

HISTORY OF ROCHESTER IN VERSE

By

A L L E N

R *ik*  
r811  
A427h

CANNOT BE PHOTOCOPIED

**Rochester Public Library**  
**Reference Book**  
**Not For Circulation**

Form 1a



3 9077 03100078 2

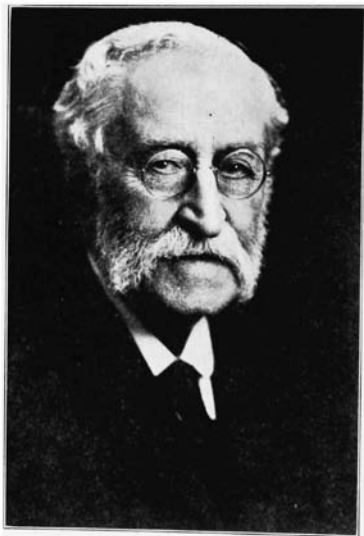
# HISTORY OF ROCHESTER IN VERSE

*with* ILLUSTRATIONS

*John Gamaliel Allen*



By JOHN G. ALLEN





TO MY FRIENDS, THE SUPERINTENDENTS, PRINCIPALS  
TEACHERS AND PUPILS OF THE PUBLIC  
SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER, THIS  
BOOK IS AFFECTIONATELY  
DEDICATED



I pledge allegiance to my flag  
and to the Republic for which  
it stands, one nation indivisible  
with liberty and justice for all.

## APPRECIATION

*TO THE PUPILS, TEACHERS, PRINCIPALS AND PAT-  
RONS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER:*

This volume is submitted to you in the hope and belief that it may prove to be a source of inspiration to all who are interested in the progress and prosperity of the schools of the City of Rochester. No feature of our municipal life can awaken in us a greater degree of satisfaction and pride than our admirable system of education, which furnishes the means for the training of our future citizens. To keep before the minds of the pupils the story of the origin and growth of our beautiful city, to make them familiar with the lives and character of its founders, is really the initial step in the cultivation of that wider patriotism which reaches its higher stages in the love of country and of humanity.

No one has shown a deeper interest in encouraging the moral uplift and patriotic spirit of the young than has our friend, Professor John G. Allen, former principal of schools Fourteen, Seventeen and the Free Academy. Not only as an active teacher in the public schools, but also as the "Patriotic Instructor" of the George H. Thomas Post. G. A. R., he has been faithfully devoted to instilling into the minds of the coming generation the lessons of true patriotism and of noble living.

I earnestly hope that this volume will be cordially welcomed by all those to whom is committed the cause of education in our Public Schools.

WILLIAM C. MOREY.

*TO ALL INTERESTED IN THE WELFARE OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER:*

Mr. John G. Allen has done me the honor to show me material which he is gathering for a volume entitled "History of Rochester in Verse." My friendship for Mr. Allen is such that, wholly apart from the merits of the material, I would be eager to examine anything to which he puts his name.

Mr. Allen is well and honorably known in Rochester. For thirty-eight years he built his life into our municipal school system. He was principal of No. 14 and No. 17 Schools among our grade schools, and for fourteen years was principal of the Rochester Free Academy. Thousands of pupils and parents hold him in continual and grateful remembrance and appreciation.

The schools of Rochester are very dear to the heart of the city. Gradually a school system has been built up which has made the name of Rochester well-known and greatly valued in educational circles. Much honor is due to the men and the women who have laid the foundation of our present school conditions.

Upon his retirement from active service in the schools, on account of advancing years, Mr. Allen did not withdraw himself from the activities of life. His persistent enthusiasm and achievement are a wonder and an inspiration to us all. Always the children of the schools are in his mind and his heart. As "Patriotic Instructor" of the George H. Thomas Post he has done his utmost to kindle and to keep burning the fires of patriotic knowledge and love in the lives of the coming generation.

Now he is giving himself to the compilation of this volume, enriched by the fruits of his own fine appreciation and poetic skill. I heartily hope that it will find wide-spread acceptance and usefulness, and I cordially commend it to the thoughtful and kindly interest of all those who realize what the schools mean to the city's life.

CLARENCE A. BARBOUP.

## FOREWORD

The aim of this book is to foster soul culture, especially the picturing power of the mind of those who use it.

Imagination is the constructive or creative faculty. It is the real ability of soul, deep, essential, spiritual. It goes to the heart of things and earnestly seeks for light and truth.

The "Fine Arts"—painting, sculpture, music, poetry, appeal to the soul. They are the concrete expression of the Beautiful. This is the realm of the Imagination. Look at a picture of Washington or of Lincoln. at once you are thrilled with vivid scenes of American history. A pupil sees a picture of N. Rochester or of Lewis H. Morgan or of Abelard Reynolds and immediately interest is aroused and questions are asked. The pictures of school houses, other than their own, are seen by pupils and comparisons are made.

Every verse of true poetry is a picture. Read your own favorite poem, "Landing of the Pilgrims," "Abou Ben Adhem" or Gray's "Elegy" and note the effect.

That this book may aid in the development of a greater love for the Beautiful and a warmer affection for our beloved City is my sincere wish.

I desire to acknowledge my indebtedness to Professor William C. Morey, Doctor Clarence A. Barbour, Colonel S. C. Pierce, Miss Helen E. Lucas, Superintendent Herbert S. Weet, Mr. Harry P. Bohrer and the Principals of the schools for encouragement, timely criticism, advice, suggestions and valuable assistance. Mr. John M. Tracy has kindly furnished a number of the pictures of the schools. Without this kindly aid, I could not have succeeded in the preparation of this book.

# CONTENTS

## HISTORY

Rochester in 1827 .....	1
Nathaniel Rochester .....	2
The Founder .....	3
Saint Luke's .....	4
Monroe County Court House .....	5
Rochester, Sonnet .....	6
Rochester, An Ode .....	7
Rochester I. The Pioneers .....	7
Rochester II. The Volunteers .....	9
Rochester III. The Voice .....	11
Rochester IV. The Wealth .....	14
Rochester V. The Park Dream .....	16
Rochester VI. L'Envoi .....	17
Jonathan Child .....	18
The First Mayor of Rochester .....	19
Abelard Reynolds, Sonnet .....	20-1
The First Postmaster .....	22
The Old Arcade, Old Corinthian Hall .....	23
Lewis H. Morgan .....	24
The Ethnic Sage .....	25
Rochester Historical Society .....	26
The Origin, The Outcome .....	27
Edward Mott Moore .....	28
Ashbel W. Riley .....	29
Gorge Of The Genesee .....	30
Legend Of The Genesee .....	31
Lower Genesee From Seneca Park .....	34
The Genesee—Ancient Annals .....	35
Flow Gently My Fair Genesee .....	39
The Lower Falls In 1838 .....	40
Old Main Street .....	41
Summerville .....	45

## HIGHER EDUCATION IN ROCHESTER

Rochester Theological Seminary .....	48
Religion First .....	49
Augustus Hopkins Strong .....	50
An Eminent Divine .....	51

Clarence A. Barbour .....	52
A Fruitful Personality .....	53
The University Of Rochester .....	54
Sonnet .....	55
M. B. Anderson .....	56
The College Builder .....	57
C. Dewey .....	58
The Beloved Teacher .....	59
Willam C. Morey .....	60
A Public Benefactor .....	61
General Isaac F. Quinby .....	62
A Brave American .....	63
Henry A. Ward .....	64
The Naturalist—The Museum Builder .....	65
Joseph H. Gilmore—Samuel A. Lattimore .....	66
Ashel C. Kendrick—The Future .....	67
The Eastman Theatre And School Of Music .....	68
A Rochester Philanthropist .....	69
Captain Henry Lomb .....	70
Mechanics Institute .....	71

#### PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ROCHESTER

The Scope Of The Rochester School System .....	73
The Vital Question .....	74
Rochester Free Academy—Nehemiah H. Benedict .....	75
The Superintendents—The High Schools .....	76
A Brother Man—Brotherhood .....	77
Superintendent Herbert S. Weet .....	78
A Leader .....	79
The Ideal Teacher—The Enquiring Pupil .....	80
American Schools .....	81
City Normal School .....	82
East High School .....	83
West High School .....	84
Charlotte High and Grammar Schools .....	85
Washington Junior High School .....	86
Jefferson Junior High School .....	87
Madison Junior High School .....	88
Monroe Junior High School .....	89
Kodak High and Primary School No. 41 .....	90

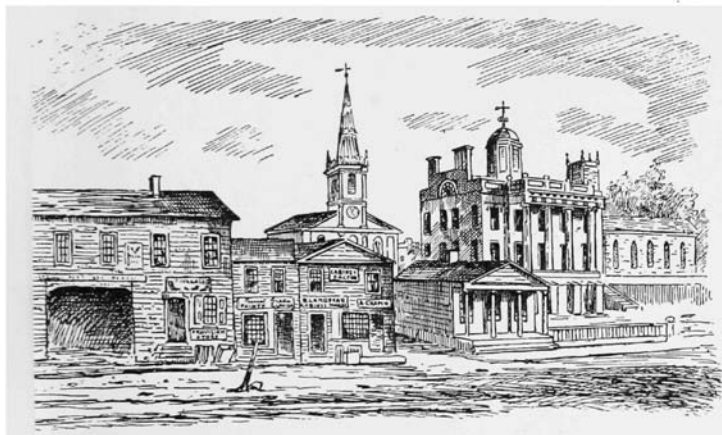


The Junior High Schools of Rochester—Why? .....	91
Rochester Shop School .....	92
Boys Prevocational School .....	93
Two Sonnets .....	94
Martin B. Anderson School No. 1 .....	95
Nathaniel Rochester School No. 3 .....	96
Forty Years—Fond Memories .....	97
In Memoriam .....	98
Genesee Grammar School No. 4 .....	99
Graduation Song, Contributed—Sonnet .....	100
Central School No. 5 .....	101
Franklin School No. 6 .....	102
Lake View School No. 7 .....	103
Carthage School No. 8 .....	104
Andrews School No. 9 .....	105
Eugene Field School No. 10 .....	106
A True American—A Pension Pioneer .....	107
Samuel A. Iattimore School No. 11 .....	108
Wadsworth School No. 12 .....	109
Horace Mann School No. 13 .....	110
Rochester School Song by Roy Hugh Outerson .....	111
Riley Grammar School No. 14 .....	112
Monroe School No. 15—Memories .....	113
John Walton Spencer School No. 16 .....	114
Whitney School No. 17—New Years Greetings .....	115
In Memoriam .....	117
Friendship .....	119
Concord School No. 18 .....	120
Highest Art—In Memoriam .....	121
Seward School No. 19 .....	122
Captain Henry Lomb School No. 20 .....	123
Jonathan Child School No. 21 .....	124
Lincoln School No. 22 .....	125
Francis Parker School No. 23 .....	126
Ellwanger and Barry School No. 24 .....	127
Nathaniel Hawthorn School No. 25 .....	128
Number Twenty-Six School .....	129
On The Job—To S. P. Moulthrop .....	130
Susan B. Anthony School No. 27 .....	131

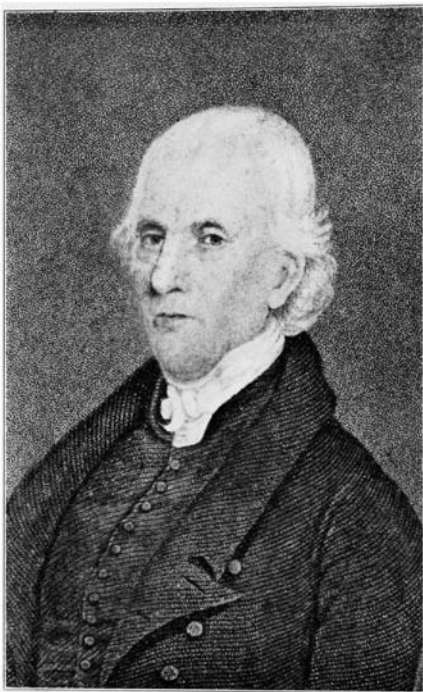
Hendrick Hudson School No. 28 .....	132
James Whitcomb Riley School No. 29 .....	133
General Elwell S. Otis School No. 30 .....	134
A Major General—In Memoriam .....	135
Alexander Hamilton School No. 31 .....	136
Plymouth School No. 32 .....	137
Audubon School No. 33 .....	138
Lexington School No. 34 .....	139
Pinnacle School No. 35 .....	140
Longfellow School No. 36 .....	141
Lewis Henry Morgan School No. 37 .....	142
Andrew J. Townson School No. 39 .....	143
John Warrant Castleman School No. 40 .....	144
Abelard Reynolds School No. 42 .....	145
Theodore Roosevelt School No. 43 .....	146
Twenty-Sixth President .....	147
Lincoln Park School No. 44 .....	148
Edward Mott Moore School—Open Air .....	149
Iola Sanitarium .....	150
Hillside Home For Children .....	151
The Irreparable Past .....	153
Every Minute .....	154
I Can And I Will .....	155
My Philosophy .....	156
The Musical Old Thirteen—Popular Names .....	157
Popular Names Of Other States .....	158
The Outcome—Pledge Of Allegiance .....	159
On The Way To Fame .....	160

HISTORY  
IN  
VERSE





ROCHESTER IN 1827, SHOWING FIRST COURT HOUSE



N. ROCHESTER

## NATHANIEL ROCHESTER

### THE FOUNDER

To tell the story of this Pioneer  
    Within a sonnet's verse—encircling band,  
    Would scale the acme of fair Fame's demand.  
He had the virile strength, the vision clear;  
He saw this trail—marked valley, wild, austere,  
    Reclaimed the "Indian Allan" tract of land,  
    And lo, the "Flower City" now doth stand!  
So wrought the man—NATHANIEL ROCHESTER.

There have been worthy men whose works remain  
    To bless posterity—exalted roll  
    Of names aspiring e'en to reach the goal  
Philanthropy hath set! While deeds ordain  
The growth of cities, we shall look in vain  
    For greater magnanimity of soul.

(See page 82)



## SAINT LUKE'S

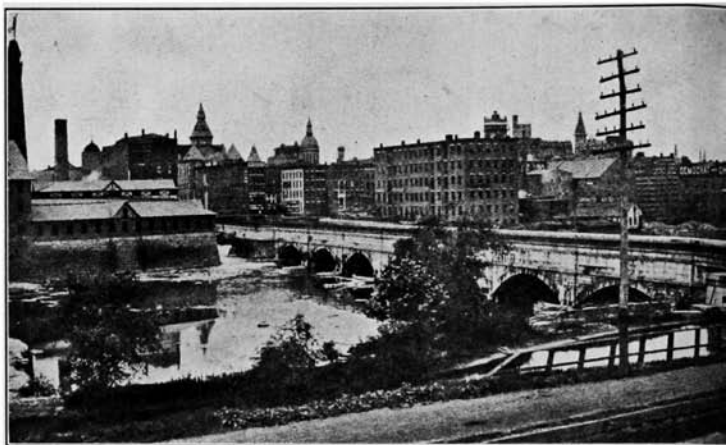
ORGANIZED JULY 14, 1817

O Church of God! gray landmark of the years!  
For generations hast thou stood  
The Temple of the True where Light appears—  
The sponsor for the Beautiful, the Good.  
Within the sound of thy clear faithful bell  
The Firsts, the Friends, the Bethel, and the Brick  
Thy sister Churches sought the truth to tell.  
Benevolent and strong, thou hast been quick  
To aid the weak. Thy holy hands have laid  
Foundations for the City's moral weal.  
'Twas at thine altar-rail the founder prayed,  
Long hast thou wrought in the eternal Real—  
Blest mother of Saint Paul's and Trinity—  
Companionship in Christ's divinity.





MONROE COUNTY COURT HOUSE



## ROCHESTER

### SONNET

Could I a beauty-sketching pencil wield  
With all the witchery and magic skill  
Of Gilbert's\* fingers I'd a picture fill  
With beauties of fair Rochester. What field  
Of art could purer fascination yield?  
I'd paint the "Flower City" growing still  
From early germ near "Indian Allan's mill."  
The plant was set by men whose faith revealed  
The trend of civic progress to their view.  
They had persistent strength to work and wait;  
The nurtured well, aye, better than they knew:—  
A wildwood region by auspicious fate  
From "Flour" to "Flower" and then to "Kodak" grew—  
The pride and glory of the Empire State.

\*For many years an eminent Rochester Artist.

The above sonnet is affectionately inscribed to Miss Helen E. Lucas, a life-long friend, who has been, for many years, the Director of Art Education in the Public Schools of Rochester.

Rochester, December 1915

# ROCHESTER

## AN ODE

### I

#### THE PIONEERS

A youth among her sisters of the earth,  
Unique in beauty, enterprise and worth,

And debonair,  
She stands a busy mart—  
A City on the Genesee—  
A child of culture, art,  
Of civic pride and industry.

And she was born of sturdy stock  
Beneath a bright auspicious star,  
Within the cycle of a hundred years,—  
Brought forth by worthy pioneers,  
In beauteous vale with verdant hills outspread afar,  
And deep-cut gorge of castled rock  
Amid the sounds of battle shock  
And mutterings of war.

Heroic, moral-fibered men, the builders came  
From far and near;  
They knew no fear  
Nor dreamed they then of fame  
Or proud career;

Sagacious, strong, condemning praise not blame;  
Men of sincere urbanity, refined humanity,  
And broad philanthropy.

Sustained by faith and hope and common sense,  
They struggled, planted—not with vain pretense  
The site reclaimed, bequeathed the name,  
Nor looked they then for present, paltry recompense,  
But saw as with prophetic eye  
The mighty cities of the past sweep by  
And builded for futurity.

The City sires were moved by destiny  
To crown the valley of the Genesee  
And foster life, growth, opportunity.  
Here once had been the woodland wild;  
Here roamed the untamed Indian, child  
Of Nature with his tomahawk and bow  
And council-fires, war-dance, and gaudy show,  
And fear of the Great Spirit—Manito.  
They saw the panorama of the passing woods,  
The Savage shunning civil neighborhoods,  
His hunting-grounds no more, his race was run  
The White-Man's hour had come and civil life begun.

