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To the Faculty of the East Orange
High School, whom we will ever hold in
loving memory, this book is respectfully
dedicated.

Class of 1906.

SENIOR YEAR BOOK



E . O . H . S .

1906-



Editorial Staff of the Senior Year Book

Class of 1906

East Orange High School

Editor-in-Chief:

Christine B. Leland

Associate Editors:

Dorothy M. Nichols

Grant Taff

Ida J. Treat

Halsey Steins

Eleanor Heustaedter

Business Manager:

Wallace A. Fisher

SENIOR

NAME.	Age	Height.	Weight	Nick Name.	Occupation Next Year.
Hubert Fernald Atwater	18	6 ft. 1 in.	133	Mother	Business.
Julian Wadsworth Baldwin	16	5 ft. 10 in.	135	Waddy	Wesleyan.
Charles Milton Canfield	17	5 ft. 9 in.	112	Charles	Business.
Kipp Ingersoll Chace	18	5 ft. 8 in.	140	Chip	Cornell.
Frank Nicholls Dealy	18	5 ft. 6 in.	125	Pee-Wee	Williams.
Richard Edward Ferguson	17	5 ft. 5 1/2 in.	147	Fat	Stevens.
Wallace Austin Fisher	17	5 ft. 9 in.	140	Pretty Boy	Business.
Charles William Hookway	16	5 ft. 9 in.	139	Hooks	Cornell
Robert James Houston	20	5 ft. 3 in.	105	Bob	Business.
Roscoe Irving Lee	19	5 ft. 10 in.	145	Boscoe	Columbia.
Milton Edward Luzenbourg	16	5 ft. 11 in.	139	Luzy	Business.
Harold Wellington Moffat	17	5 ft. 8 in.	168	Wire Top	Cornell.
Ralph Hunter Peck	18	5 ft. 7 in.	124	Peckie	Stevens.
Lawrence Sands Paddock	20	6 ft. 0 in.	150	Governor	U. S. Gov. Service.
Walter Anderson Reiter	18	5 ft. 9 in.	140	Titter	U. of P.
Roger Shotwell	19	5 ft. 6 in.	130	Rodge	Lafayette.
Andrew Joseph Whinery	18	5 ft. 7 in.	150	Andy	Cornell.
Elbert Brinkerhoff Monroe Wortman	16	6 ft. 1 in.	165	Tacks	Amherst.
Flora Adams	18	5 ft. 6 in.	126	Pete	Trenton Normal.
Marion Ethel Baer	17	5 ft. 8 in.	130	Monny	Barnard
Elsie Margarita Bahler	18	5 ft. 2 in.	105	Babe	P. G.
Helen Vaughn Bament	18	5 ft. 8 in.	116	H. V.	Bradford Academy.
Hazel Bastedo	16	5 ft. 4 1/2 in.	104	Limit	Ethical Culture School

STATISTICS.

Distinguished by His	*Appropriate Quotation.	Office Held in Senior Year.
Leanness	He himself was tall and thin— <i>Browning</i> .	
Squint and frown	As yet a child— <i>Pope</i> .	Member of Delta Epsilon. Senior dramatics. Class valadictorian.
Meekness	An honest man, close buttoned to the chin, Broadcloth without and a warm heart within— <i>Cowper</i> .	
Trim ankle	Esteem not thyself better than others— <i>Thomas A. Kempes</i> .	Half back on football team.
Stalwart (?) form	A stoic of the woods—a man without a tear— <i>Campbell</i> .	High School orchestra. Class treasurer. Associate editor on NEWS. President of Delta Epsilon, (first term). Second on Honor list. Commencement essay. Delta Epsilon Inter-club Debating team.
Rosy cheeks	Of manners gentle, of affections mild, In wit a man, simplicity a child— <i>Pope</i> .	Class secretary. Half-back sub on foot- ball team. Manager of track team.
Marcelle wave	A man after his own heart— <i>Samuel</i> .	Second base on baseball team. Business manager of the News. Standard bearer senior dramatics. Honor roll. Com- mencement essay. Delta Theta.
Glad smile	And when a lady's in the case, You know all other things give place— <i>Selden</i> .	
Grin	Oh what a noble mind is here— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	
Waddle	Whence comes such another— <i>Browning</i> .	Manager tennis team.
Flow of English	His very foot has music in it as he comes up the stairs— <i>Mickle</i> .	High School orchestra.
Top knot	For thy sake, tobacco, I would do anything but die— <i>Lamb</i> .	Sub guard football team.
Gentle (?) disposi- tion	An harmless flaming meteor shone for hair— <i>Abraham Cowley</i> .	President of Delta Epsilon. Standard bearer. Delta Epsilon Inter-club Debating team.
Low (?) voice	On their own merits modest men are dumb— <i>Coleman</i> .	
Cotton top	Push on—keep moving— <i>Morton</i> .	End on football team. Manager of basket ball team and senior play. Delta Theta.
Jokes (?)	His wit invites you by his looks to come, But when you knock it never is at home— <i>Cooper</i> .	
Lisp	Farewell, a long farewell to all my great- ness— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Class president. President of Athletic Association. Captain of base ball team. Captain of basket ball team. Captain of track team. Senior dramatics. Saluta- tory address, (class day). Delta Theta.
Chest	Whats in a name, a rose, etc.— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Center on football team. Class Motto. Senior dramatics.
Poetry	Trust not in thy own knowledge (in physiology)— <i>Thomas A. Kempes</i> .	
Lofty brow	None sweat but for promotion— <i>Shake- spere</i> .	Fifth on Honor list.
Trig	To Mr. Caldwell—Thcu canst not say I did it— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Member of Ken Mair.
Smile	Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever— <i>Kingsley</i> .	Member of Ken Mair.
Knife	Woman's at best a contradiction still— <i>Pope</i>	

SENIOR

NAME.	Age	Height.	Weight	Nick Name.	Occupation Next Year.
Agnes Belle Boyce	18	5 ft. 6 in.	115	Jack	Ethical Culture School
Lavina Dayton Canfield	18	5 ft. 6 in.	129	Viny	Home.
Marjory Fannie Haddon	17	5 ft. 8 in.	120	Madge	Vassar.
Vera Hance	17	5 ft. 4 in.	118	Truth	Trenton Normal.
Melda Winifred Leigh	19	5 ft. 6 in.	100	Mil-dew	Home.
Christine Bronson Leland	17	5 ft. 5 in.	116	Teny.	Home.
Helen Marie McNally	16	5 ft. 4 in.	104	Hal	Home.
Julia Mitchell	17	5 ft. 0 in.	109	Jule	P. G.
Dorothy Mott Nichols	18	5 ft. 3 in.		Doss	Barnard
Eleanor Neustaedter	18	5 ft. 2 in.	95	Ell	P. G.
Margaret Jay Porter	18	5 ft. 6 in.	103	Peggy	P. G.
Mary Lathbury Putman	19	5 ft. 5 in.	115	Mame	Barnard.
Sophie Agnes Roche	17	5 ft. 7 in.	107	Aggie	P. G.
Mable Graves Sale	17	5 ft. 7 in.	148	Pully	Ethical Culture School
Emma Witt Harris Scott	17	5 ft. 6 in.	130	Maida	P. G.
Florence Winona Shane	19	5 ft. 6 in.	165	Fat	Normal.
Frances Isabel Stevens	19	5 ft. 4 in.	115	Fanny	Home.
Marguerite Stewart	19	5 ft. 4 in.	109	Peg	Newark Normal.
Stella Tanner	18	5 ft. 7 in.	107	L'Etoile	Barnard.
Ida Frances Treat	17	5 ft. 4 in.	130	Widy	P. G.
Marjory Wilson	18	5 ft. 8 in.	115	Kid	Alfred University.

SOME FRIENDS

Miss Stevenson—So sweetly she bade me adieu,

I thought that she bade me return (at two)!—*Shenstone.*

Mr. Brooks—All his faults are such that one loves him still the better for them.—*Goldsmith.*

Mr. Evans—He was a man, take him all in all;

I shall not look upon his like again.—*Shakespeare.*

STATISTICS.—Continued.

Distinguished by His	Appropriate Quotation.	Office Held in Senior Year.
Chattering	I may tell all my bones— <i>Psalms</i> . so may anybody else.	And Third on Honor List.
Stray locks	Screw your courage to the sticking point and we'll not fail (to beat N. H.)— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Manager girls' basket ball team. Member of Ken Mair.
"Celestial" nose	How sweet it is to sit beside her—(<i>Meredith</i>)— <i>W</i> —.	Member of Ken Mair. Senior Dramatic. Class History. Zeta Beta Psi.
Rosy cheeks	Red as a rose was she— <i>Coleridge</i> .	
Modesty	Thy modesty 's a candle to thy merit— <i>Montgomery</i> .	Highest on honor list.
Ability to freeze	Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown (or edits the NEWS)— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Member of Ken Mair. Editor-in-chief of NEWS. Fourth on Honor List. Girls' basket ball team. Class day dispensary. Ken Mair Inter-club debating team. Delta Sigma Delta.
Blue eyes	Her voice was ever soft, Gentle and low an excellent thing in a woman— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	
Singing	"Better late than never."	
Drawl	De breed am small, but de flavor am delicious— <i>Life</i> .	Alurini editor for NEWS. Tenth on Honor List. Member Ken Mair. Class day will. Delta Sigma Delta.
Retiring (?) disposition.	Good at a fight, but better at a play— <i>Dibdin</i> .	President of class. (first term). Vice President of class. Literary editor NEWS. Senior dramatics. Commencement essay. Seventh on Honor List.
Brains	Grind on !— <i>Markham</i> .	
"Greenness"	Gentle and true, simple and kind was she, Noble of mien, with gracious speech to all— <i>Arnold</i> .	President of Ken Mair Associate editor NEWS.
Brawny arm	The muscles of (his) her brawny arm Are strong as iron bands— <i>Longfellow</i> .	Captain basket ball team, (girls). Member of Ken Mair.
Pompadour	Speak low, speak little— <i>Kingsley</i> .	Senior Dramatics.
Fluent English	I was never so bethumped with words— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Member of Ken Mair.
Good nature	A creature not too bright nor good, For human nature's daily food— <i>Wadsworth</i> .	Member of Ken Mair. Ninth on Honor List. Commencement essay.
Love of Youth (s)	Let me have men about me !— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Member of Ken Mair.
Love of football	She was good as she was fair— <i>Rogers</i> .	Secretary Ken Mair. Senior Dramatics.
Raven locks	The mildest manners and the gentlest heart— <i>Pope</i> .	
Giggle	To those who know thee not no words can paint, And those who know thee know all words are faint— <i>Moore</i> .	Exchange editor NEWS. Member Ken Mair. Ken Mair Debating Club team. Class poet. Class prophet. Senior dramatics. Delta Sigma Delta.
Plumpness (?)	Hark ! Paddock calls— <i>Shakespeare</i> .	Member Ken Mair. Eighth on Honor List. Commencement essay.

