The Transcript

Monroe School

December, 1907
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"CHRISTMAS IN THE OLDEN TIME"
FRAGMENTS

Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But, let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled
And brought blithe the Christmas back again
With all his hospitable train.

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen;
The hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the wood did merry-men go,
To gather in the mistletoe.

"Marmion," Introduction to Canto VI,
Sir Walter Scott.

Lo! now is come our joyful'st feast!
Let every man be jolly;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.

Without the door let sorrow lie;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

And Jack shall pipe, and Jill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.


At Christmas-tide the open hand
Scatters its bounty o'er sea and land,
And none are left to grieve alone,
For Love is heaven and claims its own.

"Margaret E. Sangster.

And Winter near with rest and Christmas play,
Heap logs, and let the blaze laugh out.

"Browning.

Kind hearts make Christmas—June can bring blue
sky or clouds above;
The only universal Spring is that which comes of
love.

"Sladen."
THE TRANSCRIPT

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A FOX TERRIER

How bright it did seem when I first opened my eyes. I had to shut them immediately. In a short time, however, I was able to look about.

There wasn’t very much to see. On all sides of me was hay, while about two feet above my head was a dusty rafter. Side of me, I saw what my mother told me were my two brothers and a sister. I could not see myself, but I suppose I looked a good deal like my brothers. I was only two weeks old and was not strong enough to stand up.

In about half an hour three little boys came across the hay and looked down at us. “Yes, we have them all named,” said one of the boys. “Here is ‘Dandy,’ and he certainly is a ‘dandy,’” he added, as he pulled me from our little nest. “Yes, he is a peach,” said the first boy’s brother.

The third boy, who apparently was a friend of the brothers, now spoke up, “You know we’ve got a bull dog, so we don’t want a dog, but my cousin is coming to spend a month or so, next week and maybe he—” I couldn’t hear any more, because the first boy had put me back, and they were now all going away.

It was about a week before I was strong enough to go about any; but from then, for four or five weeks my brothers and my sister and I had great times.

One day I was walking along on the hay when I suddenly found myself about four feet lower. It was very lucky for me that the horse was not in his stall and also lucky that there was a little hay in his feeding-box. As it was I only had to jump about four more feet and I was on the barn floor.

Sure enough I was on the barn floor; but where was I to go? I was wondering this, when my mother came down the stairs before me.

First I was given a scolding for being so careless, and then a lesson in stair climbing. After several attempts I reached the top and was glad to lie down in the hay.

A few days later all of us went down stairs (which I found was easier than going up) and through carelessness of my master we all got in the pig pen and I had the time of my life. My brothers, my sister and I chased the two little pigs until we were so tired that we had to lie down in the mud.

Two or three hours later, the boys, whom I have already mentioned, found us all asleep in the mud. They couldn’t help laughing at us at first, but as soon as they got done they gave us a scolding and then a bath, neither of which I liked.

I cannot take time to tell you any more of our fun, but I will go on with my life.

When I was two months old the saddest day of my life came. I was sold to the cousin of the boy whom I mentioned.

I had to leave my mother, my brothers, my sister, the barn, the pigs and all of the good times I had had, and more than all my home and kind master.

The boy who bought me was kind, and I was glad of that. He carried me in his arms for a quarter of a mile and then took me into a house and I was given some milk. After dinner the next day I started with my master, Harold Stephens, his brother Walter, and his father and mother.

First we took a train to Buffalo and then changed cars. When we got on the other train Harold took me into the car as he did before. When the conductor came around he said, “You’ll have to get that dog out of here mighty quick. Throw him off, or take him in the baggage car.”

So Harold took me in the baggage car and the baggageman said, “You can let the dog lie on the mail bags.”

Harold stayed with me until about eight o’clock, and then he said, “I won’t let you
stay here all night." So he left me in charge of the baggageman, and soon returned with an empty suit case. Greatly to my surprise he put me in it, locked it and carried me through the train. When we got to the last car he opened the suit case and I found myself in a bed with curtains all around. Then Harold came to bed with me. I didn't like sleeping with him, so about midnight I jumped out from between the curtains, ran up and down the car and barked. Everyone woke up and got angry. I don't know why. Then the conductor came in and said that if he heard any more of me he would throw me off the train. So I went to bed again with Harold and stayed quiet all night. We got up about six o'clock and got off at Chatham. Then we had some breakfast and took a car to South Berlin. There a young man met us and drove us to Hancock, about eight miles.