The Founders saw the value of the Genesee  
To urban destiny;  
The advent of the fertile fields,  
The golden grain in bounteous yields,  
In garden valley 'twixt the verdant hills,  
The river flecked with "Flower-City" mills,  
The happy homes with blooming health  
The schools producing wisdom wealth;  
And hence the City grew to be,  
By faith, foresight and industry,  
The jewel of the Genesee.

The Founders loved their City and they wrought for her;  
Impelled by hope, they planned and thought for her,  
Led by the genius of N. Rochester  
What have they wrought—  
Those worthy sires!  
What have they taught  
By soul-fed fires  
Whate'er they wrought was not of low degree;  
They left a noble legacy  
Of honor, truth, integrity:  
Whate'er they taught was very gold refined—  
A simple living and an open mind.

## DEFENDERS OF THE NATION

### II.

#### THE VOLUNTEERS

In course of time there came a bloody strife,  
And every town and hamlet heard the call  
Of Abraham: "Let not the Union fall."  
Ah, then was heard the cannon, drum and fife!  
Grim-visaged war with kindred to the knife,  
O'er all the South-land spread her grewsome Pall;  
And many a wife and mother gave her all,  
Full many a Volunteer gave up his life.

And what of Rochester? Ye know full well  
How many of her sons went forth to fight,  
'Twas carnage dire for Freedom and for Right!  
How well they struggled and how nobly fell  
In forefront of the conflict, and how bright  
Their honor shone, how valiant! their graves will tell.

#### THE OUTCOME

The Nation lives, Union survives;  
To have it so men gave their lives  
So, while men fight for righteousness  
And give their lives their kind to bless;  
While o'er their ashes freemen weep  
And heartfelt gratitude still keep;  
So long shall nations' lives endure;  
So long shall cities be secure;  
So long shall be revered the heroes' names  
And ever be embalmed their righteous claims  
In monumental memory:  
And while their honored dust shall sleep,  
A sacred soil shall give them sepulture  
Hard by the river Genesee.

'T is well to build memorial monument  
And dedicate it to the brave  
In fair "Mount Hope," that consecrated ground.  
Forsooth it shows a good intent—  
Perhaps 't will be more eloquent  
Than marble slab and narrow grave.  
It will, if it but emphasize  
With voice profound,  
Behold! behold the sacrifices!

'T is well to build another too  
In "Holy Sepulcher," so fair to view,  
Where Memory will drop the silent tear,  
And cherished loved ones grow more truly dear,  
And saintly bishops bless from year to year  
Each soldier-hallowed mound.

Our sacrificing soldiers were not few.  
God's acres spread beneath the sun  
And sacred soil is not confined to one.

These Two  
Will speak with no uncertain sound  
If, standing high,  
O'erlooking all the region round,  
Each prove a silent teacher on its hallowed ground,  
And catch the roving eye  
Of pilgrims passing by,  
And touch the loving heart  
Of fathers in this mighty mart,  
Who well have understood  
The deeper teaching and the greater good.  
All honor to our Pioneers!  
They loved their city and they wrought for her;  
They founded deep and well.  
All honor to our Volunteers!  
They loved their city and they fought for her;  
They learned to know that "War is hell."

Now while the River Genesee  
Flows in serene tranquillity,  
Let story pass from sire to son  
Of what brave men have nobly done  
To build and save their city free,  
Unspoiled by gross prosperity,—  
No finer city has the sun shone on!  
Tho granite and tho bronze decay  
And thriving cities have their day  
And cease to be:  
Yet shall the future fathers well discern  
And help their sons to learn  
That self-denying deeds are for eternity.

III.  
THE VOICE

List ! list ! rejoice ! rejoice !  
The City hath a voice—  
A voice of memory and cheer  
And hope for future Rochester,—  
A gladsome voice—  
A voice to cheer posterity  
With promise of prosperity  
In melody sublime.  
Forthcoming citizens it greets,  
And strangers by the way.  
Hear ! hear its accents mild-to-day !  
'T will echo on thru cycling time ;  
'T is heard on every breeze  
Thru all the ranks of trees  
In City streets,  
Alluring souls to heights they dare to climb.  
Thou silver tongue of eloquence divine,  
Teach us profound philosophy ;  
Bring as the sage brings  
Wisdom from history,  
Wit from the wells of mystery,  
Lore from Pierian springs ;  
Speak, Shade of the City's past, our ears are thine

What doth it say to boys and girls to-day—  
Citizens prospective?  
It tells of tests of hardihood  
In stern beginnings;  
It tells what men of strength have stood,  
Ere came the winnings;  
Of high vocations some elective,  
And how the best to find.  
List to the voice, my boy:—  
*Noblesse oblige, while we are here;*  
Think, love, and serve, and never fear:  
Love books, love life, and love thy brother man,—  
Read truth to learn and to obey—  
Books give the wisdom of the past,  
Companionship of masters.  
Love Mother Nature kind:  
Her books are friends that last  
Forever and a day:  
Learn to search, to sift, to scan  
From Nature learn to be a man;  
Distill the nectar from her sweets,  
And revel in her pastures.  
And so it greets  
With Wisdom's lay  
The citizens that are to be,  
Conferring fostering care and liberty.



What doth it say to them from far away?  
It sings of sacred spire and high uplifted dome,  
The school, the press, the bar, the bench, the home—  
    Strong bulwarks of the Nation!  
It sings the songs of thrift  
    Of Fortune's favors coming swift  
To clanking hammers and to whirling wheels—  
Virile the force strong manhood feels  
    Bequeathed by honest occupation!  
It gives a kindly salutation  
To the stranger from a foreign land;  
    It greets him with a gracious smile,  
Extends to him the welcome hand  
    And bids him bide awhile:  
Rochester stands for a city of homes  
    And whosoever comes  
Builds and nevermore roams.

IV.

THE WEALTH

The riches of our Rochester, I ween  
Are citizens of worth and worthy view,  
With steadfast souls—the men that can be true  
    To City weal,—clean,  
Free from the fever-fret of sordid moil,  
    And mad desire for gain ;  
Free from all degrading spoil  
A superficial vision may bemean  
    With trifles vain.  
Justice, progress, public spirit—  
    Forces moving men of merit—  
Efficient men who dignify their toil  
    With neighbor-love, ingenuous  
        The tone ;  
And, for the good of others, strenuous,—  
“For no man liveth to himself alone.”  
    That is God-given labor  
    That blesteth more than one ;  
'Tis like the service of the vivifying sun ;  
It stimulates to duty till the deed is done ;  
The door in-swings to the poorest neighbor ;  
    It makes a man an elemental part  
        Of the City's growing life ;  
    It shows the Master-Soul ;  
It nerves one for a nobler strife,  
Gives every man a braver heart,  
    And unifies the whole.

What blessings rare  
Come to our City fair  
That gems the valley of the Genesee—  
The silver-winding Genesee?  
Kind Nature's bounties plenteous and to spare  
All freely given  
And even:—  
Fine flowers and many an ornamental tree,  
Water down the river and the rills,  
Salubrious air from heaven,  
The beauties for appreciating sight  
The all-adorning, beautifying light,  
The iris-playing colors in the rain,  
All forming links in health-encircling chain.  
Such blessings bright, God only can confer  
On high and low alike in Rochester.

And so we pray with fervor as we may  
For growing weal of our fair City day by day.  
To see her welfare in the aggregate,  
Each unit of her lowly great  
Must feel the thrill of being free  
As does the bird on yonder tree  
To know the trend of destiny.  
We covet for our Rochester  
To every citizen his earning share—  
What he produces by industry and care  
As recompense for having striven—  
Reward however high or low his station  
If he's impelled by worthy emulation  
And acquires by his toil, not given  
Commensurate to what is just and fair.

V.

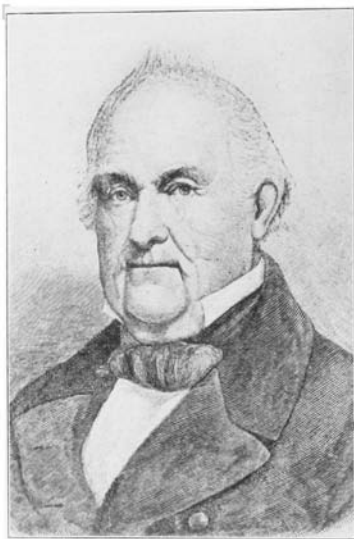
THE PARK DREAM

Up from the Northland—blue Ontario—  
Comes Eastman with Durand combined,  
Where pleasure-seekers go  
O'er drives that charm a beauty-loving mind,  
And fain would married be,  
In closest bonds of brotherhood,  
To Seneca and Genesee,  
To Highland and to Maplewood.  
And so we see  
On both sides of the river  
Threading thru the City and forever  
All parks in union tied;  
And they shall be  
A broadening band of pleasure and of pride.  
The river glasses in tranquillity  
The shadowing clouds in heaven's canopy  
And 'en as much of beauty as the roving eye  
Can take.  
On and on without a break,  
The waters speed in sparkling purity;  
And passing by  
The "Hundred-Acre-Tract,"  
The river with its mellow minstrelsy,  
Its rippling rapids and its "singing cataract,"  
Shall like a silver ribbon tie  
"Glen Iris" to the lake;  
And so the winding-watered vale shall make  
The finest park beneath the sky—  
A setting suitable for any gem  
Commensurate with the beauty of its city diadem.

VI.

L' ENVOI

The youth is passing from the gristle to the bone—  
What is thy destiny?  
Recurring forms are in all Nature rife,  
Change and renewal seem the law of life  
To all eternity,  
Each to its own;  
From egg to larva, chrysalis to butterfly—  
The forms may change but life remains to multiply.  
The seed, the sapling, then the century-living tree  
And then—What voice is in thy branches heard?  
The nest, the fledgling, then the soaring eagle free  
And then—What spirit holds thee, brooding bird?  
The mystery of flight cannot be known,  
Nor that of City growth can e'er be shown.  
The mill, the village, then the mighty mart  
And art thou, City, close to Nature's heart?  
We look for fruit in thy maturity  
And hence, we cherish fond expectancy  
The grade is upward and the goal is grand;  
From egg to destiny the bird hath flown;  
From seed to flower and fruit the plant hath grown:  
The Founders saw thy tender shoot;  
Thy course is by a kind Omniscience planned  
Thy days are in His hand;—  
Life is the mysterious attribute—  
Who can understand?



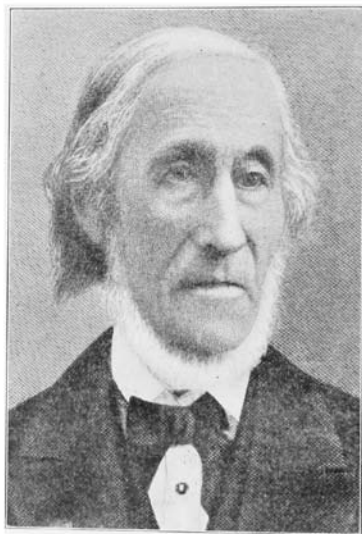
JONATHN CHILD

## JONATHAN CHILD

### THE FIRST MAYOR OF ROCHESTER

In halls of fame not all the truly great  
Are found, for some in lowly walks of life  
Have carved their way with Wisdom's  
    keen-edged knife  
To goodly ranks of service and estate.  
The barriers of ignorance and hate,  
    The conquest over difficulties rife,  
    Incentives were to many a noble strife;  
They had the knack of knowing how to wait  
With courage, arms and honor undefiled.  
    Our Rochester can boast from early day  
    Of many such that held the ruling sway;  
And high among his fellows, firm yet mild  
A warrior battling wrong without dismay  
    Stood our first honored Mayor Jonathan Child.

(See page 108)



ABELARD REYNOLDS



ABELARD REYNOLDS

He settled here when Rochester was new ;  
To live in lowly cot, he was content ;  
He made the best of life by native bent ;  
He seemed to have a noble life in view ;  
He wrought with his compeers—the city grew,  
And what he did still stands his monument.  
In doing public good his life was spent :  
To high ideals he was always true  
This Builder's life should fix within the mind  
Of men how good it is to emulate  
His practical purposes. Fortunate  
Will be our city then and those inclined  
To betterment, will happiness create,  
Resulting in good people more refined.

### THE FIRST POSTMASTER

A man of sterling worth and sturdy frame,  
A clever builder, to Chen-ve-se-co\*  
From Pittsfield came a hundred years ago.  
He would this region from the wild reclaim,—  
To build a city was his noble aim;  
And while from Rochester to Buffalo  
Or elsewhere, mails are moving to and fro,  
His name shall feed fond Memory's sacred flame.  
What—e'er the fate of Rochester may be,—  
It is the fairest town in Old York State;  
It has the elements of being great;  
It grows majestic like some lofty tree;  
And Abelard was one that helped create  
The beauteous City on the Genesee.

\*One of the early Indian names of the Genesee Valley.

### THE OLD ARCADE\*

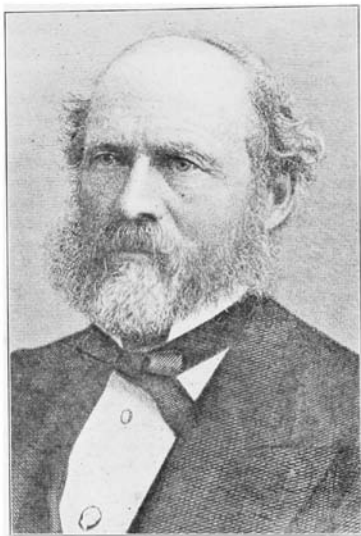
Forget me not, 'Tis true I'm growing old;  
For nigh a hundred years your Old Arcade  
Hath been the center of the City's trade  
On primal street—Old Main. It hath been told  
That I was built by Reynolds—builder bold.  
I was the first to render postal aid;  
Since early days I've seen beginnings made,  
And stood to see the City fair unfold.  
  
And still I stand for service on Old Main;  
My crystal roof transmits the azure light;  
Thru me the people pass a living chain—  
The rich, the poor, the stupid and the bright—  
In anxious quest: some are the slaves of gain,  
Of wrong; and others get the gold of right.

\*Built by Abelard Reynolds in 1828.

### OLD CORINTHIAN HALL\*

I well remember Old Corinthian Hall  
Where Reynolds with a royal spirit wrought  
And men of genius, wit, and wisdom taught.  
Oft have I seen it filled from wall to wall  
With folk enrapt, as by a clarion call,  
Some sane reformer, zealous, fearless, fraught  
With world-wide learning and with heaven-  
born thought,  
Would free mankind from some ill-omened thrall.  
  
Oft have I listened to the dulcet voice  
Of Jenny Lind or other singer rare,  
And often sat entranced by music choice.  
Produced by some reformer debonair—  
Hail, dear old Hall! Methinks I may rejoice  
That erst I breathed thy culture-laden air.

\*Built by William A. Reynolds, son of Abelard in 1849.



LEWIS H. MORGAN

LEWIS HENRY MORGAN

THE ETHNIC SAGE

There was, in days when Rochester was young,  
A man whose every heart-beat was a flame  
Of love for men. He knew the Indian's claim  
To justice: seeking lore, he dwelt among  
The Iroquois; His ethnic store seemed flung  
From out the deeps. Full well he knew by name  
Each tribe, each sachem brave with sinewy frame.  
And e'en the subtleties of thought and tongue.  
To serve, he sailed the seas beyond the bars;  
He reached the acme of Love's service-height;  
He gave the world a pattern finely dight;  
The honors of his world-wide fame he wears  
With modest mien etern in wisdom's light—  
Such wisdom is the earth-glow of the stars.

(See page 125)



## I. THE ORIGIN—1861

LEWIS HENRY MORGAN—THE SEER

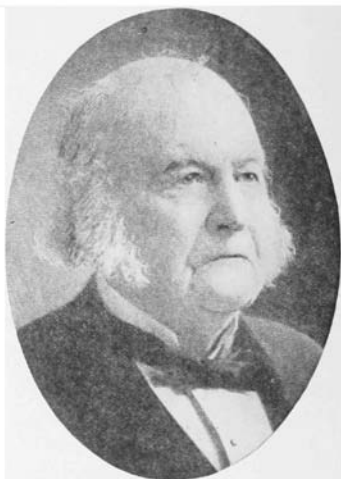
To paint this man's career in lyric line  
Needs better pen than mine:  
He had the vision clear  
To see a good thing for our City here;  
He started well, as it doth now appear—  
'Twas his foresight to see—  
The Rochester Historical Society.

The citizens, who take a worthy pride  
In what will hence abide,  
Join the Society.  
'Tis beneficial in a high degree;  
It fosters education full and free—  
Writes urban history—  
The Rochester Historical Society.

## II. THE OUTCOME

To love our City with deep reverence  
Is well, and that affection will avail  
Best by dissemination in detail.  
The annals of its growth and consequence  
Taught in the schools with skill and diligence  
Will cherish City pride; love will prevail;  
Men will esteem it at the highest scale,  
And citizens promote its excellence.

Our live Historical Society  
Records the chronicles of Rochester:  
When Lewis Henry Morgan did aver  
The need of bringing in each votary  
Who loved the City with sincerity,  
He proved himself a true philosopher.



EDWARD MOTT MOORE

THE HEALER AND PARK BUILDER

Whence came the City on the Genesee?

Its homes, its health, its parks, its streets of trees?

Who pushed its progress fair? One seldom sees  
A folk more favored by the gods. To me  
It seems a growth from true philanthropy.

While Art with Nature vies and parks so please;

While men shall love their kind and hate disease,  
Such cities thrive to bless humanity.

One name endures and so should many a score;

It may not grace a niche in hall of fame,

No noted abbey e'er embalm his name,

No poet sing his praises o'er and o'er;

But while men serve regardless of their claim,  
So long shall be enshrined the name of MOORE.

(See page 131)





A. W. RILEY

THE CIVIC SOLDIER

When I survey the figures of the past—  
The makers of our City,—pioneers—  
I see a noble man my soul reveres,  
A civic soldier of heroic cast:  
And he could fight when cholera filled the blast,  
Assail the demon Drink, disdaining fears,  
Wield valiant sword, or dry a widow's tears—  
A messenger of mercy to the last.

'Tis oft observed that public men of might  
Appear, upraised by God to suit the time,  
Stanch friends of purity, the foes of crime;  
Our Ashbel fought with sword and scutcheon bright;  
He wrought a work for man almost sublime,  
Aspiring ever to the greater height.

