

HONESDALE HIGH SCHOOL COMMENCEMENT WEEK

Class Night Exercises of the Class of 1909

Continued from last issue.

The singing of Miss Van Horne on Tuesday evening when she rendered the solo "Sweetheart" was highly appreciated and called for an encore. She has a splendid voice, possessing a sweetness of tone that gives a very captivating expression to her renditions.

CLASS WILL.

By Gertrude L. Murrman.
We, the class of 1909, being of sound mind and body, do bequeath in this our last will and testament made on the fifteenth day of the last month of the fourth year of our High school course, the twelfth year of our school life, and the forty-eight year of the existence of the school,—

To the senior class of next year all of our pet devices, schemes, and secret methods for having fun and not being found out, and anything else that is of no further use to us, and one thing they need very much, our ability to choose class colors.

To the school board, in behalf of the class, coal enough to heat the new building so that wraps will not have to be worn; also our thanks for the manner in which they have hurried the work on the new building.

Abigail Baird leaves her changeable nature to Harriet Arnold; also she advises all members of the High school who live out of town to rise early so that if they are tardy they will not have to say, "I did not get up in time."

Helen Beck bequeaths her knowledge of automobiles, but not her chauffeur, to Florence Smith.

Faith Clark gives her position as Literature teacher to Grace Hanlan.

Hazel Dein's list of absences is given to Minnie Schoell; also she gives her Sunday rides to Florence Kreiter with instructions not to stay late or go far from home to meet the carriage.

Ernest Dudley bequeaths his interest on the Child Labor question to Daniel Eno for writing essays, is making the children work.

William Freund's power of argument to Kathryn Nicholson.

Frederick Frey's bright and philosophical ideas on abstract subjects to Marion Charlesworth.

Chester Gerry devises his early hours to Helen Caufield.

George Harris bequeaths his position at Leines' soda fountain to David Peterson, so some other girls can be occasionally treated.

Walter Healy who wants a girl all to himself when he takes one home, leaves his knowledge of catching them when half way home, to Joseph Jacob.

Florence Hiller gives her pride in being "A Senior" to Margaret Rickard and her oratorical ability to Leon Hageman.

Albert Krantz's popularity among the girls is to be divided between Leo Mullen and Chas. Markle, his riding ability and place in front of the mirror to William Petrick.

Our valedictorian generously leaves his surplus of maple syrup to the coming senior class. He by some ingenious methods, obtained more syrup from a Bethany sugar camp than he could very well use, so with regret he leaves the remainder to our followers.

Susie McGraw has several times been seen out walking with her Carbondale friend. This privilege she gives to Dol-la Cody.

Fred Osborne devises his ability to conduct class meetings to the coming senior president, Ralph Brown. He also gives him a list of the junior class, some one might need them and they may be as he is—afraid of class night knocks.

Russell Romaine's indolence is given to Clarence Bodie and Conrad Hiller.

Clara Saunders' love for Carbondale, especially its high school orator to Beatrice Rehelein.

Henry Soete gives his knowledge of Literature to Dorothy Reichenbacher.

Alice Turnberger's senior essays and quiet disposition to Helen Tryon.

Flossie Polley gives her power of slipping out to dances to Dorothy Riefler.

Laura Van Horne, having learned cut glass under the supervision of Kimble, and is now trying to master the automobile, will give her position to —, well to anyone who can get it away from her.

We give our sincere thanks to all who have helped us to reach this turning point in our lives.

We hereby annul all other wills confirming this and no other.

In witness thereof we have set our hands and seals on the above date.

Signed, Senior Class of 1909.

CLASS CONFESSIONS.

By George H. Harris.

There is one thing that is resting very heavily on my mind at present, and that is the actions of some of my class-mates during the four years of high school life. It does not seem right for us to be graduated without confessing some of these misdeeds. Although this class has behaved exceedingly well, it still has its faults. This has been shown both in and out of school.

Some members have been in the habit of coming into school late every day. This is especially true of Fred Osborne's case, who regrets having been detained nearly every day last winter by a certain friend at the D. & H. station.

Not many minutes before the train was to pull out for the contest at Scranton, Abigail Baird could be seen walking back and forth on the porch of her home, waiting for a coach to arrive to take her to the depot. Her excitement was growing very intense, when, upon looking down the street, she beheld a country rig. It stopped in front of her home, and the person in it said that the coach would arrive too late to catch the train, so he had decided to come and take her.