At last I had found my home. In a few days I found a playmate, and we had many happy times. I will not stop to tell you of all of our fun, but there are a few things that I must tell to make my story interesting.

Harold and Walter and Mr. and Mrs. Stephens slept up stairs, which gave me an opportunity to do anything down stairs. I had been taught to be a good dog (for I suppose that you know by this time that I am a dog) but on the night before Thanksgiving I got into the pantry and temptation overcame me.

There was the turkey, nice and fat. I grabbed him by one leg and took him into the parlor and laid down by the grate, (my usual sleeping place) and had a feast.

When Mr. Stephens came downstairs in the morning he found me just finishing the last leg. I will assure you that I got all the punishment I deserved, for besides a whipping I was sick for a week.

On Christmas eve everyone put his Christmas presents in a large basket before the grate, and I slept beside them. About midnight Walter came to see what Santa Claus had brought him. He lit a match, but dropped it on the floor, and I saw the carpet begin to blaze. Then he yelled as loudly as he could.

I supposed that the house would burn up when I saw the blaze, so I grabbed a package from the basket and ran out of the door which Walter opened. Mr. Stephens came downstairs and put the blaze out. Then I came in and Harold took the package from my mouth. On it was written, "Dandy, from Harold." In it was a fine collar.

"I didn't know that you could read, Dan," said Harold, "you were sure to save your own present, weren't you?"

Eighth Grade A. Edward S. Cross.

THE DEPARTMENT OF PUBLIC WORKS

Our class selected Arthur Rowland, Mayor, who appointed Emmett Smith, Commissioner of Public Works.

We have nine districts and each district has a foreman and some others to help him. These boys and girls take care of the school yard and school room.

Harold Plumb is the Comptroller and Edgar Johnson is the Treasurer. We make our money out of paper.

Harold and Edgar are making a drawer for the money. Ray Schemerhorn is making a street sprinkler, Earl Allen a street cleaning brush, and Lynn Burns an ash wagon.

We are making a collection of clippings about the Department of Public Works. We get these out of the daily papers.

Fifth Grade A. Lester Bray.
THE STORY OF ESTHER

Among the lists of literary masterpieces for intensive study in the upper grades is the "Story of Esther".

The Eighth Grade A chose this for their work in Literature, and are preparing a dramatization of the story, with incidental solos and choruses from Bradbury's Cantata, "Esther, the Beautiful Queen".

A synopsis of the story follows:

Esther was born in Persia 500 years before Christ. Being an orphan from infancy she was adopted by her uncle, Mordecai, who, recognizing her great natural beauty, trained her in the accomplishments of highest womanhood. She was chosen by the King of the Realm to be his wife and Queen. She did not disclose her nationality. Haman was Premier and favorite of the King. Haman hated Mordecai because he would not worship him as the King had commanded. He did not know Mordecai's relation to the Queen. To be revenged he obtained a decree for destroying all the Jews in the provinces. Mordecai discovers the plot and charges the Queen to petition the King for the safety of her people, which she does at the peril of her life, on account of the law that no one shall go unto the King unbidden. The King hears her petition, and Haman is defeated. Haman has prepared a gallows for Mordecai. An attendant informs the King of the fact. The King orders Haman to be hanged from it and proclaims Mordecai Premier in his stead. After this the people rejoice.

Christmas Time

The snow was softly falling,
It sparkled in the night;
The children dear were sleeping
Under the Christmas light.

Their stockings all were hanging
Beside the chimney-place;
For Santa Claus was coming
With pleased and happy face.

At last he reached the chimney,
Slid down with noiseless bound,
And filled the stockings right up full;
But crash! they all came down.

He did not stop, but turned and ran
Right up the chimney-place,
Tho' where he went to no one knows,
So swift his reindeer's pace.

Irene V. Elliott,
Eighth Grade A. Age, 14 years.
The Transcript

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Patronize our Advertisers and thereby assist in the maintenance of your School Paper.

Tis pleasant sure, to see one’s name in print;
A book’s a book, although there’s nothing in’t.—Byron

The February Class of ’07 published the initial number of "The Transcript"; thereby doing the pioneer work and downright conquering of difficulties.

The June Class of ’07 produced, as a result of their efforts, an issue that caused the eyes of its patrons to open in wonder and pleasure. "Surely", they exclaimed, "we have our money’s worth and more"!

