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SENIOR YEAR BOOK



To

Miss Alice E. Freeman

In Deep Appreciation of
Her Good Will and Untiring Energy in
Their Behalf, and as a Slight Token of the
High Esteem in Which She is Held,

This Book is Dedicated by

The Class of

1907.



E. Hamilton Dutcher,

Editor-in-Chief.

Halsey Steins,

Business Manager.

Presley Stout,

Advertising Manager.

Associate Editors :

Mary Bates,

Doris Nash,

Mary Gray,

Merton Wilson,

Katharine Carr,

Theodore Sill,

John Colter.



Class Officers.

E. Hamilton Dutcher.....	President
Mary Bates.....	Vice-President
Edward S. Castle.....	Secretary
Edward W. Coffin.....	Treasurer

Honors.

Magna Cum Laude.

*Lawrence Bament,
*Doris Nash,
Kenneth Howell,
Bessie Boteler,
Presly Stout,
Ethel Craddock,
Ethel Wilson,
Lawrence Babbage,
Dorothea Lauterborn,
Zelie Eberstadt.

*Higher than any previous average.

Cum Laude.

E. Hamilton Dutcher,
Merton Wilson,
Halsey Steins,
Edna Frint,
Marie Schmelz,
Edward Coffin,
Helen Hickok,
Theodore Sill,
Ethel Frint,
John Colter,
Mary Bates,
Gladys Fales,
Evelyn McCaskie,
Alice Jackson,
Bert Lipman.

Commencement Essays.

"When I Was Lost".....	Doris L. Nash
"The Gateway to the Undiscovered Country".....	Zelie Eberstadt
"A Modern Foe".....	Presly D. Stout
"The Silver Tongues of American Oratory"....	Lawrence Bament
"The Idol of the People".....	E. Hamilton Dutcher

'Naughty' Seben.

EDWARD HAMILTON DUTCHER.

Nickname, Ham. Distinguished by his girls. Enters University of Vermont. Class President; editor-in-chief of the News; vice-president of A. A., 1st term; captain of track team; senior dramatics; salutatory address; honor roll; commencement essay; *Sigma Phi*.

"A damsel has ensnared him with the glances
Of her dark, roving eyes."

—Longfellow.

MARY BATES.

Nickname, Batesy. Distinguished by her gullibility. Enters Smith. Vice-President of the class; alumni editor of the News; German Dramatics; valedictorian; honor roll; *Zeta Beta Psi*.

"Were she less lovely, less divine,
Less passion and despair were mine."

Guilleni de Cabestauls.

EDWARD STODDARD CASTLE.

Nickname, Ned. Distinguished by his "Moon." Enters Princeton. Member of Delta Epsilon; Class Secretary; standard bearer, 1st term; German dramatics; honor roll; Class Prophet.

"And sparkling on his hand
Oh! enchanted ring is seen."

—Wieland.

EDWARD WARREN COFFIN.

Nickname, Ted. Distinguished by his stories. Enters Stevens. Class Treasurer; forward on class basket-ball team; manager of senior dramatics; honor roll.

"What gentle squeeze he gave each lady's hand!"
—Keats.



HERBERT MORTIMER AGENS.

Nickname, Agnes. Distinguished by his mathematical genius. Enters Stevens. Member of Delta Epsilon, and orchestra.

"(His) hair was yellow of hue
As any basin scoured new."

—Chaucer.



ROSE ALBERT.

Distinguished by her brains. Will return for a P. G.

"Bright star, would I were steadfast as thou art!"

—Keats.



ELSIE MAY ALLEN.

Distinguished by her drawl. Will reside at home.

"Your soft eyes, so innocent and sweet."

—Longfellow.



GRACE ALLEN.

Nickname, Gracie. Distinguished by her jollity. Will return for a P. G.

"Amazing Grace! how sweet the sound!"

—Old Hymn.



FLORENCE HELEN ASSMAN.

Nickname, Flora. Distinguished by her acting. Will enter Elycourt. German dramatics.

"The applause! The Delight! The wonder of our stage."

—Ben Johnson.



CHARLES GORSCH ATKIN.

Nickname, Fat. Distinguished by his retiring disposition. Enters Union. Member of Delta Epsilon; chairman of calendar committee.

"You hear that boy laughing?"

—Holmes.





FLORENCE IRENE AYRES.

Nickname, Pip. Distinguished by her obtrusiveness. Enters Trenton Normal.

"Simplicity in character, in manner, in style."

—Longfellow.



LAWRENCE WASHBURN BABBAGE.

Nickname, Pete. Distinguished by his wit. Enters Amherst. Member of Delta Epsilon; class motto; eighth on honor list.

"And he once went a walk, paw in paw with a bear—
'Just to keep up its spirits,' he said." —Carroll.



FLORENCE MATTHEWS BAKER.

Nickname, Buntz. Distinguished by her Herculean stature. Enters Smith.

"Maiden with the meek brown eyes."

—Longfellow.



ROBERT SHERMAN BARR.

Nickname, Aphrodite. Distinguished by his demure countenance. Enters Princeton. Member of Delta Epsilon; chairman of banquet committee.

"Blue were (his) eyes as the fairv flax,
(His) cheeks as the dawn of day."

—Longfellow.



EMILY PAULA BISCHOFF.

Nickname, Em. Distinguished by her arguing. Will reside at home. Member of Ken Mair.

"Silence your opponent with reason."

—Hale.



BESSIE EHLEN BOFELER.

Nickname, "B." Distinguished by her slickness. Will reside at home. President of Ken Mair, 2nd term; fourth on honor list.

"Dux femina facti."

—Virgil.

STANLEY RESTRICK BRISTOW.

Nickname, Stan. Distinguished by his obligingness. Enters Stevens. Forward on class basket-ball team.

"Yet still he wore his placid smile."

—*Holmes.*



MAGGIE SAYERS BURNS.

Nickname, Mag. Distinguished by her bashfulness. Enters Newark Normal. German dramatics.

"Give her blues eyes and golden hair."

—*Holmes.*



KATHERINE CARR.

Nickname, Cattv. Distinguished by her Mexican reminiscences. Enters Rogers Hall. Member of Ken Mair; associate editor of News; center on basket-ball team.

"A pretty girl; and in her tender eyes
Just that soft shade of green we sometimes see
In evening skies.

—*Longfellow.*



JOHN RUTLEDGE COLTER.

Nickname, Johnny. Distinguished by his "Moon." Enters Syracuse. President of Delta Epsilon, 1st term; associate editor of News; senior dramatics; class will; honor roll.

"He is a little chimney, and heated hot in a moment."

—*Miles Standish.*



CATHERINE ETHEL CRADDOCK.

Distinguished by her supply department. Enters Barnard. Member of Ken Mair; sixth on honor list.

"She is able because she seems to be able."

—*Adapted from Virgil.*



PERCY HAMILTON CONDIT.

Nickname, Perc. Distinguished by his walk. Enters Cooper Union.

"Tell me not in mournful numbers."

—*Longfellow.*





CLYDE HUXTER CRAWFORD.

Nickname, Crawfish. Distinguished by his algebra. Will return for P. G. Member of Delta Epsilon.
"He walked amidst us of a silent spirit."

—Schiller.



ZELIE MURIEL EBERSTADT.

Nickname, Juliet. Distinguished by her knowledge of Shakespeare. Will reside in Montreal. Member of Ken Mair; senior dramatics; tenth on honor list; commencement essay.

"We can not give up our Shakespeare."

—Carlyle.



LINDSLEY HEDGES EVANS.

Nickname, Lin. Distinguished by his smiling countenance. Enters Yale.

"The man worth while,
Is the man with a smile."

—Anon.



GLADYS FALES.

Nickname, Happy. Distinguished by her ability to eat fudge. Enters Newark Normal. Member of Ken Mair; honor roll.

"Woman's at best a contradiction still."

—Pope.



EDNA FRINT.

Distinguished by her clog dancing. Will reside at home. Honor roll.

"Sisters, we bid you welcome!"

—Holmes.



MARY PECK GRAY.

Distinguished by her independence. Will reside in Larchmont. Manager of girls' basketball team; associate editor of News; German dramatics; class dispensary.

"Order is Heaven's first law."

—Pope.

ETHEL MADALIN FRINT.

Distinguished by her timidity. Will reside at home.
Honor roll.

"Sisters, we bid you welcome!"

—Holmes.



EDITH CAMPBELL HEDGE.

Nickname, Hedgie. Distinguished by her cheerfulness. Will reside at home. Senior dramatics.

"Mind your kerchief most of all,
Fingers touch when kerchiefs fall."

—Holmes.



AMY LOWRIE HEPBURN.

Nickname, Aime. Distinguished by her winsome manner. Will reside at home.

"Let no stiff cowhide . . .

Disgrace the tapering outline of your feet."

—Holmes.



HELEN WARD HICKOK.

Nickname, Snooks. Distinguished by her sweet disposition. Will return for a P. G. Member of Ken Mair; honor roll.

"She has two eyes so soft and brown,

Take care!"

—Longfellow.



ELIZABETH HOLMES.

Nickname, Beth. Distinguished by her piano playing. Will reside at home.

"Music hath charms to sooth the savage breast."

—Anon.



KENNETH BARBARIE HOWELL.

Nickname, Ken. Distinguished by his doughnuts. Enters Princeton. Member of Delta Epsilon; third on honor list.

"I said it in Hebrew, I said it in Dutch,

I said it in German and Greek:

But I wholly forgot (and it vexes me much)

That English is what you speak!"

—Carroll.





ALBERT GROVES HULETT.

Nickname, Catskinner. Distinguished by his socks.
Enters Columbia. Member of Delta Epsilon.

"And ah! his was the cruel knife
The little heart that found."

—Holmes.



ALICE MAE JACKSON.

Nickname, Ajax. Distinguished by her love for
study. Enters Newark Normal. Honor roll; Olla-
podrida.

"Alas! when woman looks too kind,
Just turn your head and see—
Some youth is walking close behind.

—Longfellow.



FRANK CAMPBELL JEFFREY.

Nickname, Jeff. Distinguished by his pompadour.
Enters New York Law School. Member of orches-
tra; chairman athletic field benefit entertainment.

"And while he played, the atmosphere
Was filled with magic."

—Longfellow.



DOROTHEA BURRAGE LAUTERBORN.

Nickname, Dort. Distinguished by her peculiar
taste. Will return for P. G. German dramatics;
ninth on honor list; historian; Ollapodrida.

"The heavens such grace did lend her."

—Anon.



OLIVE CARRINGTON LEGGETT.

Nickname, Polly. Distinguished by her teasing.
Will reside at home. Member of Ken Mair.

"Maiden with the fair brown tresses
Floating on thy thoughtful forehead."

—Whittier.



BERT LIPMAN.

Nickname, Lip. Distinguished by his drumming.
Enters Columbia. Orchestra; German dramatics;
chairman of class day committee; honor roll; *Sigma*
Phi.

"Whose music makes our earth divine."

—Holmes.

ADOLPHUS NEWMAN LOCKWOOD.

Nickname, Toots. Distinguished by his inquisitiveness. Enters University of Vermont. Senior dramatics; glass gift.

"That inexhaustible good nature that is the most precious gift of heaven."—*Irving*.

EVELYN HOPE McCASKIE.

Nickname, Ev. Distinguished by her dimples. Enters Smith. Honor roll.

"A serious soul is looking from her earnest eyes."

—*Whittier*.

MARGARET McGOWAN.

Distinguished by her literary wit. Enters Newark Normal.

"Few rivals in the search for wisdom's prize."

—*Browning*.

HENRY GEORGE MOLINA.

Nickname, Henny. Distinguished by his chemical inquiries. Enters Harvard.

"In using the argument from analogy, the student must bear in mind, etc."—*Newcomer and Seward*.

FLORENCE MORLEY.

Nickname, Flo. Distinguished by being tardy. Will reside at home.

"Love, oh thy tresses be so dark,

How dark those hidden eyes must be!"

—*Tennyson*.

LOUISE VIRGINIA MORLEY.

Nickname, Curly. Distinguished also by being tardy. Will reside at home. Member of Ken Mair.

"Hist! Hist! At last she comes."

—*"Em Quad."*





FRANKLIN FOREMAN MURDOCH.

Nickname, Hankin. Distinguished by his laugh. Will engage in business. Member of Delta Epsilon; orchestra; senior dramatics.

"A man that is young in years may be old . . ."