Coe Lemnitz confesses that he has a superabundance of executive ability. For that reason at the beginning of this year, the class found it necessary to elect another president. Faith Clark declares that she has had a great advantage over most of her class-mates. At home she has a phonograph and records containing translations of Latin and German text books. After playing over her lessons a few times, she is prepared to recite.

William Freund has stated that he is going to change his actions in the future, especially if he enters college. In class he formed the habit of taking a cigar-lighter from his pocket and lighting it, which was the cause of many laughs and much coughing. Russell Romaine is exceedingly ashamed of the fact that he has lowered our class colors by wearing them on his feet. Albert Krantz acknowledges that when he wishes to go away, he always hopes that the train will be late so that he may catch it.

Walter Healy informed the class that he had intended to resign his position in the central office this summer, but owing to the pleasure he receives from calling up a lady friend in Adelia, he has decided not to do so.

Clara Saunders is very glad that the school year is so near the end, for she has overworked her brain in writing the prophesy of the boys, although she did not object to the subject. Helen Beck wishes to ask the teacher's forgiveness for reading between the lines in her text-book during recitation.

Chester Gerry is very sorry that he has worn the floor so thin under his desk, and intends to reform in the future. Henry Soete stated that he does not care for books of any description. When asked a question concerning a certain author's works, he replied that he wrote poetry and a lot of other stuff. Fred Frey is surprised that he has not received a medal for trying to improve Shakespeare's plays. Ernest Dudley has concluded to abandon the task of so industriously trying to criticize facts.

Florence Hiller has promised not to inspect the record book again during the teacher's absence, as she did last year. The scholars of the Honesdale schools were under the protection of the teachers at the contest in Scranton, and were not allowed to separate from the school unless they brought excuses from the parents. Two senior girls, however, soon found two Scranton young men whom they thought could take better care of them. Under such circumstances I think they ought to be forgiven.

I hope the teachers of this school will forgive our past actions and prepare for those of the class of 1910. Those who have any comments to offer, may do so after the close of this service, but, in the words of another, "Let's not discuss it now."

MY DOUBLE, AND HOW HE UN-DID ME.

(Edward E. Hale)

By Helen E. Beck.

I am, or rather, was a minister, and was settled in an active, wide-awake town with a bright parish and a charming young wife. At first it was all delightful, but as my duties increased I found myself leading a double life—one for my parish, whom I loved, and the other for a vague public, for whom I did not care two straws. It was then that on my wife's suggestion I looked for a double —some one who would pass for me and fill the many engagements I wanted to shirk. I found him. When he was discovered his name was Dennis Shea, and he was not shaved, had no spectacles, and his style of dress was not at all like mine; but these difficulties were soon surmounted, for, by application to the Judge of Probate, his name was soon changed to Frederick Ingham—my name. As for appearance, he was so much like me that by the united efforts of Polly and myself and a tailor he was made to look the exact image of me. Then in four successive afternoons I taught him four speeches, which were to be his stock in trade:

No. 1—"Very well, thank you; and you?" (This for an answer to casual salutations.)

No. 2—"I am very glad you liked it." (This in response to a compliment on a sermon.)

No. 3—"There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time." (This for public meetings, when called to speak.)

No. 4—"I agree in general with my friend on the other side of the room." (This when asked for an opinion of his own.)

Thus equipped, my double attended a number of conventions and meetings which I was too busy to notice and was very successful. He gained a good reputation for me, and people began to say I was less exclusive than I used to be, and that I was more punctual, less talkative, etc. His success was so great that one evening I risked him at a reception. I could ill afford the time to go, and so I sent him with Polly, who kept her eye on him, and afterward told me about it. He had to take a very talkative lady—Mrs. Jeffries—down to supper, and at sight of the eatables he became a little excited, and attempted one of his speeches to the lady. He tried the shortest one in his most gallant manner: "Very well, thank you; and you?" Polly, who stood near his chair, was much frightened, as this speech had no connection with anything that had been said, but Mrs. Jeffries was so much engrossed with her own talking that she noticed nothing. She rattled on so busily that Dennis was not obliged to say anything more until the eating was over, when he said, to fill up a pause: "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time." This again frightened Polly, but she managed to get him away before he had done anything serious.

After this my double relieved me in so many ways that I grew quite light-hearted. That happy year I began to know my wife by sight. We saw each other sometimes, and how delightful it was. But all this could not last; and at length poor Dennis, my double, undid me.

