

# *The Nuisance.*

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

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SENIOR NUMBER

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*Martinsville, Indiana, May 25, 1909*

T H E N U I S A N C E

*Then there is an Engle in the Class,  
Of whose marvelous talent we speak with  
[delight,  
For she plays remarkably well at sight,  
Displaying her colors of Red and White  
The Musican of the Class.*

*There is a Culmer in the Class  
Who in forty suits is up-to-date—  
Every night he hangs out very late  
And never rises until a quarter past eight,  
The fashion plate of the Class.*

*The quartet of the Class,  
To speak of them we do not hesitate.  
They have become very famous here of late  
Always ready to fill any date  
The big four of the Class.*

*O, there is a son in the Class,  
This son, a man will never be,  
For she is a Thom-son-Gattis-Elvire,  
And her works fill all Senior hearts with  
The Historian of the Class. [glee,*

*Then there is a Joseph in the Class  
To the sons of Jacob he claims no kin,  
Yet this same Joseph thinks it no sin,  
To steal the heart of a Senior trim,  
The masher of the Class.*

*Yes—this is the Senior Class.  
The class we wish to eulogize,  
Does Nineteen Nine immortalize  
Though small, 'tis very great for its size  
The Class of 1909.*



## The Ten Commandments.

1. Thou shalt not steal books and pencils from thy classmates.
2. Thou shalt not take the teacher's name in vain.
3. Thou shalt not kill rats.
4. Thou shalt not covet thy classmate's grades
5. Thou shalt not bow down thyself unto ponies nor serve them while studying Latin.
6. Thou shalt not make thee any series or any likeness of anything that is in the text books to use during a test.
7. Five days thou shalt labor and learn all thy lessons.
8. Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy classmates.
9. Honor thy teachers and thy fellow-students as thy parents have commanded thee.
10. And remember that thou art a scholar in the Martinsville High School and that thy teachers brought thee thence with mighty hands and brave hearts.

Prof. Jackman (in Physics)—“Now as I was going to say, the current comes walking along this wire and—”

Roy Wilhite—“I thought a current always ran.”



The Seniors have at least one spouter—their class fountain.

The stories in this issue were selected from the Senior themes by Miss Emma B. Shealy.



The Freshmen have selected as a class song, “Nobody knows how green we are.”



THE SENIOR CLASS



# SENIOR CLASS ROLL

## OFFICERS:

*Paul McNutt* - - - *President*  
*Ina Wilhite* - - - *Vice-President*

*Emmett Parks* - - - *Treasurer*  
*Marguerite Mars* - - - *Secretary*

Class Flower—Carnation.

Class Colors—Red and White

Read pictures left to right; names down column

### GATTIS THOMPSON

"Then she will talk—good gods, how she will talk".

### ETHEL SHIREMAN

"Oh! that this too, too solid flesh would melt".

### INA WILHITE

"Her modest looks some cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as a primrose peeps beneath the thorn".

### EMMETT PARKS

"In arguing too, this person own'd his skill  
For e'en though vanquished he could argue still".

### PAUL V. McNUTT

"A villian, a liar, a mean horse thief,  
All these and more make an editor-in-chief".

### BENJ. BAIN

"Give every man thy ear but few thy voice".

### EDITH DE TURK

"Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven,  
And though no science, fairly worth the seven".

### MARGUERITE MARS

"She hath a voice of gladness and a smile  
and eloquence of beauty".

### CLOVIE CUMMINGS

"She was a winsome little creature—"

# The Nuisance



# Senior Number

T H E N U I S A N C E

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CLASS ROLL CONTINUED.

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ROBERT PHELPS

"Hang sorrow! care would kill a cat,  
And therefore let's be merry".

CARRIE MANNAN

"Or light or dark or short or tall,  
She sets a springle to catch them all,  
All's one to her, above her fan  
She'd make sweet eyes at any man".

JOSEPH CLARK

"Awkward, embarrassed, stiff, without the  
skill,  
Of moving gracefully, or standing still;  
One leg as if suspicious of his brother,  
Desirous seems to run away from t'other".

IDA KIRK

"Kindness in women, not their beauteous looks  
Shall win my love".

ROY WILHITE

"Calm and steady, but he gets there".

MARGUERITE MAJOR

"Life's sweetest joy is love".

BRUCE N. CULMER

"Accuse not nature, she hath done her part".

RUBY ST. JOHN

"Exceeding fair was she".

LULU SMITH

"With look demure as any saint,  
And not a sign of rouge or paint—  
If Thomas isn't there, she aint".

HARRY ABBOTT

"Oh wad some power the giftie gie us;  
To see ourselves as others see us".

MAE ENGLE

"The soul of music \* \* \* slumbers there".

HENRY SOSBY

"He is of a melancholy disposition".

MAE BROWN

"But now my task is smoothly done".

CORDELIA BLANKENSHIP

"Brevity is the soul of wit".

OMER RENNER

"Procrastination is the thief of time".

MARY PEARCY

"And love, life's fine center, includes my  
heart and mind".

JOHN DENNY

"Mislike me not for my complexion".