—Bacon.



DORIS LOUISE NASH.

Nickname, Dot. Distinguished by her use of such endearing names. Enters Smith. President of Ken Mair, 1st term; exchange editor of the News; orchestra; second on honor list; commencement essay.

"I believe that the copies of verses I've spun,

Like Scheherazade's tales, are a thousand and one."

—Holmes.



HELEN ELIZABETH REICHERT.

Nickname, Her. Distinguished by her giggle. Enters Newark Normal. Ollapodrida.

"My soul, though feminine and weak,

Can image him, e'en as the lake."

—Scott.



ROBERT THIERY ROCHE.

Nickname, Cockroach. Distinguished by his drowsiness. Enters Princeton. Member of Delta Epsilon; orchestra; senior dramatics.

"A laugh is worth a thousand groans in any market."

—Lamb.



FRANK JOHNSTON ROSZEL.

Nickname, Kid. Distinguished by his gaudy vests. Will enter business. Member of Delta Epsilon.

"Let us feast with friends and neighbors."

—Kipling.



VERDA RYERSON.

Distinguished by her docile manner. Will return for a P. G.

"They also serve who only stand and wait."

—Milton

MARIE MARTHA SCHMELZ.

Nickname, Mia. Distinguished by her cuteness.
Enters Barnard. German dramatics' honor roll.

"And Nature, when it planned thy form,
A model framed of fair and bright."

—*Pierre Vidal.*



ETHEL CORNELIA SEVERENCE.

Distinguished by her contralto voice. Will reside
at home.

"An alto, clearer than the locust, sings."

—*Holmes.*



JESSIE WINIFRED SHERWOOD.

Nickname, Bug. Distinguished by her pinoche.
Enters Ethical Culture School of New York City.
Senior dramatics.

"How poor are they that have not patience
(Patients)?"

—*Shakespeare.*



DEFOREST SHOTWELL.

Nickname, De. Distinguished by his basket-ball
playing. Enters Union. Guard on basket-ball team.

"His worth is warrant for his welcome."

—*Shakespeare.*



ROGER SHOTWELL.

Nickname, Blondy. Distinguished by his charming
tenor voice. Enters Union.

"The bell invites me":
Hear it not . . . it is a knell
That summons thee . . .

—*Shakespeare.*



THEODORE WINTHROP SILL.

Nickname, Silly. Distinguished for his jokes.
Enters Princeton. Sporting editor of the News;
senior dramatics; honor roll; *Sigma Phi*.

"Albeit, in the general way,
A sober man am I."

—*Holmes.*





MARGARET FRANCES SILVERMAN.

Nickname, Peggy. Distinguished by her haughty glance. Enters a boarding school. Senior dramatics.

"That the head of the maiden lay at rest
Tenderly on the young man's breast."

—Longfellow.



HELEN MARIE SIMS.

Distinguished by her Greek. Enters Wellesly.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,
And simple faith than Norman blood."

—Tennyson.



BESSIE GORDAN SMITH.

Nickname, Elizabeth. Distinguished by her class spirit. Will reside at home. *Zeta Beta Psi*.

"But lady, when thy voice I greet,
Not heavenly music seems so sweet.

—Holmes.



SUSIE SMITH.

Nickname, Bunk. Distinguished by her forwardness. Will reside at home.

"Fate tried to conceal (her) by naming (her) Smith."

—Holmes.



HALSEY STEINS.

Nickname, Hall. Distinguished by his "freshman crush." Enters Annapolis. Business manager of the News; manager of track team; secretary of A. A.; league delegate; second base on baseball team; chairman of senior entertainment committee; chairman of "Grad." dance committee; senior dramatics; class dispensary; honor roll; *Sigma Phi*.

"He comes! I hear his footsteps."

—Longfellow.



INEZ STEVENS.

Nickname, Angel Face. Distinguished by her botany. Will reside at home.

"We obey no want but pleasure's."

—Moore.

PRESLEY DOWNS STOUT.

Nickname, Doc. Distinguished by his age. Enters Hahneman Medical College. Member of Delta Epsilon; advertising manager of the News; fifth on honor list; commencement essay.

"Too true to flatter, and too kind to sneer."

—Holmes.



WILBUR DRAKE TUPPER.

Nickname, Tup. Distinguished by his downy cheeks. Enters Columbia.

"Thou sayest an undisputed thing

In such a solemn way."

—Holmes.



MATILDA SANDS VANDERBEEK.

Nickname, Millie. Distinguished by her stentorian tones. Will reside at home.

"Oh, whisper to the glass and say,

"What wonder if he think me fair?"

—Tennysen.



GEORGE BLACKMAN WAKELY.

Nickname, Sleepy. Distinguished by his size. Enters Cornell. Tackle on football team.

"It seemed no force could wake him from his place."

—Kcats.



LORETTA WALLACE.

Nickname, Retta. Distinguished by her style. Enters Smith. *Ueta Beta Psi*.

"No fairer face than thine shall take
The sunset's golden veil."

—Whittier.



STANLEY HEDRICK WATSON.

Nickname, Bill. Distinguished by his erect form. Enters Cornell. President of A. A., 1st term; guard on football team; guard on basketball team; 1st base on baseball team; league delegate; Delta Theta.

"Blessings on thee little man."

—Whittier.





ETHEL TRAMBES WILSON.

Nickname, Ettie. Distinguished by her eternal grin. Enters Smith. Member of Ken Mair; forward on girls' basketball team; seventh on honor list.

"Laugh and the world laughs with you."

—Willcox.



CLYDE MERTON WILSON.

Nickname, Mutton. Distinguished by his "Half a leg." Enters Dartmouth. Member of Delta Epsilon; associate editor of the News; honor roll.

"A youth, light hearted and content,
I wander through the world."

—Longfellow.



NELLIE LOUISE WINEY.

Distinguished by her loquaciousness. Will reside at home.

"Not 'Finis', but the 'End of
Volume One.'"

—Holmes.



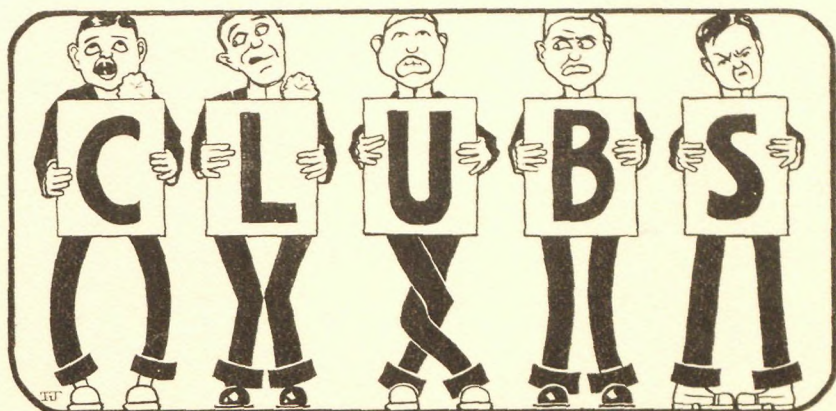
LAWRENCE MAXWELL BAMENT.

Nickname, Lorry. Distinguished by his rubbers. Enters Princeton. President of Delta Epsilon, 2nd term; standard bearer, 2nd term; first on honor list; Commencement essay.

"Speaking too much is a sign of vanity."

—Raleigh.

'Nuff Said





Ken Mair.

THE past year in the Ken Mair, the girls' debating society of the East Orange High School, has been very pleasant and profitable to its twenty-one members chosen from the Senior and Junior classes. The subjects for debate have covered a very wide field—the wisdom of church and state separation in France; the advisability of the dismemberment of the English House of Lords; along with political questions and other daily topics dealing with our own land.

Ken Mair has been fortunate in its officers during 1906-1907. From September to January Miss Nash was in the President's chair, Miss Boteler, vice-president, and Miss Wilson, secretary. At the semi-annual election in January Miss Boteler was chosen president, Miss Eppstein, vice-president, and Miss Hickok, secretary. Ken Mair has had reason to congratulate itself on the interest taken in its welfare by Miss Normile and Mr. Brooks, who have given most helpful talks and criticisms on the debates; and to them, as well as the other members of the faculty who have so kindly consented to act as judges at various times throughout the year, Ken Mair desires to express its gratitude and thanks.

In January an open debate was held to which the members of Delta Epsilon and other friends of Ken Mair were invited. There was no inter-club debate, inasmuch as the cup contested for in past years had become the property of Ken Mair by virtue of three successive victories. Arrangements were made to meet the Alpha Debating Society of Summit High School, but at the last moment Alpha was obliged to forfeit the debate to Ken Mair on account of the illness of two members of the Summit team.

The members of Ken Mair during the past year were: From the Senior class, Misses Bessie Boteler, Emily Bischoff, Ethel Craddock, Zelig Eberstadt, Gladys Fales, Helen Hickok, Elizabeth Holmes, Olive Legget, Louise Morely, Doris Nash, Marie Schmelz and Ethel Wilson; from the Junior class, Misses Amy Ditmars, Tracy Eppstein, Lillian Hillyer, Alice Kent, Gladys Nichols, Marian Pierson, Elizabeth Riggs, Edith Shane and Dorothy Trimpi. As the membership was pretty evenly divided between the two classes, next year's society will contain a nucleus of experienced members that will be of great assistance in carrying out Ken Mair's policy—to "know more."



Delta Epsilon.

THE Delta Epsilon during the past year has attained the highest pinnacle of prosperity which it has ever before reached. The society is now composed of twenty-three members, whose loyalty to its interests is unquestioned. Yes, the last year of our high school life is over, but this period is fraught with memories which will always linger with us.

One of the most successful enterprises undertaken by the society was a dramatic production, "Ye Old District School," presented at Nassau Hall on December seventh. Every member took an active part in making it a success, and when the sounds of the "Wild Man of Borneo" had died away the appreciation of the play was shown by the prolonged applause of the audience.

Another interesting evening was given to the friends of the society in the early part of April. An excellent debate on the centralization question was ably presented by four of the society's best logicians. The alumni and honorary members then delivered short addresses, after which the refreshment committee vindicated its reputation of always providing a first-class "feed," a colloquial term, than which no other is more expressive to the ear of a Delta Epsilonite.

For various reasons, unnecessary to mention, the annual inter-club debate, which for the last eight years has attracted the citizens of East Orange, failed to take place. It was a matter of regret to the society that no public entertainment of this sort could be given, but *deabus aliter visum*.

The banquet is still to be looked forward to with pleasure. The committee are trying to make it a greater success than last year, and it is expected that their labors will bear rich fruit on June 24, when that momentous affair will occur.

East Orange High School Chess Club.

DURING the past year there has been in existence an organization which has furnished some members of our school a considerable amount of enjoyment—the Chess Club. This institution was started in 1906 and met regularly at the homes of the members. Not only was pleasure derived from the game itself, but also from the delicious refreshments which afterwards flowed in abundance. Those, indeed, were the days when the club was in the high tide of its prosperity.

In the opening of the fall term the former mode of holding the meetings at the homes of the players was abandoned on account of the increased membership. The club thereupon assembled at the High School building, where many interesting afternoons were passed. The state of the finances prevented the sending of a team to the tournament held at Newark, but it is hoped that in years to come the Chess Club will have attained sufficient resources and power to carry out successfully all enterprises which it may desire to undertake.

The High School Orchestra.

IN the year 1906, some inventive geniuses set about collecting all musical talent available in the High School. Orchestra rehearsals were announced, derided, almost discouraged—but were attended. The Board of Education offered this infant industry its patronage and an established orchestra began a precarious, rather informal existence. People ceased offering derision and lustily offered applause when the orchestra finally played for them and showed what it could do. It had its picture taken and was properly recognized as a High School institution at the close of last year.

This autumn a Board of Control was organized, consisting of two boys and two girls—Franklin F. Murdoch, chairman—to appoint a leader, to draw up a constitution and put the orchestra safely on the road to success. Wherever this conglomeration of musical talent has played, it has met with great success, and during the past year it has been overwhelmed with requests to perform.

Its members this year are George Getzoff, its able director since its start, who with Bert Lipman and Violet Pritchard are its pianists; first violins, F. F. Murdoch, Kenneth Roberts, Frank C. Jeffery, Edith Boteler, Dorothy Wallis, Doris L. Nash; second violins, Robert T. Roche, Herbert Agens, Herbert Woehling, Ralph Bonnell, Easton Williams; 'cello, Henry H. Hall; cornet, Clarence Cook.