Owing to the falling off in advertisements we are somewhat "panicky"; but trust our friends will come to the rescue and save us from premature demise.

Among those who have encouraged us by kindly responding to our solicitations for advertisements are some of Rochester’s leading musicians, all of whom rank high not only as soloists but as instructors.

We wish to thank them and all who have given us support in our attempts at journalism.

The pupils of the Eighth Grade A are greatly interested in the study of Physical Geography as outlined and taught by Mr. Clark. It is the custom of our Principal to teach this branch of the curriculum in the eighth grades. A feature of the work is now and then a field excursion.

What about the Athletic Association? If it has died a natural death we hope to see its resurrection ere the advent of our June number.

In June next our building will be thrown open for the purpose of exhibiting the work of the pupils of the various grades.

The site of our erstwhile garden is to be used as a playground. Apparatus is now being placed in position for games.

Our doubts are traitors,
And make us lose the good we oft might win,
By fearing to attempt.—Shakespeare
CLASS OF FEBRUARY, '08
THE CLASS OF FEB. 1908.

The names of the pupils who have been members of an eighth grade for the past year are as follows:

GIRLS
Florence Drumm
Ernestine Blauw
Irene Elliott
Hazel Wright
Amy Treman
Lois Jennings
Ruth Geil
Aneta Brower
Ruth Sulter
Hannah Graeser
Mildred Davis
Erma Gay
Edna Stape
Vera Van Arsdall
El sie Duncan
Ruth Westcott
Bessie Johnson
Edna Armitage
Sarah Arnold
Rhea Teller

BOYS
Edward Cross
Percy Randolph
Louis Arentz
Kenneth Henderson
Earl Cook
Raymond Collins
Raymond Beeler
Oscar Knell
Lawrence Doty
La Rue Sherman
Chas. MacLeUan
Wynn Hubert
Arthur Owen
Edwin Appel
Franklin Empey
Arthur Ellis
Hiram Davis

WHISTLER

He attended West Point 1851-1854, and later studied art under Gleyre in Paris.

In 1863 he removed to London, and in 1886 was elected president of the Society of British Artists. His originality was so marked as to be thought by some critics to border on eccentricity.

His genius, however, is generally admitted. He is especially noted for his etchings, which brought him greater recognition than his paintings. Among his best known portraits are: "Miss Alexander," "Carlyle" and "My Mother." The last mentioned received a third class medal at the Salon of 1883.

He is widely known by his "Nocturnes," "Variations," "Arrangements," "Symphonies," "Harmonies," etc., in which he manipulates notes and chords of color somewhat after the manner of a musician.


Whistler was a decorator as well as a painter, his best known decoration being the celebrated "Peacock Room."

For a long time he did not meet deserved recognition. His wish was that after his death his pictures might come into American hands. This wish has been carried out. In both public and private galleries in Boston, Chicago and Philadelphia are fine exhibits of his work. He wrote "The Gentle Art of Making Enemies."

Louis W. Kurtz,
Eighth Grade B.
THE FINAL GAME BETWEEN
HILBURY AND TRINITY

It was two weeks before Thanksgiving, and the football squad were working hard on the gridiron. Sid Welch was at quarter-back and was doing excellent work. Most every day the first team would line up against the second. Sid would send his men around the ends for good gains, and send full back through the center for two and three yards at a time. One day the first half ended with a score of 0 to 0 in favor of the first team. The second half finished with the same score, as the coaches had taken out some of the regular men.

So the days passed by until the Monday before Thanksgiving. The men were all in good shape. That afternoon the practice was only on signals, so as not to use them up.

CHAPTER II.

It was two o'clock on Thanksgiving Day, and the Trinity football squad was out on the gridiron going through practice before the game.

The purple and white banners of Hilbury were waving lazily as the pupils on the grand stand sang their school song. As the cherry and black youths from the Trinity High School, and the purple and white youths from Hilbury lined up, there came a loud cheer from the Hilbury part of the stand—"Rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, rah, who are we? Hilbury, Hilbury, Hilbury," and from the other part of the stand came back, "What's the matter with the team? they're all right? Who's all right? the team."