OF THE SENIORS.

- Mr. Grosenbaugh—His form was of the manliest beauty (?)
His heart was (kind and) soft.—*Dibdin*.
- Mr. Lottridge—They that govern the most make the least noise.—*Selden*.
- Mr. Taylor—He makes sweet music.—*Shakespeare*.
- Mr. Clapp—He is the very pineapple of politeness.—*Sheridan*.



KEN MAIR.

Ken Mair, the Girls' Debating Society of the East Orange High School, was founded in January, 1899. Its original membership was twelve, but this increased the next year, 1900, to twenty-one, which membership it has since maintained as the limit. These twenty-one are girls from the Junior and Senior classes, and they ably govern their society.

Ken Mair has held eight debates with Delta Epsilon, and has won therefrom six of the eight. For the last three years there has been a silver cup to strive for, the gift of Naughty-Four, and the Girls' Debating Club has maintained possession of this cup since its presentation.

During the past year the society has done faithful work, steadily "knowing more," as its title suggests. Miss Graves has been its helpful critic, and the society deeply regrets her departure, but considers itself fortunate in securing Mr. Brooks as her successor in the capacity of critic of Ken Mair. The girls have debated upon the great political questions of the day, questions bearing upon their immediate life, upon patent medicines, and upon numberless topics, indeed. In the coming year the society hopes to increase this already wide field of "knowing more," so that it may be a credit to its twelve originators.

Ken Mair was most fortunate in the season of 1905-1906 in its two presidents, Miss Neustaedter and Miss Putman, who, besides being most charming in the chair, were brilliant as debaters. The other officers of the year were: Miss Bischoff as vice-president and Miss Stewart as secretary in Miss Neustaedter's term of office, and Miss Haddon as vice-president and Miss Stewart as secretary in the administration of Miss Putman. All these officers, with the exception of Miss Bischoff, graduated in the class of '06.

Ken Mair also had a splendid debating team which she pitted against Delta Epsilon to uphold the negative of the question, "Resolved, That the United States should establish some system of shipping subsidies;" and with what success is shown by the girls' possession of the cup. Miss Neustaedter, Miss Treat and Miss Leland composed Ken Mair's team, but only the first two took part in the public debate.

The members of Ken Mair during this year were as follows: Misses Mary Putman, Eleanor Neustaedter, Christine Leland, Ida Treat, Marjorie Haddon, Dorothy Nichols, Marguerite Stewart, Frances Stevens, Marjorie Wilson, Emma Scott, Agnes Roche, Lavinia Canfield, Joanna Carr, Elsie Bahler, Helen Bament, Winona Shane, all of the Senior class, and Misses Doris Nash, Ethel Craddock, Bessie Boteler, Emily Bischoff and Ethel Wilson of the Junior class.

THE DELTA EPSILON SOCIETY.

The year of 1898 is a memorable one in our history, not only because it was the year in which war broke out between Spain and the United States, but also for the reason that on October 5 of that year the first regular meeting of the now flourishing Delta Epsilon was held.

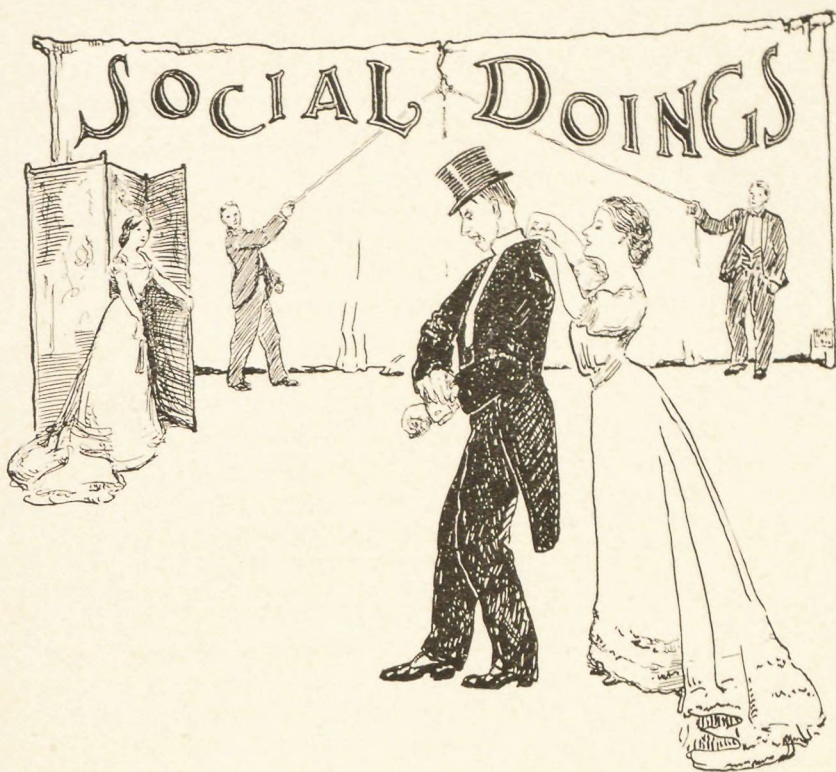
The name of the society caused much discussion, and after considerable deliberation, the name of Delta Epsilon was considered an appropriate one. The words Delta Epsilon are the fourth and fifth letters of the Greek alphabet and stand for the words Demosthenes Ecclesia. This "Assembly of Demosthenes" was considered a name which truly represented the object of the society—to improve in the art of debating and public speaking, and thus strive to follow in the footsteps of that great orator.

Thus, with the membership constantly increasing, we see the foundation of Delta Epsilon strong and firm. Nevertheless it had its period of weakness, for after six years of healthy existence its membership was suddenly reduced to three. But, as was afterward shown, there was no cause for fear, for the three were Messrs. Mecklem, Pentlarge and Costikyan; and with such men as they to keep up its spirit it was not long before the society was again put on a firm basis. Debating with other schools was begun, and it is the purpose of the Delta Epsilon to have as many outside debates as possible.

Last year seemed to be an epoch in the history of the society, for it was certainly one of the most prosperous years it has ever had. Owing to the active interest which Mr. Caldwell has taken in the society, its membership has greatly increased, there now being twenty-four names on the list. They are as follows: Messrs. Agens, Atkins, Baldwin, Bament, Barr, Boomer, Castle, Coffin, Colter, Chase, Dealy, Elkins, Hulett, Hall, Dutcher, Jeffery, Lipman, Lockwood, Murdock, Peck, Roche, Stout, Taff and Wilson.

The officers for the first half year were: President, Mr. Dealy; Vice-President, Mr. Peck; Secretaries, Mr. J. W. Baldwin and Mr. A. N. Lockwood. For the second half year: President, Mr. Peck; Vice-President, Mr. Jeffery; Secretaries, Mr. Lockwood and John R. Colter; Recorder, Mr. Dutcher.

The first annual banquet, which was given on June 19, 1906, was a grand success and clearly shows how the society is growing and gradually increasing its scope.



JUNIOR SOPHOMORE DANCE.

After several months of hard work the first dance of the season was held December 15 at Berkeley Hall. The committee did their work well, and seldom in the history of the Oranges has there been a more brilliant gathering. The walls were hung with red, black and white streamers, Hoboken was luxuriously appointed, and the Junior Sophomores were in their element. All under four feet, they toddled about the hall under the protecting eye of a few Seniors, making a pretty sight. At ten o'clock the nurses of the Sophomores called for their charges, and the floor was cleared for the Seniors and Faculty who danced long past the hour when all good J. S. students are asleep. Take it all in all a delightful evening was provided, and the Seniors have to thank their sister class for much amusement.

SENIOR ENTERTAINMENT.

On January 12 the regular Senior Entertainment was given under the auspices of the class of 1906. After much arranging and coaxing by a committee consisting of the Misses Roche, Nichols, Boyce, and Messrs. Dealy, Hookway and Peck, the Pennsylvania Glee Club was lured from its haunts and persuaded to warble for an evening in Commonwealth Hall. The elite of the town and the best blood of New Jersey were in attendance, and professed themselves greatly pleased with the results of the committee's labors. The youths from Pennsylvania were in their usual fine voice, and gave numerous selections in a praiseworthy manner. The work of the "Sunshine Quartette" was especially appreciated by the young ladies, who returned the ardent glances of the "Sunshiners" with nods and blushes of pretty confusion. At the conclusion of the program a dance was held, from which the members of the Glee Club withdrew at an early hour, taking with them seventy-five dollars and the warm regard of many E. O. H. S. girls.

THE MOCK TRIAL.

On March 2 Delta Epsilon provided the members of the school with a very enjoyable evening in the form of a "Mock Trial." After the case had been announced much difficulty was experienced in securing a suitable jury. Numerous members of the faculty were summoned but rejected on account of mental deficiency, softening of the heart, etc. Mr. Baldwin, as State Attorney, gave promise of becoming another

Jerome, while Mr. Dealy, for the defense, put up an argument worthy of one of the K. M. girls. The case was, in brief, that a certain Mr. Pippenjinks was charged with assaulting and robbing one Alexander Snodfizzle on the night of February 24 at Park and Arlington avenues. After a protracted fight the jury acquitted Mr. Pippenjinks, and Mr. Snodfizzle went home discomfited.

INTER=CLUB DEBATE.

On May 5th the annual inter-club debate between Ken Mair and Delta Epsilon was held in the upper study hall of the High School. The subject for debate was: "*Resolved*, That the United States should establish a system of shipping subsidies," the affirmative supported by Messrs. Dealy, Peck and Colter, of Delta Epsilon; the negative by Misses Neustaedter and Treat, of Ken Mair. Both sides put up a good strong argument, the boys showing such wonderful oratorical ability that we predict for them a future such as to make Demosthenes, Daniel Webster and William Jennings Bryan hide their heads in shame, while Ken Mair must surely produce an Emma Goldman or Susan B. Anthony. However, the judges, Mr. Sill, Mr. Woodruff, and Mr. Wilcox, appeared to be more favorably impressed with the girls' argument, despite the vigor of Delta Epsilon's delivery, for they awarded a unanimous decision to Ken Mair.

