

The Nuisance.

A MONTHLY PUBLICATION OF THE SENIOR CLASS OF THE MARTINSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

SENIOR NUMBER

Martinsville, Indiana, May 25, 1909

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THE HISTORY OF THE MARTINSVILLE HIGH SCHOOL

In the writing of any history the collection of exact data is a trying and arduous task. In this chronicle reliable statistics have been very hard to find; in fact there are but very few sources of information of any kind. The early history of the Martinsville High School is wrapped in obscurity. Indeed the only record to be found concerning its early history is the book of minutes of the board of School Trustees of the town and city of Martinsville. Much valuable information has been received from the old inhabitants of the city.

On April 27, 1870, the citizens of Martinsville met and elected as school trustees, Dr. B. D. Blackstone, Abraham De Turk and R. V. Marshall. This is the first school board, of which there is any record, in the town of Martinsville. On June 16th of the same year this board met and organized and on July 15th, held a meeting to select the teachers for the ensuing year. Mrs. N. D. Standiford was selected as principal teacher, presumably to take charge of the high school department. An extra teacher was employed before the year ended because of the increased attendance. In 1872 Mrs. Standiford resigned and Prof. B. F. French was appointed to fill the vacancy. Two years after this, Miss Maggie Cox was appointed to assist in the high school work.

The first commencement of the Martinsville High School was held in the Town Hall, June 17, 1875. The graduates were Helen Deakins, Malissa Clapper and Wilbur Marshall. It seems that this was a momentous occasion as the secretary records the fact that the members of the town council were invited to sit on the stage.

In 1876 Prof. French and Miss Cox resigned and Prof. J. R. Starkley was appointed Superintendent and Miss F. A. Case principal. The

salary of Miss Case as an instructor in the high school was five hundred and fifty dollars.

One year after this an addition was built to the building purchased by the first board, to take care of the increased number of pupils in both the high school and graded school. This building is now known as the "Old" or "North" school building. It did service as the first high school building.

In 1878 Miss Ella Tilford took charge of the high school department of the Martinsville Schools and held this position until 1880, at which time she was compelled to give up her position on account of ill health. Albert Thornburgh, then a Senior in high school, was employed to assist Prof. Starkey in the high school department. Later Miss Maggie Boyd was selected to fill this position.

In the year 1885, the schools were so crowded that it became necessary to erect a new school building. The conditions in the high school were such that a temporary department had to be erected until the new building was ready for occupancy. The new building was dedicated Dec. 31, 1885. This building is the one which joins the present high school building.

During December of this year Miss Boyd resigned her position in the high school and Miss Mary E. Long was elected as principal in her place. In the next year Miss Knox was employed to assist Miss Long. In 1887 the assistant was dropped on account of stringent financial conditions. During the same year Miss Long resigned and was succeeded by Miss Nannie Woodward.

The attendance in high school increased so much that in 1890 Miss Rose Wiley was selected as assistant and steps were taken for the

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addition of five rooms to the New building for its accomodation.

In 1891 Prof. Paul Monroe was elected to succeed Miss Woodward as principal of the high school. During this same year the addition to the New school building was completed and the high school moved to its new quarters.

In 1893 Miss Lulu Clark, now head of the Latin department of the Martinsville High School, was selected as assistant principal in the high school.

During this same year the practice of giving prizes as reward for scholarship was abolished.

Upon the resignation of Prof. Monroe in 1894, Prof. E. W. Abbott was selected as principal of the high school. He held this position until 1896 when he was succeed by W. T. Clarke. At this time W. D. Kerlin became Superintendent and J. T. Voshell was added to the high school faculty as assistant.

The year following J. E. Robinson became principal of the high school in place of Prof. Clarke; who had resigned. Mr. Voshell resigned during the year and R. J. Pierce and C. W. Eaton were selected as assistants. In 1899 F. M. Price took the place of Prof. Pierce on the faculty.