(See page 112)



On the banks of a beautiful river,  
Is a city of parks and of flowers ;  
The gem o' the Genesee valley,  
In a setting of emerald bowers.

## A LEGEND OF THE GENESEE

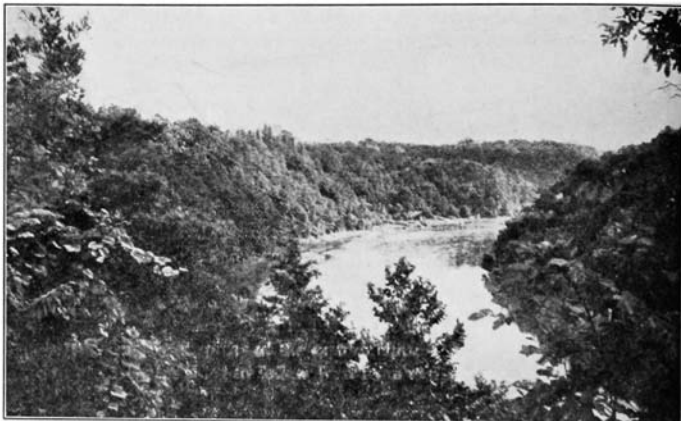
One summer day—'t was many years ago—  
In light canoe from blue Ontario,  
A Pale-face stemmed the Gaskosago's tide  
To an Indian camp on the river side.  
A Prince was Jean, who for a daring deed  
Against the state, was by the King decreed  
An outlawed exile, banished far to roam  
Across the sea from sunny France his home.  
His noble nature, beaming in his eye,  
His royal bearing, showing birth was high,  
Soon won the Senecas to kindly mood—  
Aye, homage from those dwellers of the wood.  
Weird had been his wanderings in western wild;  
Oft fickle Fate had frowned, at times had smiled,—  
At last a haven by the Genesee—  
So strange are all the ways of destiny!  
The camp was on the "Hundred-Acre-Tract,"  
Hard by the ever-singing cataract,  
Where iridescence overhangs the shime  
Of rhythmic beatings on the shores of time.

The White Chief felt the beauties of the vale ;  
Enrapt, he soon forgot his face was pale ;  
He tarried long anear the singing water,  
Companioned by the Indian Chieftain's daughter.  
'T was his to fascinate, 't was hers to charm—  
Souls quickly knit when sympathy burns warm.—  
There's something in the human heart that finds  
Affinity of soul in kindred minds.  
The beauteous Indian maiden listened well  
To tales of strange adventure, heard him tell  
Of kings and courts and noblemen by name,  
And many a valiant knight of fairer fame ;  
But never word of woe or vain complaint  
She heard. Their life was joy without restraint.  
And so the years went happily apace,  
For Love knows naught of noble blood or race.

In course of time there dawned a darksome day ;—  
The Medicine Men had failed to drive away  
The evil spirits of the eastern clime  
That seemed to follow Jean from early prime.

A strange canoe came filled with faces pale,—  
His father's friends had found the beauteous vale.  
They came—'t was by the dying King's decree;  
They came enrobed in smooth hypocrisy;  
They came to win him back to princely state;  
But in the wildwood was his heart; his fate  
Had linked him here; no thought of eastern fame  
Could lure him hence; no direful threat reclaim;  
And all unmindful of the King's decree,  
His soul espoused for aye the Genesee.  
They fain would tear him from his Indian wife;  
But Jean was true,—he counted not his life;  
The cliff rose high above the singing water;  
And there for higher nuptials then he brought her.  
As royal eagles take undaunted flight,  
Two royal souls, from that majestic height,  
Were heavenward borne, disdaining all below,  
Translated to the lodge of Manito.

Still seen from bank to bank above the stream,  
The bow of hope with its transcendent gleam  
Tells nature-lovers tales of love supreme—  
Tells of the trystings where the river sings,  
Where Love was stronger than decrees of kings.



On mountain slope, in valley fair,  
Or on the wide-extended plain,  
What York State region can compare  
With this is Beauty's vast domain?

## THE GENESEE

### ANCIENT ANNALS

Thou hast a wondrous story all thine own—  
\*“Ga-hun-da”—sparkling page of Nature’s history—  
A story of the ages writ in stone,  
And veiled in vague primeval mystery.

The record of the rocks and hills report  
O’er rising land a vast receding sea,  
That, like a thing of life in furtive sport,  
To river turns in singularity.

No tiny, babbling brook from hillside green,  
To flowing river grew our Genesee;  
But formed full force to burst all bars between  
A southern source and boreal destiny.

Thus onward flowing to the grand old lake,  
The wearing waters of the Genesee,  
Swift, swirling, dashing, every barrier break,  
In Nature’s wildest chords of melody.

The Pinnacle Hills, enchained with old Mount Hope,  
Was barrier rent as if by Titan hands;  
The river, rushing o’er the downward slope,  
Pursues its course to lave more northern strands.

The ancient lake of fair, majestic mien,  
Recedes, prolongs the river Genesee;  
From “Old Ridge Road,” its erstwhile shore, are seen  
Broad fertile fields of farming industry.

Before erosion's cut in times remote,  
    \*Ga-hun-da," minstrel of "Gen-nis-he-yo,"  
Poured forth its floods to fair "Ty-ron-de-qout"  
    A beauteous bay of blue Ontario.

No busy hum of modern mart of men  
    Was heard above the river's rhythmic lay;  
No puffing, screaming engine startled then  
    The teeming tribes of forest, field and bay.

O'er many a wide-spread marsh and sedgy fen,  
    The winding singing river Genesee,  
Thru echoing, rock-hewn gorge and quiet glen,  
    Meandered in its pristine purity.

\*Early Indian names—Gen-nis-he-yo Ga-hun-da=Genesee river;  
Ga-hun-da=river; \*Gen-nis-he-yo=beautiful valley; \*Ty-ron-de-qout=early name of the bay.

Time's onward march makes many a mighty change;  
    Another egress our fair flood must know:  
A trend from bay to lake—a story strange—  
    Ty-ron-de-quot to blue Ontario!

The falls, the rapids, dulcet thru the ages,  
    The valley of the lower Genesee,  
The rock-hewn channel, pre-historic pages,  
    Tell tales of Nature's mutability.

Rochester: 1899



## DARK INTERVAL

Time sounds a note of sadness in thy song,  
Thou patient, serving river Genesee:  
Is it because the City, and for long,  
Hath robbed thee of thine ancient purity?

'Tt is very true, and 't is a cause for shame!  
How long! how long! O River must it be  
That hope shall be deferred and death shall claim  
The waters of our lower Genesee?

No Naiad hath watched over thee for years,  
To shield thee from some horrid gnome or blight;  
No trysting charm, no minstrel's song that cheers  
To life, the chord of health-dispelling night.

Can beauty bide where turbid waters flow?  
O Purity, chaste goddess! wouldst thou fain  
Speed, speed the time when loathsome rule shalt go  
And leave thee dominant once more to reign!

The Fates have been unkind to thee I ween,—  
Thou bearer of impurities so long;  
But thou hast borne with patience, calm, serene,  
The seeming necessary rule of wrong.

Hope lives" Fair Science wields a magic rod;  
The people love their beauteous Genesee:  
Some mighty worker, in the hands of God,  
Will work the will of wise philanthropy

## REDEEMED

To rid the rock-bed so that every flood  
Shall harmless glide adown the lower stream;  
To expel the gruesome for the general good,  
Completes the twofold change that erst was dream.

This wished-for change will work the people's weal;  
All Rochester doth welcome this glad day!  
Ga-hun-da gets its own—a clean ideal—  
The now redeemed joy-giving waterway!

Sing on Old Minstrel, gone thy darksome hour;  
The dawn predicts a bright futurity;  
Old Time, the wizard with his mystic power,  
Doth e'en restore thy primal purity.

Now once again the finny tribes shall teem  
In all thy waters blithe from shore to shore;  
Gay youths will sport adown the limpid stream  
To music set to fishing-rod and oar.

Sing on my River, gentel Genesee.  
The City's friend so beautiful and pure!  
Fair Rochester hath long been blest by thee,  
And thou shalt e'er thru cycling time endure.

Rochester, May 5, 1917



## FLOW GENTLY MY FAIR GENESEE

AIR—"BRING GARLANDS"

O give me the joys of my boyhood days boating,  
As free as a bird in the heaven's pure blue,  
In boyish abandon a dreaming and floating  
Adown the old stream in my roving canoe.

*Chorus*

Gently, flow gently, my fair Genesee,  
Adown from the southland thru forest and lea,  
And over the waterfalls laughingly roll,  
Thou beautiful river the joy of my soul.

How oft in the moonlight thy soft music falling  
Serene on the listening ear of the night,  
Seemed mystical notes to Elysium calling,  
Entrancing my soul with the purest delight.

*Chorus*

Ah! pensive the song of the musical river,  
Afar down the valley between the rock walls;  
The melody dulcet in memory ever,  
Keeps fresh the old love for the Genesee Falls.

*Chorus*

O The friendships I formed on the Genesee River  
O'er waters as pure as fair Cynthia's gleam,  
In those halcyon days, I'll remember forever  
The jolly old times on that beautiful stream.

*Chorus*

Dispensing thy boons like a bountiful giver  
To village and city so lavish and free,  
From garden-clad valley—no notable river  
Was ever so fair as my fair Genesee.

*Chorus*



The Lower Falls of the Genesee, 1838

GASKOSAGO\*

Cas-con-cha-gon,\* thou vale of Genesee,  
Where erst the well-worn Indian trails were seen,  
And now elysian Beauty reigns serene,  
Words cannot tell the love I bear for thee—  
Thou cradle of my boyhood's liberty.  
The rocks by Titans piled, the gorge between,  
The falls, the rapids, and the meadows green  
Are graphic pages of thy history.

Teach me serenity and grace to wait—  
Old Time's upheavals aspirations smite;  
The cherished plans and purposes are blight;  
Kind Nature never fails to compensate—  
To look beyond as by an inner light,  
I'll bide the time; soul beauty doth create.

\*Early Indian names of the Genesee Valley.

## OLD MAIN STREET

I stand anear the "Old Arcade,"  
Where oft I've stood when but a boy;  
The teeming thorofare of trade  
Recalis those days and nights of joy.

Yes. oft alone on Old Main Street,  
Amid the ever-shifting crowd,  
I've heard the tread of many feet,  
The self-same noises low and loud.

Alarm bells ring, fire laddies fly;  
Gay autos add to stress and strain;  
The trolleys clang; the newsboys cry;  
The din of traffic seems to reign.

In early years of dismal nights  
The spectral lamps revealed the gloom;  
Now myriad, mystic, glowing lights,  
And fulgent towers, the heavens illume.

Oft have I seen on Saturn's night  
The 'customed walk of young and old  
In fellowship, or fond delight  
Of jokes and jocund tales retold.

Year in, year out; or day, or night,  
Thou art the same old thorofare;  
Thou are a panorama bright  
With moving figures everywhere.

Past business blocks on either side,  
O'er hidden river Genesee,  
The tramping, hurrying human tide  
Go on thru thee to destiny.

How fast the figures come and go!  
The men and women, girls and boys  
With face of care, of pain, of woe,  
Of thoughtless smiles, of sincere joys.

And whither go? Why such unrest?  
Hath each a home with love in store?  
Is Affluence the 'biding guest?  
Doth Penury ope th' unwelcome door?

It is a thought-inspiring sight  
To see the people passing by;  
And could I read each face aright,  
I'd know the whither and the why.

The human face in calm repose,  
What—e'er the station or degree,  
Will traits of character disclose  
And tell the tale of what's to be.

The carking cares of many a day  
Are written on that pallid face;  
They tell, perhaps, of the law's delay,  
Or blighted hopes in Life's rough race.

There goes a man of kindly mien—  
I'd hold him one among my friends;  
Such folk attract as soon as seen;  
Their naive friendship never ends.

A maiden passes, guileless, fair;  
Her heart is on that lovely lip;  
The angels in the ambient air  
A purer nectar never sip.

How gay yon coxcomb flutters by!  
A dandy dude, clothes a la style;  
And, like a gaudy butterfly,  
He's only for a little while.

There flaunts a belle, a painted maid;  
Her toilet shows her trend of mind;  
There's dainty gown of rich brocade,  
But grace of soul 't were hard to find.

Yon trader, prematurely gray,  
With nervous step and anxious eye,  
Would barter hopes of heaven away  
To bank his millions by and by.

Old Main Street teems with busy life,  
With enterprise and earnest quest;  
They win who wage a worthy strife;  
The brave wear badges of the best.

The sinews of the city's weal  
Are yeomen simple and obscure—  
The drivers of the loom and wheel,—  
Home builders, open-minded, pure.

What means that somber funeral train?  
We know its certain goal—Mount Hope—  
Is death transition, loss or gain,  
A snuffing out or broader scope?

Old Street, thy pavements many a day  
Were trod by men of noble name;  
Thru Old Mount Hope they've passed away,—  
So transient is the bauble fame!

Thou art of this great city's life  
The primal artery of trade;  
In thee where enterprise is rife  
Foundations of thy weal were laid.

But marts of trade are not forever;  
These business blocks in grand array,  
E'en granite piles, man's best endeavor,  
All subject are to time's decay.

Yes, thou art old, tho drest anew,  
Veneering doth the old obscure;  
The tinsel pleases with the new;  
Realities alone endure.



## SUMMERVILLE

### THREE MEMORIAL SONNETS\*

#### I.

The winds with winged feet run o'er the beach,  
And many a song they bear along and clear  
The music of Ontario we hear:  
Dame Nature calls—'tis concord she would teach  
Her listening lovers, and far her voice can reach  
From out the mystic deeps. List well, my dear,—  
Canst understand her language, listening near  
The marge of lake, transcending human speech?  
The summer sounds appealing to the soul,  
The low, soft murmers of the Genesee,  
The whispering zephyrs and the mem'ry roll  
Of drum-beat from the distant past—to me  
All are but chords in one harmonious whole—  
Orchestral parts in Nature's symphony.

#### II.

When we consider in these later years  
The race that men in former times have run,  
The call to battle and the battle won  
By soldiers and by sailors, without fears,  
For love of Country, valor more endears  
The land they fought for: none beneath the sun  
So great! Let praise for what their deeds have done  
Be sung. The good is ours, the glory theirs.  
Ye dead of eld and ye of yesterday,  
Chieftains and warriors on the land and sea,  
We honor all; for every lake and bay,  
And city, farm and hamlet, all are free  
O'er this broad land, and who shall say  
We owe you not our glorious destiny?

As o'er the waters blue and verdant sod  
We scatter our love-tokens—fragrant flowers  
'Tis e'en in fond remembrance of the hours  
When men went forth to fight—stern Duty's nod!  
For Lincoln's call was like the call of God  
To duty and to death. Such service towers  
Far up to Him who giveth winning powers:  
They win in every cause who kiss His rod.  
Go hence, fair waters to the nameless dead,—  
Not as the River Lethe's sunless stream,  
But as Mnemosyne's bright yearly tread  
To fond Imagination's happy dream,—  
Go bear these offerings to their lowly bed  
And make devotion e'en what it doth seem.

\*A beautiful custom has for long prevailed: The women of the several G. A. R. Relief Corps of Rochester have annually cast flowers on the waters of Lake Ontario in memory of the nameless marines who gave their lives during the Great Civil War.

*HIGHER EDUCATION*  
*IN*  
*ROCHESTER, N. Y.*

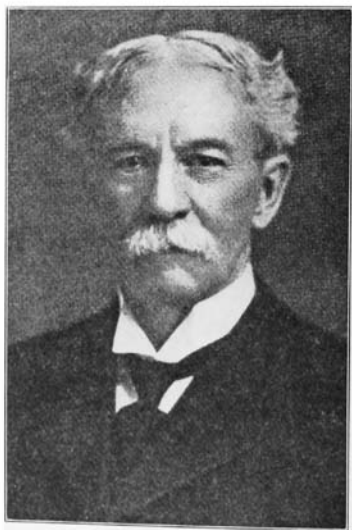


ROCHESTER THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

## RELIGION FIRST

In higher education, first of all,  
Religion takes precedence, God on high  
Supreme, fore-seeing, with His loving eye,  
Our City's need, filled the village small  
With godly men who wisely heard His call.  
Five principal denominations vie  
In bringing Jesus the great Teacher nigh  
To consecrate His Church which they install.

Of these confederations, one is strong  
For higher culture here—the Baptist folk:  
'Twas theirs to build the University  
And Theological Seminary.—  
Oh, 'twas for all concerned a happy stroke  
May God for ay such noble work prolong.



AUGUSTUS HOPKINS STRONG, D. D., Litt. D., L.L.D.

## AN EMINENT DIVINE

A Rochesterian by birth, a man!  
A worthy son of Alvah—pioneer.  
With such a father, he could wisely plan  
His life work: illustrious his career!  
His field was evolution—fertile clod!  
The fruitage of his systematic toil—  
The harvest—the inspiring thoughts of God,  
The product fine from cultivated soil.  
“True to the kindred points of heaven and home,”  
The tokens of his teachings will remain  
For many generations yet to come:  
For service to mankind, the wise, the same  
Will hold in veneration and enshrine  
The memory of this Eminent Divine.



CLARENCE A. BARBOUR, D.D., S. T. D., L. L. D.



## A FRUITFUL PERSONALITY

The "Flower City" held its title clear  
    To well-known name from many a nursery,  
    Where "Flowers" foretold of fruits so happily.  
But finer fruits are seen by every seer,  
Who fosters to achieve a high career:  
    The schools are nurseries of industry  
    That bring forth fruit in personality,  
Whose field of action's in the highest sphere.

It sometimes seems archangels are on earth  
    In human guise to teach, to train, to guide  
    Young men aright in school theology.  
O'er such a school—who knows so well its worth,—  
    What one more fit, more worthy to preside,  
    Than Barbour, Doctor of Divinity?