After the conclusion of the musical program which accompanied the debate, a reception was held by the debating societies.

SENIOR=JUNIOR DANCE.

The annual Senior-Junior dance was held May 25th in Berkely Hall. The committee, Miss Leland, Miss Wilson, Miss Haddon, Miss Nichols, Mr. Hookway, Mr. Reiter and Miss Fisher, had decorated the walls in the class colors, and the whole hall presented a decidedly festive appearance. The beauty and wit of the Oranges were present; punch (pink lemonade) flowed in abundance; the music was good and the floor excellent. Mr. Grosenbough, the only member of the faculty present, played the part of chaperon in a very commendable manner, while Mr. Fisher, resplendent in black broadcloth, was the acknowledged belle of the occasion. Refreshments were served about 12 o'clock, and we were pleased to note the abstemiousness of the Juniors, some of the young ladies actually refusing to partake of more than six plates of ice cream. About half-past one the musicians struck up "Sing Me to Sleep, Mother," and the dancers, taking the hint, dispersed.

CONCERT.

On June 2d a concert and dance for the benefit of the Playground Association was held in the High School. People flocked from far and near, old men and maidens, young ones and matrons, not so much to hear the very excellent program which was rendered as for the real pleasure of dancing within the sacred precinct of the hall of learning. Webster, Cicero, Lincoln and Pallas Athene frowned down from their pedestals. The ghosts of Latin grammars, geometrical text books and historical works groaned in agony to see such levity. But the merry-makers danced and ate ice cream to their heart's content unmindful of the honor felt by the austere walls of the building. In addition to the regular program, a treat in the shape of the "Moonshine Quartette" was given the audience. This quartette was composed for the most part of young gentlemen who had at one time attended E. O. H. S., and their work was so melodious and delightful that they were forced to run from the room to escape encores.

SENIOR DRAMATICS.

On June 8th the class of '06 brought credit upon itself and the school by giving, under Miss Freeman's able direction, one of the finest amateur performances ever given in E. O. H. S. The principal roles were taken by Miss Haddon, Miss Treat, Miss Neustaedter and Miss Stewart, Mr. Whinery, Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Fisher. The plot was absorbing, the time the present, the costumes were handsome and the parts well taken. In one scene, a reception, the whole Senior class was upon the stage, and many thought this one of the most attractive scenes of the play. Mr. Fisher, in the comedy part, did excellent work and acted the part of an affected English dude in such a natural manner that it seemed second nature to him. After the last act a dance was held, in which actors and audience joined.

DELTA EPSILON BANQUET.

On June 19 Delta Epsilon celebrated the closing of a remarkably successful season with a banquet at the Hotel Normandie. The society, which had as its guests Mr. Evans, Mr. Brooks, Mr. Cauldwell and Mr. Grosenbaugh, was out in full force and did ample justice to a menu so long and varied as to fill three volumes. Mr. Grosenbaugh acted as toastmaster, and toasts on The Faculty, School Days, Delta Epsilon, The Alumni, Graft and the Man with the Hoe were given. A delightful evening was enjoyed by all.

CLASS DAY.

Following the Delta Epsilon banquet, the class of 1906 held Class Day exercises in the High School on the evening of June the twentieth. The speakers of the evening were Misses Nichols, Leland, Haddon and Treat, Messrs. Peck, Baldwin and Wortman. Mr. Whinny, class president, presided. The remainder of the class sat in the midst of the assembled guests and perspired with excitement and dread as speaker after speaker arose and "knocked" their classmates. When the last gift had been presented by Miss Leland and Mr. Baldwin had pronounced the valedictory the class gathered around the piano and sang the 1906 song. All confessed themselves delighted with the entire program.

COMMENCEMENT.

On June 21 the commencement exercises of the class of 1906 were held in Women's Club Building. Eight hundred admiring friends and relatives of the graduates were assembled in the new hall, and wild bursts of applause greeted the class as the members marched in two-by-two and mounted the steps of the stage. The class of '06 is, by the declaration of all, the finest ever graduated from the E. O. H. S. The sweet girl graduates were sweeter, the youths nobler than any ever seen. Five members of the class read essays, Misses Wilson, Neustaedter and Shane, and Messrs. Dealy and Fisher, a chorus of girls sang and Mr. Evans, Mr. Thomas and Mr. Davey made addresses. After the distribution of diplomas flowers were presented to the girls, and with nine 'rahs for '07 the class disbanded.

"GRAD" DANCE.

The last of the graduation festivities was the class dance held in the Women's Club Building on June 23. The ball room was brilliantly lighted, the music excellent and the '06 girls and boys in high feather. In addition to the class, many of the alumni were present and expressed themselves delighted with everything, including refreshments. No senior dance ever given has equalled this one, and '06 has reason to be proud of its achievement.

CARNIVAL.

It seems a fitting climax to '06's successful career that at the time of the graduation of this wonderful class, largely through the efforts of the High School pupils, a grand athletic carnival should be held at the Oval. This carnival was for the purpose of fitting up the Public School Playground, and aside from the regular events, we were fortunate enough to have with us Sheridan, Schick and other Athens athletes. Although Sheridan broke no records with the discus, yet he certainly broke all records as a drinker of lemonade! Much amusement was afforded the students at the sight of the Board of Education and City Council floundering around in the mud in a base ball game. Refreshments were furnished by the different organizations of the High School, and it is thought that about fifteen hundred dollars were realized from the tickets and booths.



ATHLETICS



Rah ! Rah ! Rah !
E-A-S-T - O-R-A-N-G-E
High School - High School - High School !

To the Public Spirited Citizens of East Orange :

In the following pages we have endeavored to summarize the work of our various athletic teams during the past year. We have chronicled both the defeats and the victories, and it will be plainly seen that, in spite of the fact that our teams have labored under a very heavy handicap—the lack of a suitable field—the victories are in the majority. Now, if in the face of such a great disadvantage, our men have done commendable work, just think of the results that might be obtained through the constant use of a well equipped athletic ground. Given this, and the E. O. H. S. would never know defeat, whether on the track, gridiron or diamond.

Now, here is the object of this little paragraph. The East Orange Public Schools need money to equip their new athletic grounds with grand stands, bleachers, dressing rooms, etc.; for it is intended to make this the finest field of its kind in the State. Therefore, citizens, when you hear the call for subscriptions, dig deep in your pockets and say with a smile,

“ I AM FOR THE PUBLIC ! ”

THE SEASON OF 1905-1906 IN ATHLETICS.

The season of 1905-1906 in athletics, while not equaling the performance of last year, nevertheless is not one to be ashamed of. The graduation of last June took away many of our athletes. Not one of the regular football men returned—only one basketball player and but three baseball men, and so the teams were made up practically of new men, some of whom had never even been out for a High School team. All three teams did reasonably well, although at times the basketball team was very erratic.

The football team started its season with a victory, and during the first five games of the nine-game schedule kept their opponents from scoring. The sixth they tied with Stevens freshmen, and the seventh was the first one they lost. Against the superior weight and strength of Newark High School they were powerless, but nevertheless put up a plucky fight. Taking the season's performance altogether it was good. Out of a schedule of nine games we won five, tied two and lost two.

The basketball team was one that was hard to understand. One day they would play brilliantly, and perhaps a week or so later, when playing the same team, they would go all to pieces. The team, if it did not have a very successful season, was productive of good results, for it brought out a great many aspirants, some of whom formed a good scrub to the first team.

The baseball team began its season early and with poor success, losing the first game to Brooklyn High, but it won the next five. Previous to the first game there had been no outdoor practice, and being mostly new men the team did not work very well together at first. They soon found their pace, however, and played good ball the rest of the year, particularly towards the end, winning the second games of the schedule with Newark High and Stevens Prep., thus gaining second place in the league, Newark being first and Stevens third. During the season they played seventeen games and won eleven of them—not at all a bad record. Summing all up, we may say with good reason that we have done fairly well in athletics this year, thanks to the labors of Mr. Taylor, our coach, and the spirit that the fellows have shown, and if we did not win any banners we have at least laid the foundations for good teams for next year's work.



FOOTBALL TEAM.

ROBERT BECKMAN, 'c9 Left End
 ALLAN TRIMPL, P. G. Left Tackle
 AMES LODER, 'o8 Left Guard
 ELBERT WORTMAN, 'o6 Center
 MARTIN ASSMANN, 'o8 Right Guard
 JOHN CALLOWAY, 'o8 Right Tackle
 WALTER REITER, 'o6 Right End
 GEORGE THATCHER, 'o7, (CAPTAIN) . . Quarterback
 KIPP I. CHACE, 'o6 Left Halfback
 EDWARD SPANGLER, 'o9 Right Halfback
 EDWARD CLERY, 'o8 Fullback

SUBSTITUTES:—W. A. FISHER, o6; V. BECKMAN, 'o9; R. GUSMAN, 'o9; G. WHITMAN, 'o8; G. HARRISON, 'o7.

MANAGER:—BENJ. WESTERVELT, 'o7.

RECORD.

E. O. H. S.	10;	Invincible A. C.	0
E. O. H. S.	0;	Webb Academy	0
E. O. H. S.	28;	Orange High School . . .	0
E. O. H. S.	20;	Passaic H. S.	0
E. O. H. S.	5;	Bloomfield H. S.	0
E. O. H. S.	6;	Stevens Freshmen	6
E. O. H. S.	0;	Montclair H. S.	6
E. O. H. S.	11;	Stevens Prep.	6
E. O. H. S.	0;	Newark H. S.	50

E. O. H. S.	80	Opponents.	68
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GIRLS' BASKETBALL TEAM, 1905-1906.

TRACY EPPSTEIN Left Forward
 AGNES ROCHE Right Forward
 MATTIE KORN }
 KATHRINE CARR } Center
 CHRISTINE B. LELAND Left Guard
 LAVINIA D. CANFIELD Right Guard
 SUBSTITUTES:—AMY DITMARS, NORMA TOMPKINS, ETHEL WILSON.

RECORD.