At this time the attendance in the Martinsville Public Schools became so great that the need of a new school building was imperative; so, during the first of the year 1900 the school board let the contract for a new high school building. This building was completed in January, 1901 at a cost of about \$16,000.00. It was built on the north side of the New or 3d Ward building and joined that building by a passway. The dedicatory exercises were held Jan. 7, 1901. The high school was transferred immediately. This building is the one now occupied by the high school, but if the school continues to grow as it has in the past few years a new high school building will be needed soon.

In 1900, O. P. West and Miss Alta Johnson succeeded Professors Pierce and Eaton. After one month of teaching Miss Johnson resigned and Prof. Perry Byram was secured to fill the position.

In 1901, Prof. Robinson was elected superintendent and J. A. McKelvey was appointed principal of the high school. Chas. F. Jackman and Miss Lillian Hart were selected as assistants. Prof. Byram has resigned at the close of the term 1900-01.

Before the opening of the term 1902*03, Prof. McKelvey gave up his position and Prof. West was elected principal. Ora E. Haines became assistant teacher.

The following year Prof. West resigned and Prof. Jackman was elected principal. Prof. Haines also gave up his position and J. W. Hesler was appointed. W. B. Peck was added to the faculty as assistant teacher.

In 1905 Miss Emma B. Shealy and Joe H. Stahl were appointed to the positions filled by Miss Hart and Prof. Peck, who had resigned.

After the close of school 1907, Prof Stahl gave up his position to accept a place as principal in the Thorntown high school. A. H. Hines was elected as his successor. Earl Gifford was appointed as an additional instructor in the high school. Music and drawing were added to the high school course and Miss Helen Garvin and Miss Lela Vaught became Supervisors of Music and Drawing respectively.

At the close of the school year 1907-8 Prof. Hesler resigned to accept a position as the Superintendent of schools in Louisville, Colorado. Miss Hazel Springer became his successor.

At the opening of the present year the Brooklyn and Centerton schools were transferred to Martinsville. Today the Martinsville High School has an attendance of over 180 pupils and a faculty of eight teachers. It stands among the first in the state and our hope is that it will ever increase in size and educational standard.



Brown County Gold, That's All.

by
Paul V. McNutt



TUCKED away among the hills of Southern Indiana, lies a county of the good, old-fashioned type. On the map they call it by the prosaic name of Brown County, but it deserves a better or at least more fitting name than that of Brown. No, not brown, for in the summer it presents the most luxuriant and refreshing verdure in God's universe. It is nature's beauty spot in the whole of the sovereign state of Indiana. Where is the land that presents such hills and dales; such streams, that trickle down within the grassy glades; such trees that throw cooling shade on all around? Truly one should be proud, to claim such a place as home.

Along one of its meandering country roads, one hot day in August, slowly crawled an antiquated farm team pulling a broken-down wagon. Behind these rose a cloud of fine white dust. On the front seat, sat a man, with head drooped down and with the reins hung loosely in his hands. His head was covered with a worn straw hat, which showed the palpable effect of the weather. Around his neck was knotted a gaudy red handkerchief. Beneath this was seen a threadbare and soiled blue shirt. A much wrinkled pair of jeans were stuck into a well oiled pair of number eleven boots. Over the whole was a thin layer of the ever settling dust.

"Get dap."

A slight motion of the reins accompanied this admonitory expression. There was no change in the shambling gait of the tired horses. Another slap, with the reins followed by a crack with the long black-snake whip,

had the desired effect and the horses broke into a trot. As they reached the top of the raise, and started down the gentle slope, there appeared in the distance a long line of trees at the bottom of a range of well-wooded hills. For the first time a faint smile broke forth, under the short mustache that adorned the gaunt face.

"Bean Blossom at last," he muttered under his breath.