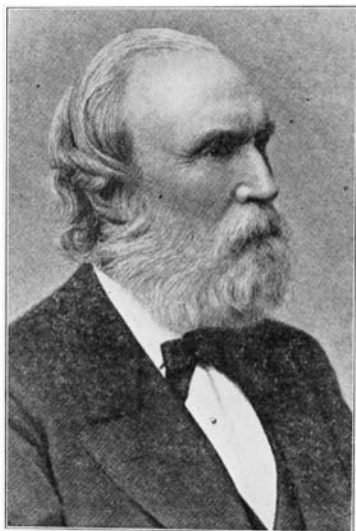


## THE UNIVERSITY OF ROCHESTER

The University of Rochester

Is now and has been blest beyond compare  
By having many a man to fill the chair  
Of erudition. Each interpreter  
Has been a teacher, true philosopher.  
Among the Faculty, and debonair,  
Name Mixer, Gilmore and Fairchild the fair,  
Rhees, Burton, Forbes and Morey whom we cheer.

To train the minds of adolescents right;  
To give for good a sense of things worth while;  
To make each one a careful bibl'ophile,  
Is leading them to strive with moral might,  
To serve and to succeed in life and smile  
While basking in their Alma Mater's light.



M. B. ANDERSON

MARTIN B. ANDERSON, LL. D., L. H. D.

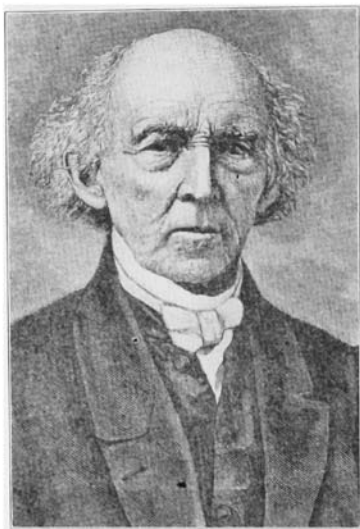
THE COLLEGE BUILDER

I.

O father of the sonnet from afar,  
Teach me the music of thy magic spell,  
That I may sing a song of love and tell  
Of one whose spirit was a guiding star—  
As zealous maker of real things that are  
And are to be ; who wrought and builded well  
In the eternal verities that dwell  
Among us, one so strong and debonair.

Had I Petrarchian gift such song to sing  
I'd sing to all the world a song complete  
Of garnered truth divine and service meet  
By him who was the inspiration spring—  
A leader brave who never knew defeat,  
And in the realm of lore a man—a king.

(See page 81)



C. DEWEY, M. D., D. D., LL. D.

## THE BELOVED TEACHER

I know a burg where Beauty doth abide,  
True Art and Nature deft adorn the place.  
Where once were wigwams of the Seneca race,  
Now schools abound a source of civic pride,  
And forceful men and women swell the tide  
Of public weal while time goes on apace.  
I sing of Chester, one whose kindly face  
Has been an inspiration and a guide.

He sought to hold his spirit in control  
And from afar the future good combine  
With present duty—did the deeds benign  
That tell for good while circling ages roll,—  
To quicken younger minds is art divine—  
God bless the man who beautifies a soul!



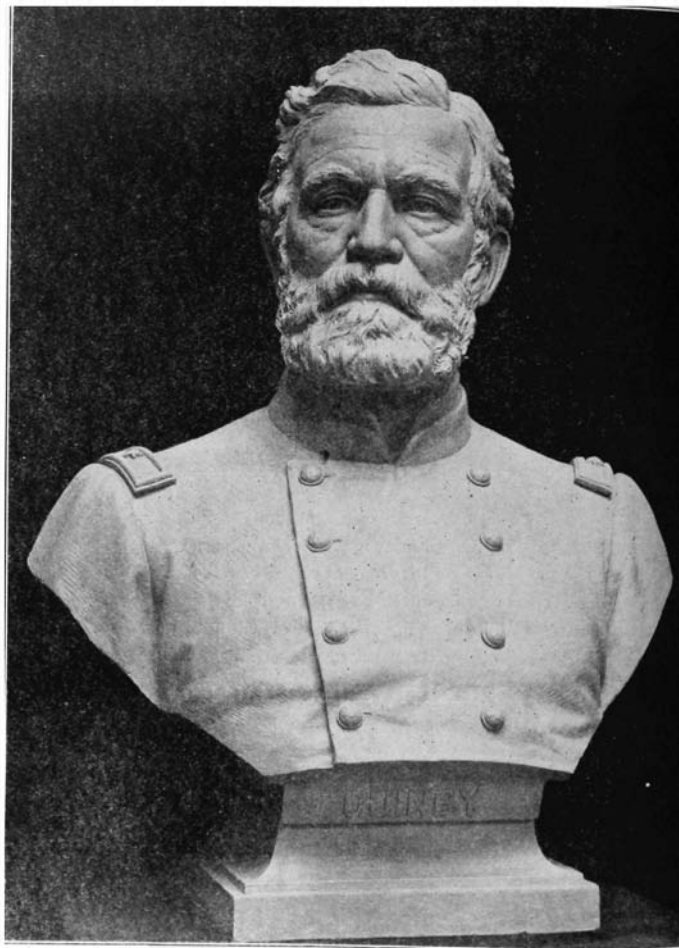
WILLIAM C. MOREY, Ph. D., D. C. L.



## A PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Professor, soldier, patriot and seer;  
Exemplar of the values permanent—  
The vestures real of soul establishment.  
He works with open mind and vision clear:  
All seekers of the true hath his glad ear  
And he encourages the diligent,  
For he can see a fair equivalent  
To weal in every questing boy's career.

To teach the things worth while and give the sense  
Of righteousness in annals of the past,  
Or in the realm of civics, is to be  
A Public Benefactor. Not long hence  
Will come Morey values that will last  
As recompense to all eternity.



GENERAL ISAAC F. QUINBY, L. L. D.

## A BRAVE AMERICAN

To pay a tribute to this honored man,  
That would be worthy of him, would require  
Ability to meet one's fond desire.

A soldier, teacher, Brave American!

Instructor wise with vision clear to plan  
The way for sterling students, who aspire  
To know philosophy, e'en to go higher  
In life for which they hoped when they began.

Oh, would the world had many more such men!

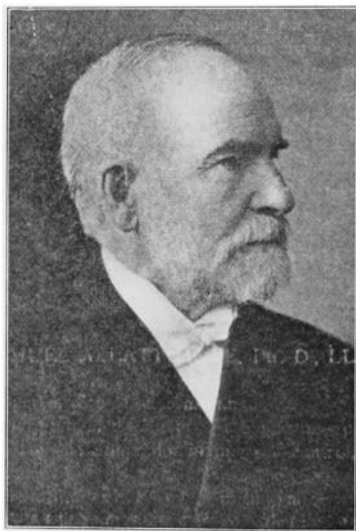
They've added to the sum of human thought—

Men who obey the self-command: "I ought,"

And who inspire the young by word and pen;

Our Town is proud of what this man hath wrought—

The outcome—many a leading citizen.



HENRY A. WARD, LL. D.

## THE NATURALIST—THE MUSEUM BUILDER

I knew a man of wide-extended ken ;  
    He saw the cosmos, sailed the ocean wide ;  
    He viewed the values ; he scaled the mountain side ;  
He knew the crust of earth, the rock-roofed den,  
The caves and haunts of prehistoric men ;  
    He wrought in rocks where rarest fossils hide  
    And where his oft-sought specimens abide,  
And brought to view the ancient denizen.

In Nature's workshops Ward was quick to learn ;  
    She gave him many a mystic meteorite ;  
Her storerooms each made rich return ;  
    Her direst dangers were his chief delight  
    He seemed to be her master in his might—  
His ashes rest in an untimely urn.

JOSEPH H. GILMORE, A. M., PH. D.

Professor fine of whom the boys were proud,  
Had done so much—they could not comprehend!  
To higher circles he could well ascend;  
He seemed with more than mortal powers endowed,  
So high he rose above the common crowd;  
And yet that crowd has had no better friend.  
We love him for the sacred song he penned;  
Now many people sing his praise aloud.

The Rescue Mission is an evidence  
Of what a man can do to serve outside  
His own vocation. Happiness betide  
The man who gives his time and influence  
To aid a public cause, to help, to guide  
Without a thought of sordid recompense.

SAMUEL A. LATTIMORE, PH. D., LL. D.

The personality of such a man  
Has molding force upon the questing soul;  
'Tis wholesome, dominating self-control,  
And that's instruction whatsoe'er the plan.  
His students will be leaders in the van;  
They'll reach in honor's garb, the final goal.  
His work will tell for good while ages roll;  
His work is truly cosmopolitan.

To know the atom and the molecule,  
To be the master of the microscope  
Wherein Dame Nature's revelations ope  
The eyes of students, take a head that's cool,  
And open mind, a heart to love and hope  
And our dear Doctor's scientific school.

ASAHEL C. KENDRICK, D. D. LL. D.

Had I the power to sing immortal song,  
Such song as Dante sung in sunny clime,  
Or Homer phrased in winged words sublime,—  
I'd sing the praises of a teacher strong,  
Whose way was ever far above the throng  
Of those he loved and led, taught for all time:  
I'd sing in all the subtleties of rime  
And rhythmic charm of one that was for long  
The Nestor of the University.  
He taught pure Attic lore with loving heart  
He loved the bards; he followed Wisdom's way.  
Divine his search for true philosophy—  
Had I the power to praise his perfect art,  
I'd laud the deathless deeds of A. C. K.

#### THE FUTURE

The future of our University  
Is now fore-seen; its growth is evident;  
Its upward progress has been excellent;  
Faith is assured by its past history.  
One does not need a prophet's eye to see  
Continuance will make for betterment.  
Past power for good has been of wide extent.  
It has a higher, nobler destiny.

So blest by past and present Faculties,  
Led by the Doctors Anderson and Rhees  
The University is sure to shine,  
Pursue the upward trend and, by degrees,  
Will rank with noted Universities—  
Yes, be a leader all along the line"

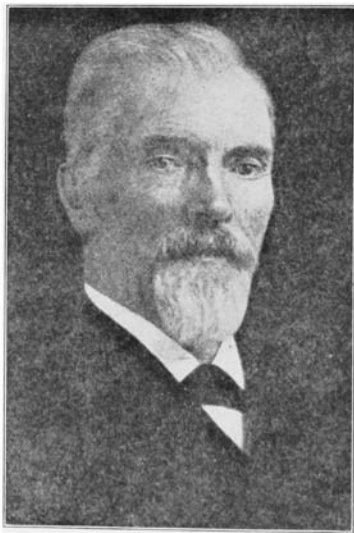


THE NEW EASTMAN THEATRE AND SCHOOL OF MUSIC



### A ROCHESTER PHILANTHROPIST

In higher education as in art,  
The Eastman School of Music is ideal:  
It means refinement and the public weal;  
'Tis sure to play the philanthropic part  
In civic culture; henceforth, from the start  
'Tis ruled by destiny to so reveal  
The Liberal and the Fine Arts in the real,  
That Eastman's School shall win the City's heart  
'Twas given to the University.  
George Eastman wrought as true philanthropist.  
As man of vision and an optimist,  
As music lover hoping harmony  
In City life and high upon the list  
Of those who win by love and industry.



CAPTAIN HENRY LOMB

## MECHANICS INSTITUTE

Beloved Captain Henry Lomb did things  
And not the least resulting from his plans,  
Was this, the fitting school for artisans;  
And now all Rochester the joy bell rings.  
Philanthropy, with faith and foresight flings  
Free and afar its favors to enhance  
Well-being: So, forever to advance  
True worth, real values into being brings.

Mechanics Institute of Rochester  
Is building character that will abide  
The testing time when citizens are tired.  
Thru all the past the happy harbinger  
Announced the Institute a trusty guide—  
Each youth became a fine artificer.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS  
OF  
ROCHESTER

## **The Scope of the Rochester Public School System**

The scope of the work done by the Rochester Public School system is shown by the seven following units of school organization:

1. The **ELEMENTARY SCHOOL UNIT**, consisting of the kindergarten and the first six grades.
2. The **JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL UNIT**, consisting of the seventh, eighth, and ninth grades.
3. The **SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL UNIT**, consisting of the tenth, eleventh, and twelfth grades.
4. The **CITY NORMAL SCHOOL or TEACHER TRAINING UNIT**, with a two-year course beyond the high school for the training of teachers.
5. The **SPECIAL EDUCATION UNIT**, designed for those who vary so much from the normal child as to require special treatment.
6. The **"PART TIME" or CONTINUATION SCHOOL UNIT**, for all between fourteen and eighteen years of age, who have withdrawn from the full time day schools and gone to work.
7. And, finally, the **UNIT FOR ADULT EDUCATION**, consisting of the so-called Americanization work done by adults, and the entire Evening School program.

It is apparent from the above that the public school system is serving all, from the child of four in the kindergarten on to the oldest person in the community who desires to avail himself of the evening schools.



### THE VITAL QUESTION

The Vital Question now, for all mankind,  
Is—What is education? How is fired  
The heart of youth to get this much required—  
This jewel greater than all else combined?  
Go search the annals of the past and find  
What precious treasure men have most admired,  
And what those may possess who have desired  
Refinement of the self, the soul, the mind.

'Tis early psychic training gives the start  
To minds uncultured, wishing for soul-might.  
The function of the schools is to impart  
Desire and moral strength to reach the height  
So longed for by the spirit, while the heart  
Is yearning in the quest of life for light.

NEHEMIAH H. BENEDICT  
THE PRINCIPAL

Fair City, in the lap of valley wrought  
By Titan hands,—thou river-sundered mart—  
My Rochester, my home! with all my heart  
I love thee! Not for Nature's gifts so fraught  
With beauty, but for men that toiled and taught  
To give thy sons soul beauty,—worthy art!  
And shall they hence to Charon's flood depart  
Where deference is dead and honor naught?

Remembering one, had I an artist's grace,  
I'd paint for time's unceasing roll  
A cultured teacher, one of high degree,  
With benedictions beaming from his face—  
Instruction emanating from his soul—  
Two decades head of Free Academy.

### THE SUPERINTENDENTS

Mack, Selden, McAlphine, Gibbons, Holbrook.  
Then Jones, Atwater, Hobbie, Curtis, nine;  
Then Simmons, Ellis, Mabbett, all so fine.  
Noyes, Gilbert, Carroll served, per record book,  
Till Weet assumed the office, he to look  
With open mind and well conceived design  
That education should hereafter shine  
In public schools—that's what he undertook.

The recent work in Rochester doth show  
Advance in public schools. Our citizens  
Commend and speak of them with deference.  
Full well the principals and teachers know  
The power sustaining them; with diligence  
They work with might and main to have it so.

### THE HIGH SCHOOLS

To Rochester belongs the honor bright  
Of having first conceived the worthy plan  
Of modern free High Schools. To lead the van  
In this important betterment was quite  
In line with early enterprise. 'Twas right  
To look ahead; the project then began:  
The wise committee, trusty every man,  
Succeeded e'en to Rochester's delight.  
In these propitious times the Junior High  
Was organized to meet demands; 'tis wise  
To carry on the early enterprise,  
To make the worthy work solidify,  
That adolescents all may realize  
True values and secure a good supply.

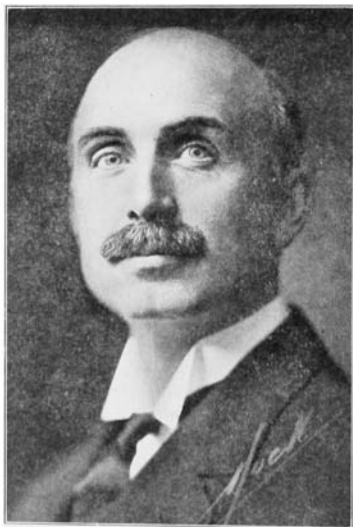


### A BROTHER MAN

A man ingenuous, with open face,  
I covet for my friend, for I would gain  
Advancement by his virtues; virile, sane,  
He serves his fellows with a winsome grace,  
Preferring their esteem to pelf or place:  
Fair, open-minded, never giving pain;  
His heart capacious is like sacred fane  
Whose portals ope for all the human race.  
With love and justice for his working creed;  
To lend a hand to help a brother rise;  
To bear the burden of another's need,  
Dispel the gloom and point to fairer skies;  
To bravely do and hide behind the deed;—  
With such a man I fain would fraternize.

### BROTHERHOOD

So strong to stand is a young stalwart oak,  
That it becomes a stately, spreading tree;  
Thus many a youth may reach maturity,—  
While growing stronger, aid some feebler folk,  
And oft may shield from many an adverse stroke.  
Relying on the power of sympathy  
To make fraternal ties more binding, he  
Will weld such bonds of love as never broke.  
His work will stand, *noblesse oblige*, for ay  
In terms of duties done, with soul refined,  
That makes for righteousness, the true, the good,  
Like that of men revered whose winning way  
Extending fellowship to all mankind,  
Yea. binding all in love-linked Brotherhood.



SUPERINTENDENT HERBERT S. WEET Ph. D.

### A LEADER

There's many a man we meet we must admire,  
Because complacency makes him a peer.  
I know one who creates an atmosphere  
Of blessedness about him, builds a fire  
Of love in hearts of friends and draws them nigher  
To realms of happiness and heavenly cheer;  
Approachable, kind, candid, and sincere—  
High up the ladder and able to go higher.

A manly man is Weet, he leads the van  
In his fair field; his soul-inspiring pull  
Draws like a magnet—serves one to the full;  
To catch his spirit, apprehend his plan;  
To be a pupil in his finer school  
Contents—'tis well to follow such a man.

## SONNET

### THE IDEAL TEACHER

In such high calling, one to be ideal  
Must always push for progress and pursue  
With faithfulness and zeal forever new,  
The upward course, appreciate the real  
With open mind to think and heart to feel.  
To duty and to self one must be true;  
Inspired to apprehend the mystic clue  
Which Love and Grace to seeking souls reveal.  
A teacher wise to teach, more wise to learn,  
Foresees and serves without a thought of gain  
To self while pupils' progress doth remain.  
To truly teach, class-blind, and to discern  
How best to minister without disdain,  
Fan flames of Love and Growth until they burn.

## RONDEAU

### THE ENQUIFING PUPIL—THEN WISDOM'S BOUGHT

Is 'school worth while? I would full fain  
Know what I go to school to gain.  
Yet would such knowledge profit naught,  
If faith were with my doubtings fraught,  
'Twould make my efforts all seem vain.  
For who could tell what Fate might deign  
His good for me for ay might rain,  
When fortune on my hopes were brought,  
Then wisdom's bought.  
True education will remain  
The way of wisdom to attain;  
No other source, however sought,  
Her value hath assurance wrought;  
When just ambition doth constrain,  
Then wisdom's bought.