E. O. H. S.	17;	Bloomfield H. S. . . .	2
E. O. H. S.	12;	Edward Clark Club .	6
E. O. H. S.	5;	Montclair H. S. . . .	4
E. O. H. S.	14;	Glen Ridge H. S. . . .	6
E. O. H. S.	0;	Newark High School .	9
E. O. H. S.	4;	Dearborn Morgan S. .	26
E. O. H. S.	11;	Montclair H. S. . . .	10
E. O. H. S.	4;	Newark H. S.	29
<hr style="width: 20%; margin: 5px auto;"/>			
E. O. H. S.	67	Opponents	92





BASKET-BALL TEAM.

ANDREW J. WHINERY, '06 (CAPTAIN) . Left Forward
 HENRY CRIPPEN, '08 Right Forward
 THOMAS R. CREEDE, '08 Center
 FRANK WELLS, '06 Left Guard
 MARTIN ASSMANN, '08)
 GEORGE THATCHER, '06) Right Guard

SUBSTITUTES—DE FOREST SHOTWELL, '07; GEO.
 McCASKIE, '06; E. SPANGLER, '09.

MANAGER—WALTER REITER, '06.

RECORD.

E. O. H. S.	14;	Glen Ridge H. S. . . .	4
E. O. H. S.	25;	Barnard School	19
E. O. H. S.	15;	Newark Academy . . .	28
E. O. H. S.	12;	Orange H. S.	37
E. O. H. S.	7;	Newark H. S.	31
E. O. H. S.	26;	Glen Ridge H. S. . . .	12
E. O. H. S.	17;	Crescent Club of J. C. .	39
E. O. H. S.	55;	Montclair H. S. . . .	45
E. O. H. S.	13;	Newark H. S.	51
E. O. H. S.	17;	Montclair Mil Academy	24
E. O. H. S.	17;	Brooklyn Poly. Prep.	37
E. O. H. S.	13;	Montclair H. S. . . .	24
E. O. H. S.	34;	Bloomfield H. S. . . .	17
E. O. H. S.	11;	Barnard School	4
E. O. H. S.	9;	Orange H. S.	56
E. O. H. S.	55;	Stevens Freshmen . . .	17
E. O. H. S.	32;	St. Paul s Jr. A. . . .	7

E. O. H. S.	372	Opponents	413
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BASEBALL TEAM.

RECORD.

THOMAS R. CREFEDE, '08 Third Base
 HENRY CRIPPEN, '08 Short Stop
 EDWARD CLERY, '08 Center Field
 ROBERT BECKMAN, '09 Catcher
 ANDREW J. WHINERY, (CAPTAIN), '06 . Second Base
 STANLEY WATSON, '07 Left Field
 HALSEY STEINS, '07 Right Field
 VICTOR BECKMAN, '09 First Base
 E. THATCHER, '08 }
 W. AUTENRIETH, '07 } Pitcher

SUBSTITUTES:—R. DUNN, '08; G. THATCHER, '07; W.
 A. FISHER, '06; R. GUSMAN, '09; K. I. CHACE, '07.

MANAGER:—STANLEY WATSON, '07.

E. O. H. S.	3 ;	Brooklyn B. H. S. . . .	8
E. O. H. S.	11 ;	Invincible A. C. . . .	9
E. O. H. S.	22 ;	Hoboken H. S.	2
E. O. H. S.	7 ;	Bloomfield H. S. . . .	53
E. O. H. S.	5 ;	Orange H. S.	4
E. O. H. S.	30 ;	Cartaret Academy. . .	0
E. O. H. S.	4 ;	Stevens Prep. School . .	4
E. O. H. S.	21 ;	Barnard School.	4
E. O. H. S.	3 ;	Ampere A. C.	4
E. O. H. S.	8 ;	Orange H. S.	7
E. O. H. S.	6 ;	Bloomfield H. S. . . .	9
E. O. H. S.	14 ;	Englewood H. S. . . .	9
E. O. H. S.	5 ;	Brooklyn Poly. Prey . .	12
E. O. H. S.	6 ;	Newark H. S.	11
E. O. H. S.	30 ;	Newark Academy. . . .	9
E. O. H. S.	6 ;	Stevens Prep. School . .	5
E. O. H. S.	7 ;	Newark H. S.	5

E. O. H. S. 188 Opponents 95



Class Song, '06

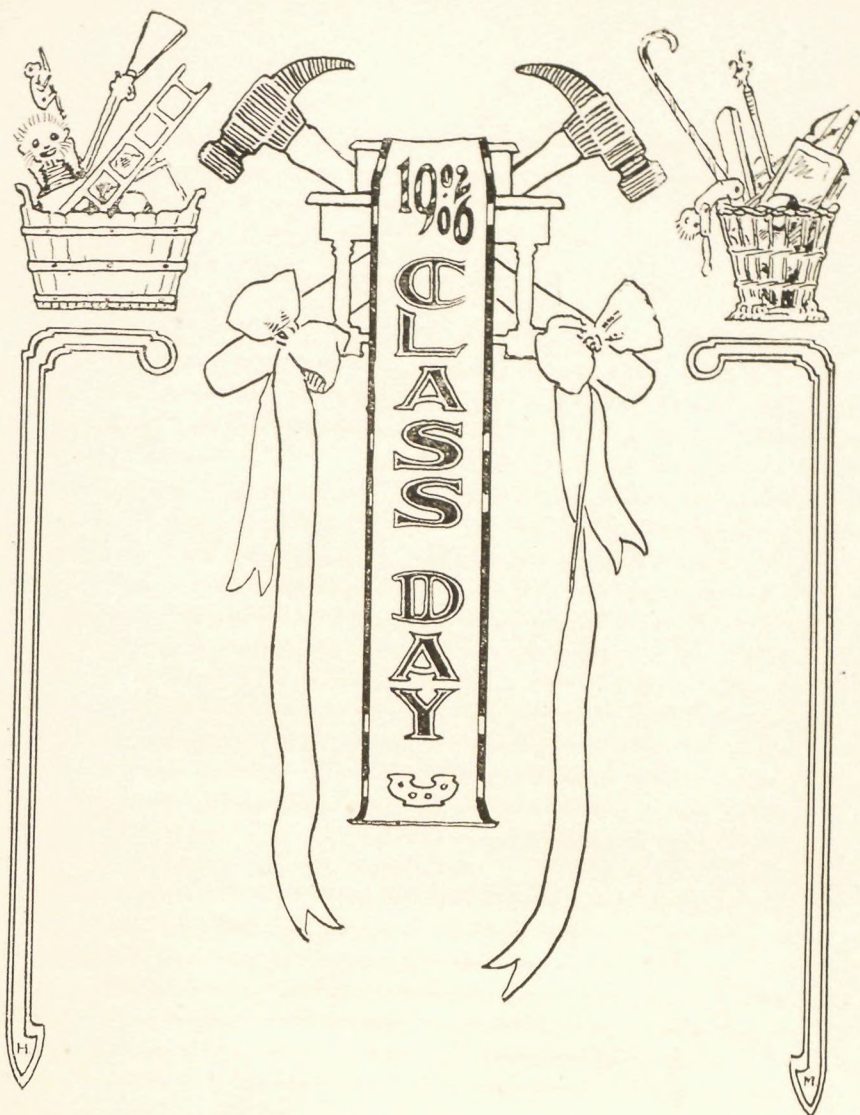
Tune: "THE BIG RED TEAM."

We're the finest State in the land,
In the State we're the finest town,
And our school is simply grand,
While our class has won renown.

CHORUS:

Cheer for the class,
Every lad, every lass,
Before us bend the knee.
By the school we're adored,
We're the joy of the Board
And the pride of the Faculty!
But now, sad to tell,
We must all say farewell.
Our High School Course is through;
But just as we part,
With all our heart,
We sing '06 to you.

Whene'r a man wins fame
In the years that soon will pass,
If you ask from whence he came,
They'll say our own glorious class.



CLASS HISTORY.

MARJORIE F. HADDON.

The responsibility of any historian is always measured in proportion to the importance of the event which he has to record. Keeping in mind this fact, you may judge of the grave responsibility resting upon the shoulders of the historian of the class of 1906, for has not this class made history full of the most important events? Other Senior classes may and probably have had some comparative idea of the grave responsibilities, and all that the magic word "Senior" implies. Nevertheless it has fallen to our happy lot to bring about certain results which have made this particular year and class the most memorable in the history of High School. If any one would be so blind as to deny this, or even to doubt it, let him but be reminded that we have been the pride and wonder of the faculty, because of the astounding ability with which we overcame Macaulay and conquered Burke; let him remember the question of world-wide importance which was settled forever by two illustrious members of our Senior class; let him stop to consider these and many other things, and then let him be ashamed of his doubt.

At last, after weeks of well modulated excitement, as was befitting a High School pupil to be, we began our "Pilgrim's Progress" four years ago last September, and started on the road which led toward this very day, then so far away that nothing but our imagination could discern it. Our first day in High School was one of hopeless and pitiful confusion. There were programs and directory cards galore to be made out, and our poor little Freshmen brains (for we were Freshies once, oh Seniors of '06) were sorely taxed. Latin, English, German *History*. The warnings of other poor "Freshies" who had "fallen by the wayside" were still ringing in our ears, but our sporting spirit was up, and with a triumphant flourish down went "History, Room 2," on our directory cards. Ah, it was good, indeed, to be a High School pupil. At last everything was straightened out, however, and we were ready for the first event of interest in our Freshman year—our first class meeting. This meeting was held in the lower study room, Mr. Brooks presiding, and to it we came flocking with a wild enthusiasm which in our later meetings has been fortunately tempered down to a more moderate degree, almost befitting the dignity of a Roman senator. After that meeting we felt that our school spirit had been aroused, and

best of all the class spirit of '06 was beginning to stir within our breasts. In our Freshmen year we had repeated success on the athletic field, and in the well worn phrase made the upper classes "sit up and take notice" of the lusty Freshmen who had dared so early to assert their rights. The first year passed quickly, and before we knew it we had arrived at the first milestone of our journey and were ready to become Sophomores.

Whether the exhilarating effect of a higher altitude gave us the feeling of our added importance, I do not know, but surely there is nothing so very important (in his own estimation, at least) as a Sophomore. With the feeling of self-confidence that came from this feeling of self-importance we dared to be the first class to give a Junior Sophomore dance and make a success of it. During this year we won honor in the indoor track meet and in the inter-class basketball game between '06 and '07, defeated the freshmen by a score of 57 to 6. Then, after passing another very satisfactory year, we reached the second milestone and found ourselves Juniors.