With a swinging trot that told the horses had scented water, the equipage rolled down the road. The day's work was about over and man and beast alike looked forward to sunset, and to the rest to their worn bodies that came with it. In a short time, they had crossed the crude bridge that spanned the stream and were picking their way along the narrow road that bordered the running water. At the ford he pulled up and allowed the horses to bury their noses in the cool water. How he longed to strip and plunge into its inviting depths. But something within seemed to draw him to the little log cabin in the clearing on the hill-side.

"Cluck, cluck! Come on Baldy!"

Once more he urged the tired horses on. Presently they rounded a turn in the road and his heart leaped as he saw the cabin, with his wife and baby in the open doorway. He waved his hat in greeting and was answered by the child's welcome cry. He drove on to the shack, that served the double purpose of barn and corn-crib, to put up the dust-covered and sweating horses. With brisk steps, he approached the house and stopped at the bench by the door to wash. He entered and

caught the child in his open arms.

"Well, how's everything," he asked in a cheery voice.

"They've been here again Jake."

"Who?"

"The—the—Oh! Jake them surveyors."

With a smothered exclamation, he sank into a chair. The child crawled from his lap and tottered toward its mother in half-fear. His knotted hands gripped the rungs with a force great enough to tear them asunder. Great beads of sweat stood out on his forehead.

"I'll get 'em," he hissed between his gritted teeth, "I'll get 'em."

"Oh Jake!"

They ate their supper in silence and, when the dishes had been cleared away they sat together in the doorway and watched the everchanging pictures in the West. They saw a picture more perfect than any artist had ever painted; there was a mixture of color never approached by human art; it was a sight so sublime as to awe the most disturbed mind to quiet. In days before, this had been contentment, perfect satisfaction in all that the world offered; but now there had been intrusion, and their bubble with its prismatic coloring was broken.

For a long time they sat there, not a word broke the stillness of the evening. The stars came out and illuminated everything with their soft light. Finally the man spoke.

"Fanny," he said, "Fanny, Pap always was right and Pap said that the old Weed Patch claim would start us with its gold. Now they are trying to take it from us. I won't let 'em, I tell you."

Here he grew demonstrative.

"It aint right, for its all we've got. The land aint no good to farm and washin' gold's the only thing that keeps us. And there's the boy, Fan, our boy. Some day he'll be a man and—and—Oh! God—I did want him to have some advantages."

He stopped and tenderly put his arm around her.

"But I'll stop 'em," he whispered, "I'll stop 'em. Don't you worry."

For awhile they sat there in the quiet of that August evening; then, as the chill of the early dew came on the air, they went inside. To the man, sleep came as a fitful goddess. When he slept, he dreamed; and when he dreamed, he saw the long line of stakes stretching through his gold claim. Slowly in his sleep, came the alien idea of destruction. It grew until it held his whole will in its tenacious grasp.

Awaking with a sudden start, he slipped gently out of bed and put on his clothes. He tiptoed over and took down the rifle from its accustomed rest over the fireplace; he opened the breech and inspected the sights, then filled his capacious pockets with cartridges and loaded the gun. Stopping at the door he took up the hatchet with its shining keen edge and stuck it in his belt.

Once out, he settled into a long, swinging stride toward the Southwest. Without any noticeable effort, he picked his way among the thicket and undergrowth of blackberry bushes that bordered the forest. When well within the wooded portion, he struck an old path. Along this, he made rapid progress. He traveled on and on; it seemed to him but a short time. Ever before him were the alternate pictures of his wife, with the curly-headed babe in her arms, and the advance gang of rail road engineers.

Presently he came to the place where the path forked. Keeping to the left, he followed it down to his washer and sluice for separating the precious metal from Mother Earth. When he reached these, he broke into a dog trot until he saw the gully, along the bottom of which ran the stream that fed his machine and washed down the richly-laden sand. Across this he could dimly perceive at intervals the white stakes of oak that marked the course of the gang. This was his destination.

He laid both gun and hatchet down. With diabolical fury, he attack-

ed the stakes and uprooted them. When all were out, he chopped them into bits and hurled them with pent-up energy into an adjoining hollow covered with a dense thicket. After he had thus destroyed every stake on his patrimony, he turned his steps toward the twinkling lights of the distant camp. A sudden desire had seized him to destroy every thing connected with the intruding project.