## AMERICAN SCHOOLS

### A WELCOME SONG

(Tune—*The Shell*)\*

United States the cynosure,  
America the free!  
\* The peoples of the world come here—  
The land of liberty.  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
The peoples of the world come here—  
The land of liberty.  
Their children gather in our schools  
Advantages refined;  
They're getting precious skill and lore  
For hand and heart and mind.  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
They're getting precious skill and lore  
For hand and heart and mind.  
Ere long they'll be Americans;  
God grant them golden good;  
We welcome worthy citizens—  
A loyal brotherhood.  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
We welcome worthy citizens—  
A loyal brotherhood.  
We love our schools American;  
"May God their gold refine;"  
"May all their work as wrought by Him,  
Be nobleness divine."  
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,  
"May all their work as wrought by Him,  
Be nobleness divine."

Rochester, May 5, 1920

\*See The Modern Music Series, First Book By Eleanor Smith  
—page 64.



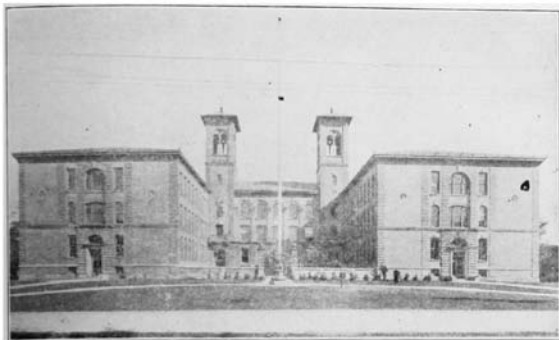
## CITY NORMAL SCHOOL

### THE QUESTION

What is my work for life, the why, the how?  
What is before me that will win success?  
Why should I take a normal training now?  
To meet my destiny of storm and stress  
My bent controls my fate, I bow—  
The Sonnet answers,—I can do no less:—

### SONNET

Because I'm bound by Heaven-appointed ties:  
In his vocation many a man of thought  
And action fine, persistently hath wrought  
For betterment and gained the longed-for prize.  
Tho mine to me involves self-sacrifice,  
And toil; and real success seems dearly bought;  
There is a voice within me says "I ought."  
And that's the height to which my soul can rise.  
Each to his own—commendable the view—  
Each to his own, no more the best of us  
Can do with grace what he is called to do;  
What others do I will not envy nor discuss;  
If I can reach the beautiful and true,—  
'Tis my life-calling and I answer thus.

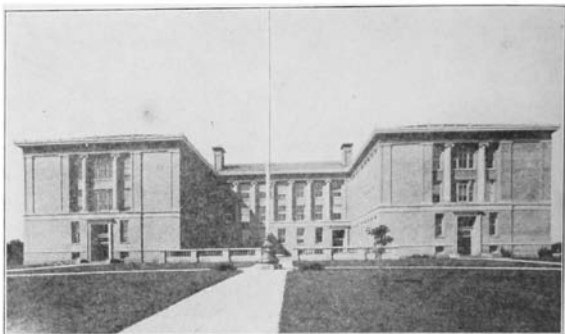


## CHARACTER CULTURE

### EAST HIGH SCHOOL

In worthy service there's no finer field  
For consecrated labor than to train,  
In culture gardens broad, the heart and brain  
Of youth, quick germs by Wisdom's touch revealed.  
Immortal seed, if nourished well, will yield  
The fruits of knowledge which our students gain  
For life's achievements, won thru stress and strain—  
The character—the hall-mark on their shield.

The years are gone, yet deeply on my heart  
Hath sunk the memory of strong desire  
To lead young men and women to admire  
And covet the best gifts of science, art,  
And truth, and feed the sacred altar fire  
Of wiser Love that lives but to impart.



## THE RAPTURE OF THE AFTERGLOW

WEST HIGH SCHOOL

The noblest aim of life is to ascend,  
Spite of obstructions, to the highest plain  
Of knowledge. Wise ambition 'tis to gain  
The goal and win the good-will of a friend,  
Or institution, with a hand to lend:  
And such there are to counsel youths who fain  
Would master erudition, in the main,  
And take the surer steps to apprehend.

'Tis well for adolescents all to know  
How colleges and schools are well combined  
To group, within the archives of the mind,  
The truth acquired within the grades below ;—  
Then, synthesized and wisely intertwined,  
They give the rapture of the afterglow.





## CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL



## CHARLOTTE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

### CHARLOTTE HIGH SCHOOL

Charlotte is part of Rochester, Monroe;  
Near to the Park called "Eastman and Durand:"  
'Tis beautiful for situation, grand;  
Where Genesee into the lake doth flow,  
Where pleasure dwells—the summer tourists know—  
Soft Music murmurs as in fairy-land;  
'Tis there one meets the Naiad of the strand;  
'Twas many a boy's bright heaven long ago.

Charlotte High School should very thankful be;  
Not every school has such environment;  
'Tis e'en delightful to be diligent;  
Hence, great the pleasure of school industry;  
The inspiration to improve is heaven-sent!  
Results endure to all eternity.

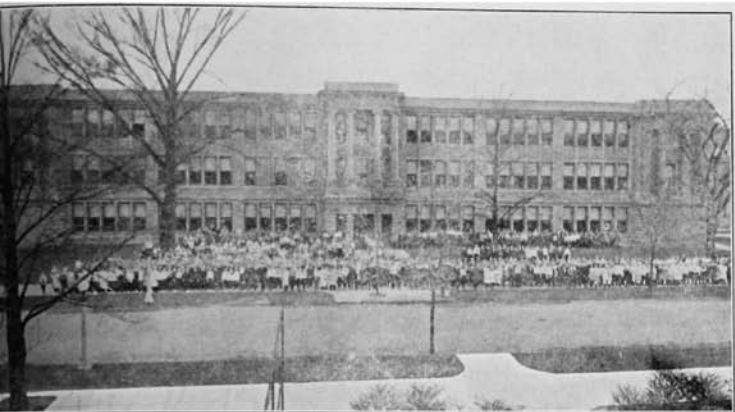


### WASHINGTON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

George Washington, general, led in the van,  
Endowed with the power to manage brave men,  
Originate mighty campaigns and to plan  
Resistance to foreign oppression as when  
Great Britain unjustly sought our domain.  
Eternal the principles he clearly saw  
Were menaced, and therefore he must maintain  
American liberty, justice and law.  
So sane, strong and brave, he fought the good fight  
He was destined to win for he had the sheer might.  
Integrity, faith and a soldier's clear sight  
Nerve, natural bent and his sense of the right  
Gave him courage to play the American game  
That won him a niche in the temple of fame.  
On its proud, lofty height more magnanimous name  
Nor worthier guerdon can world heroes claim.

### L'ENVOI

What better work can junior high school do  
Than win their pupils all to emulate  
The characters of history, good and great,  
And thus to life and duties to be true?



## THE TRUE BASIS OF POWER

### JEFFERSON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Glad greetings to The Jefferson Junior High—  
The school where boys and girls learn self-control;  
Instructors here with subtle art unroll  
The mysteries of nature, earth and sky,  
Imparting knowledge useful by and by.  
The man whose name you bear—far seeing soul—  
Taught man's equality, sublime and whole,—  
Foretelling universal liberty.

The school's the basis of the Nation's weal;  
Diffusing wide the ever treasured lore;  
Imparting Wisdom's never-failing store;  
Preparing future rulers, sets the seal  
Of government God-sanctioned; 'tis the power  
That builds republics to the true ideal.



### MADISON JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Whenever one has been a president  
Of these United States, how many ways  
There are to honor him! It draws men's gaze  
To hear such worthy names so prevalent.  
Five public schools, so named, by wise intent  
Should vie to foster pride, these passing days,  
In hearts of boys and girls deserving praise  
For emulating men so eminent.

The Madison Junior High School will discern  
'Tis wise to call attention to the name  
The school in honor bears; make it the aim  
Of all the blithesome boys and girls to learn  
The how and when to fan the flickering flame  
Of Fortune's friendly favors till it burn.



### MONROE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

Fifth President of the United States—

Executive with vision, saw afar

The plan to do away with foreign war ;

Then his own "Doctrine" he enunciates—

To all the world around he shuts the gates

'Gainst other powers to intervene, or mar

American affairs, puts up the bar

To hold this land by foreign potentates.

'Tis for the High School teachers, at their best,

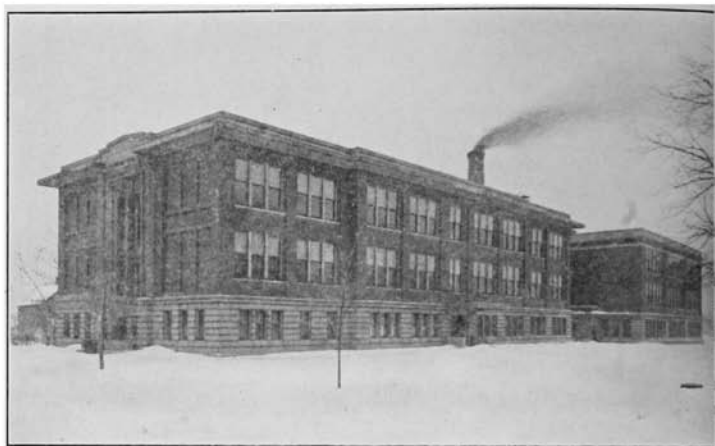
To teach the winning wisdom of Monroe ;

The spirit of our Nation all must know ;

The "Doctrine" be wide-spread in every breast.

His way to win success in life will show

Ability and strength to stand the test.



41—KODAK SCHOOL—41

RONDEL

In Beauty's realm are you aware  
Of Nature's charms? There is no lack  
On tourist trip or here or there  
The pleasure's yours ere you come back.

You take with you a wondrous plaque—  
A camera plate incased with care—  
A precious thing you would not spare,  
A world-wide used unique Kodak.

You High School folk, go any-where;  
Consult with care the almanac;  
And for your pleasure-trip prepare;  
All needful things be sure to pack,  
Especially, beyond compare,  
The world-wide used unique Kodak.

## THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL IN ROCHESTER

As far as can be ascertained the first junior high school in America was established at Berkeley, California, in 1909.

Today it is estimated that there are approximately 1200 such schools in the country.

The first junior high school to be opened in Rochester was the Washington, in September, 1915.

Five years later the Jefferson Junior High School was opened at Exposition, now Edgerton, Park.

Two years later, September, 1922, the Madison Junior High School, which faces Wilson Park on Bronson Avenue, began its work.

The Monroe Junior High School, adjoining the site of Monroe School, No. 15, on Monroe Avenue, is to be opened next September, 1923.

### WHY THE JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL?

1. BECAUSE IT HOLDS OUR BOYS AND GIRLS IN SCHOOL.
2. BECAUSE IT IS MAKING A SINCERE AND INTELLIGENT ATTEMPT TO REDUCE THE NUMBER OF MISFITS IN LIFE.
3. BECAUSE IT PROVIDES MEN AS WELL AS WOMEN TEACHERS FOR THESE BOYS AND GIRLS FROM TWELVE TO SIXTEEN YEARS OF AGE.
4. BECAUSE OF THE PROHIBITIVE COST OF PROVIDING EQUAL EDUCATIONAL OPPORTUNITIES IN ANY OTHER WAY.



### ROCHESTER SHOP SCHOOL

*Labor omnia vincit*—a Latin phrase

Which means that working with the heart and hand  
Doth conquer all things. With persistent stand  
Vocations, foreseen, seem a mighty maze  
To one's imagination. Who obeys  
The call and comes to fully understand  
His life vocation, will command  
The subtle powers that run the winning race.

The Shop School functions preparation wise  
To fit the future citizen for weal.

A steadfast purpose, with a clear ideal,  
Gives character to citizens, supplies

The wherewithal to get the true, the real,  
And fosters faith in worthy enterprise.





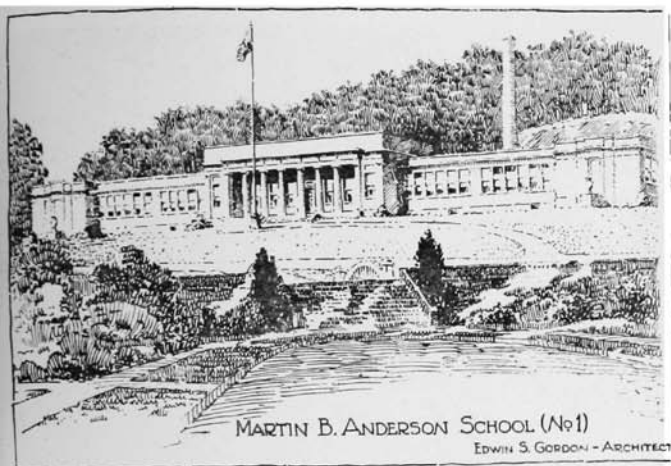
## THE PREVOCATIONAL SCHOOL

### I.

All Manual Training cultivates the mind ;  
To educate the hand instructs the brain ;  
To learn a trade is wise in Life's campaign ;  
To make, to build, construct, boys are inclined ;  
To foster these instruction is designed.  
In after life the hammer, saw and plane  
Puissant are in Labor's wide domain,  
Where certain parts of business are combined.  
  
Demands are urgent in the after-life,  
But preparation fits to play the game,  
And will to win gives one the needful spur.  
Remember boys, when obstacles are rife,  
The dear old fitting school from which you came—  
The Prevocation School of Rochester.

### II.

What's wiser than a rational preview  
Of work prospective citizens may find  
Awaiting them, in coming time, outlined  
By school authorities? It gives the clew  
To many mystic problems ever new.  
'Tis well for boys by native bent inclined  
To occupations, suited to the mind,  
Of those to whom 'tis pleasure to pursue.  
The Prevocation School for sturdy boys  
Presages good, for Rochester  
A class of men—full many a foreigner  
Becoming worthy citizens of poise  
An honest worth, which industry employs ;  
There's need for many a good artificer.



1—MARTIN B. ANDERSON SCHOOL—1

Sing, child of song o'er lands and seas afar,  
Sing deep-sea music like the murmuring shell;  
Ring out thy charms as with a mystic bell  
In diapason deep: no discords mar  
The benedictions of this guiding star.  
With soul enraptured thus I fain would tell  
Wherein the harmonies of Music dwell,  
Or find the key her portals to unbar.  
Had I the heavenly skill such song to write—  
To set aflame, as with immortal pen,  
The soul of Love, I'd sing with gentle might  
Refrain—a Man—a maker true of men—  
With vision clear, with learning's lamp alight,  
Enobling life with Martin's clearer ken.

L'ENVOI

How well can *Number One* deserve this name  
And thus his noble reputation earn?  
Instruct, inspire by fanning well the flame  
Of high desire for service till it burn.

(See page 56)



### 3—NATHANIEL ROCHESTER SCHOOL—3

Soul-artists wrought and, in Old Number Three,  
Produced results while time went on apace.  
The dear Old Cornhill School, still in the race,  
Was not behind in pushing potency ;  
She did her work with skill and energy ;  
In education she hath set the pace  
And given what the pupils did embrace—  
Intrinsic worth that led to high degree.

Now, Cornhill boys and girls, what of to-day ?  
Will you so use the golden minutes right  
That values will result ? Will your foresight,  
With zeal and toil, enable you to play  
The game of life and go from height to height ?  
If so success will honor your essay.

(See page 2)

## Nathanial Rochester School 3

The dear old school of childhood days—  
“Old Number Three”—we love thee still!  
Well worthy every meed of praise,  
The civic pride of “Old Cornhill.”

### FORTY YEARS

Full forty years stanch friends! My soul reveres  
The worthy ones—“Jim,” “Ed,” and “Sam,” and “Jule!”  
They vied with each to have the better school.  
’Tis worth exalts to rank with highest peers,  
And recognizing merit most endears.  
They wrought, with vision clear and kindly rule;  
’Twas consecrated service to the full;  
And thus they served their City thru the years.  
To glean so long within the fields of truth  
With sturdy patience and with purpose strong;  
To run by faith and win the goal thereby;  
To fan the fires within the souls of youth;  
To light the lamps on Learning’s road so long  
Set milestones marking Love’s eternity.

- 1 James M. Cook, Principal of No. 3 School, 40 years
- 2 Edgar Cook, Principal of No. 5 School
- 3 Samuel C. Pierce, Principal of No. 4 School, 30 years
- 4 Julius L. Townsend, Principal of No. 6 School, 40 years

Affectionately inscribed to Colonel Samuel C. Pierce and to  
memory of the other three principals.

bruary 26, 1909

vised December, 1918

## IN MEMORIAM

I. JAMES M. COOK

For thirty years my friend! His voice is still.  
    Le Memory sing as with a poet's lyre  
    Or paint with artist's brush the vivid fire  
Of his strong mind. The men of Old Corn Hill  
Well knew his high achievements; and they thrill  
    My heart again as erst with strong desire:  
    I covet his rare gifts and graces to inspire  
The souls of youth to work with noble will.

Thru coming years his face will fix the gaze  
    Of many. Would I had the power to tell  
The virtues of this master. Him we praise  
    Because for two score years he wrought so well.  
What-e'er may be a faithful teacher's claim,  
Full many a home will long revere COOK'S name.

II. NELLIE E. ECHTENACHER

She served her City well, full forty years,  
    As a successful teacher wise and true  
    And honored principal excelled by few.  
Her's was a disposition that endears  
Acquaintances and pupils; One reveres  
    A personality that can subdue  
    And render mild, by loving interview,  
Her pupils; she won honor from her peers.

Remember well Miss Echtenacher's name  
    Her public service made an honor roll.  
    Devoted to the culture of the soul,  
She wrought for what the child can justly claim  
    And thus she served the people as a whole;  
    Presistent skill secured her highest aim.



GENESEE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, NO. 4, Rochester, N. Y.

NUMBER FOUR SCHOOL  
AS SUNG BY THE PUPILS ON GRADUATION DAY

CONTRIBUTED BY MISS K. O. WARD, PRINCIPAL

I.