The Trinity left-half kicked off to Hilbury's right end, who made ten yards before being downed. Sid started the game by sending full through right for three yards, and then sent left half around the end for five more; then full fell back for a punt and sent the ball about forty yards. The Trinity quarter-back caught it, but was nailed in his tracks on his own twenty-five yard line. Then they tried their men for good gains. Once the right half got around the end for seven yards, but that did not gain the necessary three more, and the quarter fell back for a punt. So the game went on until Trinity was near Hilbury's goal line. When time was called and the first half was over, and Sid limped over to his place on the ground by the others, he was thanking his stars for the timely intermission.

The second half began like the first, and after about eighteen minutes of play Hilbury finally succeeded in getting the ball near Trinity's goal line. It was maddening, only three white lines to go, and hardly time enough to score, as the time-keeper announced but two minutes more to play. All through the game Sid had not tried a quarter-back run. Now was his time, if ever. He signaled and caught the ball and started. He knew he must make the necessary two yards, to make it first down, and so got one, made a brave attempt to get the other, and failed. As they lined up against Trinity, Sid went up the field, feeling blue, but Trinity was not going to try any risks under her goal line, and so punted to Sid. For once the Trinity ends were slow in getting down, and Sid had an open field. He dodged the first enemy, and then they came thick and fast, and Hilbury's men turned and ran beside him, making hasty interference. Finally he almost had an open field, excepting Trinity's quarter-back, and as Sid ran on his eyes burned in his opponent's, and just as his opponent made a neat dive on Trinity's five-yard line, caught Sid by one foot, and held fast. Sid dragged him four yards and then fell with the ball over the goal line. Full failed at the try for goal, but who
THE TRANSCRIPT

The children of the Special Preparatory Grade enjoyed a real Thanksgiving dinner in the Library on Wednesday, November the twenty-eighth.

SPECIAL GRADE WORK

The children of the Special Preparatory Grade are building and furnishing a model house, making their own rugs, chairs, couches, tables, beds, and even the bricks for the fireplace. The children's delight knows no bounds in this work, which is invaluable in developing resourcefulness, originality and skill.

On Thursday, November fourteenth, the Seventh Grade A held a successful candy sale in the library.

The sum realized was twelve dollars and forty cents. This was used to help decorate the grade room. All join in thanking those who helped by their patronage.

THE COMMITTEE
Randolph Fox, Chairman
Isabella Schmidt
James Keefer
Marion Thing
THE PARENT TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION

A valuable association has recently been organized in No. Fifteen School.

The objects of this association are:

1. To arouse a greater interest in Public School work and in matters relating to child culture.
2. To secure a closer co-operation of parent and teacher for the better understanding and training of the child.
3. To stimulate the interest of parents and teachers in the subject of physical and social purity.
4. To create a neighborhood spirit.
5. To provide such supplementary equipments for the education of this district as seem advisable.

The officers are as follows:
Dr. F. W. Bock, President; First Vice-president, Mrs. Norman Van de Carr, who is to have charge of the department, whose purpose is to arouse a greater interest in public school work; Second Vice-president, Mrs. Giles Scofield, who has charge of the department of hygiene; Third Vice-president, Mrs. Augustine Booth who has charge of social work; Fourth Vice-President, Mrs. Henry Webb who has charge of play and play-grounds; Fifth Vice-president, Dr. Harriet B. Turner who has charge of social and physical purity; Treasurer, Mr. George W. Beeler; Secretary, Miss Grace M. Bohne.

The Association has held two enthusiastic meetings. This shows the patrons of No. Fifteen appreciate the value of such an organization.

On October 25, Dr. George W. Goler of the Rochester Public Health Department gave an illustrated lecture. His subject dealt chiefly with the mouth-breathing child and the result if the child is not given the proper medical attention.

Grace M. Bohne.

A very interesting program has been planned for the coming season and it is hoped all parents will endeavor to be present at every meeting.

Our next meeting is to be held Friday, December the thirteenth.

OUR VISIT TO THE FIREHOUSE

First the captain of the firehouse showed us the alarm box. This was made of a steel rod and a ball. When the captain let the ball drop to the bottom of the rod, the alarm sounded, clang! The clock stopped, the stall doors opened and the men ran to their positions. The great sleek white horses in their stalls heard the call to duty, and almost instantly the men and horses were ready to rush to the fire.

When the horses returned to their stalls, the captain led us up stairs, where the firemen sleep. Here he showed us the lockers where the firemen keep their clothes.

At night the firemen place their bunkers beside the bed, and if there is an alarm at night, they leap into the bunkers, spring toward the sliding pole and are soon ready to start.

Second Grade A.