SOCIAL DOINGS



The Informal Dances.

W AY back in October, when '07 first rejoiced in the dignity of being Seniors, without the attendant trials of "Burke," they unconsciously disagreed even then with one of that worthy gentleman's statements. The fact that "the project is new" condemned a proposition to Burke, while '07, on the contrary, said, "'07 has always been such an original class," and voted for a departure from all precedent, so far as to propose an informal dance in Randall Hall, closed to all but Seniors. This was such a success and the Seniors came to know each other so well, that at Hallow E'en it was decided to hold a masquerade. So complete were the disguises at that affair that it took some guessing to know one's best friends. The evening was full of mystery from the time one whispered the magic countersign at the door, to the one when the couples unmasked during a grand march. At this dance we were honored by the presence of several of the faculty, though not masked.

The Christmas dance was suited to the time of year, and in February, Valentine's Day was fittingly celebrated by a dance relative to that day. This was so enjoyable that it would undoubtedly have been followed by a dance in March, had not everyone been "dead broke" after the Columbia concert. The next dance, therefore, was postponed until Easter.

A feature of all the dances was the splendid music, mostly by the '07 boys in the orchestra, which was particularly appreciated because in almost every case playing meant giving up an evening of dancing. The girls were good at playing, too, and the chaperones were always willing to take their turns at the piano.

Altho the class has gained but little financially from the dances, the gain has been in better acquaintances among the members of the class.

Athletic Field Benefit Entertainment.

IN January 5, 1907, an entertainment was held by the '07 class for the benefit of the new athletic field. It was the same attractive sort of an affair as was held last year for the same object. A carefully arranged program was prepared, including vocal and instrumental solos, while a novel feature was a whistling solo. All the participants but Miss Freeman, who kindly gave three selections, were not connected with the school, so their services were all the more appreciated.

After this part of the program the Senior girls sold refreshments, and the orchestra played for dancing, both of which attractions seemed extremely popular and aided in making the evening a great social, as well as financial success, which enabled the Seniors to give \$100 for the athletic fund.

The Columbia Glee Club.

AFTER much discussion by the committee for the Senior entertainment, which is always one of the affairs of the year, it was decided to have the annual concert on the evening of March 1st, rendered by the Columbia Glee Club. In spite of, or perhaps because of, the fact that the club had been recently heard here, the frantic efforts of the Seniors succeeded in enough tickets being sold to break all previous records. And the large audience expressed great satisfaction with the program, which, if a bit grave for the occasion, was enlivened by a "musical monologue" which brought down the house. Mr. Richter's "Lucky Jim" was also received with enthusiasm. After the program the seats were taken out, and a great many of the audience danced until "Sing Me to Sleep" suggested that it was all over. The affair was a grand success in every way, and '07 cleared \$265.00.

The Elocution Evening.

QUITE a new departure in the social affairs of the year was the elocution evening arranged by Miss Freeman. Miss Freeman has done a great deal of outside work this year with the German, Alumni and Senior plays, so the work in arranging another affair with such a program should be appreciated. The program consisted of several selections, ranging from a patriotic selection on "Citizenship" to a couple of funny selections, such as "Casey at the Bat" and the "Mustard Plaster." There were also two very sweet songs by Mrs. Nash, and a piano solo by Miss Mason.

German Entertainment.

ONE of the cleverest things done in the way of theatricals in the history of the school was the entertainment given under the auspices of the German department, at Commonwealth. Owing to the "rush" for tickets it was thought advisable to give the performance twice—April 20 and 22, respectively—nor were the hopes of those concerned too sanguine, for crowded houses netted \$530 for the Ashland Oval.

The program, consisting of two parts, comprising a clever one-act comedy, "Hans In Gluck," given by Miss Davis' pupils, and a three-act farce, "The Meistershaft System," by Miss Thatcher's. This latter play was quite the event of the evening and many and long were the laughs these excellent amateurs received. The cast included, Misses Assman, Bates, Gray, Lauterborn and Schmelz, and Messrs. Castle, Knowles and Matthews.

"The Wreck of the Hesperus."

ON the night of May 24, Miss Gibbs arranged to show to the public what had been accomplished by the forty minutes singing period every Friday. The cantata "The Wreck of the Hesperus" was therefore given that night in Ashland Hall, and under Miss Gibb's able direction everything went splendidly. The long practice of the chorus made them familiar with many hard places, and indeed Miss Gibbs is to be congratulated upon the training the chorus had received. The soloists were all well known—Mr. J. Lawrence Knowles, Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Taylor, whose aid during the whole year has been greatly appreciated.

Before the cantata Mrs. Taylor and Mr. Knowles, with the 'cellist, Mr. Clauder, furnished a very attractive program. All were heartily encored, and Mr. Knowles was gracious enough to sing a "Tragic Tale," while Mr. Clauder, accompanied by Mrs. Clauder, played "Dreaming" for an encore.

The hall was filled with an appreciative audience, and receipts netted a neat sum for the benefit of the new athletic field.

Senior Dramatics.

WITH all the successes '07 has achieved, it can be said, perhaps, that the Senior play, "Next Door," given Friday night, May 31st, went far ahead of anything else the Seniors have attempted. Our wildest hopes, in every respect were realized when the night came. The capacity of Commonwealth Hall was strained even to standing room.

The curtain rose on an out-door country scene, very unique and quite beyond the usual attempts at staging in Commonwealth. The plot was very bright and original, and enthusiastically received by the audience.

The cast was a large one. Adolphus Lockwood, as "Orange," was perhaps the most "taking" of the evening. Halsey Steins and Zelig Eberstadt, Franklin Murdoch and Doris Nash, Hamilton Dutcher and Jessie Sherwood, the respective heroes and heroines, together with Marguerite Silverman, as their chaperone, took their parts with exceptional credit and appreciation, and carried everything through with great success. John Colter, in his droll role, made a great "hit," as well as Robert Roche, the Harvard Student. As a surprise to all, a yachting party was introduced in a very picturesque scene. The evening was closed with dancing.

Alphabet of 1907.

A is for Agens, who, if bad comes to worse,
Would come to the orchestra, though in a hearse.

A is for Albert; she's plucky and clever.
She has done in three years what some people do—never.

A is for Allen of friendly devotion;
When Retta was sick, Elsie cancelled promotion.

A is for Allen, who is sometimes called Grass;
Let's hope she's not green, but will soon "come to pass."

A is for Assmann, itinerant maid,
While we were here digging, in Bermuda she played.

A is for Atkins—are the calendars sold?
We should have for each one its equal in gold.

A is for Ayers, unassuming and quiet,
No less than an earthquake would drive her to riot.

B is for Babbage, with Howell as editor,
And together they strive to insult each poor creditor.

B is for Baker; it's lucky she's small,
Or we'd mourn for the ceiling in the first study hall.

B is for Bament, brightest star in our heaven;
The scholarship record he won for Naught Seven.

B is Bar-Bar, Black Sheep, have you any heart?
No, sir; Mia has it, every little part.

B is for Bates; with Mia, this lass
Forms the duo of beauty we have in our class.

B is for Bischoff, with Bessie a team.
Just hear them debating—how clear it does seem!

B is for Boteler, of wisdom a wonder:
She knows what Burke means, with never a blunder.

B is for Bristow; he sings a deep bass,
Is very obliging, and cheerful of face.

B is for Burns; with fudge she's regaled us;
With care that the teacher's glance never impaled us.
C's for a Carr with a Katherine wheel;
Clever stories she writes for the News a great deal.
C is for Castle; he'll write you a sonnet,
And—"Umsteigen"—next!" he'll draw pictures upon it.
C is for Coffin; in racing 'tis true
He leads the procession, as Coffins should do.
C is for Colter, a "first man" of the moon;
But he and Bert Lipman weren't any too soon.
C is for Condit; so literal he,
He says nitrates' names end in a-t-e.
C is for Craddock, conscientious and bright;
Her geometry problems are sure to be right.
C is for Crawford, review algebra star.
He gets a good answer with no blunder to mar.
D is for Dutcher, with tact and with skill,
The president's chair does he cleverly fill.
E is for Eberstadt; her love is so healthy
She must have made Maude Adams' manager wealthy.
E is for Evans; let's hope that his name
And the place he is destined for, both are the same.
F is for Fales; she walks quite demurely;
But don't form your estimate too prematurely.
F is for Frints, a sisterly pair;
Recitations together is always their care.
G is for Gray; may she never be blue!
She sings very sweetly and plays basket-ball, too.
H is for Hedgey—not box and not burdock—
There is a young fellow who wishes her Murdock.
H is for Hepburn, petite Amy L.;
Her shoes are so tiny their size we can't tell.

H is for Hickok; she tolerates Latin,
Is fonder of German—and dotes on Miss Patton.

H is for Holmes, who plays for our dances;
Though meanwhile she casts at us envious glances.

H is for Howell, in Virgil a shark.
Such graphic translations—hear Cerberus bark!

H is for Hulett, a subject for knocks
On the hue, Hulett, you let, as seen in your socks.

J is for Jackson, she makes splendid candy—
Just taste her pinochi; it's perfectly dandy.

J is for Jeffrey; through him did we yield
Quite one hundred dollars to th' athletic field.

J is for Jephson; gives lessons in wit.
We never saw Madalene mournful a bit.

L is for Lauterborn, dignified, sweet,
Warm-hearted toward everyone whom she may meet.

L is for Leggett, sometimes fearing a test,
But she studies so well that she passes the best.

L is for Lipman—" 'Bill Simmons' encore,
The clock's almost twelve, but we've time for one more!"

L is for Lockwood, who a bach'lor would be—
But the girls will not let him; you just wait and see.

M's for McCaskie, whose voice is so small,
That Herr Grosz says, "Murdock, is she talking at all?"

M's for McGowan; her ambitions are high—
No less than 100 in Phys. or she'd cry.

M's for Molina, an authority he,
On the finding of sulphuric acid quite free.

M is for Morleys, they're late every morning;
If you see the two sprinting to school, friends, take warning.

M is for Murdock, a Hedge holds his heart;
He's not a misogynist, save in his part.

N is for Nash, the long-suffering scribe,
Who endeavors to knock, yet escape every bribe.

R is for Reichert, whose heart cannot break—
For why? Oh, she lost it in Mohegan Lake.

R est pour Roche, c'est un Francais pole,
Il a de beaux yeux et la langue de Paris.

R's for Rozel, who with Colter does cater
To Naught Seven's hunger—"Here, who wants the waiter?"

R is for Ryerson, quietest Verda—
Was that only the breeze? I thought that I heard her.

S is for Schmelz, whose adorers abound;
One Barr-ed in the heart of each Castle is found.

S is for Severance, fourth Ethel of the class;
She sides with the majority, as you see, this lass.

S is for Sherwood, with nicknames galore—
Fat, then Fappy and Bug (she's not fat any more).

S is for Shotwell, who always is late—
Classroom or study hall, just the same fate.

S is for Sill, who has been very ill,
Uphill with a will for he isn't ill still.

S is for Silverman's Talking Machine—
Demonstrations are oft in the study room seen.

S is for Sims—with a *new* man in line—
"My man?" answers Helen—" 'Tis a cousin of mine."

S is for Smith; of our Bessie we're proud.
She's deservedly popular, and never talks loud.

S is for Smith, it's a commonplace name;
But how fortunate 'tis that our Smiths aren't the same!

S is for Steins, business man of the News;
Chesterfieldian manners he always doth use.

S is for Stevens, who talks loud in lab.,
Then blarney the teacher with her good gift of gab.

S is for Stout—"P. D. Q.," as he's known—
 He's exceedingly bright, c'en his green socks have shone.

T is for Tupper—one lone man at T—
 In the best of good company, though, he must be.

V is for Vanderbeek, afraid of much air;
 On the back seat in French she is free from such care.

W's for Wallace, most winsome and witty;
 Her friends all declare there is no one so pretty.

W's for Wakeley and Watson; this twain
 On the gridiron have struggled with might and with main.

W's for Wilsons and Wisdom! This pair:
 La soeur and the class baby, Merton le frere.

W's for Winey; she's last of the flock,
 And so good and retiring there's nothing to knock.

—D. L. N., '07.

CLASS DAY



Senior Week.

THE events planned by the Seniors to celebrate the fact that the exams are over will fill a whole week. In fact, they will really begin the week before (a rather mixed statement!) with the reception to the Seniors by the Alumni on the evening of the fifteenth.