RUTH BURKETT

"Still the wonder grew  
How one small head could carry all she  
knew".

MABEL BURNS

"Meek and mild and slow is she  
Yet a teacher would she be".

# A Noble Deed

by  
Clovie Cummings



“**TA**

ELL dear,” Mr. Burns began as he and Mrs. Burns sat one on either side of the library-table, one evening after supper. He had pretended he was reading but not one word of the print could he see; she was sewing up a rent in her son’s coat.

“Well dear, I’ve been studying about Harry for a week or two and I believe we had better send him away to school.”

“Why Henry—,” she interrupted as the coat fell to the floor.

“Just listen until I’ve done, then you may give your opinion, dear.” He spoke in a kind yet commanding tone. “That boy is about to worry the life out of you. Day and night you are doing something for him. Perhaps it is to make his favorite kind of pie, or putting his room to order after he has gone to school and left it so topsy-turvey, you can scarcely wade through; or may be hunting his cap when he has thrown down somewhere rather than hang it on the hall-tree. If the boy has a sprained ankle it is apt to make him lame for life, and a scratch on the face may become a running sore. Now, dear, this cannot be kept up. You are becoming very nervous; you will wear your life away if this continues. Besides it is spoiling the boy and is not good for him, so I have decided he must go away, and to some school where he will depend upon himself.”

“But Henry, how could he get along with no one to tuck him in on cold nights, no one to sew his buttons on, nor hunt his collars, and send them to the laundry. When he searches for a collar, he finds

that they are all dirty. And just think Henry, we will be so lonesome and—and really I don’t mind doing the little things.”

Harry was their only son, he was fourteen but as helpless as his father portrayed him. Coming from a rich home where everything was at his command, it was no wonder. It was decided that he should leave in two weeks and the next morning the news was given to the boy.

“Oh dad, that’s fine. Just what I’ve always wanted,” and he danced around the room with delight. Snatching his cap he ran to tell his friend across the street.

The next two weeks were spent in preparation for his departure. A new trunk was bought, and his mother spent all her time in preparing things for his room, and looking over his clothes; buttons were sewed tighter and button-holes re-worked for they might not be looked over again before next spring. The cook was busy making his favorite dishes for “no telling what he would get at school.”

At last the time for departure arrives. The dray has gone with his trunk and the cab is waiting at the door. Harry certainly did not think of this two weeks ago. His mother was waiting for a good-bye kiss. Could he stand it? A great lump seemed to be rising higher and higher in his throat, but he must not cry. That is not manly. He kisses his mother and goes to the cab; his eyes are so dimmed by tears he cannot see the girl across the street waving a last farewell from the sunny porch.

The ride to the distant city was very quiet indeed. Mr. Burns read, or seemed to read, and Harry watched the landscape flying past, with thoughts of his mother still before him.

Arriving at the college they were taken in to see the Superintendent. He was a kind looking, old gentleman with white hair and beard. The affairs were arranged; Mr. Burns had told Harry good-bye and was driving away before the boy realized what had happened.

He was then shown to the room which he was to share with Robert McLane. The room was not extra large, but commanded a splendid view of the campus and distant hills. It contained two beds, a wash stand, dresser, and writing desk.

His room-mate, who happened to be in, was small in stature, but had a kind look and winning smile. Robert offered to take the newcomer around to view the campus while they were waiting for the supper bell to ring. For a while Harry forgot his sadness in the beautiful scenery. A large bell sent its great voice across the land and the students started for their rooms to prepare for the evening meal. Harry's trunk had arrived and he took a clean collar from it, but could not get it on. The horrid, old, stiff thing! What was the matter anyway! Another was taken out but it acted the same way. It was almost time for the last gong! What would he do? He couldn't go down without a collar. Robert looked up from his work and asked what the matter was. When the trouble was explained he offered his help and the collar was soon on as neat as a pin.

Worn out with the excitement of the day, Harry retired early and slept soundly until about midnight, when he was awakened by an entrance into the room. Rising from his pillow he looked toward the door and saw,—“Oh!” His hair stood straight up and his eyes grew as large as dollars, for there was a ghost waving its arms in ghostlike fashion and mumbling in a sepulchral voice, “It is your time now.”

Before he had time to scream he was snatched from his bed and carried down the long hall toward the back stair-way. This was too much and he attempted to cry out, but quicker than a flash, he was gagged and blindfolded. When they reached the lower floor, the cover was taken from his eyes and he was carried toward that part of the basement used for coal. Here he was met by eleven other ghosts. A mattress was produced and they told him he must ride the goat. He was again blind-folded and laid in the middle of the mattress, then up he went and fell back again to the mattress. This was kept up until he felt that the next fall must surely be the last.

Steps were heard on the stair-way and a light flashed at the other end of the basement. “The Governor has found us out,” whispered one. Harry was thrown into the coal-pit, with the mattress, and the ghosts disappeared up the other stairway. Harry tried to move; the coal slipped and slipped. How could he attract attention? He couldn't yell. He could see the light now. Would they find him?