ORCHESTRAL NOTES

We are anticipating a recital by our school orchestra, the members of which are working under the direction of Prof. Webster, with the same zeal manifested last year. New members have joined the organization, while some who were heard at its recital last year are now students at the East High.
The special work of the girls in Seventh Grade A this semester has been raffia.

We first learned to try the Solomon's knot and applied this in the stringbag and square bags.

The second model was the star work applied to round bags using the six or eight point star.

The next model was the twisted bag applying the bannister knot.

Our girls have used their own ideas in combinations of color—some beautiful effects have been obtained.

Some girls have made several bags showing their skill in combination of colors and design.

The Eighth Grade B will dramatize portions of the "Merchant of Venice."

The Seventh Grade A will dramatize Dickens' "Christmas Carol" with the following cast of characters:

- Ebeneger Scrooge - Jack McCauley
- Jacob Marley - Randolph Fox
- Fred (Scrooge's nephew) - Harry Wootten
- Bob Cratchit - Roland Soule
- Youth - - - Lewis Collins
- Girl - - - Eunice Diehl
- Boy - - - Roscoe Taylor
- The Ghost of Christmas Past - Christine Smith
- The Ghost of Christmas Present - Josephine Booth
- The Ghost of Christmas to Come - Marian Thing
- Josephine Booth.

The Cantata, "Santa's Perplexity", will be given by the pupils of the Fifth, Sixth, and Seventh Grades in the Assembly room, Thursday, December the twentieth.
FREE CONSTRUCTION

To go to the "Free Construction Room" has come to be a boon craved by all children in the intermediate and grammar grades.

The sound of the hammer and saw at any time during the school session is not unusual, and the skill with which they are handled in turning out models of houses, vehicles, ships, implements of warfare, etc., borders on the marvelous.

Some of the free work of the school that will be on exhibition in June next is as follows:

The Kindergarten—Carts, pigeon houses, flags.

Miss Carhart’s Grade—Houses, chairs, tables, beds.

Miss Glover’s Grade—Wigwams, rugs.

Miss Butler’s Grade—Clay rhinoceros, mammoth, bear, digging stick, spears of wood, stone hammer, hatchet.

Miss Lawrence’s Grade—Greek armor, helmets, spears, Indian wigwam, canoes, Grecian castle.

Miss Shaffer’s Grade—Suits for prince, crowns for king, sandals. Dolls dressed in Puritan fashion.

Miss Shephard’s Grade—God Wotan’s Pearl Castle, swords, helmets and armor.

Miss Arnott’s Grade—Greek temple, chariot, warriors, spears.

Miss Barton’s Grade—Mail boxes, suits for carriers.

Miss Schueler’s Grade—Fort at Boonesborough, garbage wagon (in connection with civies) cozy corner, implements of Indian warfare.

Miss Lollman’s Grade—The Hall of Gladshheim (one of the halls in Asgard in which the twelve Norse gods had their throne).

Miss Mapes’s Grade—Baskets, Chinese street-lamps, Chinese tea-table.

Miss Wilder’s Grade—Chair caning.

Miss Lear’s Grade—Colonial flags, Colonial fire-places, cradle, doll, two rugs, Norwegian sled, Indian pottery.

Miss Williams’s Grade—Noted elsewhere.

Miss Perry’s Grade—Miniature train, old fashioned cannon, sailboat, war vessels, canal boat, lock, caskets (the last named in connection with the study of the Merchant of Venice).

Mrs. Brewers’s Grade—Costumes for the dramatization of "Esther," Uncle Tom’s Cabin, swords, implements of warfare, monitor, spears, battle axes, perrons.

WE HAVE A POLICE DEPARTMENT

Chief of Police, Roy Duffus.

Captains, Emmett Costich and Margaret Harris.

Lieutenants, Milton Priddis, Marguerite Davis.

Sergeants, Leslie Engfer, Luciel Piper.

Patrolmen, Henry Jones, Clarence Oppenheimer, Bertha Pagles, Gladys Erhardt.

The Chief of Police is the chief executive officer of the police force, subject to the Commissioner of Public Safety.

The captains are held responsible for the maintenance of good order, the enforcement of law and the discipline of all officers in their respective precincts.

Lieutenants shall take charge of precincts in the absence of the Captains, and shall be held responsible for the general good order.

Sergeants are roundsmen, and shall be held responsible for the conduct and discipline of the patrolmen under them.