Number Four, we say "Good-bye" to you,  
While we sing our last farewell adieu;  
You have been a friend most true,  
Now we leave you but we're sure, that  
Future years will hold a golden store  
Because of lessons learned within your doors,  
So here's a cheer, loud make it roar  
For Old Number Four.

II. Tune of "Smiles"

There are schools that make us happy,  
There are schools that make us sad,  
There are schools that take away life's pleasures,  
As that threatening, frowning look of Dad.  
There are schools that have much better playgrounds  
Than we have ever hoped to see  
But the school that we'll forever stand by  
Is the Old Red Brick, Genesee.

4—GENESEE SCHOOL—4

I love to roam along the Genesee—  
The region with the beautiful bedight,  
Where Nature furnishes no small delight;  
The river running blithly to the sea  
From southland to the lake. 'Tis to me  
The valley where full many a charming sprite  
Doth ramble free from fever-fret or fright,  
And where one finds, in fancy, ecstasy.  
But finer far to me, in Rochester,  
Amid the beauties rare, stands Number Four,  
Whose name the children know as "Genesee"—  
A public school that doth the pupils spur  
To betterment of soul whereby the lore  
Builds personality to high degree.





5—CENTRAL SCHOOL—5

Old Number Five! 'Twas my school when a boy;  
Stern Ellery Treat was principal those years;  
Mine was the fun, the ferule and the fears,  
The three R's grind, the final joy—  
That I was getting gold without alloy.  
Some comrades had in view the high careers  
And now are moving in the higher spheres.  
Because Old Number Five was their convoy.

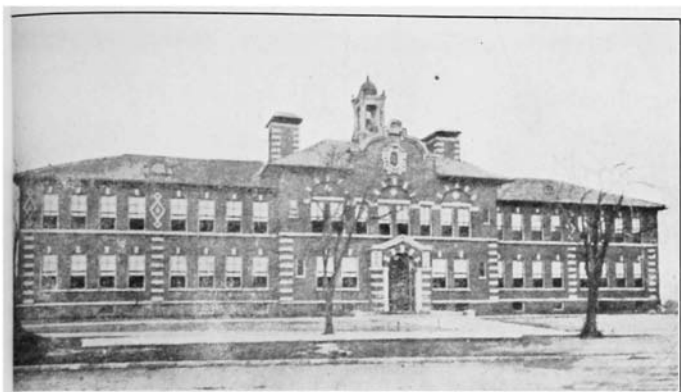
I tell you, boys and girls, take it from me:  
Books may be dull and study be a grind.  
Your school days are worth while and you will find  
It pays to look ahead and to foresee.  
And if you're sane and cultivate your mind,  
Your after years will be a jubilee.



6—FRANKLIN SCHOOL—6

A Boston boy, first learned the printer's trade ;  
Clear vision led him on from height to height ;  
He early learned the strength of moral might ;  
Of any work he never was afraid ;  
The testing tasks he joyfully essayed ;  
He chained the lightning with his key and kite ;  
To serve his country was his chief delight ;  
American ambassador was made.

All boys and girls attending Number Six  
Should oft peruse "Poor Richard's Almanac,"  
And in the mind and heart should firmly fix  
The way to get the all-sufficient whack  
At fortune's favors and to know the tricks  
Of making in one's life the best attack.



7—LAKE VIEW SCHOOL—7

The beauties of the landscape, sky and lake  
Teach us there is a beauty-loving God:  
To think what glories spring from e'en the sod,  
Is to believe that the All-Loving spake  
And beauty was. What marvels He doth make!  
He must have wrought to beautify each clod  
Of earth upon which all his creatures plod  
That they should future blessedness partake.

The boys and girls of Lake View Seven,  
By observation, soon or late, will learn  
That all the beauties of earth, lake and heaven  
Pass on and to oblivion return.  
There's still a higher blessing God hath given:—  
*Soul Beauty* is for them the great concern.



8—CARTHAGE SCHOOL—8

The hamlets Carthage, Frankford and Cornhill  
Were parts of Rochester long time ago—  
Our lovely city then in embryo—  
A village, of the villages until  
The schools were organized to fill the bill.  
Requiring all its citizens to know  
How best to live to make the young town grow  
And, more and more, its destiny fulfil.

To make the Carthage school of highest rate,  
The pride in their own city should incite  
The teachers, boys and girls of Number Eight  
To make, while getting culture a delight,  
Our citizens of public spirit right  
And Rochester the finest in the State.



9—ANDREWS SCHOOL—9

Thou dear Old School! Fond hearts about thee twine!

The teaching corps is classed among the best;  
Their noble work shows character benign:

The product excellent—stand any test;

The pupils—many of the foreign born:

Majority become good citizens;

The backward ones, the indigent, forlorn,

Find in the school warm hearts and helping friends.

The function of our fifty schools and more

Is building character of moral worth;

This one is not behind in noble score,

Upbuilding many a one of humble birth.

All honor to this unpretentious school;

The name reminds one of an ancient saint,

Constructing in accord with righteous rule

And working without trammel or restraint.



EUGENE FIELD

A true American, a journalist,  
A man, a poet in the higher sense;  
His sympathy for children was intense;  
His rimes are found in every happy list;  
He was a juv'nile, jolly humorist.  
So much imbued with childhood innocence,  
He served without a thought of recompense;  
He well deserves the name philanthropist.  
Eugene Field School is worthy of the Name!  
Warm-hearted Teachers, with fidelity,  
Spread mellow rays of human sympathy  
And so with love the pupils' hearts inflame,  
That doth create a lasting memory  
For Number Ten that's near akin to fame.

"THE GOOD THAT MEN DO LIVES AFTER THEM"

PRINCIPAL G. H. WALDEN

I sing of one, a pension pioneer,  
Who moved the powers in nineteen-hundred-four;  
His praises should be sung the wide-world o'er.  
He served his City with a soul sincere;  
He wrought with vision as a crystal clear;  
His credit side foots up full many a score;  
His smile a benediction is and more,—  
A Principal to praise, respect, revere.  
To serve, keep sweet and do the kindly deed,  
To act within the psychologic hour,  
To see the angel in the human clod,  
To foster growth of well-selected seed,  
Love life, the little child, the tiny flower;—  
These noble traits commend him to his God.



11—SAMUEL A. LATTIMORE SCHOOL—11

Advance in education, I aver  
    Is due to artists, counted by the score,  
    Who loved the City's good and, o'er and o'er,  
So wrought that, each a soul-artificer,  
Produced results as would a beautifier  
    Of temple grand; among such men galore  
    Is our dear Samuel A. Lattimore  
Of University of Rochester.

Responsibility is on that school  
    That such a noble appellation bears,  
    Whose function is to train applying youth  
To be good citizens, by righteous rule—  
    Thus being men and women of affairs;  
    For many such there's need in very truth.





## 12—WADSWORTH SCHOOL—12

The Wadsworth people, living in the air  
Of civic culture of a high degree,  
Found in the region of the Genesee,  
Are folk with souls refined and debonair.  
Those reared in such environment must fare  
Forth eminent in life's gentility.  
They thus, with public spirit chivalry,  
So render service sane beyond compare.  
The Wadsworth School is in this valley fair;  
The pupils may not senate chambers find,  
Or ever fill the presidential chair;  
But they, at school, can cultivate the mind;  
Thus, by a studious early life, prepare  
To render social service to mankind.

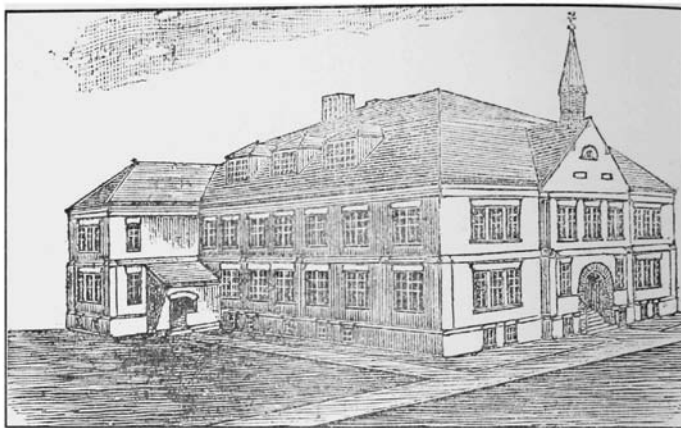


### 13—HORACE MANN SCHOOL—13

An educationist with friendly face:  
Would e'en the whole wide world to culture gain.  
Potential by his virtues, virile, sane.  
He served his fellows with a winsome grace,  
Preferring their esteem to pelf or place.  
Fair, open-minded, never giving pain;  
His heart capacious was like sacred fane  
Whose portals ope to all the human race.  
How shall the school that bears his honored name  
Instil his manly virtues? Can it reach  
E'en broader fields, invoke the power of speech  
To lead—inspire the young to know and claim  
The proper preparation, so that each  
May gain somewhat the goal— that great man's fame?

In all the public schools Centennial Day, the pupils sang the "Rochester School Song" set to the tune of "Materna." The words were written by Roy Hugh Outterson, principal of the Horace Mann School No. 13, at the request of Superintendent Herbert S. Weet.

One hundred years ago or more,  
How many really know  
That woods and Indians filled our town,  
And wild did nature glow.  
O Rochester, thy fertile soil  
Hath opened wide the door;  
While Genesee, thy name revere  
Brings fame to us the more.  
  
But now we see on every hand  
The measure of man's mind  
For on the trails great buildings rise,  
And streets with splendor wind.  
O Rochester, our home to-day  
Is not like that of yore,  
For parks and health and men so true  
We thank thee more and more.  
  
What works of art and what of skill  
May yet be brought to bear!  
When our young folk to mankind grown  
Shall add their daily share.  
O Rochester, in years to come,  
Thy greatness shall mean more,  
We honor thee and time will send  
Thy name from shore to shore.



14—THE RILEY GRAMMAR SCHOOL—14

The dear Old Fourteen School we can't forget"  
The mem'ry sweeter grows as years ro'l by.  
The teachers true, with nothing to regret,  
Rejoice to see the fruitage multiply.  
What class is capable of nobler joys  
Than those who bear responsibility  
For primal culture of the girls and boys  
That doth result for good eternally?  
How many citizens of Rochester  
Were started right for life in Old Fourteen!  
They'r thankful now for growth in character  
That came to them from out the dark unseen.  
Material benefits without begin  
With real enrichment of the soul within.

(See page 29)



15—MONROE SCHOOL—15

MEMORIES

Full many a boy and girl of School Fifteen  
Recall the happy days of long ago,  
When discipline taught things worth while to know—  
The things of value, by the young unseen,  
But known by loving teachers. Oh, the keen,  
Exhilarating joy when time doth show  
The benefits of schooling! Then doth grow  
The gratitude of thankful hearts serene  
Imagination bodies forth the past  
From recollections charming to the soul,  
Depicting school life on a living scroll.  
While youthful days and years are going fast.  
If will and wisdom work toward higher goal,  
Results will blessings be while life shall last



1912

16—JOHN WALTON SPENCER—16

An educator,—what does that imply?

A man of erudition, verbalist?

I think it means a teaching optimist,

One, hoping for the best, would beautify

The character of younger folk, untie

The knot of knowledge and to so assist

That each one may become an anylist

Of principles and so the best descry.

John Walton Spencer School Number Sixteen

Knows well its workings for the City's weal;

If all the teachers' work can stand the test

To prove that pupils have the craving keen

For better knowledge of the true, the real,

Then will the school be rated with the best.



TO THE WORTHY WORKERS IN WHITNEY SCHOOL.

NEW YEARS GREETINGS

1923

As the jolly Old Year is borne on his brier,  
Measured up to the limit of age,  
And a blithesome Young Chap now takes off his cap,  
And is making his bow on the stage:  
It seemeth quite well for the teachers to tell  
What a blessing in future 'twill be  
To train head and heart at the very outstart  
Of Nineteen and twenty-three.

1924

If a line of bad luck during last year you struck,  
And the gods have weakened your grip,  
If the proceeds were poor and perplexities sore,  
Still the lees of good cheer you must sip:  
With courage take hold and with energy bold,—  
While having some fruit you want more;  
Make a resolute reach for prosperity's peach  
In Nineteen and twenty-four.

1925

Bury all your pet woes with the dead year's old cothes  
In the grave resolutions oft fill  
Put your shoulder t'wheel, push with purpose and zeal,  
Make a pace and never stand still;  
Keep your eye on the gun, then to win will be fun—  
Wise winners forever will strive;  
Know what you're about and you're sure to win out  
In Nineteen and twenty-five.

1926

While the days go apace, keep ahead in the race,  
Smiling Fortune you surely will greet;  
And the path that you tread, with brave heart and  
cool head,  
Will adapt itself to your feet.  
Lend a hand without fear to those in the rear,  
Especially those in a fix;  
So you'll get to the top with a skip and a hop  
In Nineteen and twenty-six.

1927

Resolutions are good if you have the true blood  
To hitch your go-cart to a star;  
But let them be few and forever be true,—  
Too many your fortune will mar:  
As the year rolls around keep your feet on the ground,  
Use plain common sense as a leaven;  
Then Good Luck will appear and whisper good cheer  
To your sensible ear every day in the year  
Of Nineteen and twenty-seven.



## IN MEMORIAM

Read at the Memorial Services held in the Second Baptist Church, November 19th, 1902, to commemorate the life and services of Miss Carrie Gilbert, the kindergarten director, both in that church and in Number Seventeen Public School.

Not a friend at her deathbed to mourn,  
Not a word of sweet comfort to cheer,  
When her soul to elysium was borne,  
At the last not a sigh nor a tear:  
True lover of girls and of boys,  
And so faithful in service and song:  
But the angels in heaven rejoice  
That a teacher has come to their throng;  
Yes, and forever those angels declare:  
"There's an endless life in the home over there."  
Thru the fire of affliction so young,  
She has gone to the garden of God;  
Her last song with her children is sung;  
She meekly passed under the rod.  
She has gone from her teaching to rest;  
She has gone to instruction above;  
She has gone to the realms of the blest,  
To the bright kindergartens of love.  
Sweetly the encircling angels declare:  
"There's immortal life in the home over there."

'Tis a beautiful home over there,  
Where teachers immortal abide;  
In the home everlasting and fair  
No pestilence ever may hide;  
No fear of grim Death's sudden call  
Where our Carrie has gone to remain,  
No insidious foe to appeal,  
No sorrow, no sickness, no pain.  
But forever the encircling angels declare:  
"There's immortal life in the home over there."  
Oh, the voice from the great throne!  
Oh, the echoes from streets of gold!  
What tho sorrow the heart has known—  
What tho here we grow weak and old?  
There perennial youth is ours  
And a life that shall fadeless be,  
Midst the bloom of celestial flowers  
In the Lord's blest eternity:  
O yes, whisper ye angels fair:  
"There's an endless life in the home over there."

## FRIENDSHIP

TO A. K. SMITH

There's one among the many moods of mind  
That moves the soul and animates the heart,  
Not subject to exchange in any mart,  
Strong, beautiful, self-sacrificing, kind;  
'T is Friendship, sacred bond so strong to bind  
E'en absent souls tho many miles apart,—  
More beautiful than any gem of art!  
'T is faith, good-will, and fellowship refined.  
For some it seems a gift from God on high—  
A blessing rich, surpassing wealth untold:  
When others fain would barter it for gold,  
It steals away without a passing sigh;  
It knows its own, naught severs its firm hold  
While hearts beat warm and souls see eye to eye.

Chautauqua, N. Y., 1909



18—CONCORD SCHOOL—18

A school in harmony with this good name  
Is in accord with thriving Rochester ;  
For our fair City is the caterer  
Of taste in art, and Music gives her fame  
Still better art our citizens can claim—  
The faithful teacher's the interpreter  
Of highest art—the building character—  
Of all the arts it has the noblest aim.  
Can Concord School compete in concert fine  
With fifty others all in harmony,  
Co-ordinating in grand symphony?  
'Tis wondrous work when all the schools combine  
To benefit this great community.—  
'Tis work auspicious, heavenly, benign.

IN MEMORIAM

SARAH SJELTON THE TOILER

We fondly love the City where we dwell—  
A worthy town with beauty all aglow ;  
I sing of one who helped to make it so ;  
Who, with an angel's patience, loved to tell  
The City's youth the art of living well.  
In Concord School she never did mis-know  
The happy children, hurrying to and fro  
To duty's tasks, called by the old school bell.  
O City fair, by such creative art,  
Thou hast attained thy beauty ! Hopes and fears,  
Solicitude and many sleepless hours,  
The toil to cultivate the finer powers,  
Glad services of consecrated heart,  
And faithful teaching half a hundred years !



19—SEWARD SCHOOL—19  
IN HONOR OF WILLIAM HENRY SEWARD

A COADJUTOR OF LINCOLN

What should be said of those who make their way  
High on the way to service and to fame?

Some men receive their merit; others claim  
Extension of the power that gives them sway,  
Without the right, to bind men to obey.

*"An irrepressible conflict"*—Such must tame;  
Redeem the slave from bondage, fear and shame,  
Destroy the tyrants' rule and give fair play."

So Seward said and bravely backed his Chief.

Conspiracy to break the Union failed!

"Half slave, half free" our land was not to be:  
That Union would be saved was their belief;

"Old Glory" led on land, to masts was nailed!

Long live those noble men in memory!

L'ENVOI

And now it behooveth Number Nineteen

To cherish the names of these noble men;

So keeping their names forever green

In archives of love by tongue, and by pen.



20—CAPTAIN HENRY LOMB—PHILANTHROPIST—20

A Rochester philanthropist, sincere  
In all his dealings, on the square, upright;  
A soldier brave, for freedom fain would fight.  
Remarkably unselfish, vision clear.  
To sacrifice for others he'd no peer;  
Disinterested, kind, 'twas his delight  
To do his deeds with all his moral might;  
And shall we not his memory revere?  
The school that bears his name should venerate  
His public principles, admire the man,  
And, far as possible, adopt his plan  
Of life, forgetting self, so cultivate  
The loving heart to do what-e'er one can  
To serve, that virtues may accumulate.