Juniors! The word thrilled us. We realized that we were nearing the goal of our ambitions, and we determined to make the coming year one that would bring fame to ourselves and honor to the school. Our Junior year was enlivened by many interesting incidents, not the least of these being the shameful displacement of George Washington's bust for the scrubbing pail when our class, with the rest of the school, barely escaped the disgrace of bringing shame upon the name of loyalty and patriotism High School always possessed. At this time a camera club was organized by an enterprising Junior, which was very successful, while it lasted. Two dances were given, the Junior-Sophomore and the Senior-Junior, both of which being participated in by 1906 were successful. At the end of June came a beautiful picture of what we ourselves would be the following June, and leaving our Junior year behind us we prepared ourselves for the joys that Senior life might hold for us.

Seniors! Oh, the joy, the bliss in the consciousness that we were Seniors. Toward this goal for three long years we had been struggling and at last we had reached it.

The very first month in our Senior year we performed a feat which in the eyes of some of our friends must indeed have been nothing short of a miracle for we brought into life a school paper which had been pronounced *dead*, hopelessly dead; a paper over which many a sad prophecy had been uttered; a paper unable to exist without the loyal support of the class of '05, and all this because the respected editor-in-

chief of '05 failed to appreciate the fact that there *was* a *certain* amount of genius in the class which was to take its place the following year. Yea, verily, a miracle has been performed, and the NEWS has not only been brought to a standard of excellency never before attained, but has shown all parts of the United States what an ideal school paper should be.

Our first Senior social event was the entertainment given by the combined musical clubs of the U. of P. For weeks before this corridors and rooms were cleared at the sight of a Senior wildly waving a small bit of paste board with the well known cry of "Please buy a ticket." But it was due to this tireless energy of the Seniors that the entertainment was a success, and the "Sunshine Quartet" made its everlasting impression upon our memories.

Our Senior pin, which has been the envy of all those who have beheld it, was chosen early in the year, and after much deliberation the class motto, "Aude recte agere," was decided upon.

Several longfelt wants have been fulfilled this year. A High School orchestra has been formed, a tennis team, and also a chess club have found their way into High School, and the fact that we are rapidly expanding the field of education is illustrated in the fact that *very* recently a High School ballet has been formed.

In the latter part of May came the Senior-Junior dance, and soon after came our Senior play. It may be that the dramatic critics were not present at the presentation of "Just For Fun," or they may have been so impressed that they were unable to put into writing their confused ideas of gorgeous costumes and magnificent scenic displays. But although local papers have not thought it worthy of their notice, nevertheless we are upheld by the fact that our play has probably been criticised by the leading newspapers of the world, only we have had neither time nor opportunity to read them. Really, the success of our play is somewhat to be wondered at when we remember that it was performed in competition with a carnival which was being held at the very doors of Commonwealth Hall, and where we are told there were some attractions—at least there were good cigars to be had and also gold-headed canes to be purchased at greatly reduced prices.

And now the end of our High School life has come, and it is time for us to say good-bye and welcome '07 to their place as Seniors. Our journey has not been made without some misgivings and fears, but through all our labors have been crowned with success. May this success stay with you all through the coming years, and may we all strive to be an honor to our class and be true to the memory of E. O. H. S.

THE CLASS MOTTO.

BY ELBERT B. M. WORTMAN.

The class of Nineteen Hundred Six has chosen for its motto the phrase "Aude Recte Agere,"—"Dare to do right." It is most fitting that a class of young people entering a new sphere of life whether it be in business, college or the home should have selected so grand a standard as a criterion for their conduct.

To live in accordance with a great moral principle denotes a superior nature; it reveals a capability of moral sentiment. Men who show none of this are the kind who fight for praise and shoulder-straps, marry for dowry, make friends to increase their business success, and in general conduct their lives in pure selfishness. Whenever such a man abandons his self-love and for once acts from a generous and good sentiment, he immediately rises in our opinion. In how great esteem, then, will a person be held for conducting his whole life in accordance with a lofty principle; for choosing so excellent a motto as our own and living up to it!

It often seems difficult to do right, and not only difficult but inexpedient. If we always do right we may sometime lose, or rather not gain money which we might get if we acted dishonestly. Very often an opportunity might arise to get some money in a dishonest or mean way. It may be the man at the country fair with the two shells and a pea, or it may be the capitalist or corporation with a corner on ice in the summer time. But to do right always pays in the long run, for the man whose methods are dishonest or underhand is liable to be found out and ruined, while the incorruptible man cannot be hurt. The man who always tells the truth and is upright in his business is valued and honored by every man. No matter how low a man may have sunk, he still has within him a glimmer of conscience which makes him respect a man for doing right.

Moreover, a man of principle and honor is by far the happier. He has the clean conscience, the upright mind, which lets him enjoy that greatest happiness which man possesses—the reward of righteousness.

A man need not fear losing his friends by doing right. Surely a good and honest man would not cast aside a friend because he also was upright. By doing right, therefore, a man could only lose the friendship of a crooked man. Everybody is influenced by his associates. A man cannot mingle with thieves, laugh at their jokes, be interested in their stories, admire their nerve without becoming one of them. It is

not long before he, too, uses the mask and the jimmy. And in a similar way acts every evil association. Bad friendships, therefore, like bad promises, are better broken than kept.

A man who dares to do right will surely keep out of much trouble. Every sin is exposed at some time, whether in this world or the other, and if a man always does what he thinks is right, and what his conscience lets him think is right, he will never have to make any humiliating confessions, nor will he ever hear anything said of which he should be ashamed.

Where people are most afraid to do right is where they encounter a likelihood of having to undergo ridicule. Many a man would rather do any sort of wrong than be called a "quitter" or afraid.

Courage is of two kinds—physical and moral. The one that of a robber who dares risk his life to steal; the other that of a companion who dares withdraw from the expedition, not because he fears the bars, but because he knows what is right and dares to do it; the one that of a politician who runs the danger of a term in the penitentiary to fill his own pockets; the other that of a "Roosevelt" who dares face the greatest corporations of their kind in history, because he knows the right and dares to do it for the people; the one that of the Barbarian Chieftain who plunders Rome; the other that of a "Luther" who dares oppose all the Roman Church because he knows it is corrupt. The physical is as far below the moral as is the body from the soul.

Everybody has the sense of right and wrong. The Creator has put into every breast a conscience. When we disobey it we gradually lose the power of distinguishing right from wrong. Who has not known somebody whose greed for gold, or fame, has warped his conscience till he has lost all his moral sense? A man's ideal is lowered every time he goes against his sense of right. Whatever it tells us to do, that we must do, and for this reason we should keep our conscience trained by high ideals and lofty standards.

Ideals vary greatly in different nations. In India, for instance, the parents used to think themselves blessed for casting their infants under the wheels of the Jugernaut as a sacrifice to the gods. But under the Christian influence of the British this is now regarded so low as to be a crime. But we do not need to go to India for an example of varying standards. A few years ago in our own country graft existed and was tolerated. But now our good housekeeper has brought the broom (or rather the rake) out of the cupboard and is collecting the dust to throw it into the fire. Fortunately the American public conscience is taking higher ideals. But what ideals can be higher than those laid down in

the Bible and particularly in the Sermon on the Mount, a perfect moral constitution and legal code to guide us?

Thus shall we know the right. Let us dare to do it, and we shall have the respect and trust of our fellow-beings. Let us dare to do right, and we shall never be put to shame. Let us dare to do right, and we shall be truly happy. Let us dare to do right, because it is the highest courage. And finally, Classmates, let us dare to do right because it is right.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."

CLASS DISPENSARY.

CHRISTINE B. LELAND.

Julian Wadsworth Baldwin. (A baby cap, rattle and doll.)

Ladies and gentlemen, regard, Waddie, the class baby, the youngest member of the class of '06. It is absolutely his first appearance in public, and on account of his tender years we thought it best to get *him* up first. He might get sleepy, you know. This dolly's name is Eleanor, Wadsworth, we hope it will keep you awake.

Hazel Bastedo. (Two bags.)

Hazel, we all know how fond you are of Baggs. We have heard you give lengthy dissertations on your—ahem—love of Baggs: We have seen you holding prolonged seances in the company of Baggs; in fact, we *do not see* how you can get along in the future without the aid of Baggs, so we give you these. Don't become too much wrapped in *them*.

Charles Milton Canfield and Robert James Houston.

(A dance card and a lady doll apiece.)

Charles and Robert, boys, we hear that you two shun society, do not care to trip the light fantastic or join the rush at a tea fight; and worst all, shun the society of young maidens. This will never, never do, now that you are leaving the sheltering walls of the High School and are being cast on the cold, cold world, which is full of frivolities and fascinating young women, you must learn to mingle with the multitude. Here is a little lady and a dance card for each of you. Now start right in practising on them this summer.

Flora Adams. (A washboard.)

Flora, you always were a dreamer; we have seen you sit for hours

looking off into space, and then come back to life with a jump. It is you who write verses about the "Misty Mystic Mountain," "The Goddess of the Storm," or "The Starlit Heavens." Now, Flora, that's all very nice, but you *must* have something to bring you back to earth and remind you of the practical side of life once in a while. Pray accept this little reminder—it speaks for itself.

Richard Edward Ferguson and Vera Hance.

(A powder-box and puff.)

Richard and Vera, our champion blushers.—There you go now ! For four years you two have led the procession in blushing. You blush if anyone looks at you ; you blush if they won't look at you. You are the delight of the boys and the envy of the girls ; but your blushes cause you much embarrassment, so we present you with this little box of face powder. Armed with this, in the future your complexions will assume the interesting pallor of an anemic.

Harold Wellington Moffat. (A Jack-in-the-box.)

Well, Harold, did you manage to get up here ? Harold, you are a happy-go-lucky fellow, who *never* worries over what he gains or loses, but we thought that in your case an appropriate parting gift would be one of the *few* things which you failed to get in High School. So we have procured, with a great deal of difficulty, this little box. It is filled with a combination of historical imaginations and knowledge, and the presiding deity is called *Brooks*.—See how he jumps on you.

Mabel Graves Sale and Agnes Belle Boyce.

(A bell and a sailboat.)