Patrolmen shall cover the beats assigned to them by the Chief of Police, and do such special duty as ordered by their superior officers.

Luciel Piper,

Seventh Grade B.
A TRIP TO THE MORSE CO. LUMBER YARDS

On October fifteenth, Miss Gutmann, our instructor in Manual Training, took the boys of our class on an observation tour through the Morse Co. Lumber Yards.

When we arrived there, we were placed under the care of a guide, who kindly explained the work inspected.

The Morse Co. have several drying kilns in which the wood is dried before it is sawed or planed. When this wood is received at the yards it is placed in the dry house in the following manner: The boards are placed in tiers—a space being left between every board—over numerous pipes filled with steam. This dries out the wood which has been previously soaked with water.

Most of the wood used in our school in the work shop, is sawed by a band-saw. This saw will cut a piece of wood into different thicknesses.

In the engine room we inspected the new engine which has a fly wheel over fourteen feet in diameter. The furnaces which keep the engines running are fed by the waste saw-dust and shavings drawn through pipes to the furnaces.

Our guide showed us a machine for sharpening the band-saw and planing knives. The water, poured over the emery wheel is used again and again, a pailful lasting over a week.

The reply to a letter we wrote the Morse Co., acknowledging their courtesy, is reproduced in The Transcript.

KENNETH HENDERSON.
Eighth Grade A.

OUR NEW DRINKING FOUNTAINS

In an editorial in last June’s Transcript a strong plea for sanitary drinking fountains was made. It was stated that our school was the only one retaining the antiquated cup and faucet.

We are glad to see that the Board of Education has heeded our request. We know that the new fountains will be thoroughly appreciated.

Eighth Grade B. ALBERT PERRY.
Hallowe'en being a day for fun, the girls of the Sixth Grade A gave the boys a little surprise which all enjoyed very much.

The room was darkened, and the girls entered dressed as ghosts and carrying jack’lanterns. The ghostly procession moved up and down the aisles, then formed a circle, recited a poem and told ghost stories. Then all had the pleasure of bobbing for doughnuts, after which they were served with candy made by the girls.

The boys thoroughly appreciated all that was done for their pleasure, and expressed their thanks in a rousing three cheers for the girls.

In return for the entertainment furnished by the girls on Hallowe'en, the boys planned to give them a pleasant time at Thanksgiving.

They gave a drama in the Assembly Hall, to which they invited the pupils of the Sixth B and the Seventh A.

As the history studied by the grade has taken them into colonial times in Massachusetts, where Thanksgiving in America originated, the drama was very appropriate as to time and place. The audience enjoyed the efforts of the boys.

The grade then returned to their room, where a dainty lunch, planned and furnished by the boys, was served. All agreed that ‘the boys’ had given them a happy afternoon.

**RYTHM**

Every Monday and Wednesday at two-thirty the fourth grades go into the assembly room for rhythm. We like it very much. Hazel Wright plays the piano for us. When we are marching we have to keep our lines straight or it will not look well. Sometimes we march up the middle of the room by ones, then by twos and then by fours. We have steps of different kinds, some to waltz time and some to march time.

One day Miss Newton, our physical training supervisor, taught us some new steps and games.

We expect to learn many more before our school year ends. **Fourth Grade B.**
JIMMIE'S CHRISTMAS

Jimmie was an office boy in the editorial rooms, of the "Morning Express" and during six months of work and mischief he was a joy as well as a torment to the office.

He had been "called down" repeatedly for addressing the city editor as "John" and his ears had been soundly boxed for ransacking the sporting editor's desk for football notes.

As Christmas drew near, Mr. Brown, the managing editor, hinted that there would be no holiday for Jimmie; but when the time came, he found it quite hard to resist the bright eyes and frank little face when he said, "Say, Mr. Brown, Don't I git any tickets fur de matinee?"

As a rule, Jimmie had been addressing the manager as "his nibs," or "the old man," so this was a bid for a favor.

"Well, if you get them it will be because it is Christmas and not because you deserve them. Be sure and wash your face, and don't smoke any of them loathsome cigarettes, and don't take anyone with you that will disgrace the office."

So Jimmie with his bosom friend "Tad" Young, whistled, shrieked and hissed for three blissful hours.

When the boys reached the street again, it was dark; and they ran swiftly, in the direction of a rickety, two story building, the upper rooms of which Jimmie and his mother and little brother called their home.