But, to begin Senior week itself. It was rather indefinitely planned to have a simply "bang-up" time on Tuesday night at the High School. The building was lighted and decorated with '07's well-known colors—red and black. It was hoped that as the night was the eighteenth of June it would not be too much to expect that the weather would be decent enough to allow some sort of fun on a Japanese-lantern-lighted lawn. Afterwards the committee promised that the girls would see that refreshments were served.

The night of the nineteenth the class day exercises will be held. The new Ashland hall does away with the ancient custom of packing the audience three in a seat in the study hall, and through the kindness of the Board the exercises will be held in that place. The class day appointments are particularly good. The prophecy is by Mr. Castle, the history by Miss Lauterborn. Mr. Lockwood has the presentation of the gift, over which there has been no little discussion, and Mr. Babbage the motto, "Thru difficulties to victory." The valedictory goes by vote to Miss Bates, and Mr. Dutcher has the salutatory, while Miss Gray and Mr. Steins are jointly racking their brains for knocks, while the class wait in fear and trembling for the result of their inspirations.

Graduation, the event of events to the class thru' four long years, will be in the Woman's Club on the twentieth. The class is about the largest ever graduated from E. O. H. S., and will number over seventy at the least. The essays, chosen from the ten honor students, will be read by Miss Nash, Miss Eberstadt, Mr. Stout, Mr. Bament and Mr. Dutcher.

The night after graduation comes the grad. dance, also in the Woman's Club, and judging from the continual exchanging of dances that goes on every day, every one ought to have a splendid time at what is going to be one of the most elaborate affairs held by any class—a dance worthy of '07.

Nor does '07 intend to relinquish the title of "Seniors" for always until the night of the twenty-second, when there will be a class banquet. English will serve an attractive dinner, and it is hoped that one of '07's noted informal dances will take place later. The banquet will be dignified by the presence of some of the faculty, and, it is hoped, also enlivened by the toasts of the same. Our President is going to fulfill the office of toastmaster, and there will be five-minute speeches by the Faculty, and six members of the class will respond to toast by three-minute speeches. The subjects are not yet known except one, and that, the President's, seems very appropriate for the end of '07 as "Seniors."—Farewell."

Class Prophecy==1927.

[Setting—A large, magnificently furnished office; bell-boys in attendance; a large, gold sign bearing the inscription, "The New York Daily Moon, Editor's Private Office." Enter, "the Prophet."]

"Well, well! A letter from John Colter * * * and he's coming to see me to-day! Why, it's over a year since he left his law practice out West and came to see about his half interest in "The Moon." That was the time he brought me a copy of Bab-bage's dictionary, for which he wrote an introduction. Those were good old times, back in 1907. But—Hello! there's John now!"

[Enter John R. Colter.]

"Hello, there, Lady! I'm mighty glad to get back to New York and see you again. By the way, have you heard the great news? The Hepburn Rate Bill has passed Congress!"

"You don't say! You mean the bill for limiting airship franchises that was drawn up by Amy Hepburn? There's another triumph for 1907! They were *the* class!"

"Look here, Ned; you ought to know all about '07; you were the chairman of the 1907 committee of the E. O. H. S. Alumni, weren't you?"

"Yes, and I have all my notes right here. I'll get them out and we'll look up the past."

"What ever became of Bament? You remember what a star he used to be?"

"Do you mean to say that you haven't heard of *him*? He's a regular constellation now. He holds the Presidency of Harvard for a pastime. * * * *

Now, let's see. Here's an ad from Frank Jeffrey. He went into the Friz and Marcel business with the Morley Sisters and is very successful. Their motto is "*We* are our best advertisement."

"Where's Rob Roche? On the stage?"

"No. Some '07 people are acting, but Roche went to Africa with Clyde Crawford to look for the jokes they didn't see in E. O. H. S. Mme. Murielle, the famous actress, who used to be known

to us as Zelig Eberstadt, is outdoing herself in her favorite piece, "Juliet and Romeo."

"Why don't you say "Romeo and Juliet?"

"Oh, Bessie Boteler, who is now president of the S. P. C. A., says it's cruel to put the man's name first, and you know we never could argue with her!

One other from the old class is on the stage. Frank Roszel, the perpetual joke, is now running a fine minstrel show. Dorothea Lauterborn is the manager of a thriving floral business. She makes a specialty of button-hole bouquets, which she practiced in our German play, if you remember."

"Robert Barr ought to be on the stage."

"Well, he is. He's an expert make-up man. He uses his own renowned "Aphrodite Rouge." And that reminds me—Maggie Burns, who wrote our football songs, is revising Gounod's "Faust" for a popular play. She can write anything from a nursery jingle to a wedding march. There are three others from '07 making strides in the music world. Beth Holmes has recently been made manager of the sheet music department in a large dry goods store in New York and Bert Lipman has just added the name "Westervelt," playing on grand occasions for \$1,000 a night. Murdoch, however, is making the grand hit. His German band is simply out of sight.

"I just received this letter from Saint Herbert Agens, who is conducting a large party of missionaries and travelers to Abyssinia. He says,

"DEAR CASTLE—I am on my way to Abyssinia to convert the heathen. Henry Molina is going along as a special envoy of the United States Department of Mines and Metallurgy. He wants to get a corner on brass. Charlie Atkin and Adolphus Lockwood, a couple of the "heathens," are down in Abyssinia, raising goats. They always did like "butting in." Doctor Stout is in my party, and intends to dose the poor, benighted heathen with Helen Sim's candy pills. Since Nellie Winey and Elsie Allen are going to try to get up a Hindoo Play, I thought it best to hire Margaret Silverman as chaperone. * * *

"That's all he says about '07 people."

"Here is a copy of our rival, 'The News.' Dutcher, our old

president, is the editor. He tried calling trains in the Pennsylvania depot in New York, but it was too much, even for his grandstand lungs. I see that Olive Leggett and Evelyn McCaskie are in charge of the style and fashion columns.

"Have any more of the girls reached positions of note?"

"Oh, yes! Ethel Craddock is the dean of the faculty at Vassar, and Edith Hedge and Mary Bates are professors in mathematics at Smith College. Of course you know that Mary Gray is president of the American Woman's Athletic League."

"Well, what is Doris Nash doing?"

"Doris Nash? Let me see. Ah, yes, I remember. She's running a huge boarding house in San Francisco."

"What! Why, where is all her talent?"

"You see, she married the owner of the house and gave up her literary career. This was the only foolish thing she ever did. Rose Albert got married, too, and she has papered her house walls with diplomas and special honors."

"Yes, she was certainly bright. What ever happened to those two girls who were always coming late?"

"Oh, you mean the Frint sisters? Why they liked being tardy so well that they bought up the Erie Railroad, and now they are right in their element. That reminds me of Jessie Sherwood. Do you remember how she used to feed us all on penouchi during study periods? Well, she's running a combination lunch room and delicatessen store up the street near Roger Shotwell's information bureau. We'll go up there soon and get meals for our mouths and our minds."

"Have you been down to Ocean Grove recently? . . . Well, when you go, you want to go to Emily Bischoff's variety show. She has several '07 girls down there. Gladys Fales is there as the one woman who never talks more than twelve hours a day, and Ethel Wilson challenges all comers to a grinning contest. Wilbur Tupper is with the Bischoff show, having charge of the merry-go-round and the radium tin-type booth."

"Did any '07 men make athletes?"

"Surely. Of course you know that Edward Coffin represented the United States in the Greek Olympian games in 1925, and Wilson, the sporting editor of the 'Moon,' states in to-day's editions

that Stanley Watson won yesterday's field meet for the International Championship."

"It seems strange that nearly all our old classmates are in America. Do they think the new three-day aeroplanes are too dangerous?"

"Far from it. Why Vanderbeek and Baker—still Misses, by the way—sailed yesterday for a summer trip to Iceberg Inn, at the South Pole, in their new 8,000 horsepower airomobile. Theodore Sill went down there a few years ago to sell electric fans. Since the seasons have changed they say fans are quite delightful during the warm winter afternoons. Albert Hulett is still cutting up cats and dogs, as he used to in E. O. H. S., only now he sells their carcasses in tin cans with a U. S. label, and calls it "deviled ham." Several other '07 members are abroad. Halsey Steins is an admiral, in charge of the Pacific squadron. Stanley Bristow went to South America in 1907, but got lost in an Amazon forest. If it takes him as long to find his way as it used to take him to follow Burke's speech on 'Conciliation,' he is probably still looking for his way out. Percy Condit was deified not long ago by the Samoans, upon whose island he was staying."

"Do you remember what talkative birds Helen Reichert and Alice Jackson used to be?"

"Yes, and they still are. They have won dozens of medals in the long distance relays, and have been known to talk three days and eight hours without a stop. They make excellent book agents, as they prostrate their customers in short order."

"Here's a concert program of June, 1918. It says that Ethel Severence will render her favorite anthem, that lovely old song, 'Under the Bamboo Tree.' How I should like to have heard her sing it!"

"Didn't '07 produce any inventors? Most classes do."

"Well, no, not exactly. Most classes do. That's why '07 didn't. Marie Schmelz tried to invent a way to make herself heard, but in vain. The only time when you could hear her was when she squealed. I can almost recall that sound now. Just listen and see if you can't!"

"I guess we've covered nearly the whole class, haven't we?"

"No, there are several more. Grace Allen, Florence Ayres and

Loretta Wallace have started an asylum for stray dachshunds, but that's a long story. Susie Smith and Margaret McGowan are lecturers on 'Spiders: Their Likes and Dislikes.' I think this profession was not a matter of choice. Hello! Here's the class will!"

"You don't say! Let me read that. I believe that was my job, wasn't it?"

[Reads Will.]

"Your mention of that cup reminds me of a funny experience I had about a year ago. I was going by Lindsley Evans' dancing academy, when whom should I meet but Florence Assman, our German maid, as you'll remember. She took me into a museum nearby and showed me a sight that took my breath away. There—in a steel and adamant case, battered and hacked—was the Ken Mair cup. There was a fierce looking guard standing nearby whom I scarcely recognized as Helen Hickok; the awful care resting upon her had made her gray before her time. As for Florence, she was Chief Potentate Queen of the Right Royal Order of Maids in Waiting and Damsels of the Cooking Realm—or keeper of an employment agency."

"Well, I move that we adjourn to Sherwood's Coffee House."

"Second it. But, hold on there! There's one more; that's Kenneth Howell. He's had a very sad time of it, indeed. Somehow or other, people always mistook his intentions. He used to argue so much that people became worried and finally sent him to Morris Plains. But here he showed his true worth. He defeated all the keepers and his cell mates in debate on the subject, 'Resolved, that I deserve to be here more than you,' so that now he is supreme in the institution. Nineteen seven always did turn up on top somehow!"

Class Motto.

AD astra per aspera," or, in king's English, "To the stars through difficulties." This is the motto of our class, chosen, I hope, not merely because a class without a motto is like a ship without a helm, but because it applies to us in a peculiar way. No one has failed to notice, I am sure, the utter confidence every class has in its motto. We are no exception to the rule, and therefore I, as speaker, am about to show you how we and our motto were made for each other.

Since that dread day, four years ago, when first we blundered into "High" and straggled along the corridors vainly attempting to evade the eagle eye of bloodthirsty teachers, we have rubbed shoulders with trouble in almost every guise. You smile knowingly, and then say just what our families have been drilling into us for the last fifteen years, "Boys and girls, you are now in the glory of youth and have no trouble." Snatch this delusion, this most ancient of sophistries from before your eyes. The glory of youth grows dim when one becomes entangled in French irregular verbs, and is almost extinguished when taken unawares by an examination of Mr. Br——, "a word which I will not misname and dare not utter." The halcyon schoolboy days become wormwood and gall to the scholar, who, by force of circumstances, is compelled to repeat a subject. He must indeed "hitch his wagon to a star" and be ever careful that he does not fall out backward.

Some of us have groped blindly out of the Tartarus of grammar school and the unenlightened realms of Freshmanship, hindered at every step by our own inaccuracy and carelessness. I could tell of others who, even as the lamb, love to gambol and frisk, and also browse, on fudge, which, by the way, to judge from some of the adamantine specimens offered by the fairer members of our class, may also be classed under the list of difficulties. It is the business of the teachers to lead these gay little lambs back into the fold. We have never found them lax. I will not speak of those countless scholars who, shining forth in all their glory in Burke or Virgil, are so effectually hidden under the bushel of Roman history or Trigon-

ometry that it takes myriad hours after school to disclose even a faint ray or two.