Mabel and Belle—the inseperables. Girls, for four years you have been absolutely inseperable ; you have walked, ahem !—talked, studied and sat together. If one wanted to find Mabel, she had only to look for Belle, and vice versa. We dread to think of the time when you two must be separated, for we feel sure that one would pine away without the companionship of the other. So we present you, Mabel, with a little bell, and you, Belle, with a big sail. May they take the place in the future of the real thing.

Marjory Wilson. (A padlock.)

Marjory, rumor has come to us that for weeks past you have lived in dread of having your name linked with that of a mere *man* on this your last day of High School life. You shudder at the suggestion and pale at the thought of such a thing. Now, Marjory, we realize how sensitive you feel about this matter, and so have taken every precaution to prevent it. Accept this little padlock (it is the nearest thing we

could get to a *Paddock*), attach it securely to your person, and we promise that no name of the masculine gender will ever again seek to link itself with yours.

Lawrence Sands Paddock. (A Wilson whiskey bottle, *empty*.)

It's Wilson—that's all.

Melda Winifred Leigh. (A candle.)

Melda, you are the brightest girl in the Class of '06, and it has truly been said of you, "Her modesty's a candle to her merit." Now you have the modesty and the merit all right, so we will give you the candle.

Charles William Hookway. (A drum.)

Charles—a word of advise: Never again try to beat a woman, either with your fist, your tongue or your influence. The next time you want to beat something, practice on this.

Stella Tanner. (A canoe.)

Stella, what will M. Bahler do without his "Etoile?" and what will you do without French and M. Bahler? Stella, whenever you get particularly lonely next year, fill this little boat with water, and then you can bail her (Bahler) to your heart's content.

Florence Winona Shane. (A bottle of medicine.)

Winona, we are real worried about you. We fear that the cares of Senior year *weigh* too *heavily* on you. We hate to see you going from us so pale and thin; we fear that it will give the High School a bad reputation, turning out such an unhealthy, careworn looking specimen as yourself. So please take a pint daily of this tonic, especially prepared for sallow-looking girls like you.

Elbert Brinkerhoff Monroe Wortman. (A lady doll.)

Well, Elbert Brinkerhoff Monroe, you are a pretty big fellow, but you've got a bigger name. You've carried it safely through High School, where you did not have anything else to bother you, but we fear greatly that when you get out into the world, with all its responsibilities, you will be unable to bear the weight of such a name; and so, when the burden becomes too great, just share it with this little lady.

Mary Lathbury Putnam.

(A picture of the "Borax Twenty-Mule Team.")

Now, everyone has heard of Mary and her little lamb, but I'd bet if it wasn't unladylike, that no one ever heard of a Mary who had a twenty-mule team—to be more specific, Ten Mares, as our friends of Delta Epsilon call us. Never mind, Mary, you've driven the "Twenty Mule Team" to more than one victory since you have mounted the box,

and as a token of their love and esteem, they have requested me to present you with their photograph.

Joanna Carr. (A ticket.)

Joanna, we could think of nothing that would please you more than a return trip to Mexico.

Franklin Stackhouse. (Some exchanges.)

Franklin, it was you, oh, long-suffering one, who played the noble part of exchange editor for the News this year. Alas! your troubles were many. You could never succeed in capturing the elusive exchange; they seemed to vanish into space; you knew not from whence they came or whither they went. But never mind, Franklin, here are some you can keep.

Julia Mitchell. (A check.)

Julia, you decided to graduate at the last minute, so we feel sure you did not have a proper commencement trousseau provided. Pray accept this check, which will enable you to meet any deficiencies in your wardrobe.

Frances Stevens. (A flour bag.)

Frances, you are a generous little girl. You are always bestowing your worldly goods upon your less fortunate fellow-beings, and especially generous are you with flowers—flowers you buy for the faculty, your classmates and to adorn your charming self. Well, here is a flower (flour) that we promise you will not wither. Remember us by it.

Frank Nicholls Dealy and Ralph Hunter Peck.

(A tin cup apiece.)

Frank and Ralph, noble representatives of Delta Epsilon, I might repeat to you the advise given to friend Hookway: Never try to beat a woman, and when three women get together against you the task is absolutely impossible. For two years you have tried in vain to obtain the coveted cup. It was you who picked out the subject; it was you who chuckled with impish glee to think that you had allured three helpless damsels into agreeing to a subject which only a superior *masculine* brain could grasp; it was you who boasted that you had the debate "cinched" until the judges gave the decision. But the Ten Mares were ever of a noble and generous heart, so they forgive you and request that I present you with these magnificent silver cups, each holding an interclub debate and having the date when they were won embossed on the outside. The date is naughtily *never*.

Hubert Fernald Atwater and Helen Vaughn Bament.

(A pair of spectacles and a microscope.)

The giants of '06, Hubert and Helen. You are so much larger than the rest of us that we fear you will soon lose sight of the Class of '06. So we present you with this pair of spectacles and this magnifying glass so that you may ever keep your eyes on us.

Ida Frances Treat. (A stove.)

Ida, if you miss '06 as much as we'll miss you, you'll have a hard time controlling your emotions. You've been the light of our eyes and the joy of our hearts ever since you entered High School. But I am sure you *will* think of us once in a while when you are spinning out a lonely bachelor maid existence up at Smith. And so, knowing that you are of a domestic turn of mind and fond of cooking and—ahem!—eating, we present you with this little stove to take away to college. It will enable you to have all the Dutch Treats of hash or steak or *Fish-er Stew* or anything else you like.

Elsie Margarita Bahler. (A large heart.)

Oh, Elsie, it was you, a sister of Ken Mair, who first disclosed to the president of Delta Epsilon the names of the three maidens who would champion Ken Mair in the annual interclub fight. It was you, I say, who let slip the dark secret. Your heart was so large and soft that you could not bear to see the wild excitement and painful curiosity of even an enemy, so the words came out. Well, Elsie, Ken Mair forgives you, and as a token of our forgiveness we present you with this heart—large as your own; in fact, it holds just a *Peck*.

Helen Marie McNally and Margaret Porter. (Two butterflies.)

Helen and Margaret, you two are certainly bright ones. You have won reputations for big brains in every subject you ever studied; but, girls, we fear you look too much on the serious side of life and shun its frivolities. Now, take these little butterflies and try to imitate them in future.

Kipp Ingersoll Chace. (A string of hearts.)

Behold a man who has been heard to declare that there wasn't a girl in school whom he couldn't make have a crush on him if he wanted to! Well, Kipp, we'll save you the trouble (for you *might* just *possibly* have a *little* trouble in winning the affections of *every* girl in the class). So we present you with this string of hearts, which should satisfy you for some time.

Eleanor Neustaedter. (A portfolio holding exam. papers.)

Here is a girl who never was known to flunk or get less than 90 in

anything, and yet in her own estimation she is the most brainless idiot in the class. You may see her crawling drearily into the study hall with a face a yard long, and if you ask her what is the matter, she will reply: "Oh, I have just flunked in Latin." The next day you will find that she got 95. If there isn't a mark less than 97 on her card she will moan that they aren't all 100. It would really be quite a relief for her to get a low mark once in a while. Well, Eleanor, we have decided to fulfil your expectations for once before you leave H. S. This folio contains some exam. papers and a report card. Look, here's a French exam.—25—and "tres mauvaise" in M. Bahler's delicate handwriting. Here an English composition with a majestic "Poor" in the corner. Here Mr. Caldwell's trade mark, F. F., flunked flat; and here—oh, wonder of wonders!—here has the beloved Brooks marked a 30. Here is a monthly report with 50 in deportment, and not one mark over 40. Now, take these and go, and I hope you are satisfied for once in your life.

Emma Witt Harris Scott. (A dictionary.)

Well, Maida, we don't know what to say to *you*. For four years we have listened with awe and wonder at your magnificent flow of perfect English. We have in vain endeavored to imitate your lengthy dissertations. I hope in this little Webster you will find words to fittingly express the admiration we feel for you.

Walter Anderson Reiter. (A gold medal.)

Walter, allow me to have the honor of presenting you with this expensive gold medal. The design was especially prepared by Tiffany at a great cost. On one side a hair brush and a bottle of hair oil is embossed, and on the other "To Walter—with love." The cost of this medal has been met by subscriptions from all the girls in the class. They desire that I present it to you as a slight token of the respect and admiration in which they hold the only man in the Class of '06 whose hair always looks brushed.

Lavinia Dayton Canfield and Sophie Agnes Roche.

(A rule book and a football.)

Viny and Agnes, you are the lady athletes of '06. You have distinguished yourselves on all athletic fields open to your sex, so now we want you to try football. By the time the newspapers and Columbia are through with it, it should be such a ladylike game that even you may indulge with all due propriety. Take this rule book and this ball and start in practising.

Marion Ethel Baer. (A knife.)

Marion, you are one of our cleverest girls. You do excellent work

in everything and you will graduate with honors; but, Marion, you must cease to grind. We speak from experience; it does not pay. Still we realise that it is a habit not easily broken, and so when you feel the grinding fever coming on too strongly, grind this.

Milton Edward Luzenburg. (A music box.)

Milton, we know how fond you are of music, and we have often been favored with selections by you, so we feel sure you will appreciate this little remembrance. May it pass away many idle hours for you. Unfortunately, it only plays one tune, but that is so beautifully rendered we feel sure you will never tire of it.

Dorothy Mott Nichols. (A megaphone.)

Doss, you are a charmer. You have charmed us all with your wit and beauty, with your demure smile and your haughty frown, with your winning ways and ready humor; but, Dorothy, you are cruel, for you have withheld from us one of your chief charms. I say us—I mean more particularly the Faculty—for once in a while you would condescend to favor *us* with the chiefest of your charms, your voice. But the *Faculty*—never! In vain have Mr. Bahler, Mr. Brooks and Miss Graves pleaded for four years for audible sound from your larynx. Far off in the corner would come a faint little “pepe”—that was Dorothy talking. Now, Doss, *we* know you have a good, healthy pair of lungs, and we want you to show the Faculty once before you leave High School that you can give a good loud yell.—Now try—for 'o6!

Andrew Joseph Whinery. (A pedestal and crown.)

Andrew, we have racked our brains in vain to find some fitting souvenir to present you on this our last day of High School life. All honors have come your way. You have held the presidential chair in our class for four years; you have captained the basketball, baseball and track teams; you have been president of the Athletic Association, you have been a shining star at all social functions, you distinguished yourself in the play, and, in fact, we cannot think of anything you have not done. So we can only do to you as was done to Caesar—offer you a crown and give you a pedestal in the hall of fame. Step right up now. The crown was made small purposely—to prevent any undue enlargement of the cranium due to this last honor.