There was some ridiculous new movement on foot to organize some kind of a society, and there was to be a public meeting. Of course I was asked to attend and to speak. After much urging I consented to go and sit on the platform, upon condition that I would not be called upon to make a speech. This was agreed upon, and I went—that is, Dennis went, having been told to say nothing on any subject. He sat resplendent on the platform, and kept his peace during the preliminary exercises, which were rather dry. Governor Blake called the meeting to order, but as he really did not know what the object of the gathering was, he said that there were other gentlemen present who could entertain better than he. Then there followed an awkward scene, for nobody wanted to speak, and every one that was called upon was either absent or unprepared; and finally a wretched boy in the gallery called out, "Ingham, Ingham." The governor thought I would respond, and as nothing had been said so far, he ventured to ask me, saying: "Our friend, Mr. Ingham, is always prepared, and tho' he had not relied upon him, he will say a word perhaps." Applause followed, which turned Dennis's head. He rose and tried speech No. 3: "There has been so much said, and on the whole so well said, that I will not occupy the time."

Then he sat down, looking for his hat—for things seemed squally. But the people cried, "Go on, go on," and some ap-

plauded. Dennis still confused, but flattered by the applause, rose again, and this time tried No. 2: "I am very glad you like it." Which alas, should only be said when complimented on a sermon. My best friends stared and people who didn't know me yelled with delight. A boy in the gallery cried out: "It's all a humbug," just as Dennis, waving his hand, commanded silence, and tried No. 4: "I agree in general with my friend on the other side of the room." The poor governor, doubting his senses, crossed to stop him but was too late. The same gallery boy shouted: "How's your mother?" And Dennis, completely lost, tried as his last shot No. 1: "Very well, thank you; and you?"

The audience rose in a whirl of excitement. Some other impertinence from the gallery was aimed at Dennis; he broke all restraint and to finish undoing me, he called out: "Any wan o' ye blatherin' rascals that wants to fight, can come down an' I'll take any five o' yez, single-handed; ye're all dogs and cowards. Sure an' I've said all his riverance an' the mistress bade me say."

That was all; my double had undone me.

THE POSTMAN.

By Henry Soete.

By means of a special privilege accorded by Uncle Sam, it will be my pleasure this evening to distribute a quantity of mail matter to the class of 1909. Though the coming of the postman is looked forward to with more or less pleasure, seldom, however, does he know what he is bringing to his patron—Joy or sorrow, good or bad news, or who is the sender thereof. In my case, matters will be a little out of the ordinary tonight, for each recipient has consented to show me what each letter or parcel contains.

Here's a package from a jewelry store addressed to Miss Abigail Baird, 901 Late St., East Honesdale. (An alarm clock is displayed). Some one must have been looking up the records of the High school and evidently thought from the tardy marks that an alarm clock might be of service to you in getting on duty earlier in the future.

For Miss Helen Beck, Court street, something from a packing house. A candle is rather a small thing but it's so useful to throw light on most any subject, not mentioning any particular one.

A paper for Miss Faith Clark, Sedate street. I suppose some mirthful member of the Literature Class sent you that copy of "Puck," hoping the reading thereof might induce you to smile.

Here is a package from a hardware company, addressed to Miss Hazel Dein, Suburban Honesdale. (Lantern). Apparently some one is interested in your welfare and must have sent you that lantern so you won't be "Afraid to go home in the dark." It will come in handy next Monday night after the dance.

Something from a stationery firm for Mr. Ernest Dudley, East Honesdale. (He unwraps a pack of cards.) Of course we know you never sent for those cards; perhaps someone wishes to remind you of your winning ways.

A postal from The American Society of Magicians for Sir William Freund, care Lyric Theatre, Honesdale. "Dear Sir: You have been accepted as a member of the American Society of Magicians. Respectfully, Membership Committee." Sure Mr. Freund is eligible to membership in this society, for I have seen him take from his pocket during one class period three pocket-knives, matches, tooth-picks, match-safes, thirteen pencils, two fountain pens, cigar lighter, cord, half dozen note books, cigar bands, nail file, postage stamps, and replace them in a manner which is still a mystery to me.

For Fred Frey, East street, or to be forwarded to Beach Lake. There is a parcel which appears to come from a hardware dealer. That knife will be of untold service to you in cutting off a few syllables from those lengthy words you are so fond of using.

Mr. Chester Gerry, in care of Beech Grove Dairy Farm. That looking-glass is probably intended to be used for sober reflections; very useful to one who is always smiling.

This package for George Harris, in care of the Rexall Drug Store. Looks as if it came from a millinery store. A pair of wings evidently sent to you as a gift from the faculty for your angelic conduct during the High school course.