I must come to the more specific application of our motto. I must tell you how our school has been our stumbling block as well as our stay and support. The school is the ladder by which we have climbed upward, but we have found many a faulty rung.

Do you realize that East Orange has outgrown its High School? A tuck will have to be let out somewhere. Learning cannot thrive in crowded quarters, and yet when all our students are convened in the assembly room (Oh! hollow mockery of the word!) every bench groans under the weight of at least three scholars, and even then the walls are lined with drooping people for whom not even a crack can not be found to sit on.

Do you know that our laboratories are built on the same scale as a Harlem flat, and about as well ventilated? Once a week half the class goes in and spends the whole experimental period in hunting down pieces of apparatus which the other half appropriated the week before. The fumes of Mt. Vesuvius, or Popocatepetl—yes, and even of Lister's, are nothing compared to those which pour out of every chink and crevice of our chemical laboratory. Beware! Do not venture too close, like Pliny the elder, lest you be overcome.

Have you ever fully understood that our gymnasium is dangerous? Here I cannot exaggerate. Fiction lags after truth and imagination is cold and barren. On one side of the gymnasium stand two huge buttresses, even as Scylla, and on the other side, like Charybdis, two pillars devour most of a very small floor space. In the frenzied excitement of a basketball game, particularly a girls' basketball game, many a player, in avoiding the death-dealing cliffs of Scylla, has been sucked down deep into the bottomless abyss of Charybdis and never more seen. The worst is yet to come. We who have sat in the study rooms underneath the "gym" know what it is to be deeply absorbed in Greek or Macaulay, when suddenly a "thump, *thump*, THUMP" is heard, like Rip Van Winkle playing at tenpins high up in the mountains, and, involuntarily, we slide under the desks to avoid the hail of plaster which may fall at any moment.

Do you know that, buried deep beneath the High School, lies a Cretan Labyrinth, a veritable chamber of horrors? Wrapped in the close embrace of Stygian darkness, it lurks, a menace to all. It

has been erroneously called the carving and drawing room. Daily must we send forty brave scholars to risk their eyesight. Who will be the bold Theseus, who, tying his thread to the furnace or coalbin, mayhap, will feel his way through the maze and throw it open to God's good light?

Our class have ever been followers of the Sock and Buskin, and, like Antony, have loved to revel late of nights at dance and entertainment. For our success in these pursuits we must doff our hats to the hard-working class committee members. Theirs the worry and difficulty, ours the pleasure. Long days they passed, pent up like jurymen, or wandered far afield for the interests of the class. We cannot praise them too highly, for they are the machinery that has moved the class upward toward the stars.

Life is but an empty dream for those ambitious and necessarily untiring souls who strive to put the breath of life in a school paper. Any morning at the beginning of this year the editor of the News might have been seen in full cry on the trail of a subscription. They had to run their quarry to earth, no matter how wide the stream or how thick the bramble patch over which the chase might lead. The advertising manager has worn smooth the seats of the ante-room chairs in the offices of the mighty East Orange Captains of Industry, and the business manager raves over collections and unpaid subscriptions in his sleep.

If I should undertake to tell you all of the difficulties we have had I would have to employ my last breath. I have touched upon a few just to show you that our High School career has not been a perfect Arcadie, and that we have not led the calm undisturbed lives of Amaryllis and Phyllis. We have now taken the first step on the road to the stars. There can be no turning back, and so let us on to the star of achievement. Our eyes should be fixed ever upward, like the knights of old, who drew their courage and manhood from the heavens. There in the darkness they sat, each one turning his gaze toward the stars above and making in his heart vows of manliness, valor and kindness to the weak. Like knights, let us up and forward. In long array we shall charge the caitiff powers despite the charms of witches, and our battle cry shall be "Ad astra per aspera."

Class Gift.

FOR many years it has been the custom for the graduating class to present the High School with some fitting gift, either ornamental or useful, or both. Although '07 has always tried to keep out of the ordinary rut of school customs, it had to yield in this particular.

But when the question arose as to what we should give we found that it was a very difficult matter to decide, because the preceding classes had covered the ground so well that the only things left for us to give were a new high school building or a piece of apparatus for the science department. Now, while we have been most successful in respect to our finances, we did not feel quite equal to \$175,000, so it seemed as though the only thing left was to get the scientific apparatus. But here is another place where '07 originality bobbed up, and the class passed the following resolution:

We, the class of 1907, do hereby give in trust to the Board of Education the sum of sixty dollars, to be used to purchase each year a gold medal, not to exceed ten dollars (\$10) in value, to be given to the person who holds the highest average for scholarship during a full four year course, followed in the East Orange High School. Each medal shall be of a design selected by the class of 1907, and the method in which the points are to be counted shall be the same as required for graduation. The medal shall be presented at the commencement exercises by a member of the class of 1907, selected by members residing in this vicinity.

We know, of course, that this fund without further addition will last but a few years, hence we appeal to the school spirit of coming classes to continue this precedent here established. We also hope that other classes will find it possible to help the Alumni scholarship fund, as we intend to do from now on.

It has been the custom in the High School for many years past to present a trophy to the members of every winning athletic team. Now, while the winning of a first place on the honor roll does not require the same amount of physical exertion, the mental strain during four strenuous years certainly deserves some reward. Heretofore this achievement has not received sufficient recognition, so the class of 1907, having attained the highest record of scholarship in the annals of the school, wishes to encourage the members of succeeding classes to reach the same high standard, and that they might have some further incentive for the hard work which such an attainment necessitates we desire to present this medal.

In the colleges of this country the student who has worked hard for honors is given something by which every one may know that he has won this distinction. In the high schools there is nothing which one who has won this honor may keep as a souvenir or remembrance of the occasion, so the Class of 1907 presents this medal with the idea that it will be to the East Orange High School what the Phi Beta Kappa and Sigma Psi keys are to the college.

Class Will.

John R. Colter.



E., the undersigned, the Senior Class of 1907 of the High School of the city of East Orange, in the county of Essex, and the State of New Jersey, of the age of four years and of sound and disposing mind and memory, do make, publish and declare this our last will and testament, in the following manner. That is to say:

First—We do give and bequeath unto the Class of 1908, who now stagger under the name of Juniors, all our real and personal possessions, such as cloak rooms, seats, desks, books and rooms which we have used for the past year. We do also bequeath to the Junior class a third portion of our dignity. The Seniors are perfectly capable of sparing some of this much-sought-for quality, and doubtless 1908 will be very glad to receive the legacy and so fill up a most deplorable vacancy. To the Juniors also is left the responsibility of sustaining the reputation of the News with as great success as has 1907, and, moreover, the responsibility of editing two weekly papers, the equals of the Moon and the Teddy Bear.

To the students of the East Orange High School we give our most valuable possession—the reputation of 1907, as the class that broke all records in size, scholarship and in dramatic, literary, financial and social attainments, of which our historian has given a detailed account, and especially to the school do we leave a challenge to excel the standards established by 1907.

The members of the Delta Epsilon Society desire to bestow upon the Pinkerton Detective Agency the privilege of searching for the missing Interclub Debating Cup, which so mysteriously disappeared last winter. This is granted only on condition that the following stipulation be observed: That if the said cup be found, it be taken in its marred and abused condition to a Newark junk shop and sold, and, furthermore, that any money proceeding from said sale be used by the administrators in purchasing green bibs for the coming Freshman Class of 1911.

EAST ORANGE HIGH SCHOOL

The Senior Class further stipulates that the present Freshman Class, 1910, be cut off without a cent, and, further, that anyone attempting to contest the will of 1907 shall be compelled to study chemistry for one year under Professor Silas Eventempered Lott-ridge of the East Orange High School. The class hereby agrees to pay all expenses incurred in the burial of such victims.

But, to the Faculty, who have so kindly helped and inspired us during our course, we can but leave our sincerest thanks and gratitude for what they have done, and the assurance of our best wishes.

And, lastly, we do hereby nominate and appoint to be executors and administrators of this our last will and testament, Silas A. Lott-ridge, Reginald A. Grosenbaugh and Anna S. Thatcher.

But we do hereby demand of the executor named a bond and security of \$10,000 for the valuable property entrusted to them.

In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hand and seal this nineteenth day of June, in the year of our Lord, 1907.

E. HAMILTON DUTCHER, President.

MARY BATES, Vice-President.

EDWARD S. CASTLE, Secretary.

EDWARD W. COFFIN, Treasurer.

All members of the Class of 1907.

The above instrument was at the date thereof sealed, published and declared by the said Class of 1907 as their last will and testament in the presence of us, who in their presence, and in the presence of each other, have subscribed our names as witnesses.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

MILES MONROE MESSENGER.

LILLIAN HILLYER.

Valedictory.

HERE is a legend in the far away North that there once lived a king and queen who, by strange fortune, must leave their country, never to return. On the night before their departure the king summoned many of his people to a large banquet in the palace. They held high feast until late into the night, but through it all was a tinge of sadness, for the guests loved their king, and thought of the happy years they had spent during his reign.

The feast was at an end! The last health to their king had been drunk, the dancers had stopped, and the lively strain of the minstrels had died away.

Then the king arose. "This is the last time, my good people, that we shall meet! Together we share the sorrow of parting. But one more song before we separate. May it bring you cheer and hope for the future years!"

The guests leaned forward in eager expectancy. There was a hush. The singer took up his lyre and touched the strings. His clear notes filled the hall. Of what did he sing?

That has never been known except to those who heard it that night, but he sang of the City of Memory—a city which belonged only to them, and which they were all about to enter—one which they would love even more than their present city, and one which would be a citadel of happiness and strength for the years to come. It was a city of vision. In silence they would enter it, and in silence leave it. Together they would tread noiselessly through its streets, side by side, but only as phantoms, and their words would die away before they had been uttered.

To-night but one City of Memory stands open before us. Four years we have been in building it, and to-morrow night we shall see it completed. We have not worked alone, for we have been guided and directed by those who were interested in the symmetry and perfection of the whole. We have all shared in its building and it is ours! It belongs to each of us. And it is not a beautiful city, one

which we shall always love, one which we shall be proud to enter.

As we approach it and see it at a distance its towers and lofty pinnacles rising in the sunlight, we find it to be a city of strength and beauty. The purpose of our city was attainment, and we built it on a strong foundation of high ideals and principles.

Let us for a moment stand at its entrance and together catch a nearer glimpse of it as we shall so often in the future re-enter it each for himself.

The four gates stand open, extending a welcome to any of us who shall choose to enter. They lead to the four quarters of the City of Memory, sections very different in their indications of growth and solidity, built in turn, as they were during our course of four years. The first gate is named Anticipation, the second Perseverance, the third Appreciation and the fourth Realization. The streets are many, intertwining with one another, but as we walk through them how varied we find them to be! To us as individuals the streets belong. We each have built one street. Some lead us through the heart of the city to the great market place, with its many interests. Others are farther on the outskirts, simple and quiet, winding far out from the stir and hum of the busy center. But each one in its way, both the conspicuous and the non-conspicuous, adds to the beauty and worth of the whole.

On either side the streets are adorned with buildings of types as varied as the streets. On some rise towers and structures of interest to all, which we could not fail to notice and be proud of as we pass by, and there are buildings which are of necessity for the welfare of the city. They are all those of achievement in its every phase. To each of us, as we view them all with admiration, some rise higher and are more striking and pleasing. Others we do not see at first glance, but they are there, unique in their own purpose and usefulness. A few, sometimes the most beautiful, have been built with much ease, while others have meant more of effort and energy. Every street and highway has found its way by many windings through the beauties of our city, its alluring touches of Happiness and Pleasure, in greater or lesser degree. Some go through parks and gardens, while others lead out through groves and fields of wild flowers. Here and there are dark and waste places of discour-

agement and disappointment, but along the way stand signs of hope and encouragement. The streets cross and recross in many places, to many of us the most cherished, for they are marked by strong and lasting monuments of friendship at the crossroads.

To-morrow night we shall have finished our last stroke in the City of Memory, and shall turn our faces in different directions, each with a new purpose, new opportunities and a new future opening before us. But as we go on apart from one another with new Cities of Memory to build, may we ever esteem highly Our City of Memory of High School Days, and as we may meet, perchance, and wander through it together, may we ever find it a source of inspiration and strength during the future years! We shall go on, perhaps, through difficulties and discouragements, but this city is ever the same, however long it stands, and will ever bring us nearer together with its strong associations of friendship and love.