Marguerite Stewart and Marjory Haddon.

(A scrubbing brush and a roll of bills.)

Marguerite and Madge, that Senior play showed us lots of things in their proper light. In the first place, neither of you are in your proper calling in life. Marguerite, any other position than that of an

Irish waiting maid would be foolish for you to attempt. Pray start out with this. And Madge, you did the heavy swell act in a way to show us that you belong with the 400 of New York. Accept this ticket of admission—it is a roll of million-dollar bills.

Wallace Austin Fisher. (A lamb)

Why, we almost forgot Wallace! Wallace—our dear little modest, unassuming Wallace. See how bashfully he steps up to the platform. Really, I hesitated about calling on him at all, and left him till last, for I knew what a shock it would be to his sensitive, retiring disposition to face all this crowd by himself. He really is the most bashful fellow we ever saw—so retiring!—always putting himself in the background and forcing others forward. So bashful, too! Why, he is that bashful that he never looks at anyone—but himself; and then he's the mildest youth—he hardly ever speaks above a whisper; and so afraid of the girls!—you should see him run (toward them) when they so much as glance in his direction. Well, Wallace, we certainly are proud to have one of your species among us, and so we present you with this lamb, symbolical of yourself—gentle, modest, meek and mild.

PRESENTATION OF CLASS GIFT.

RALPH H. PECK.

When any athletic team has worked hard and faithfully during any season and won a championship, they deserve a great deal of praise and credit. The reward of victory in each competition in addition to the glory and satisfaction of defeating their rivals has been in the past, banners showing that a certain team was the champion. Naturally the school, as a whole, feels a great deal of pride in seeing these emblems decorating the school walls. The rule governing the awarding of championships in the N. J. I. A. A. is, however, that to the victors belongs the expenses, and a careful search of the treasuries of the teams in some instances has failed to disclose the wherewithal to procure any banners. There have been four championship teams in this school of late years for which no banners have been secured, and these are: Baseball, 1902 and 1905; basketball, 1905; football, 1905.

When for any reason the banners have been won and not purchased, there is naturally a great deal of disappointment felt by the individual members of the team, and the athletic interests of the school as a whole are very much injured. After several seasons have passed and new classes have come to the school, how are these new pupils going to know

of the valor and greatness of some of the High School teams if they have nothing to remind them we once had a championship team? Then, too, besides keeping alive the memory of past greatness, these emblems tend to stimulate and increase the school spirit of the undergraduate and make him strive to see the number of banners on the school walls grow larger. Thus these symbols of athletic prowess tend to cause increased activity and growth along athletic lines, and the absence of these has caused a decline in High School spirit.

It has been the custom during the past for the Senior Class to give some token to the school which may serve to remind future classes of those who have gone before, and it is not the policy of the Class of '06 to change this precedent.

We, the Class of '06, have decided to purchase and present to the school as the class gift the banners of which I have just spoken, and we hope that incoming classes may be inspired by them to renewed activity on the athletic field, and that they may serve to keep alive the memory of '06.

Owing to adverse circumstances, however, we are unable to make them visible to our friends here to-night, but they will be placed on the wall of the corridor as mementoes of the happy, if somewhat strenuous, hours we have spent under this roof during the past four years.

VALEDICTORY.

J. WADSWORTH BALDWIN.

Verily the Fates have dealt kindly with us. After four years of vicissitudes such as come to every earnest mariner we have completed at last our course in the East Orange High School and are nearing the harbor of our graduation.

What a pleasant ring that word has for our ears! First, because it denotes an objective point reached; and also because it tells of a short period at least in which we shall be free from care. But we know that still harder work yet awaits us. Strenuous and strong as the course has seemed to us, we are soon to realize how comparative easy, after all, it has been.

Whether we look into the past or future, farewell is not an easy word to speak.

This building, which has been the scene of our labor, must come in for a share of our sorrow at leaving.

Here have we toiled hard as ever did the Trojans, whom our old friend Virgil has made so dear to us in his immortal Aeneid. Here have

we been made familiar with the tortuous channel of indirect discourse where it flows through the rugged commentaries of the great Julius.

Here have we literally revelled in the figures of speech, the subtle irony, the bold invective ; and all the swift and powerful turns of thought that refresh the oratory of one Marcus Tullus.

Here have we sagely admired the noble Brutus and properly loathed the miserable Cassius.

Here have we bravely discoursed upon the degree of eloquence exhibited by Burke, and outwardly admired while inwardly we heaped imprecations on the head of the illustrious Macaulay.

But valiant as have been our studies, we have derived a large measure of satisfaction from them all, and now as we assemble for the last time within these walls, our joy at leaving them is mingled with a feeling of sincere regret.

We have much to be thankful for which, perhaps, we have not always appreciated as we do now.

To the Board of Education we desire to say that their solicitous efforts in behalf of our comfort and betterment have not gone unappreciated. We particularly commend them for their interest in the new athletic field. This great improvement the majority of our class will have no opportunity of enjoying ; but we have encouraged and supported the idea, and promise as alumni to continue so doing.

For our Faculty, one of the kindest and best, there is nothing in our hearts but appreciation and gratitude ; and we leave them after four years association with increased respect and affection on our part.

To our Principal we wish to address a few words in parting. We have always understood and appreciated on your part, whether expressed or unexpressed, a sincere interest in our physical, mental and moral welfare. This has been to us a source of greater gratification than perhaps we have at all times shown by our actions. While our deportment may not always have been the best, and may not have come up to what you had a right to expect from us, we assure you that our intentions were never what men call bad. And we leave you with the most pleasant and grateful memories, wishing you many full years of prosperity and happiness.

Not all of our number have decided as to what their course shall be. That must depend largely upon the peculiar genius and ability of each person ; and some of us have not as yet discovered what these are. Some will go immediately to college and continue their educational career ; some will return here to pursue a postgraduate course, thereby showing their estimate of this institution ; some will go to work at once in practical life.

But wherever we go or whatever we do, the memories of these four years will hold us together with bands of steel as the class of 1906—and it is with this understanding only that we consent to speak the sad and tender word—farewell!

FRIENDS—The Senior Class of the East Orange High School, after four years of strenuous existence, having been warned of its speedy dissolution, has appointed me to read its last will and testament to you the prospective mourners.

CLASS WILL

DOROTHY M. NICHOLS.

East Orange, N. J., June 20, 1906.

To all whom it may concern :

We, the undersigned, the Senior Class of the High School, of the City of East Orange, of the County of Essex, of the State of New Jersey, being of sound mind, and having reached the advanced age of four years, do hereby establish and declare this to be our last will and testament, thereby revoking all previous documents of this same nature made by us, prior to the above date.

We do nominate and appoint Mr. B. E. Brooks, of historical fame, Miss Stevenson and Mr. Charles W. Evans, all of this City, to be administrators and executors of this, our last will and testament.

We do bequeath first to the present Junior Class, soon to be the grave and traditional Seniors, the seats in the middle of the upper study hall for their exclusive use. There for one year we have worked and played under the eagle eye of the teacher in charge, and therefore we are much grieved that we must part with them. It is to be hoped that they will be used gently, thus saving the student much arduous "housecleaning" at the end of the term.

To our beloved Miss Stevenson, we bequeath all the demerits with which she has so kindly favored us the past year. As she is so very generous with the aforesaid demerits, we fear that she will need some extra ones for the poor unfortunates next term.

To the school as a whole, we give up one of our most cherished possessions. For four long years, every Friday morning, we have rendered masterpieces with great precision and feeling, and it now remains with the rest of the school to give "The Lost Chord," "Six O'clock in the Bay," "Out on the Deep," "Unfold Ye Portals," and "Anchored," with as much spirit as they have been given heretofore. It is hoped that these treasures will be carefully preserved.

The office of standard bearer, so patriotically and creditably filled

the past year by Messrs. Peck and Fisher, we bequeath to a young gentleman who has no fear of criticism and observation, and who *has* regard for his raiment. The position may be very well filled by one A. Lockwood by name, who is hereby admonished *not* to laugh while in performance of his duty, and *not* to wear flaming hosiery.

To the girls of the present Junior, Sophomore and Freshman classes, we leave a very valuable heirloom. For years a handsome ivory-backed hair brush has graced the girls' cloak-room, and we recommend this to their especial charge. It is suggested that a glass case be procured in which to guard this priceless treasure.

To the whole school is also surrendered our use of the very convenient drinking fountains in the cloak-rooms, and the choice soap which also adorns the aforesaid rooms. This soap is of a hard and durable quality, being of the consistency of stone, and will no doubt last the class for some time.

To the Junior class, we hand down the briefs for Burke's "Speech on Conciliation with America," which we in turn had received from the former Senior class. May they be of as much benefit, and the source of as many high marks in English as they have been heretofore.

The editorship of the NEWS is left to one H. Dutcher, and it is hoped that *he* will obtain as much success in his new office as the previous Editor has earned for *herself*.

The Ken Mair members leave behind them with their society, the Cup, as has been done for some years previous. It is their earnest wish that the present active members of that organization will retain it many years. To the Delta Epsilon Society are left the kindest wishes, and an appreciation of their powers in debate.

To our revered Latin instructor, Mr. Grosenbaugh, we leave the gracious memory of the smiles of the maidens, and to Mr. Brooks, in remembrance of our most distinguished consideration, twelve dozen boxes of fudge, to be coaxed by bets, out of the future History classes.

We bequeath to the Faculty as a whole the remembrance of our exceeding cleverness as a class, and a wish for many more like us. We also make a bequest of all other possessions and privileges which may belong to the Senior class, not mentioned herein, to the school as a whole.

In witness thereof, we have this 20th day of June, in the year of our Lord 1906, set our hands and seals.

ANDREW J. WHINEY, Class President,
WALLACE A. FISHER, Secretary,
FRANK N. DEALY, Treasurer,
E. NEUSTAEDTER, Vice-President.

Christine B. Leland, Ida F. Treat, Dorothy M. Nichols, Marjory F. Haddon, Marguerite Stewart, Stella Tanner, Marion Baer, Elsie Bahler, Francis Stevens, Mary L. Putman, Agnes Roche, Lavinia Canfield, Melda Leigh, Vera Hance, Winona Shane, Flora Adams, Emma Scott, Hazel Bastedo, Helen Bament, Julia Mitchell, Joanna Carr, Bell Boyce, Helen McNally, Mabel Sale, Marjory Wilson, Margaret Porter, Walter Reiter, Ralph Peck.

