Western Star: "I am not as old and learned as The Brewster but I come from a live school of active boys and girls."

Judge: "True, my friend, you always bring us news of many worth-while activities and good work. Welcome to our table."

The Academy Herald: "Greetings from a sister state! We seek an exchange of representatives and frank criticism of one another."

Judge: "Good. We are glad to grant your request. We like your jolly stories. We suggest that a more careful arrangement of your headings would improve your personal appearance. We shall hope to see you again."

Enter Red and Black: "We, too, seek admittance to your table. We bring greetings from across the state."

Judge: "You are always welcome. We have found you a ready conversationalist, all your departments being strong and well worth perusing."

The Meteor rushes in: "I have brought you pictures of the people I represent."

Judge: "Thank you, Meteor. We have enjoyed seeing the pictures and listening to your witty comments about the students of Berlin High School. We feel better acquainted and shall watch for your next visit."

"Oh, hum! That's done and I'm glad! I'm ravenously hungry."

"Where did this letter come from? Postmark, Rochester, N. H. Oh, it's from our old friend, the Red and White."

"Say, girls, this is interesting. It has many clever new ideas and appropriate headings. I hope we get another letter from Rochester soon."

"I, for one, hope to see them all again and many others, also."

And the scene ends with merry goodnights as the editors exit.

The Granite Monthly

Whenever we think of New Hampshire history, present day status and scenic splendors, we are filled with pride. It pleases us to be called the playground of America and the "Switzerland of America." We desire to learn all we can about our dear old Granite State.

On our library table we have a magazine called The Granite Monthly which is primarily written for the people of our state about the doings of the state. Unusual and forgotten bits of history find their way between its covers. Frequently we find in it essays about New Hampshire's famous people. Legends, interesting poems, and descriptions of its industries and places of note add to its helpfulness. It is attractively bound and illustrated with pictures. We think it is well worth picking up and reading.

STONE, THE DRUGGIST

The Sporting Goods Store

Waterman, Conklin, and Wahl Fountain Pens
Eversharp Pencils and School Supplies
Eaton, Crane and Pike Stationery

Corner opposite depot

CONWAY, N. H.

W. C. & F. E. KENNETT

FOREST PRODUCTS

CONWAY. - - - NEW HAMPSHIRE

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