The intruder was Robert, and he searched every nook and corner, but could not find what he was looking for. Finally he caught sight of a white object hanging over the side of the coal-pit. Going up to this, he found it was a pillow case; then he discovered Harry sitting on the coal looking very dejected. After he had rescued the ‘freshy’ and had freed him from the gag, Harry asked, “How did you know I was down here?”

“I awoke and found you were gone and rightly guessed that it was some of the Senior's tricks. They treat all newcomers that way. It was fortunate I discovered you so soon, or you would not have escaped so easily.”

Harry's first week was spent in much the same way. Every chance the Seniors got, he was “put to test,” because he was a “freshy.” And it seemed a month to him until Friday.

Friday night he and Robert fell to talking and Harry asked, "Won't you tell me about your home, you have often heard of mine?"

"I haven't any home, Harry, and every time you have told of yours my heart has ached. My mother died when I was young; I don't remember how old I was. My father was good to me but he was rough. At last when I grew older he put me in this school and went west to work in a gold mine. But I know when he comes back, I will have a home as nice as yours, for father will be rich. Only yesterday I got a letter from father; he said for me to work hard for he had struck gold, and I could have a pony or anything I wanted. But I won't have any mother and it won't be home. Your mother seems so good to you."

After retiring Harry did not sleep for some time; he was thinking of Robert, and the pony he was going to have. His own father had promised him a pony if he passed in his studies, and he intended to call it Ginger.

At last he went to sleep and did not wake until the sun was shining brightly across his bed. After breakfast Robert and he decided to go to town for the morning, and then to a ball-game between the Juniors and Sophomores in the afternoon. Just as the Juniors were winning and Robert was yelling, "Hurrah for the—," "Please, sir, the Superintendent wants to see you," this was a message for Robert.

He started to the building and Harry went with him. He felt that something had happened and some way he was sad. At the office door the Superintendent met them with a very sad face; his eyes no longer twinkled and danced but were downcast. He took Robert into the office, and his room-mate waited outside on the stairway.

When Robert came out his face was wet with tears. Not a word was said but the two boys went to their room arm-in-arm, the one sympathizing with the other. Robert then said, "All my hopes are blasted, father is dead. Just before he died he lost all. The Superintend-

ent says I may stay until this term is out, but what will become of me then? I'm sure I don't know."

For many days he was not the same boy; he stayed in his room and studied or walked out alone. So much depended on his work now; he must pass the examination. During the winter, the boys became very close friends.

It only lacked two weeks until the examination. Every one studied hard. An average of eighty-five must be made that year. Harry wrote home to tell his father he would be home in two weeks.

Everything at home was hustle and bustle. Mrs. Burns put his room to rights; she put up new pictures. A new carpet was bought for the floor, and the woodwork was repainted. All was ready and waiting for the owner a week before time.

"I don't know what I shall do next week," she told the cook.

Mr. Burns came home early loaded with bundles.

"Why Henry, how does it happen that you came so early?" "I decided business could do without me a little while. Why that's a tent," he answered to Mrs. Burns' questioning gaze. "Harry has always wanted one, —and John can stretch it out in the back yard tomorrow. And that's a tool-box, he has broken most all his old tools and has lost some. That! It is a foot-ball, I noticed the other day his old one was punctured."

The door-bell rang and the letter-carrier handed Mrs. Burns a letter.

"It is a letter from Harry to you, Henry."

He took the letter and opened it, then reading smiled, "Would you like to hear it, dear?"

"I might if you would give me a chance," she had been sitting all the while, wishing to hear what he wrote.

"Dear Father,

The examination is over and my grade was ninety-four. Seven-

ty-five for Ginger and nineteen far you. Robert made ninety-five, but he don't know what he will do.

You know you said you couldn't buy me a pony, because it would eat too much. Robert doesn't eat much and he is so small he can fit nicely in my bed. He is so good, he will not bother Fannie as much as I do, and he can wear my clothes very well if Mother will tuck them like Aunt Anna does Mary's dresses when she fixes them for Baby Rose. And father, I can do without Ginger, if you will only let me bring Robert home with me."

"How noble and good of Harry! I always knew he was good. Won't Harry be happy?"

"We can't take him," replied Mr. Burns. "Think how much more work and worry it would mean for you."

"And how much more love too dear."

"Well I guess two can live in a tent as well as one, and foot-ball would really be nicer with a companion."

Robert had found a home in the home of his room-mate.

# THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH

## SENIOR CLASS PLAY

### Cast of Characters:

*Dot,*  
*Bertha, (a blind girl)*  
*Mrs. Fielding,*  
*May Fielding,*  
*Tilly Slowboy, (nurse)*  
*Spirit of the Cricket,*  
*John Perrybingle,*  
*Mr. Tackleton, (a toy maker)*  
*Caleb Plummer,*  
*Old Gentleman,*  
*Porter,*

*Clovie Cummings*  
*Marguerite Mars*  
*Gattis Thompson*  
*Ruby St. John*  
*Ruth Burkett*  
*Mary Singleton*  
*Harry Abbott*  
*Paul McNutt*  
*Robert Phelps*  
*Emmett Parks*  
*Bruce Culmer*