We, the undersigned, do hereby certify that we were present, and saw the Senior Class of the East Orange High School sign, seal and execute the said will and testament in our presence on the day mentioned. In witness thereof we have this day set our names to the said will and testament of the said class.

THOMAS LAWSON, of Boston,

GROVER CLEVELAND, of Princeton,

JOHN D. ROCKERFELLER, of Cleveland.

CLASS PROPHECY.

IDA F. TREAT.

As you perhaps all know, the class which graduated from the East Orange High School in 1906, has an active and well organized Alumni Association. Accordingly, in the year 1926, when I wanted to know what had become of the old class, I hunted up the central office, which I found on the thirty-ninth floor of a down-town office building. As I entered the door, a bald and somewhat corpulent gentleman rose from the big mahogany chair in which he had been sitting, and favored me with a slow sweet smile of recognition.

"The old class?" he repeated. Yes, "I can tell you about most all of them. Won't you have a chair, Miss —er—ew—Treat, is it?"

I sat down, wondering meanwhile, who the gentleman was, for he looked very familiar, but for the life of me, I couldn't place him. However, as he continued a great light broke over me. Who, indeed, could be better fitted for holding the position of head of a bureau of general information than our loquacious friend, Walter Reiter, and it was truly he.

"I suppose," he began, leaning comfortably back in his chair, "that you have heard about Eleanor Neustaedter, for she's been doing things. You know Frank Dealey started out as a ventriloquist, but wasn't very successful, so he began preaching women's rights with a vengeance. Here too, he didn't succeed until he got Miss Neustaedter to help him. Now they make a grand team. Eleanor appeals to the people's sympathies, and Dealey still appeals to their patriotism while

an able assistant holds the 'glorious flag' The two of them have accomplished their end inasmuch as you ladies can vote, at least here in New Jersey. And speaking of voting—do you remember Dorothy Nichols? A large and imposing sort of a girl, just fitted for a public career! Well she went in strong for politics as soon as she was allowed, and last year they made her Mayor of Newark—the first woman to occupy that position. And she made a good one! She's been carrying on a campaign against—a—hem! 'corrupt legislation' that has Weaver and Tom Johnson skinned to a standstill. She has all the New York papers on her side—especially the *Journal*. What! haven't you heard? Why Christine Leland's been running everything in general, and the New York *Journal* in particular, for the past seven years. She began to run things as a reporter, but the editor-in-chief kept interfering—so she married him—to get him out of the way! Now, she has the reputation, of being able to get more work out of her employees, for less pay, than any other editor in the city. So if you see a poor frightened, skinny individual, with a black eye and a bandage, slinking along Broadway, any day, you may be sure its one of Christine's poor hack writers.

A good many of our girls have gone in for politics, or at least hold government positions. There was Melda Leigh you remember what a good president of the United State she made in 1920. And Frances Stevens, you remember her love of quiet and her hatred of mankind? She's holding a good position as head of the bureau for distributing agricultural supplies in Alaska, while Belle Boyce and Vera Hance are senators from New Jersey.

Some of the fellows of the class, finding the really masculine occupations were usurped with such success by the girls, have adopted professions which used to be considered quite feminine. The firm of Houston & Canfield are without doubt the best milliners in the city, while Hookway, our erstwhile fastidious friend is fast rivalling Worth, in the manufacture of exquisite gowns."

Perhaps you've read in the paper about Wortman and Luzenburg. The two of 'em were always frivolous chaps, and they've gone in for the social butterfly act. Wortman has just got out of his sixth breach-of-promise suit. The fact is their set has been going the rapid pace to such an extent that they've called down upon their heads the wrath of that severe and eminent clergyman, Dr. Roscoe Lee, the rector of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, which has been completed by the billion-dollar gift of Stackhouse, the Copper King. Another of the fellows has gone in for religion. Herbert Atwater, after becoming the son-in-law of Alexander Dowie, became his successor as Elijah the IVth.

You probably want to hear about Baldwin and Fisher, the shining

lights in the Senior dramatics. They combined forces to reform the drama. But their methods didn't combine very well. Fisher wanted the society drama that offers opportunities for the matinee idol, while Baldwin wanted to introduce Greek choruses from Sophocles. Well, the public couldn't stand it very long, so Baldwin soon gave up the stage, and now he's manufacturing Truckman's Delight, a cheap, easy-smoking cigar, which he found had quite a large sale at circuses and carnivals! Fisher essayed at being matinee idol for a few years longer, and then he got sort of down on his luck, and the last I heard of him he was advertising "Danderine grew this hair, and I can prove it," in the window of Moffat's barber shop. Moffat a barber? Why, of course. He thought he'd run for President, but he decided that would be too much like work, so now he sits in his doorway and reads the papers and talks to his customers while, as usual, somebody else does the manual labor. His place of business is right next door to the firm of beauty doctors, Ferguson & Sale both members of our class, who are making their fortunes as living exponents of their own complexion cream.

Speaking of Senior dramatics, we're all mighty proud of Marjory Haddon, for she's a great actress, and no mistake. She's playing "Just For Fun" and "The Merchant of Venice" for the sixth season at the Metropolitan. They're her two great hits. Oh, I forgot—another member of the class is playing in her company—Paddock. He has an important position in the mob and appears in the first scene in "Macbeth"—Paddock calls—you know.

We have another member of the class that's on the stage. Marjorie Wilson and Winona Shane went abroad to study *literature*, but when they were in Algiers, Winona was kidnapped by an Arabian sheik, who was greatly enamored. Marjorie was inconsolable at first, but while she was in Paris she took up dancing as a profession. You remember the dance in the Senior dramatics? Well, she's set all Paris and the Continent mad, and they say she rakes in the money hand over fist. Winona? Oh, she soon got used to her Mohammedan suitor, and now she's living quite happily over in Morocco. We hear from her quite often.

Another of our members may yet go on the stage. Did you know that Conreid has offered Elsie Bahler a tour as leading lady in his new opera, "A Mathematical Wonder?" It isn't known if she'll accept.

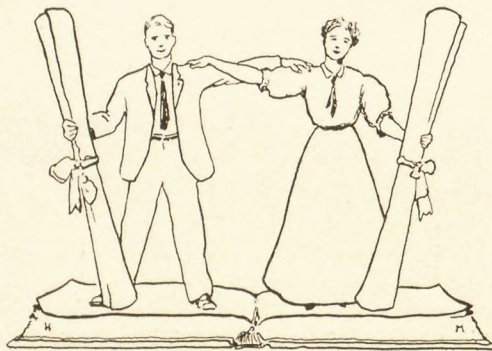
Quite a number of the class are connected in some way with schools. Kip Chace started one on the strength of his scholarly looks. But his scholars discovered the secret, and now he's giving illustrations in voice culture on one of the "seeing New York" autos.

It's very sad about poor Mary Putnam and Ralph Peck. What! You haven't heard about it? Oh, it's—it's heartrending. You know even Havard has heard of Ken Mair and Delta Epsilon, and so it offered them both positions as instructors in the art of debate. But the strain of coaching rival debating teams for a semi yearly inter-club was too great, and now they're walking in the grass taking the "Father Kneipp Cure" to bring the heated blood down from their brains!

Stella Tanter, Helen Bament and Marion Baer, our *loquacious* members, are teaching Choctaw in India.

Agnes Roche and Viney Canfield are our two athletes, and hold the record for the discus-throw and the shot-put at the last Olympic games. The youngsters up at High School are trying to get them to give an exhibition at a carnival to be given for the rebuilding of the old Athletic Field.

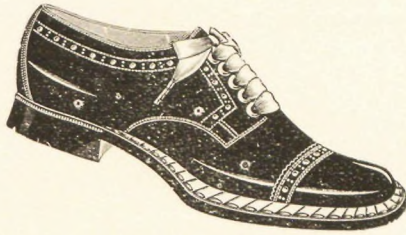
I guess that's about all. Oh, my goodness! I nearly forgot our president! Poor Andy! He's had a heap of trouble. Within a month after he got out of college they made him Mayor of East Orange, chief of police, school superintendent, head of the fire department, president of the council, Governor of New Jersey and had him nominated for President of the United States! That was a little too much for Andrew, so one night he set out for Darkest Africa, where he could rest in peace among the cannibals. But the minute he got there blest if they didn't make him king! However, he's managed to stand that, *so far*, but ever since the folks at home have found out where he is, they've been migrating there by the hundreds. So I reckon he'll have to skip country again pretty soon or they'll be establishing a despotic form of government, with Andrew holding all the offices!



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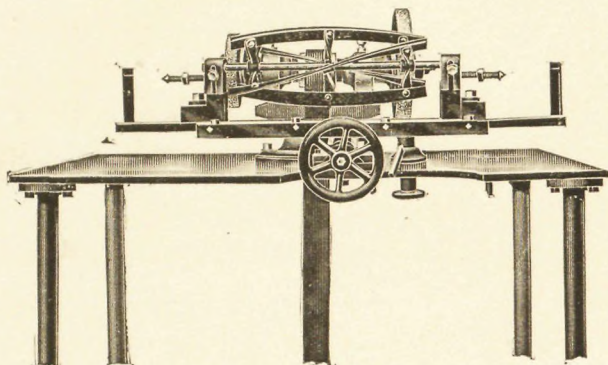
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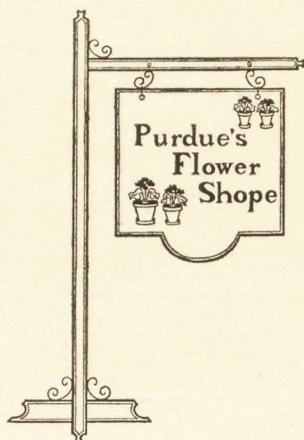
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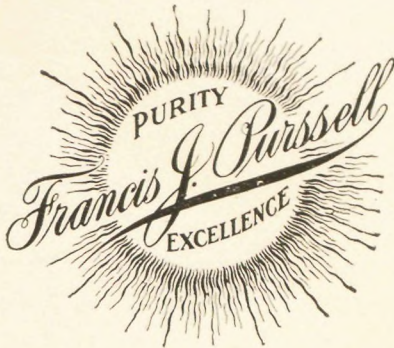
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