So, while we say "Good-bye" to-night with perhaps even a deeper feeling of sadness than did the king and queen of old, may we, as they, look forward with pleasure to those times when we shall visit our fond City of Memory.

History of the Class of 1907.

THE logs in the large open fireplace blazed up cheerfully and the light shone upon a middle-aged man, the very picture of success, who sat nearby, apparently in deep thought. The business of the day was finished and laid aside, and he had before him the rest of the evening, without fear of interruption. His life had been very busy—so busy that he had had no time of late to gratify a strange desire which for months had been growing stronger and stronger. He wanted to be alone, with only those faces which seemed to look out from between the tongues of flames for companions, and then to go back in his mind to that time in his early boyhood when high aspirations and ideals had first gotten a firm hold upon him, and think over again all the events which had filled that part of his life before all the cares and responsibilities of manhood came upon him.

Here at last was the opportunity, and as he settled down comfortably in his chair his mind went back to the first year in his remembrance, when he had begun to take life somewhat earnestly; in fact, to that very day when his poor bewildered little brain tried to master the idea of making out a program—his first day as a Freshman in East Orange High School. He closed his eyes, and was back there again with his class—that class which through four years of High School life had proven itself worthy in every way of the respect and admiration of everyone—the class of 1907.

Even as a Freshman class, he remembered, 1907 knew how to keep its place. After getting used to the new quarters, and being made to feel what absolute nonentities Freshmen are, that first class meeting was held, and, yes, there was a faint recollection that officers had finally been elected. During that year the class did its school work well, supported the teams, and subscribed for the News, and by the end of the term was no longer looked down upon by the higher classes, but had begun to make its influence felt in the school, not by loudly asserting its rights, but by attending well to its own affairs and waiting for a more fitting time to step to the front.

The one word "championship" seemed to stand out beyond everything else in Sophomore year, a year of such success for the whole school that individual classes were lost sight of in the almost continual rejoicings over school victories. First of all came the football championship; next in order the victory of the Delta Epsitons over the Newark High School Congress, and then, for a change, the school indulged in a fine Junior-Sophomore dance. The girls' basketball team won every game played, and the second championship for the school was won by the boys' team. In the mean while the track team had not been far behind, tying Montclair in one of the most exciting dual and track meets ever held at the Oval, with a score of 54-54, and a week later East Orange overwhelmingly defeated Cartaret Academy in the annual meet, winning the cup for which the schools had been contesting for four years.

Then, unphazed by the final exams. in the near future, the baseball team finished up a victorious season by defeating Newark High School 11-3, and 1907's Sophomore year, one of the most successful in athletics which the High School had ever lived through, was over.

Junior year—and the man smiled as he thought of a box hidden away in a dark closet, in which still lay his much despised junior class hat.

Although football and basketball championships were not won, the school was proud of the good work of the teams, for most of the men were new. The baseball season was successful, and the game between East Orange and Newark, which was to decide the championship, was put off until the next year, when it was won by East Orange.

Two interclass dances were held, a Junior-Sophomore and Junior-Senior, and in the spring a High School Orchestra, which had long been needed, was organized.

The most glorious event of Junior year came in the latter part of June, when the great Athletic Carnival and Field Day was held at the Oval, and when in the pouring rain 1907 easily carried off the victory from the other classes, and was fairly beside itself for joy and pride. On the spur of the moment, Randall Hall was engaged for that very evening, and there was held the first of the informal class dances, and with the greatest rejoicing and the best time so far in its existence, 1907 as a junior class met for the last time.

September again—and the former Juniors, carrying the new honor gracefully and rather as a matter of course, occupied the seats of Seniors in the upper study room.

Seniors! And when had there ever been another senior class like the Class of 1907! It rushed from one good time to another right through the year, astonishing the teachers by keeping up school work at the same time; it successfully brought out the first High School Calendar, which had ever been attempted; it raised the News to a higher standard than it had ever before attained; it cheered on to victory a championship football team; and, without a doubt, one of the things which helped to keep 1907 so good natured was that great class paper, "The Moon," which shed its brilliancy upon the class from the beginning to the end of the year.

What memories were called up by the name "Randall Hall," the scene of four informal class dances, and that never-to-be-forgotten masquerade, when all ceremony was laid aside, and the class met and enjoyed itself like one great family!

Delta Epsilon began this term well by giving the best play or entertainment in the history of the society, and, finally, in March, came the first great event of the year, the Senior Entertainment, and such a Senior entertainment as had never before been witnessed.

In the spring some Senior boys, under Miss Freeman's direction, gave a fine exhibition of the work of the elocution department, and next in order came the German play and entertainment, which, because of the great demand for seats, was given twice, each night before a crowded house, netting five hundred dollars for the new Athletic Field.

The High School next gave proof of its ability along entirely different lines, by the performance of "The Wreck of the Hesperus," under the direction of Miss Gibbs, and a week later a Senior play was presented, which never had been and never could be surpassed. And even that was not the end. On the very next day the faithful, hard work of the finest track team in the history of High School was rewarded by the winning of the Interscholastic Championship.

At last the end was beginning to draw near, and once more those awful final examinations loomed up ahead. But 1907 looked beyond that, and even beyond the last week with its Commencement, Graduation dance and banquet, and saw shining steadily in the distance the class motto, "Per Astra ad Aspera," and each member resolved to put forth one last effort for his class, whose name in all the four years had never been tarnished, and was destined to be thought of in after years with a loving remembrance which would never fade.

Class Dispensary.

MARY BATES.

Mary, as the belle of '07, should warn the members of the class that the time for their individual reckoning is now upon them, we thought it only right to have you the announcer. We have not worried very much about you lately, for you seem to be fond of rather high ideals; but if you should have a tendency to become cold or indifferent to the Knowles of this city, here is the sign that will remind you constantly that at Smith's you will once more get warm and perhaps even roasted.

(A horseshoe)

FRANK J. ROSZEL.

Now don't get "so nervous." We have mercifully called you up here, almost first, to spare you the suspense of your classmates. But in case even this short appearance in public should excite you too much, this bottle of Winslow's "Soothing Syrup" might be useful.

(A bottle of soothing syrup.)

DORIS L. NASH.

Doris, it is too bad we could not arrange it so that you could have three or four dear fellows to be with you just now, for we know how much more pleasant it would be for you, but sorry to say we have found it impossible, and so give you this string of beaus, with a plea for our forgiveness for having to resort to the substitute. Are there enough on the string?

(A string of beaus.)

FRANKLIN FORMAN MURDOCK.

And here is our friend the woman-hater—at least when on the stage—and so, Franklin, in case you really prefer the woods and fields to our unfortunate sex, we present you with a little hedge (Hedge) to sit beside. If you care for it well it may grow.

(A little Hedge.)

GLADYS FALES.

Gladys, we couldn't think of anything that we thought would please you more than this pear. It is a Bartlett, you see.

JESSIE WINIFRED SHERWOOD.

Having sung for the benefit of everybody sitting anywhere near your seat in the study hall, to such an extent that we have had to stop studying and listen with pleasure(?) Jessie, we earnestly hope that this phonograph, which will reproduce all your vocal selections, will be sufficient to quiet any such musical brainstorm in the future.

(Phonograph.)

HENRY GEORGE MOLINA and ROGER WARD SHOTWELL.

These little remembrances we offer with apologies. They are not "simply grand;" they are not even expensive. They are like "talk," which you know is "cheap," but they are fine listeners.

(Two telephones.)

FLORENCE HELEN ASSMANN.

Flora, we have all seen what a good maid you have proven to be when in other lands, but we are afraid someone here does not know of your qualities, and so we give you this recommendation as maid and chaperone. As the latter we recommend you particularly—for moonlight nights.

(A Recommendation.)

STANLEY HEDRICK WATSON.

(A bank.)

Here is a bank, to prevent you from losing your little nickels (Nichols).

STANLEY RESTRICH BRISTOW.

We take great pleasure in handing you this little article, which will be of great assistance to you in soaking up everything which comes your way.

(A sponge.)

LOUISE VIRGINIA MORLEY.

Louise, we have never seen anybody who always wanted something new as bad as you do. As we know that the thing that would satisfy your desires is a new man (Newman), accept this little man doll, which we hope will do temporarily.

(A man doll.)

FLORENCE IRENE AYERS.

Knowing what a gardener you are, we trust that with the help of this hoe you will never let any weeds grow under your feet.

(A hoe.)

ROBERT S. BARR.

We can almost see the wings sprouting, Robert, and we can't half express the pleasure we feel in helping them out.

(A pair of wings.)

NELLIE LOUISE WINEY.

Nellie, we know you will not always be winey, but until that time comes we advise you to eat plenty of oatmeal, and you will hasten matters with "the smile that won't come off." Here is a package to start on.

(Package of Quaker Oats.)

ALICE MAE JACKSON.

Alice, you would have made a fine class dispensor. Why, you can't imagine how nice it has been to feel that in case either Miss Gray or myself should be unable to be here to-night, we had an excellent understudy to rely upon at a moment's notice, for there is no doubt you would be able to knock anyone in 1907. As we know how, next year you will miss having so many victims at hand, here is an Iver-Johnson revolver to keep you company in the future—You know, you can even "hammer the hammer" and no one will be hurt.

(Iver Johnson revolver.)

EVELYN HOPE McCASKIE.

Evelyn, we've had a mighty hard time of thinking of anything fitting to present you with, but we have at last satisfied ourselves that this little book, "Dotty Dimples," would be the most appropriate.

(A book.)

EDNA FRINT and ETHEL MADALIN FRINT.

Don't you people look surprised when I call these two names in the same breath—Edna and Ethel Madalin Frint. My! How strange it looks to see you both together! Well, as nobody knows what would ever become of you two if you should separate, to prevent any possible catastrophe such as this, we give you this padlock and chain to further secure your adhesive powers. Can you now wonder why we did not care to run any risk and experiment with you separately?

(A padlock and chain.)

PRESLEY D. STOUT.

Sweet infant of sixteen winters, it is with tears of joy in our eyes that we hand you these beautiful gifts. Play with them through all the happy days of childhood which are before you.

(A Teddy bear and horn.)

LAWRIE AMY HEPBURN.

Amy, we understand that you are very fond of chewing on pencils. If it is the lead you swallow that keeps you down, why here is a cake of yeast, which you might find more elevating to your person.

(A yeast cake.)

THEODORE WINTHROP SILL.

There were so many jeans, that we were puzzled as to which to give you, until suddenly a happy thought struck us—Of course you want them with haddock (Haddock) attached.

(Pair of blue jeans with fish attached.)

ETHEL FRAMBER WILSON.

As we understand, Ethel, that your one aim in this life is to become a distinguished athlete, and having seen you display your worth on the basket-ball and tennis courts, we cannot find anything that we think you would need for the purpose more than this little book on "How to Become an Athlete."

(A book.)

ALBERT GROVES HEWLETT.

We hear, Albert, that the favors of the professors at Columbia are very difficult to gain; so to prevent your getting out of practice during the summer, we give you this old boot to lick.

(An old shoe.)

MARGARET FRANCES SILVERMAN.

Margaret, ever since that senior play we have been worrying considerably about you. Here—before I say anything more—take this bottle of smelling salts. Supposing you should faint into my arms just this minute; imagine how embarrassing it would be for me, although perhaps you are accustomed to such acts before a good many people. In case you should not be so fortunate as to have anybody near at hand at such a moment, we thought that by this little gift doctors' bills and many awkward predicaments would be avoided.

(Bottle of smelling salts.)

WILBUR DRAKE TUPPER.

What is it I see flitting across your beautiful cheek—the shadow of a passing cloud? Surely that little face can never be guilty of anything so vulgar as whiskers! However, lest the danger should be imminent, here is a razor.

(A razor.)

OLIVE CARRINGTON LEGGETT.

Knowing how fond you have always been of flowers, we don't want to make other people jealous by giving you a hothouse, so hope this little bunch of forget-me-nots will please you.

(Bunch of Forget-me-nots.)

EDWARD STODDARD CASTLE.

Oh, prophet, far be it from us to judge one so wise as thou. We will only humbly try to please you, and hope these little fish will fulfil that mission.

Their name? Why, Smelts (Schmeltz) is the beloved name.

(Two Small Fish—Smelts.)