(See page 70)

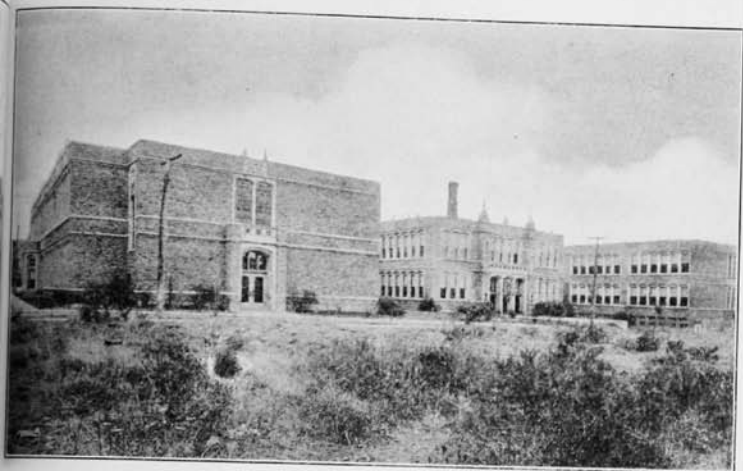


21—JONATHAN CHILD SCHOOL—21

The rapid progress of our City fair  
Is due to founders' broad intelligence:  
They seemed regardless of the recompense,  
But wrought with much solicitude and care.  
Among them was a man, beyond compare,  
In whom his compeers had great confidence.  
This man with open mind and common sense  
First filled the City's governmental chair.  
If boys and girls of Number Twenty-one  
Will cultivate a worthy discontent  
With present progress and with time mis-spent,  
And will resolve henceforth to carry on  
To higher things for future betterment,  
The game of life will then be surely won.

(See page 18)





## ABRAHAM LINCOLN

### *You May Not Be*

Abraham Lincoln, American knight;  
Leader supreme in the great Civil War;  
Invincible sword in humanity's fight;  
National savior by destiny's star;  
Citizen-soldier Commander-in-chief;  
Orator eloquent, mighty with pen;  
Liberty's angel dispensing relief;  
Noble enthusiast, lover of men.

### *But You Can*

Ascend to the top if willing to dare;  
Learn to be loyal to country and right;  
Invest in the best and be ready to share;  
Never despair when your courage is bright;  
Cultivate courtesy, knowledge and grace;  
Offer your service to high and to low;  
Lend a hand, lovingly setting the pace;  
Name your own course and be true as you go.

### L'ENVOI

To every boy and girl  
Of Number Twenty-two:  
You sure can get the pearl—  
It's simply up to you.  
You can if you will.



23—FRANCIS WAYLAND PARKER—23

A valiant soldier—patriotic soul!

Was great in war but greater far in peace;

The luster of his name will never cease.

An educator:—while the ages roll

That calling must all civil life control!

Philanthropist, and may his kind increase

Till every school-house hath a life-long lease,

And faithful teachers get the goodly goal.

The Francis Parker School is on the way

To honor long the mem'ry of the man

Whose name it bears; it may be, lead the van

In civic education; who can say.

Of city schools, which has the better plan

For future progress in some future happy day?



ELLWANGER AND BARRY SCHOOL  
NUMBER TWENTY-FOUR  
ROCHESTER, NEW YORK

24—ELLWANGER AND BARRY SCHOOL—24  
First "Flour" then "Flower" now "Kodak" is the name  
Appended to the name of Rochester;  
But "Flower" causes many a heart to stir,  
Led on to love the town by florist fame.  
Who does not love the flowers! Yes, "Kodak's" claim  
Is strong. To favor both one may not err;  
Folk differ as to which they do prefer,  
As Art or Nature sets the heart aflame.  
The Ellwanger and Barry School say "Flower"  
Because of what those worthy men have done;  
It's still the "Flower City" in the sun!  
The camera may have its winning power  
With some, but boys and girls, in the long run  
Love what Nature does for them by sun and shower.



25—NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE SCHOOL—25

Of novelists and other writers, some  
Have written true to stand the test of time,  
While others' novels are not worth the dime.  
Nathaniel's works are fit for any home  
And will endure thru the millennium.  
He, as a writer, reaches the sublime  
And gives incentives for young folk to climb:  
Hence, he should have the high encomium.  
Nathaniel Hawthorne School can estimate  
The value of good books, and bring to bear  
Their influence, lead pupils to compare,  
To love and read the good, the bad to hate.  
How good it is, in early life, to care  
And then, in after years, be fortunate!



## ON THE JOB

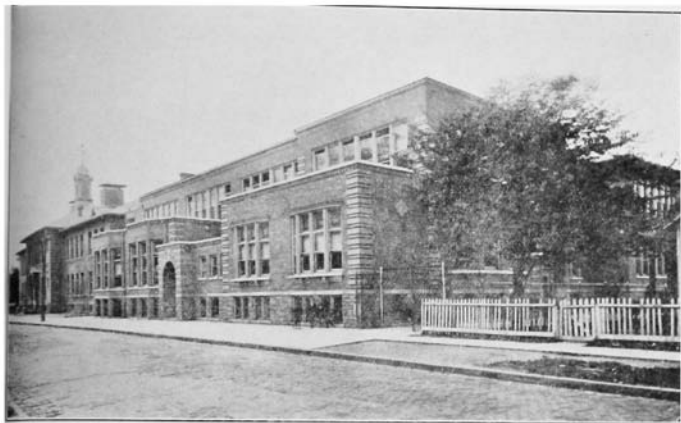
TO S. P. MOULTHROP, NUMBER TWENTY-SIX

### I.

If any man deserves the praise of fame  
And gets it not, save from his God, I ween  
'Tis he who lives a simple life and clean;  
Is joyful on the job and plays the game  
Of getting for the giving; makes no claim  
For self; in service only is he seen;  
Abhors the cheap laudations of the mean.  
But covets, with the few, a noble name.  
Such is the man I love—my steadfast friend:  
His kindly soul would give itself to please!  
He builds foundations—let results commend;  
He plants to fling bright mem'ries to the breeze:  
The job grows finer as the years descend,—

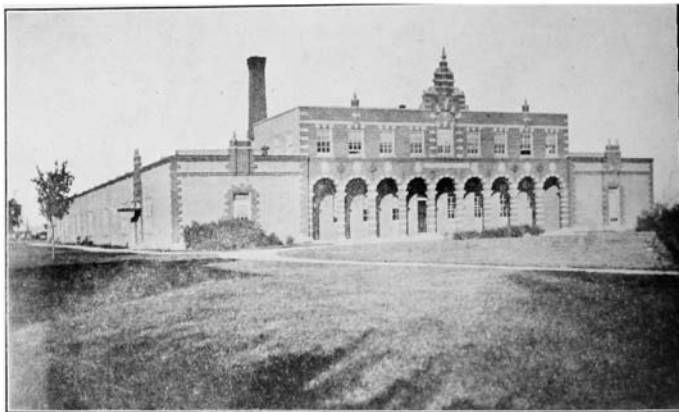
### II.

This man, with patriotic zeal inspired  
To plant the trees whose tops look up to heaven,  
In mem'ry of the men whose lives were given  
In service that America required,  
Deserves the fame those loyal men desired.  
Not every one, whose soul for fame hath striven,  
Hath filled young hearts with patriotic leaven  
That forms the character so much admired.  
It takes a loving heart to plant a tree:  
More loving is it e'en to teach a child:  
It contemplates the future calm and free.  
When weary workers, 'neath its shade beguiled  
Shall think how oft the gracious God hath smiled  
On him who wrought for all eternity.



27—SUSAN B. ANTHONY SCHOOL—27

A leader, seeking social betterment  
And on the upward trend, was Susan B,—  
An advocate for just equality.  
No man would ask for less and be content,  
And her intention was beneficent.  
For higher education, 'twas her plea  
That boys and girls should all share equally.  
And her ambition made her eminent.  
A school endued with principles like these  
Will surely win the high grade of success—  
That *real* success whose function is to bless;  
How better can the schools the people please?  
'Tis this ambition stands the storm and stress;  
Such thriving is not borne on every breeze.



28—HENDRICK HUDSON SCHOOL—28

His bark was on the breakers many a day ;  
    He sailed the briny deep in search of lore ;  
    He was a navigator bold ; his store  
Of vast adventure and his wide survey  
Gave him a knowledge of the far away.  
    Encouraged oft he gained the more and more  
    Worth-while experience from shore to shore.  
He named "North river" and the boreal bay.  
Here, boys and girls, is one to emulate ;  
    The sea of knowledge may be deep and wide :  
    You may be buffeted by wind and tide ;  
Be wise to choose and brave to navigate,  
    You'll sound the depths and win if you confide  
In your beloved dear old "Twenty-eight."

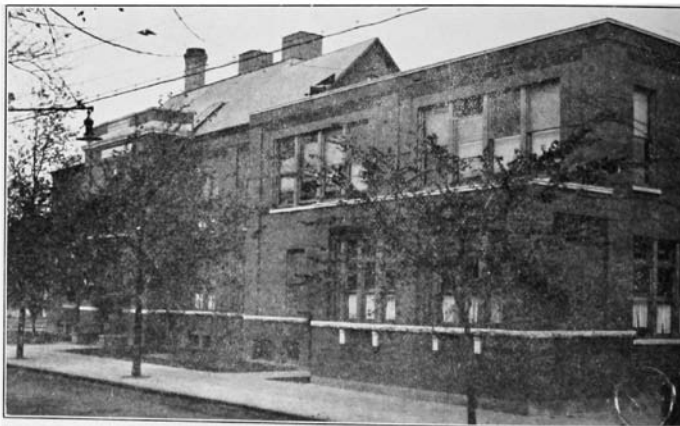




29—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY SCHOOL—29

This Hoosier Poet sings his "Songs of Home"  
And Home's the patron of the public schools  
Where boys and girls are taught right living rules  
And knowledge from the primer to the tome.  
The school is learning's temple with a dome  
O'er-covering chambers vast where Wisdom's tools  
Are used dispensing lore like running pools,  
And building character for time to come.

James Whitcomb Riley School with good intent,  
Like others of its class where wisdom tends  
To righteousness; where education blends  
With virtues suited to each pupil's bent:  
Gives diligence to one who apprehends  
The upward course to sane accomplishment.



30—GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS SCHOOL—30

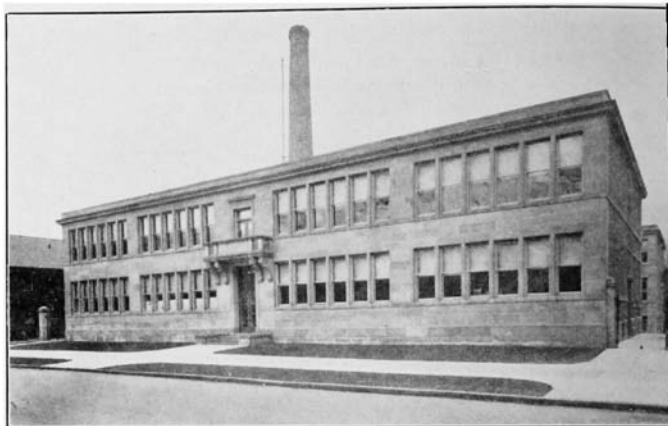
30—GENERAL ELWELL S. OTIS SCHOOL—30

Ambitious to advance, he would excel;  
He heard his Country's call and 'twas his bent  
To be a valiant soldier; so he went  
From private up to Major General—  
From low estate advancing—who can tell  
The glory that awaits one? 'Twas such intent  
That lifted Lincoln up to President:  
Weal comes from thinking right and doing well.  
The boys and girls of Number Thirty School  
Can, if they will, attain the honor roll;—  
So should they look ahead and thus foresee  
What means promotion as a general rule,  
Assures advancement, with a cultured soul,  
To what's worth while from low to high degree.

IN MEMORIAM  
SIETSKE HOEKSTRA

THE SEED SOWER

The fruitage thru the ages will be seen  
Of seed thou hast implanted, teacher true!  
To sow for others' reaping, and to do  
The work of faith and love with soul serene,  
Is worthy of the noblest. Sorely keen  
Will be the loss of thee to those who knew  
Thine excellence; 'twere vain essay to woo  
Thy winning graces and majestic mien.  
And thou hast gone for years from grade to grade  
The animating presence, spirit free,  
Unconscious of thy merit, quick to see  
The good of those for whom thy plans were laid.  
Thy noble work, dear soul, will never fade—  
It bears the stamp of immortality.

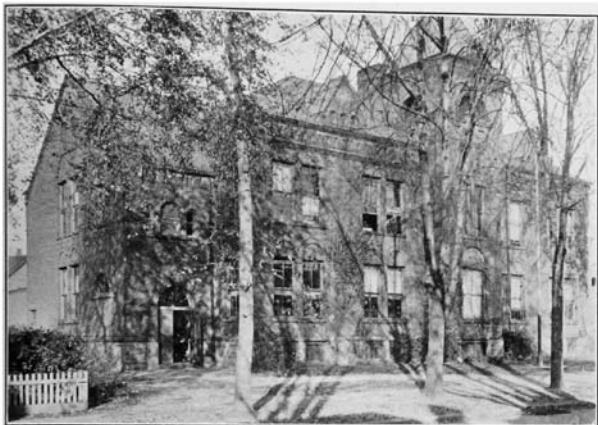


31—ALEXANDER HAMILTON—31

He, Hamilton, the statesman, financier,  
    Attained the noble name of being great  
    Made good in early life,—a child of fate"  
Intelligent, he wrought with vision clear;  
Light-hearted, true, he never knew a fear.  
    To serve his country he'd not hesitate;  
    On call 'twas his to act and not debate:  
No nation claims a nobler pioneer.  
So did he travel on life's upward way;  
    Content to serve, in all things do his part  
    His soul was set on justice, liberty,  
    On seeing his beloved Nation free!  
On highest claims he wrought from day to day,  
    Loved God and Country with devoted heart.

L'ENVOI

How many pointer stars are in the sky  
    Of boys and girls of Number Thirty-one ?  
The firmament of human life is high  
    To those ambitious to go up and on.



32—PLYMOUTH SCHOOL—32

Plymouth Rock! Oh, what a story .

“Landing of the Pilgrims” tells!

Youths and maidens saw no glory,

Much affliction—no joy bells

On the coast rang that December ;

Dauntless, think you, girls and boys?

Theirs were hardships, just remember

How you’re blest with sunny joys.

Sing of all your many blessings ;

Chant in sweetest music tone,

Homes and school and friends carressings

Yours, and they had scarcely none :

Let your time and chance determine,

How much better you are blest ;

Tho you may not wear the ermine

Do your duty, do your best.



33—AUDUBON SCHOOL—33

He loved the birds in early boyhood days,  
And well disposed to be an optimist  
Was Audubon the ornithologist.  
Impelled by love and not to draw men's gaze,  
He wrought in Nature's realm—a mighty maze—  
Of all in bird research, he led the list,  
And was with-al a true philanthropist:  
He taught the world without a thought of praise.  
This is the name of Number Thirty-three,  
A school beloved by many a boy and girl,  
For there they learned the worth of earnest strife.  
And there secured, for ay, the culture key  
That gave to them full many a precious pearl,  
And made for betterment in after life.



34—LEXINGTON SCHOOL—34

A little town in Massachusetts, scene  
Of battle number one for liberty ;  
'Twas with a foreign foe ; 'twas chivalry  
And zeal that caused defenders to convene  
To save their homes beloved ; they stood between  
The British rule of old world monarchy  
And Tirteen Colonies democracy :—  
They'd have a land of liberty serene.

The school that has the honor of this name  
Should foster love of Country, have in view  
Soul-growth and labor with the highest aim ;  
Should be a number one in battles true  
For righteous liberty and play the game  
Of life to win for generations new.



35—PINNACLE SCHOOL—35

Define a pinnacle: it is a hill;

Its synonyms are acme, summit, crown.

Rome sat upon her seven hills, a town  
Made famous by her sons each with a will.

And they were eloquent with tongue and quill.

Acropolis, a hill of great renown,

Where Grecian people on the world looked down  
Because of culture which the schools instil.

A noble name for Number Thirty-five—

One of the schools that give the City pride,  
Where pupils make advancement as they strive,

Where parents in the teachers do confide.

Climb to the acme, boys and girls, and thrive,

So gain success in life what-e'er betide.





36—LONGFELLOW SCHOOL—36

Sweet singer, author of Evangeline,  
Hast need for only this to fix thy fame,  
But many more receive the loud acclaim.  
The volumes of thy worthy work enshrine  
Thy name as one whose songs almost divine  
Deserve encomiums the best can frame.  
There's many a worthy poet, but thy name ,  
Among the bards, will long in luster shine.

The pupils of Longfellow School must climb  
By steady steps to heights commensurate ;  
For, in these testing times, demands are great.  
Now youth is the preparatory time  
For each and all, "With heart for any fate,"  
To scale the heights and "Make their lives sublime."



37—LEWIS HENRY MORGAN SCHOOL—37

Oh, would I had the goodly gift to write  
A sonnet commensurate to this sage!  
His scholarship reflected, on his age,  
Distinction such as few men could excite.  
His presence was a source of real delight.  
What he wrote of Indians filled many a page;  
To read his books was long a privilege;  
To read them now is to be erudite.  
To all the folk of Number Thirty-seven  
Sincere congratulations, on the name  
Your school doth bear, are hereby gladly given.  
To emulate the man, no one can claim;  
You cannot hit that mark—too high the aim,  
But do the best you can and make your school a heaven

(See page 25)



39—ANDREW J. TOWNSON SCHOOL—39

TWO TRIOLETS AND L'ENVOI

O blest art thou fair Rochester  
    With many a worthy citizen,  
Of pep and push, who put the spar  
On lawyer, doctor, minister—  
Men who make the City stir  
    With many a loyal denizen,  
O blest art thou fair Rochester  
    With many a worthy citizen!  
  
Out from the schools of Rochester  
    Are graduated girls and boys  
And, thanks to one a business Sir—  
An open-minded arbiter—  
Who, like an angel harbinger,  
    With other things brought pension joys.  
God bless the schools of Rochester  
That graduate the girls and boys!

L'ENVOI

The Andrew J. Townson School folk  
    May boast of name significant;  
For Andrew, by a happy stroke  
    Made name and memory radiant



40—JOHN WARRANT CASTLEMAN SCHOOL—40

RONDEAU

With wise, discriminating management,  
Vocations suitable to native bent,

    The boys and girls of Rochester may choose.