As the boys came in sight of the house they saw two fire engines, and a crowd blocking the narrow street. Jimmie knew what it meant. With a fierce scream, the little fellow, cried, "My mudder! she's sick," and ran up the dark stairs, and through the narrow hallway until he had reached the few rooms where his poor helpless mother and her youngest child were. Jimmie was choked with smoke; but he soon got the woman and child to the fresh air, and then perched himself on a ledge outside the window but failed to attract attention.

Finally he spied one of the reporters from the Express office, and then he called out, "Oh! can't yer save me mudder?" Before any ladders could reach him, the boy's hold on the window sill gave way and he fell to the street below. His mother and brother passed him a moment later in the arms of a strong fireman.

The reporter had seen the boy fall and with the aid of a fireman he was carried to the nearest hospital.

Three days later the bright eyes opened with the first glimmer of life, which had not been seen in them since Christmas Day, and as Mr. Brown's anxious face looked at his late office boy the thin lips mumbled, "Did de Express git a scoop on de fire boss"!

RUTH WESTCOTT.  
Eighth Grade "A". Age, 14 years.

KINDERGARTEN NOTES

The pupils of the Eighth Grade B gave a candy sale in October. The proceeds were given to the Kindergarten for toys. A large doll, a drum, a horse, a cow, and three boxes of small domestic animals were purchased. The children of the kindergar
ten greatly appreciate the kindness of the Eighth B pupils.

The Kindergarten Thanksgiving festival was held Wednesday, Nov. 27. The First Grade B was invited to the Kindergarten, where games were played and a luncheon of crackers and peach marmalade served. The marmalade was made by the advanced class in October, in connection with the thought of preparation for winter.
RAFFIA PILLOWS

In our grade we are making raffia pillows. We have taken a great many orders for them because it is so near Christmas. We will use the money to buy a picture for our room.

Helen Bunce.
Fifth Grade B. Age 12 years.

PARK COMMISSIONERS

In our grade we are studying about the Park Commissioners and their work.

Some of the things that the Park Commissioners say we must not do, are to injure the trees or pick the flowers. We must not write or carve on the trees or benches. We must not shoot off fireworks or carry a slingshot in the parks. No one must build a bonfire, because the heat and sparks would destroy the plants and trees.

Third Grade A Clair Spooner.

The "Easy Marker," purchased with money from the School Improvement Fund, has been greatly appreciated by the teacher of the First Grade "A." Letters and words can be printed on separate cards and sentences constructed from the words, by the pupils, thus enabling them to recognize the words at sight.

The teacher of the First Grade, "A," when called from her room, has been in the habit of telling her pupils to put their heads on their desks and take a short nap. Once, on returning to her room, she heard a noise, and said, "I fear some of these little people have been talking." One little lad spoke up and said, "Yes, we have been talking in our sleep." The teacher quietly subsided.

It is with profound regret we learn of the affliction that has visited the home of our respected and beloved Medical Inspector in the death of his little daughter, Rosalie.

To Dr. and Mrs. Button we extend our heartfelt sympathy.
HOW WE DRAMATIZE "THE DOOMED PRINCE."

This is an Egyptian story hundreds of years old. Marjorie Kienast carries a doll as the prince when he was a baby. Everard Bond is the prince when he is older. He sits on the table as the roof-top. Charles Bush is page to the prince. Norman Webb is the prince’s greyhound. Edward Barrett is a camel because he is strong enough to carry the prince. The king is Whittaker Wright.

The princess is shut up in a high tower. The occupation table is put up on end for the tower.

One day some High School girls and boys came to see us dramatize The Doomed Prince. Some day we are going to dramatize it upstairs for the upper grades.

Muriel Ferrett and Harold Rice
Third Grade B.

LETTER FROM THE WM. B. MORSE LUMBER COMPANY

October 18th, 1907.
Boys of the Eight Grade A,
No. 15 School,
City.

Dear Sirs: —

We are very much pleased to hear that you enjoyed your little trip last Tuesday in looking over our planing mill, and would suggest that, if it is not too much trouble, we should very much appreciate it, if you would send us the articles in the School Paper which you state some of the boys are going to write.

Thanking you in advance for this, we remain,

Yours very truly,

WM. B. MORSE & SONS
Whiting B. Morse.

ITEMS IN BRIEF

Again have we been called upon to sacrifice at the altar of Matrimony an esteemed and efficient teacher. We refer to Mrs. B. Kinsman, “She that was Mary A. Haskin”.