HELEN WARD HICKOCK.

Helen, as we all know of your fondness for music, we couldn't think of anything that you would like better than this season ticket to grand opera. Don't be surprised, for the class doesn't care how they spend their money.

(A Season Ticket to the Opera.)

FLORENCE GRACE ALLEN.

As you do so much embroidery, you might find a little embroidery ring useful.

(A Hoople.)

BERT LIPMAN.

You are never happy unless you are drumming on something, so, for the sake of the furniture, we give you this drum.

(A Drum.)

ZELIE M. EBERSTADT.

I wonder if it ever occurred to any of you why this girl took the part she did in the Senior play, when she had three to choose from. Of course, she didn't know at the time who her Romeo would be, or perhaps she might not have played "Kathleen," but still I doubt if even that knowledge could have kept her from playing a part so much like her adored Juliet. Honestly, Zelig, we wouldn't be surprised to see you some time in this part, so take this paper dagger, so that no harm will be done.

(Dagger.)

CLYDE HUXTER CRAWFORD.

We're afraid you'd lose your thoughts entirely if you didn't have the "Newark Evening News" along, and so we provided for the possibility of your having forgotten it this evening.

(Newark Evening News.)

ETHEL CORNELIA SEVERENCE.

Ethel, as you were one of the chief causes which made the "Wreck of the Hesperus" so complete, in order to prevent another such happening from your quarter, allow us to suggest that you have this little light always with you, which will aid you to shine at the proper time.

(A Lantern.)

PERCY HAMILTON CONDIT.

This little gift if rightfully used will create a sensation. Let them be a symbol that an occasional explosion will let the world know you are alive.

(A Firecracker.)

FLORENCE MATTHEWS BAKER.

Florence, as you are the only baker in our class, we think that you ought to make another name for yourself through a perfection in this art, and so give you a cook book, which might be of some use to you.

(A Cook Book.)

ELIZABETH BATE HOLMES.

Poor Beth! You've had to play for all our informal dances, and so couldn't dance half the time. If you had only had this music box you could have played and danced at the same time. However, it may be useful in the future.

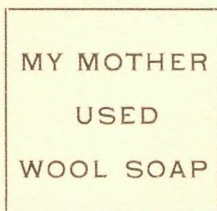
(A Music Box.)

GEORGE WAKELEY AND HELEN MARIE SIMMS.

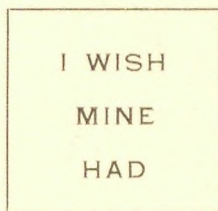
Next, friends, the two limits. Strange, isn't it? And yet the reason this is demonstrable I shall endeavor to show you:

(Two Signs.)

Pin on Wakeley this sign :



On Simms:



FLORENCE MORLEY.

What is going to happen? At last you are on time; for, Florence, we have all noticed through the year your aversion to arrive in the study hall sooner than the last thirty seconds before school opens, and we would not have been surprised to have had to wait for you now. Well, in case you should ever be in such straits that you were compelled "to get up before breakfast" in order to be on time, accept this alarm clock, which you might find very handy.

(An Alarm Clock.)

LAWRENCE WASHBURN BABBAGE.

Here is an interesting character—the walking dictionary. Truly, friends, there is not a word for which this wonderful child cannot give you a new pronunciation—and sometimes prove he is right. Possibly, if you study this old dictionary—well, you won't entirely forget to talk the way we less learned mortals do.

(An Old Dictionary.)

EDITH CRANE HEDGE.

Edith, you are another one whose future we feel we ought to provide for, for we honestly don't know what you will do with yourself when you haven't so many people around you to play with, as you have had in the study hall this year. So, to amuse you during the many lonesome hours you may find these nursery rhymes quite interesting and natural.

(Nursery Rhymes.)

ROBERT THIERY ROCHE.

You do not know how our pity has been aroused by the pitiful sight of you taking a little snooze on the hard benches of Miss Normile's or Mr. Lottridge's room. Perhaps the professors at Princeton will thoughtlessly neglect to provide a more comfortable couch, so we present you with this Ostermoor mattress.

(A Little Mattress.)

MARGARET MCGOWAN AND SUSIE CATHERINE SMITH.

Never until a couple of weeks ago did I realize what a perplexing problem scientists had to deal with when endeavoring to find out more about the Sphinx. Here are two that have puzzled me for quite a while. If it is because of your difficulties with the English language that you have so little to say, allow us to suggest that a constant perusal of these English grammars might prevent your falling entirely into oblivion from the memories of your classmates.

(Two English Grammars.)

EDWARD WARREN COFFIN.

And here behold, friends, a second David Belasco, the great stage manager of our Senior play! We'd hate to have you forget that notable event, but think that these few pieces of scenery might help keep the memory of it fresh in your mind.

(A Few Pieces of Scenery.)

BESSIE GORDON SMITH.

We all know, Bessie, your undying affection for this dear old class of '07. What could we have done without your bright ideas at class meetings, and how dull our dances would have been without your presence! Oh! full well we know the pain and sorrow that fills your heart at parting, and so we give you this picture by which to remember your beloved class.

(Class Picture.)

KENNETH BARBERIE HOWELL.

And now for our class sport, big and stalwart! The setter of fashions; the wrecker of hearts; the man with a past.

With this cane and handkerchief we are glad to do our little part in decorating this human Christmas tree.

(Cane and Brilliant Handkerchief.)

HELEN ELIZABETH REICHERTS.

Helen, in case you should ever want to know how to reach the most secluded spots on Mohegan Lake when out with a certain person on that lake, here is a guide book, which you notice is doubly bound to withstand the continuous usage. You see how we are providing against the slightest possibilities.

(A Guide Book.)

HERBERT MORTIMER AGENS.

Since you never dance, you must get very lonely sometimes, so we present you with this little wall flower, which you can have all to yourself in the future.

(Flower Cut From Wallpaper.)

MAGGIE SAYERS BURNS.

Ladies and gentlemen, let me introduce you to the poet of our class. I don't know how many of these people have already heard or read some of your works, but, at any rate, Maggie, you might find that by remodelling your former lines with the aid of this meter stick that the guilty ones would have an even pleasanter expression than they now have when your poetic ability is recalled to them.

(Meter Stick.)

LINDSLEY HEDGES EVANS and

LE FOREST N. SHOTWELL.

We have puzzled our brains more over you two than over any one else, and now is our time to be revenged. Here is a list of geometry problems which I sincerely hope will give you as much trouble as you caused us.

(Two Lists of Geom. Problems.)

EMILY PAULA BISCHOFF.

Emily, as you have always been a main source of keeping people's wits sharpened during your past four years in school, we can't find anything that would be more appropriate than this little grindstone, by which you can sharpen perhaps even duller tools.

(A Grindstone.)

ADOLPHUS NEWMAN LOCKWOOD.

We are afraid that some day you will butt into something hard, in which case this head guard might come in handy.

(A Head Guard.)

ROSE FREDA ALBERT.

Here is a girl who has completed the regular high school course in three years. Marvellous! I will have to talk fast, or else she will be in such a hurry to get through with this that she will not wait for me to finish. Here, take this fan, for after hurrying for three years so fast you must be pretty warm.

(A Fan.)

LAURETTA ELIZABETH WALLACE.

Perhaps, Retta, although of course it is not likely, if you played very vigorously with this basket ball you might disorder just a few of your well-arranged locks.

(A Basket Ball.)

CLYDE MERTON WILSON.

Merton, you are always wanting things just a little different, but some day you may not find anything to kick about, and then this football might come in handy.

(A Football.)

MATILDA S. VANDERBEEK.

Here is a girl who has an idea that every room she is in is a whispering gallery. Millie it really wouldn't be safe for you to depend on your voice alone to make yourself noticed, so we earnestly hope that you will start right in to-morrow on this course in "How to Talk by the Sign Language."

LAWRENCE BAMENT.

Now, let me present our invalid, pale, weak little friend, the tragedy of our class. Alas! is it not sad to be so frail and perishable a thing? We tremble with fear that you may contract a fateful cold in the icy classrooms of your future Alma Mater, and in our anxious solicitude we endeavor to ward off any such direful mishap with these little wraps.

(Rubbers, Sweater, Mittens and Fur Cap.)

CATHERINE ETHEL CRADDOCK.

Ethel, don't you think that Miss Grey and myself are really philosophical this evening? Well, we can't help but be so toward everybody to-night, and so let me give you this pencil box, in which you will find a dozen pencils, five erasers and two knives. We hope these will be sufficient to supply all your friends in case you return to school next year, for we know how dreadfully you would feel if you were unable to comply with everybody's request.

(Pencil Box—Filled.)

ELSIE MAY ALLEN.

So you are going to college, Elsie? Yes? No? Oh, we thought you had at last decided. Well, wherever you go, don't disgrace us by being one of those "awful cut-ups," like these scissors.

(Scissors.)

FRANK CAMPBELL JEFFREY.

Look closely, friends!

Under this mighty thatch of hair there is truly a man! Oh! do not doubt me! for I swear this is one of those whose light is hidden under a bushel! Pray, accept this sickle and get to work immediately, so that your friends may soon behold your countenance in its full glory.

(Sickle.)

MARIE MARTHA SCHMELZ.

I suppose we will have to give this girl a castle, as she seems to have set her heart on one. Although it may not be quite as nice to you as the other one, still if you look on the inside you will find everything essential to your happiness. It is furnished exclusively with looking-glasses.

(A Castle.)

KATHERINE CARR.

As we know, Katherine, how cruel it would be for us to take your thoughts just for a minute away from that dear old Mexico, here is a scene which will always remind you of that happy land.

(A Mexican Scene.)

MADELINE JEPHSON.

Here is an excellent recipe for a five-pound batch of fudge. We thought it might save time if you made it in large quantities, in which case you'd only need to spend a short time daily in this occupation.

(A Five-Pound Recipe for Fudge.)

JOHN RUTLEDGE COLTER.

Let me now present the original Mr. Colter, the only original Mr. Colter! All others are imitations. And now, in our desire to assist you in your tireless quest for the original, we suggest that you do the most original stunt of your career to date—take a back seat.

(Chair.)

BESSIE EHLEN BOTELER.

Bessie, if you were only a man you would be in the same rank with Raffles. For did Raffles ever do anything any cleverer than you did when you, a girl, successfully baffled the combined wits (?) of an illustrious society of the East Orange High School, including almost twenty people, and still evade all pursuit made in quest of the Inter Club Debating Cup? Now, if your conscience should ever prick you over your theft and you felt as if you should see to its return, here is a cup which you may keep and safely call your own.

(A Tin Cup.)

CHARLES GORSHE ATKIN.

Girls, before I exhibit "l'enfant terrible" to your admiring gaze, I would request you all please to keep seated, and, if possible, to repress your ecstatic sighs.

Charles, we are indeed relieved to see you here; we feared much lest you should not condescend to grace our gathering with your charming presence. Perish the thought!

For you, handsome Virginian, galloping centaur, dashing hero of a thousand love affairs, accept from us this rubber hat, which we hope will accommodate itself to changing conditions for at least a month or two.

(Rubber Hat.)

DOROTHEA BURRAGE LAUTERBORN.

Ladies, gentlemen, you all know that a historian, as a rule, has many peculiarities. Well, I think that you, Dorothea, are no exception to the rule, and I know these people here will all back me when I tell them that you prefer a Swift ham to anything else, even Cod.

(A Swift Ham.)

EDWARD HAMILTON DUTCHER.

And now let me present our class violet, a shrinking, modest little flower, and lest some bold person gaze so long upon his handsome countenance and to cause him discomfort, let him take this veil and behind it hide his blush——

Oh! wait just a moment! Who have we here? Why, it's Harold, always on the jump!

What? Why, he says it's a package for you, Hamilton!

(Express package is opened and a slip taken out).

Just a few of your playmates come to visit you. And all on a string! (Taking out a string of things.)

First, here's a Daisy.

Next, an Island. Oh! it's marked Van Isle (Van Zyle).

And here's a seagull. You see, they are called Mother Cary's chickens.

And a little Silver.

And this? This is a piano—a Lauter—borne on a truck.

(A Veil.)

MARY PECK GRAY.

If I only knew what you have in store for me I might change my tactics entirely, but as it is now I suppose for my own good I had better be very careful what I say. The only request I have to make is that you give me a chance to get my speech completely over with before you start. We appreciate how very grateful you feel to the class for the opportunity to have so much to say, as we know how often your bashfulness has prevented you from putting in a word except when it has been called for, and so, knowing how embarrassing it is for you not to be able, to return such a favor to your beloved classmates, let me present you with this mask to hide your blushes.