    In later life whatever one pursues,  
Prosperity goes to the competent.

It all depends on how the time is spent ;  
If no regrets, there's nothing to prevent

    Success ; then toward the School the thanks enthuse—  
        John Warrant Castleman School.

When times' well spent on soul embellishment,  
The mind becomes the more intelligent ;

    The heart, respondent to its love, reviews

    The past—The teachers true who taught to use  
Time and the School, with feelings reverent—

        John Warrant Castleman School.



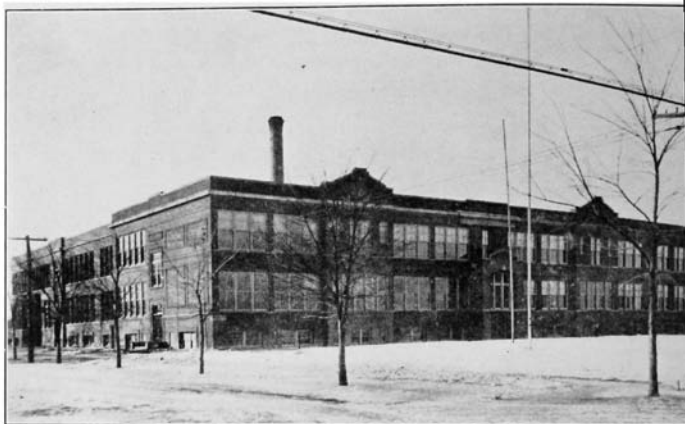
#### 42—ABELARD REYNOLDS SCHOOL—42

##### ABELARD REYNOLDS

*At it and always be at it, attend ;  
Better be beaten by right than to sin ;  
Everyone working and waiting will win ;  
Learn to love labor, to lift and to lend.  
Amiability pays well, renew it ;  
Righteous rules in the realm of the just ;  
Duty's a debt, demands diligence, do it ;  
Reason, re-read, research and go to it ;  
Entertain equity earnestly, trust.  
You can court courteous conduct with care ;  
Natural nobleness never did fail ;  
Organize ownership on a sure scale ;  
Living as Reynolds lived leads you to dare ;  
Dare to do duly and never despair ;  
Sweet to succeed ! Surely you will prevail.*

The above acrostic is inscribed to the boys and girls of Abelard Reynolds School No. 42.

(See page 20)



43—THEODORE ROOSEVELT SCHOOL—43

Like Washington and Lincoln, Jackson, Grant,  
Brave Roosevelt was not afraid to fight;  
His super-strength was in his moral might.  
With constitution hard as adamant,  
When Country called him he was militant;  
When-e'er he drew his sword—a valiant knight.  
He fought his battles nobly for the right—  
A worthy President—Chief Commandant.  
Now all of Number Forty-three must be  
Proud of the name you bear—a noble man!  
In education you should lead the van,  
For all young folk can be, as well as he  
Good loyal citizens, and well you can.  
Promoting Rochester's prosperity.



Theodore Roosevelt.



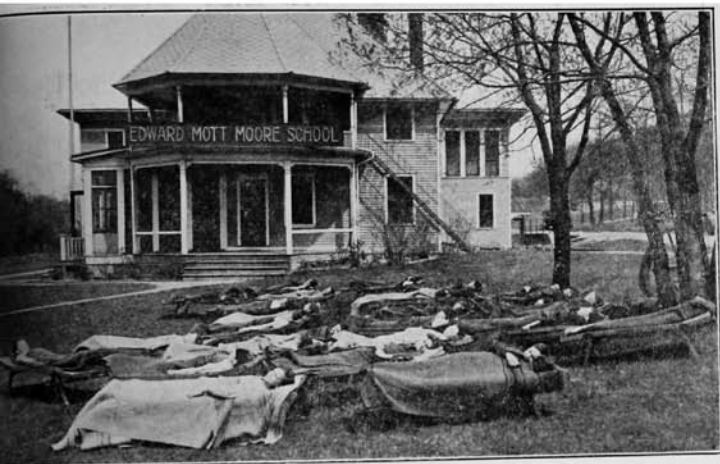
44—LINCOLN PARK SCHOOL—44

Parks are the realms where Beauty reigns in state ;  
In this domain each hath a noble name ;  
So many parks fair Rochester may claim  
Distinction as the finest ; fortunate  
In having worthy founders to locate  
In valley wild where Indians hunted game—  
The beauteous Genesee—worth while to tame  
And build a burg where friends affiliate.  
Among the many is the Lincoln Park,—  
A noble name for any public school,  
And *Forty-four*, dispenser of true lore,  
Gives love and light to dissipate the dark.  
If pupils all observe each righteous rule,  
They'll gain the wisdom guerdon Lincoln'wore.

L'ENVOI

A park may be a portion of a town—  
A neighborhood of broad intelligence  
Whose residents, possessed of common sense.  
Approve a school that gives the place renown.





### OPEN AIR SCHOOL

- An Open Air School is God's out of doors  
There Nature is genial with joys
- Dispensing the blessings of health to the knowers—  
The teachers, the girls and the boys
- An Open Air School in Rochester fair,  
Where pupils are learning to be
- The citizen rulers to keep and to care  
For our Country the land of the free.
- The Open Air School with some helpful High,  
And the college course constant in view,  
Make masters of men all to serve by and by  
In the realms of the good and the true.
- Be true to your teachers, glad boys and girls,  
Miss Fichtner and all of the corps ;
- And gladder you'll be as you gather the pearls  
As pupils at Edward Mott Moore.



### IOLA SANITARIUM

The saints of earth, they climb the golden stair,  
Are those with hearts of love who bless mankind—  
Philanthropists who serve with souls refined—  
Enthusiasts concerned with child-welfare.  
Beneficent, far-sighted seers, they care  
For health of children, body, soul and mind,  
With all the synonyms of love combines,—  
Thank God they're here and there and everywhere  
Iola Sanitarium we deem  
A benefaction for the common-weal;  
Its purpose may be said to be supreme;  
Its managers and teachers serve with zeal,  
Impelled by Love they teach, they train, they heal  
And thereby win the people's high esteem.



### HILLSIDE HOME FOR CHILDREN

Long ago some good angels drank deep of the pleasure—  
Libations of nectar from Charity's well;  
Compassion's returns gave the drafts in full measure  
To the kind benefactors—too many to tell.

But asylums on earth are not free from mutation;  
The fire was a blessing God gave in disguise:  
Then Philanthropy built, on a broader foundation,  
A home for the children—Love's noblest emprise.  
Do blessings seem sweeter for such sacrifice?

The Home on the Hillside—a pride of the City—  
Benevolence built there on abundance of room,  
And Love begets love in that harbor of pity,  
Where the buds of humanity burst into bloom.  
Like the glow of the iris oft seen in the showers,  
Is the promise of hope to the boys and the girls;  
Where the d'm dreaming days and the fast fleeting hours  
Are mosaics of life set in diamonds and pearls  
Is the home-life much brighter in God's other worlds?

On Hillside the Beautiful where the child is upspringing  
To maturity's realm with its soul-testing strife,  
There is mother-love constant in tenderness flinging  
Strong arms of protection around the young life.  
Oh, what is Love's function if not to be given!  
May hearts ever turn to those beautiful hills,  
There to see the bright lights and to feel the love-leaven,  
Thus to know the real office Benevolence fills.  
Can a heart be God-given that Love never thrills?  
There are angels on earth and their sweet ministrations,  
On Hillside the Beautiful, many commend;  
There women imbibing such loving libations—  
I call them all angels, some call each a friend.  
To see destiny's drift 'neath obscurity's cover  
And to foster a child to the verge of the goal,  
Show the eye of an angel, the heart of a lover,  
The faith of a mother, the worth of a soul.  
Will such service endure while the centuries\*roll?  
And who are those bearers of genuine joys,  
With outflowing hearts that benignity fills?  
They are friends with love-promptings for girls and  
for boys—  
The inhabitants bappy on the Pinnacle Hills.  
Hillside the Beautiful, in the confines of heaven,  
Are for them that have right to asylums above—  
The angels of earth and to them shall be given,  
As they give to the orphans the fruits of their love.  
Will the treasures of heaven commensurate prove?

## THE IRREPARABLE PAST

TO THE PUPILS OF THE ROCHESTER PUBLIC SCHOOLS

The errors of one's youthful days  
Are sources of regret;  
Be wise and win your safety-ways,  
Lest you, too late, forget.

You cannot neutralize the past,  
But you may apprehend;  
The future, sure, will come at last;  
Let Prudence be your friend.

A teacher with experience  
May be your worthy guide;  
Or parents, wise, par-excellence,  
May help you to decide.

Strive on, while golden moments fly,  
With all your strength of will;  
The fleeting hours are passing by  
In youth for good or ill.

Soon will your school-days all be o'er,  
And gone beyond recall,  
When life's stern duties more and more—  
By which some rise, some fall—

Will make you know by clearer ken,  
The saying hard and fast:—  
"The mill will never grind again  
With the water that is past."

## EVERY MINUTE

Every minute's a golden minute,  
Worth too must to loose;  
Never a prize but a youth may win it,  
Time's God-given to use.  
Everyone with a will to win  
Catches time on the fly;  
Finishing what is worth while to begin  
Brings a glad day by and by.

Every minute's a golden measure  
Meting out lives of men,  
Telling a trifle or precious treasure  
Three-score years and ten.  
Fortune's favors come not every day—  
Never to time-wasting sloth;  
If you will fritter the minutes away,  
Rank will be poverty's growth.

Every minute's a galloping steed,  
Bearing the hours away,  
Passing with ever increasing speed  
Into the fleeting day.  
Putting it off—the dangerous trick—  
Puts no wheat in the mill;  
What's to be done must be done on the tick,  
Yes, and with hearty good will.

Every minute's a magical elf,  
    Conjuring with the hours,  
Making for poverty or for pelf  
    Or nourishing noble powers.  
Many a boy's as prompt as the sun  
    Many a girl's on time;  
Lack-a-day! some have never begun  
    Hills of good fortune to climb.

Every minute's fugitive friend,  
    Hasting beyond recall;  
Gladding or sadding the soul to the end—  
    Fairylike friend of all.  
Vain the regrets over wasted years,  
    When a short life's on the wane;  
Blessed be NOW in the saving of tears,  
    Happy the youth ever sane!

#### I CAN AND I WILL

To train the mind the measure of the man,  
    To think, to know, to apprehend aright,  
    To know the limitations of thy might,  
The world's wide field of men and things to scan;  
To know the power of purpose in thy plan  
    Of life; to keep thy sword and scutcheon bright  
Thou e'en must feel the force of thine "I CAN."  
And would'st thou fathom thine own might of mind?  
    Would'st goad thine energies to greater deeds?  
    Would'st stronger be to strive and suffer still?  
Would'st thou a servant be of human kind?  
    Forget the praise of men while self recedes?  
    Thou must the virtue know of thine "I WILL."

## MY PHILOSOPHY

TO THE TEACHERS OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Rochester, November 1906

The bills of fare of many are  
    Made up of fret and flurry;  
They nourish care with wear and tear,  
    And die of over-worry.  
Who frets and stews feeds on the blues—  
    Unwholesome as a diet—  
Their thoughts confuse, their wits they lose;  
    Their nerves and brain run riot.  
It isn't nice to pay the price,—  
    Indeed it's mortifying;  
Take my advice—work once play twice  
    And so defer the dying.  
The recompense of common sense  
    Will keep alive your head;  
'Tis good defence 'gainst going hence—  
    You'll be a long time dead.  
The world will wag—your worry—bag  
    Will make it wag no faster;  
To lade your nag with a heavy jag  
    Leads on to dire disaster.  
You win the race in every case,  
    When running after trouble;  
A bootless chase—a killing pace—  
    Be sane and prick the bubble.  
Tho some acquire dominion dire,  
    Keep cool and be a winner;  
'Tis not your hire to feed their fire.  
    Nor burn for every sinner.  
Tho some may burn at every turn,  
    Be chary how you levy  
On your concern, for some must learn  
    Some systems grow top-heavy.



## THE MUSICAL OLD THIRTEEN

First, doughty Delaware her trumpet blew ..... 1 Dec. 7, 1787  
 For Union; Pennsylvania followed fast; ..... 2 Dec. 12, 1787  
 Third, Brave New Jersey blew her bugle blast ..... 3 Dec. 18, 1787  
 Fourth, Georgia piped for Constitution too; ..... 4 Jan. 2, 1788  
 Connecticut made then a quintett new; ..... 5 Jan. 9, 1788  
 Sixth Massachusetts sang her vision vast ..... 6 Feb. 6, 1788  
 "My Maryland" sang seventh in the cast; ..... 7 Apr. 28, 1788  
 And South Carolina made the octave true. .... 8 May 23, 1788  
 New Hampshire played the harp as number nine; ... 9 June 21, 1788  
 Virginia joined the chorus sweet, serene  
 As number ten with F. F. V. so fine ..... 10 June 26, 1788  
 New York, eleventh, blew a clarion clean ..... 11 July 26, 1788  
 North Carolina sang as twelfth to sign; ..... 12 Nov. 21, 1789  
 Rhode Island sang—"God bless the "Old Thirteen" 13 May 29, 1790

### POPULAR NAMES OF THE UNITED STATES

### ABBREVIATIONS

The "Blue Hen State," first colony to sign; ..... Del.  
 The "Keystone State" made then an honored twain; ..... Penn.  
 The "Garden State" was third with golden grain; ..... N. J.  
 \*The "Empire State of the South" was fourth in line; ..... Geo.  
 †The "Land of Steady Habits" fifth and fine; ..... Conn.  
 Sixth—"Bay State," majestic on the main; ..... Mass.  
 The "Old Line State" was seventh in the chain; ..... Md.  
 "Palmetto State" was eighth to sign and shine; ..... S. C.  
 The "Granite State" as solid as a rock ..... N. H.  
 Was ninth to form a nation with a will  
 The "Old dominion," tenth to stand the shock; ..... Va.  
 And "Empire State" eleventh to wield the quill; ..... N. Y.  
 ††The "Old North State" twelfth. took her share of stock .... N. C.  
 And "Little Rhody," thirteenth, filled the bill ..... R. I.

\*Also called "Cracker State"

†Also called "Nutmeg State"

††Also called "Tar Heel State"

No.	Abb.	Popular Name	Admitted
14.	Vt.	—"Green Mountain State"	1791
15.	Ken.	—"Blue Grass State"	1792
16.	Tenn.	—"Volunteer State"	1796
17.	O.	—"Buckeye State"	1802
18.	Lou.	—"Pelican State"	1812
19.	Ind.	—"Hoosier State"	1816
20.	Miss.	—"Bayou State"	1817
21.	Ill.	—"Prairie or Sucker State"	1818
22.	Ala.	—"Cotton State"	1819
23.	Me.	—"Pine Tree State"	1820
24.	Mo.	—"Iron Mountain State"	1821
25.	Ark.	—"Bear State"	1836
26.	Mich.	—"Wolverine State"	1837
27.	Fla.	—"Peninsula State"	1845
28.	Tex.	—"Lone Star State"	1845
29.	Io.	—"Hawkeye State"	1846
30.	Wis.	—"Badger State"	1848
31.	Calif.	—"Golden State"	1850
32.	Minn.	—"Gopher State"	1858
33.	Ore.	—"Beaver State"	1859
34.	Kan.	—"Sunflower State"	1861
35.	W. Va.	—"New Dominion"	1863
36.	Nev.	—"Silver State"	1864
37.	Neb.	—"Black Water State"	1867
38.	Colo.	—"Centennial State"	1876
39.	N. Dak.	—"Flickertail State"	1889
40.	S. Dak.	—"Swingecat State"	1889
41.	Mont.	—"Stubtoe or Bonanza State"	1889
42.	Wash.	—"Chinook State"	1889
43.	Wyo.	—"Equal Rights"	1890
44.	Ida.	—"Esto Perpetua"	1890
45.	Ut.	—"Mormon or Salt Lake State"	1896
46.	Okla.	—"Central or Boomer State"	1907
47.	N. Mex.	—"Sunshine State"	1912
48.	Ariz.	—"Sunset State"	1912

(See World Almanac 1923—page 422)



### THE OUTCOME

*I pledge my loyalty to Country now,—  
Allegiance to my Government at war;  
My Flag shall symbolize my sacred vow,  
And to the world shall be a Freedman's Star;  
Republic, not autocracy, shall rule,  
For which downtrodden people hope and pray:  
It stands for Freedom and the Public School:  
One nation with another—equal sway—  
Indivisible by strife and selfish hate;  
With Liberty, our goddess giving light,  
And Justice with her scales of equal weight  
For all mankind. When Nations cease to fight  
One Flag shall stand for equity; the fates  
Will weld the world in one United States.*

Rochester, March 20, 1918.

## ON THE WAY TO FAME

A little town in New York State  
Just suits me to a T—  
Three-hundred-thousand small and great—  
'Tis on the Genesee.

The folk are kind, tho living's high,  
They greet you with a grin;  
If you'r a stranger passing by  
The river just drop in.

That does not mean the river's brim  
Was built for **social calls**;  
Yet 'tis a famous place to swim  
Above the upper falls.

Tho you might find a wat'ry grave,  
'Tis famous all the same;  
'Tis there Sam Patch and bruin brave  
Won their immortal fame.

The children of the city go  
To many famous schools,  
And they are wise enough to know  
That fame is not for fools

A school-boy bold would go to war;  
He'd bravely play the game;  
Oh, woe's the day, his par and maw  
Blocked up his way to fame.

A school enrolled a goodly girl;  
    She'd climb the hill of fame  
Her courage failed while in the whirl,—  
    Oh, my! what's in a name!  
How many leave their school and sigh  
    To reach Fame's highest goal!  
For want of pep they vainly try  
    And fail the aureole.  
Not all can be great presidents,  
    Nor play the game of war;  
But you can follow up your bents  
    And chase your golden star.  
Be not discouraged, girls and boys;  
    You can win, IF YOU WILL!  
Fair Rochester has jobs and joys  
    Without a bitter pill.

#### L'ENVOI

“On Fame's eternal camping-ground  
    Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards with solemn round  
    The bivouac of the dead.”



3 9077 03100078 2