Miss Helen F. Davis will be as welcome as the flowers in spring, when she returns to us at the expiration of her "leave of absence".

OUR SAND TABLE

We are studying about the cave-dwellers. On our sand table we have a cave. It has a wicker-work door, woven by one of the boys. In front of the cave is a fire place made of stones. "Fire-keeper" is in charge of the fire. She is dressed in skins. Her baby is in his skin cradle, which hangs from a bough. Near the cave is a river and on its bank is a forest. In the forest are animals, modeled in clay.

We are making stone tools and weapons, dishes, baskets, sandals and many other things, which we shall be glad to show you when next you visit us.

PUPILS OF SECOND GRADE, B.

Specimen of Black Board Drawing by Donald Weaver, age 7 years,
Second Grade B.
OUR GOLD FISH

Last term we gave the play of "Hiawatha" and made about seven dollars. With part of the money we purchased some fish.

We have a large, round globe, a castle, plenty of shells and pebbles and some seaweed which helps to furnish the oxygen that the fish need.

We have a fantail, one fringed tail, a Japanese and a plain gold fish.

Marguerite Milligan.
Sixth Grade A. Age, 12 years.

THE GENTIANS

Many of our Sixth Grade B pupils had never seen gentians until this fall. Katherine Van de Carr found some fringed gentians on a country drive and brought them to school. The pupils studied and painted them and learned William Cullen Bryant's poem, "The Fringed Gentian".

The flower is named in honor of Gentian, an ancient King. The blue of the fringed gentian is prettier than the darker shade of the bottle gentian, which remains closed like a bottle.

One of the Sixth Grade A boys brought a specimen of the bottle gentian. Both varieties grow rarer every year. The fringed gentian is an annual but the bottle gentian springs up each year from the root.

Sixth Grade B. Herbert Anthony.
Age, 11 years.

GRADE NOTES

Helen Pillow of the Eighth Grade B has gone with her family to Corning, New York, which is to be their home. We are sorry to lose her.

A party was given in her honor by Bessie Allen at her home on Sumner Park, Tuesday, November twenty-sixth.

Miss Newton, Supervisor of Physical Culture, visited our grade and taught us two new games. One was an obstacle relay race, the other a hurley, burly bean bag game.

Evelyn Toohill.
Sixth Grade A. Age, 11 years.

SCENE FROM HIAWATHA, SIXTH GRADE A
One of the first prizes offered by the Seventh Grade A, for the best poster, advertising their candy sale, was secured by Walker Adams, of the Sixth Grade A.

Alan Cook and Donald Marks did such excellent work in the Sixth Grade B that they were promoted to the Sixth A. For Donald this was a second promotion this term, having started in the Fifth Grade A in September.

Two members of the Sixth Grade B have removed from the city. Frederick Barney has gone to Wilkesbarre, Pa. and Estelle Pillow to Corning. Frederick has sent post cards of mining scenes and of the post-office.

Chair caning is being done by the boys. The girls are beginning raphia work.

THE ART CORNER

The work on our Art Corner has been commenced by the boys of the Seventh Grade A, who have built the seat. It is well built and shows the excellent training under Miss Gutmann.

The girls of Seventh Grade A are hem-stitching and stenciling the curtains.

Each grade will furnish something representative of the special work of that grade: the Art work, Free Construction, Domestic Art or Manual Training work.

The Seventh Grade B are weaving a rug and designing pillows.

Miss Schueler's grade have finished one of their beautiful raphia pillows.

The Eighth Grades will furnish pillows and table scarfs.

Miss Gutmann has commenced a taborette and will add other articles in her special line of work.

On November seventh the pupils of the Eighth Grade A held a candy sale, the proceeds of which, some fifteen dollars, was given to our grade to purchase objects, such as toy animals etc. These are used as models for drawing and occupation work.

A handsome cabinet has been purchased with part of the fund; but the Eighth grade does not intend to stop until every shelf has been filled with objects for the use of the little ones.

FIRST GRADE B.

In October, the hearts of the teacher and pupils of the First Grade B, were saddened by the sudden death of their dear little friend and school mate, Harriet Sault. Everyone loved Harriet.

And lo, the Angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them.—Luke, ii:9.

Good bye, Old Year, with words of grace,
Leave us to him who takes your place;
And say Old Year unto the New,
Kindly, carefully carry them through;
Too much, I ween they have to do.
—Saxe.
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