(A Mask.)

HALSEY STEINS.

Friends, we are torn by conflicting emotions. We are on the horns of a dilemma. In the one hand, our duty to our country commandingly beckons us. On the other, the fascinating glitter of romance irresistibly attracts us. But we must cease temporizing and come to the point.

To be brief, our last victim is a most wonderful individual. A strenuous man, whose capacity for work, whose executive ability, whose determination to get things done are marvelous! Marvelous!!! especially as they are only the one-half part of what he fondly thinks them.

Still, in spite of all this, in spite of our confidence, he would tackle even that little Panama job with perfect assurance; yes, in spite of us. ROMANCE wins.

So, Halsey, we have with much hard labor and at the expense of painstaking argument, persuaded the Board of Education, much against its will, to allow you to re-enter High School next fall with the Freshman class. Oh! I mean the Sophomore class. I forget she'd be a Sophomore next year.

Here is your permit.

ATHLETICS





Foot Ball.

STARTING out with only a small nucleus of veterans in September, by hard work and good coaching, East Orange developed a team, under Captain Assman, of which it may well be proud. Creede, Johnstone and Decker were the strong players upon whom we relied. We closed the season with a fine victory over Newark High and won the league championship. The team and the games played follows:

Harry Wilder, '09 (manager).....left end
Andrew McGowan, '10.....left tackle
Ames Loder, '08.....left guard
Robert McDermott, '08.....centre
Stanley Watson, '07.....right guard
Martin Assman, '08 (captain).....right tackle
Nelson Whitney, '09.....right end
Reginald Decker, '08.....quarterback
Thomas Johnstone, '09 (capt.-elect) . .left halfback
Edward Clery, '08.....right halfback
Thomas Creede, '08.....fullback
Substitutes—R. Roy, '09; R. Gussman, '09; H. Whitman, '08; B. Cook, '10; G. W. Wakeley, '07; Lawrence, '10; G. Whitman, '10.

East Orange.....	17	Bloomfield H. S. . .	0
East Orange.....	10	Webb Academy. . .	0
East Orange.....	28	Plainfield H. S... .	0
East Orange.....	13	Princeton Prep.. .	0
East Orange.....	39	Stevens, 1910... .	0
East Orange.....	20	Centenary C. I.. .	5
East Orange.....	0	Stevens Prep.... .	0
East Orange.....	0	Newark Academy	16
East Orange.....	31	Montclair H. S.. .	0
East Orange.....	22	Newark H. S... .	4

East Orange...180

Opponents ... 25



Girl's Basket Ball.

LIKE the fellows, the girls bravely upheld the honor of East Orange and broke even in the ten games played. We defeated Montclair twice and broke even with Newark and Miss Beard's. We were beaten twice, however, by our old rivals, Dearborn-Morgan, in two fast, close games. We gave D. M. a hard game, but their quickness and heady playing won out. Amy Ditmars, Ethel Wilson, Norma Tompkins (captain) and Agnes Roche played well all season. The team and games played follow:

Mary Gray, '07 (manager).....left guard
Norma Tompkins, '08 (captain).....right guard
Amy Ditmars, '08.....left centre
Amy Condit, '09.....right centre
Agnes Roche, P. G.....left forward
Ethel Wilson, '07.....right forward
Substitutes—Lillian Hillyer, '08; Maggie Burns, '07; Florence Morley, '07.

East Orange.....	7	Plainfield	24
East Orange.....	15	Miss Beard's....	27
East Orange.....	10	Miss Beard's....	4
East Orange.....	20	Montclair H. S..	10
East Orange.....	12	Newark H. S...	9
East Orange.....	8	Montclair H. S..	6
East Orange.....	3	Newark H. S...	23
East Orange.....	10	Dearborn-Morgan	13
East Orange.....	11	Dearborn-Morgan	18
East Orange.....	10	Mt. Vernon H. S.	5
<hr/>		<hr/>	
East Orange...	106	Opponents ...	139



Basket Ball.

AFTER playing through a schedule of fourteen hard games, East Orange broke even. Under the leadership of Captain Creede, the fellows played very well in the early season, but in the latter part, owing to injuries and scholarship difficulties, the team was weakened. Captain Creede, Decker and Johnstone were our mainstays. Shotwell also played consistently. The team and games played are as follows:

Thomas Creede, '08 (captain).....left forward
 Reginald Decker, '08 (manager)...right forward
 Tom Johnstone, '09.....centre
 De Forest Shotwell, '07.....left guard
 Stanley Watson, '07.....right guard
 Substitutes—M. Assman, '08; Whitney, '09.

East Orange..... 25	Glen Ridge H. S. 9
East Orange..... 54	Stevens, 1910... 9
East Orange..... 56	Stevens, 1909... 10
East Orange..... 24	Newark H. S... 22
East Orange..... 16	Orange H. S.... 30
East Orange..... 19	Glen Ridge H. S. 15
East Orange..... 22	Montclair H. S.. 29
East Orange..... 23	Poly. Prep..... 27
East Orange..... 42	Adelphi Academy 28
East Orange..... 10	Newark H. S... 48
East Orange..... 41	St. Paul's Choir. 23
East Orange..... 16	Montclair H. S.. 23
East Orange..... 17	Plainfield H. S... 39
East Orange..... 15	Mt. Vernon H. S. 19

East Orange...380

Opponents ...331



Base Ball.

THE season of 1907 in baseball has been one of ups and downs. At times the fellows have played "star" baseball, and then again our numerous errors have caused the loss of games. Although we did not win the league championship, we only lost after close, hard-fought games. The team contains many new fellows this year, but we have held our own under the leadership of Captain Clery. Thatcher, Gussman, Steins and Watson have done consistent work all the season. The team and games played follow:

Ernest Thatcher, '08.....pitcher
 Raymond Hunter, '10.....first base
 Stanley Watson, '07.....first base
 Halsey Steins, '07.....second base
 Nelson Whitney, '09.....short stop
 Roy Gussman, '07.....third base
 Allah Torres, '10.....left field
 Edward Clery, '08 (captain).....center field
 Charles Claes, '09.....right field
 Thomas Creede, '08.....pitcher
 Substitutes—Robert McDermott, '08; Elmer Wigg, '09.

East Orange..... 26	Poly Tech, 1910. 0
East Orange..... 2	Blair Hall..... 8
East Orange..... 2	Mt. Vernon H. S. 0
East Orange..... 7	Newark H. S.... 6

(Championship 1906.)

East Orange..... 8	Montclair H. S.. 2
East Orange..... 8	Bloomfield H. S. 2
East Orange..... 4	Newark H. S.... 10
East Orange..... 2	Stevens Prep.... 4
East Orange..... 1	Centenary C. I.. 6
East Orange..... 8	Montclair H. S.. 0
East Orange..... 1	Newark Academy 9
East Orange..... 1	Stevens Prep.... 5
East Orange..... 0	Newark H. S.... 2

East Orange... 70

Opponents ... 48



Track.

DURING the last spring East Orange has had a track team of which she may well be proud. We have entered into competition more extensively than hitherto, and have thus successfully increased our reputation. Special credit should be given to Captain Dutcher, Johnstone and Creede for their excellent work, and also to Manager Steins. The following meets were participated in by East Orange: Poly. Prep. (indoor), New York University, Columbia, Pingry, Princeton and Rutgers. As a fitting climax to this season, we won a splendid victory in the Interscholastics over our local rivals. The championship track team was composed of the following: Captain Hamilton Dutcher, '07; Lawrence Bament, '07; Charles Claeys, '09; Andrew McGowan, '10; Tom Johnstone, '09; Thomas Creede, '08; Getzoff, '10; Murray, '10.

J. AND N., '07.

The Moon.

Hark! Hark! One Knocks!

—Shakespeare

L. Jayometry Caldwell
Wins E. O. H. S.
Faculty Meet!

Miss Normile a Close Second!

TWO (2) RECORDS BROKEN !!!

Ashland Oval, East Orange, June 15th. 1907.

THE East Orange H. S. Faculty track meet was won here to-day by Mr. L. Jayometry Caldwell of that school. Miss Mary E. Normile, English Instructor, was a close second. The record in the Standing Broad Grin was broken by Miss Normile, as was that in the 100-yards dash, *Junior*, by Mr. "Pop" Bahler. Mr. Bahler did the "hundred" in 1 flat—because of a banana peel.

The contests started promptly at 3 P. L. (Post Luncheon), before a cheering crowd of 500 H. S. Students and thousands of citizens. Misses Alden and Davis, as Referees and Starters, certainly did run off the events with great speed.

The Marathon Race, from the Oval to Hoboken and return, was the best race of the day. The finish was keenly exciting, and the spectators cheered madly when R. A. Grosenbaugh (his good wind with him, as usual) tore up the path and won the race.

The Bluff Slinging contest was a pretty sight. Silas Even-tempered Lottridge had been picked to win by all chesmistry experts, but he was completely outclassed by Miss Normile. Her victory was undoubtedly due to the inspiring shouts of the IVth year English classes.

The Obstacle Race was won by Mr. Caldwell. The course for this race consisted of 50 yards of running, 2 ditches, and several kegs to jump over. Mr. Clapp was in the lead at the 25 yards mark, and would doubtless have won had he not stopped, for some unknown reason, to examine the kegs. In the meantime Mr. Caldwell had crossed the tape.

In casting the Smile Miss Anna S. Thatcher easily excelled all other contestants. Just here a terrible accident occurred. A stately Junior shouted so loudly that he killed a poor little Freshman standing nearby. This is the second time in the world's history that a man has been killed by the jawbone of an ass. On the whole, however, the affair was a great success, and all seemed pleased with their medals. A summary of the events follows:

1. 100-Yards Dash (Junior)—Won by Martin Bahler; 2, Minna B. Phelps; 3, Georgiana Stevenson. Time, 1 flat.

2. Standing Broad Grin—Won by Mary E. Normile; 2, L. Jay Caldwell; 3, G. Stevenson. Distance, 9 3-4 in.

3. Marathon Race (24 Miles)—Won by R. Arthur Grosenbaugh; 2, Charles W. Evans. Time, "285" minutes. Special medals for long wind.

4. Casting the Smile—Won by Anna S. Thatcher; 2, Byron E. Brooks. Distance, to her farthest friend.

5. Obstacle Race—Won by L. Jayometry Caldwell; 2, Warren E. Clapp. Time, 18 sec.

6. Slinging the Bluff—Won by Mary E. Normile; 2, Silas E. Lottridge. Distance, 189 ft.

The proceeds of the meet will be devoted to the establishment of a livery stable to supply the Latin classes with ponies.

J. & N., '07.

Class Song

I.

Now ,after years of careful study done,
Now, after many a battle fought and won,
 Once more we gather
 Our good class together
To High School to say farewell;
 With happy voices
 Each one rejoices
The joyful sound to swell,
 'Ray! 'Ray! 'Ray!

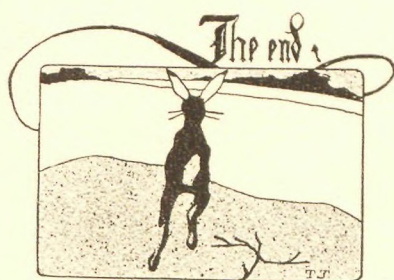
Chorus:

Hail! Nineteen Seven!
 Thy glorious name we sing!
Best of classes in the land,
 Loud thy praises ring!
In future years,
 When to Class Day we look back,
We will join in a cheer for our class—for our year—
 For our dear old Red and Black!

II.

We've set a standard which none have reached before;
We have won laurels and broken records o'er and o'er.
 Just ask the Board—
 They'll say with one accord
That '07 has made things go.
 Let's all unite
 On this farewell night
Our fealty to show.
 'Ray! 'Ray! 'Ray!

Words and music by E. S. Castle, '07.



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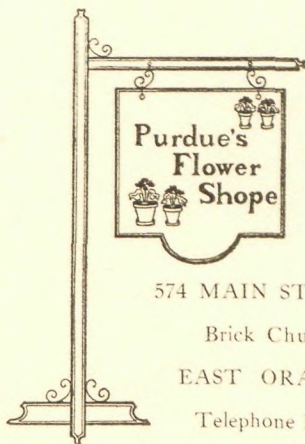
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