A catalogue of Spaulding sporting goods for Walter Healey, 240 Marathon street. I notice they have reduced prices on boxing gloves—better take advantage and get what you need.

The United States Leather Trust appear to be sending something to Miss Florence Hiller. You certainly deserve that leather medal for living through

the ordeal of being the only girl in the Physics Class.

This parcel comes from Sears-Roebuck & Co. It is for Mr. Albert Krantz, North Main St. With those gloves you can keep your hands warm and spare your pockets of the constant wear to which they have been subjected.

Something from the toy department of Wanamaker's for Mr. Coe Lemnitz, in care of the White House. What more fitting reminder of the ex-presidency could you desire than this Teddy Bear.

Looks as if this was medicine for Miss Gertrude Murrman. I'm so glad someone has been solicitous regarding your health. This Cod Liver Oil, I hope, will prove a beneficial tonic after a strenuous year in the High school.

A postal for Mr. Fred Osborne, in care of the Honesdale Lunch Room. The railroad company notifies you that there is a package for you from the Fairbanks Company. I suppose that means a pair of scales. Now, Fred, when you get them you can always have your own "weigh."

Miss Flossie Polley, Seelyville. A package that comes from the Hitchner Biscuit Co. Crackers—'tis quite natural to associate them with "Polly."

For the Church Hill Twins, Miss Susan McGraw and Miss Alice Turnberger, noted for their quietness, there are two packages. Now, girls, with that drum and horn you ought to be able to make some noise for once in your lives.

Mr. Russell Romaine, in care of his mother. A mailing tube from the Buffalo Lithographing Co. I have heard that Russell is interested in Lithography. Perhaps this is a sample of his work that has been returned to him for improvement.

For Miss Clara Saunders, East Honesdale, a book from the American Book Co. That copy of Lamb's Tales will be useful in more ways than one. You can give it to your father when you are through with it—he deals in sheep skins, doesn't he?

A notification from the Butterick Publishing Co. to Miss Laura Van Horne: "Your subscription to the Delineator has expired." Better renew it immediately, Laura, for I don't see how you could possibly get along without this useful guide to the latest fashions.

Each of you has received something appropriate, useful or ornamental. I trust that these tokens will stimulate your perseverance, arouse your latent ambition and increase your energy which is characteristic of the members of the class of 1909.

THE OLD ERIE SURVEY.

Editor Citizen:—The announcement in the papers that the D. L. & W. R. R. was to shorten the distance of their line and that the Erie was contemplating changes to compete, recalls memories of a survey made in 1863 for the Erie from Susquehanna to Hawley.

The corps was made up of P. R. Van Frank, chief engineer, (who came with the prestige of having just completed the Iron Mountain road in Missouri), John Snyder, leveler, Charles Brown, rodman, Lord-axeman, for levelers, Marshal Wheeler, topographer, Charles Avery, surveyor, Frank Penniman and Geo. Wood, chainmen. Different parties were employed as axe men in different locations. I do not remember the one who stayed until the end of the survey except Lord.

The survey was made during the spring and summers of 1863, from May to August. A route was surveyed from the head waters of Johnson Creek, down Johnson Creek to the Lackawaxen, thence down the Lackawaxen by Aldenville, Prompton, Honesdale, to Hawley, to connect with the Hawley branch which was then building. A return survey was made by Honesdale and up the Dyberry by Tanner's Falls, crossing the head waters of the Dyberry and Equinunk creeks, passing near Amos O. Sherwood's and 1-mile pond to where Winwood now stands. Thence down the Shadagee and Starucca creeks to Susquehanna, connecting with the Erie at the west end of the Starucca Viaduct where the Jefferson branch now connects with the Erie.

So much for the route; the advantages to be gained were the lessening the grade and shortening the distance between Susquehanna and Lackawaxen. As the topographer kept the notes of the survey, my own notes being confined to changes of direction in the line, I am unable to give exact data, but I remember that the grade was cut down more than one-half between Susquehanna and the Talman Summit near Winwood, from that between Susquehanna and Gulf Summit on the Erie. While the distance was shortened between Susquehanna and Lackawaxen about thirty miles less than the present route.

The Honesdale Branch has been built and occupies part of the route between Honesdale and Hawley while the Jefferson Branch is on the survey; certainly, as far as Brandts. Taking all this into consideration it would seem that it would pay to investigate this route before going to every great expense to change the present route of the Erie.

CHARLES AVERY.



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