With careful steps, he followed the stream down to the foot of the hill, then struck out across the fields toward the white tents on the hillside. When within gun shot, he dropped to his knees and made a careful detour through the protecting underbrush. Carefully he pushed aside the overhanging bushes and peered into the camp. His eyes gleamed with fury as he saw the instruments leaning against the side of the tent.

"They're mine," he muttered.

With this he slipped out and made for them. He was just loading the instruments on his shoulder, when two sinewy arms grasped him from behind and pinned him to the earth. Ripping out an oath, he struggled with the demon on his back but to no avail. In a moment he was bound hand and foot and carried inside the tent. How long that night seemed! How long the prison term looked after that! He saw that all was lost, and that his wife and son were disgraced. What made him commit such a foolhardy deed?

When the wife awoke and saw the vacant pillow that morning, she was filled with strange forebodings, but she dismissed them with the thought that he had gone down to fill the sluice as he often did before breakfast. Morning came and passed, yet he did not come. At noon she became alarmed and started out to search for him. All afternoon she roamed, visiting time and again his usual haunts. Dark began to fall, and with heavy heart she sought the cabin. All the way the child cried for his father. She reached the door and peered within. It was empty.

She had sought in vain, for that morning they had taken him on ahead to the company's advance man, who would decide what should be done in the matter. Grady was his name and a more just man could not be found. He bade them release the man and let him tell his story. Such a story it was, a pathetic tale of an ignorant man! How he pictured the prophecy of the father, the cabin and the occupants, the avariciousness of the company, above all the loss of that which was to enable his son to climb to be a greater and better man than his father had ever been! It was a crude tale at its best, but full of that pathetic element that strikes deep into the hearts of man. More touching than all was the desire of the father to educate the child.

The agent was a descendant of just such a type himself, and his soul was stirred. He explained in a simple manner that the company did not intend to confiscate the land but that it would pay him amply for the privilege of taking it. As the meaning broke over him, the great man of the woods arose and made his humble apology.

That afternoon when the papers had all been signed and the money paid over, he started home. All the way he painted in his imagination the new house he would build, the new clothes his wife should have, and above these the picture of the boy in school. He even dared to hope that his son's career might some day match with the life of Lincoln. A faint hope it was, but there nevertheless. What a scene there was when at last he crossed the threshold!

Late that evening, they again watched the sun sink behind those hills of matchless grandeur and the picture formed that night seemed greater and more beautiful than ever before.

A great arm stole from beneath the coat, and laid two white bags in the woman's lap. The child reached forth to touch them.

"Why—why—Jake—what's this?"

"The gold of our dreams, dear," he whispered, "Brown county gold, that's all."

SENIOR CLASS POEM

by
HARRY ABBOTT

*O, this is the Senior Class,
The Class we wish to eulogize,
Does nineteen nine immortalize,
Though rather small, 'tis great for its size,
The Senior Class.*

*Then there is a Parks in the Class,
Who with his very musical bass,
Now honors in a fast singing race,
As a grand opera soloist he will sure get a
The Vocalist of the Class. [place,*

*Now there is a Paul in the Class,
Although missionary fame he has not yet won,
A Paul who is his father's son,
Who is the Class' biggest gun,
The President of the Class.*

*The girls of our Class,
Both in quality and quantity the boys they
[surpass.
They're the shining light of the whole
[student mass,
They maintain the glory of the '09 class,
The Better Half of the Class.*

*There is a Ruth in the Class,
But no gleaner of the field is she,
She writes with exquisite excellency,
And soon will win a high degree,
The Prophetess of the Class.*

*There is a Wilhite in the class,
This lad can do the spieling alright,
No doubt of fame he will climb to the height
Yet why at "Palamon and Arcite" he has
[such a spite!
The Orator of the Class.*