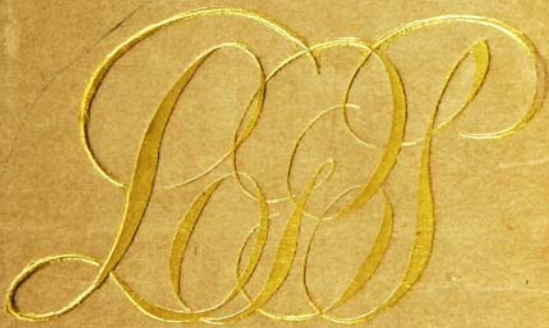


The Story of Sixty Years



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LIVINGSTON PARK SEMINARY.

THE STORY OF SIXTY YEARS

1858-1918

LIVINGSTON PARK SEMINARY

ROCHESTER, N. Y.



Loyalty—Purity—Sincerity

Emma Case
1/29/57

Foreword

In view of the position which Livingston Park Seminary has filled in the city of Rochester, as well as in the hearts of her many daughters, it was deemed advisable to act upon the suggestion made at the 1917 reunion of the Alumnae Association and collect whatever data were available to compile this little book.

The work of collecting, supplementing and arranging the material has been a labor of love of one who has been ably assisted by many of the alumnae and by Mrs. Georgia Stone Tyler, to whom she acknowledges her indebtedness with grateful appreciation.

As in the starry firmament the number of unnamed stars exceeds by myriads those which are named, so in this little story it has been impossible to mention all of the two thousand five hundred girls who have shed luster upon Livingston Park Seminary during the past sixty years. It is to them, to those who are named, in fact to all L. P. S. girls, of the past, the present and the future, that this little volume is affectionately dedicated.

E. T. R.

PART I

Rochester was in her infancy when in 1838 Joseph Strong and his wife, Harriet, sold to Frederick Backus the premises which for over sixty years have borne the name of Livingston Park Seminary.

It is to Joseph Strong and his architect that we owe the dignity and beauty of the eastern half of the house. The choice interior decoration of the spacious parlors, having eight large windows, five of which open upon the verandahs; the graceful stair railing fashioned of rich mahogany ending with the beautiful newel post which has both claw and pineapple; the egg and dart pattern found on the heavy solid front door is repeated in the cornice of the north parlor, and we notice the hand made mouldings and wide doorways, whose doors are hung on offset hinges.

From 1838 to 1860 Frederick Backus's family lived in this homestead, when on the 17th of May, 1860, Philip H. Curtis bought the half acre of ground and the dignified house.

At that time stately trees, rare shrubs and numberless rose bushes grew in profusion. Often have we heard Mrs. Curtis proudly and happily describe giving to a guest a large bunch of roses above which were poised two dainty humming birds.

Whether due to the location, to the house itself, to association, or to a combination of the three, this fact

is true, namely that all who have once been pupils love to re-visit the old home. They love the snow ball and syringa bushes; the old buckeye tree, the old-fashioned lilac bushes, and the rarer Persian lilacs with narrow, slender leaves and dainty, fragrant blossoms. The dignified cucumber tree, standing like a sentinel, and the wild sweet white violets hidden in the grass.

Years ago harvest apples, peaches, pears, French prunes, quinces, crab apples, sour cherries and the biggest, blackest, most luscious cherries were to be had in season, from the trees on the premises.

Among the flowering shrubs were the bridal wreath, the Japanese quince; near the barn the fragrant, flowering currant. Many wild roses, whose soft yellow deepened into orange; there were sweet briars and the pineapple shrub, whose brown blossom became sweeter and sweeter as one held it in her palm.

During the summer of 1860 the building of the western half of the house, adapted for school purposes, progressed. In September of that same year Mrs. Curtis opened her school in this location with the course of study as outlined in the reproduced circular:

Curtis Seminary

*A Family School for Young Ladies,
Livingston Place, Rochester, N. Y.*

This school (formerly Fitzhugh Street Seminary) is now permanently and centrally located at the corner of Livingston Park and Spring Street, the most healthful, beautiful and retired part of the city. The

location was selected on account of its peculiar adaptation for a Young Ladies' Seminary. The ample grounds, in connection with the Park, in attractiveness and beauty are unsurpassed. A new building has been erected, especially adapted to school purposes, with pleasant rooms for boarding pupils.

It is the aim throughout the course of study, to inculcate a knowledge of principles, and to this end each pupil is required to make herself familiar with the thoughts and substance of the text, giving in recitation a free and connected view of the subject. By this method of analysis the mind is much more successfully developed. It strengthens the memory and improves the powers of expression and description, it cultivates independence, originality, completeness and comprehensiveness of thought and style. Native teachers are secured in the Department of Modern Languages.

The government is strictly of a kind and parental character. Special attention is given to those principles that should govern the moral being, and to the decorum that should distinguish the social circle. The standing of each pupil is kept with reference to deportment and position in classes, a report of which is furnished to parents, and no pupil is graduated whose average scholarship standing is below the mean.

The charge for board, including furnished rooms, fuel, gas, washing, tuition in all branches required by the course, and Latin, \$200.00 per annum or \$250.00 including music, one-half payable quarterly in advance, and interest will be charged on all bills not settled at the close of a quarter. No deduction for absence. French, German, drawing, each \$5.00 per quarter; oil painting, \$10.00 for 24 lessons, extra.

The school year is divided into four quarters of ten weeks each, and commences the first Monday in

September, with a single vacation between the holidays. It is important that day pupils enter at the commencement of the quarter. Tuition will be required in advance, and no pupil received for less than one quarter.

Courses of Study

Junior Department. Price \$8.00 Per Quarter.

Reading—Sander's.

Spelling and Defining—Sander's.

Mental Arithmetic—Robinson.

Written Arithmetic—Robinson's Practical.

Algebra—Robinson's Elementary.

Geography—Cornell.

History of United States—Quackenbos.

Grammar—Brown.

Composition—Quackenbos.

Map Drawing, Vocal Music, Penmanship.

Senior Department. Price \$10.00 per quarter.

Arithmetic—Robinson's University Ed.

Algebra—Robinson's University Ed.

Geometry—Davies Legendre.

Trigonometry—Davies.

Geography of Heavens—Burritt.

Astronomy—Mitchell.

Kames' Criticism.

Intellectual Philosophy—Upham.

Moral Science—Wayland.

Outlines of History—Wilson.

Physiology—Hooker.

Philosophy—Quackenbos and Selliman.

Botany—Wood.

Chemistry—Porter.

Logic—Whately.

Geology—Loomis and Hitchcock.

Analogy—Butler.

Paley's Natural Theology.



CATHRO M. CURTIS.

References.

Rev. C. Dewey, D. D.	Rev. J. B. Shaw, D. D.
Rev. D. D. Buck, D. D.	Rev. Jonathan Edwards.
Hon. J. Gould.	Geo. H. Mumford.
Hon. H. R. Selden.	C. H. Mason, Brockport.
Rev. E. G. Robinson, D. D.	Dr. H. C. Wanzer.
Carlos Dutton.	Samuel Hamilton.

Rochester, July, 1860.

MRS. C. M. CURTIS, Principal.

From that time young girls and maidens have come from far and near to study within these walls; for thirty-two years under the wonderful leadership of Mrs. Curtis herself, which ended only with her death, January 24, 1892. Up to which time nearly fourteen hundred girls had been privileged to be taught by her, not only the subjects contained in the broad curriculum but lessons in character building and womanliness.

As a teacher Mrs. Curtis has seldom been equalled, for added to her wonderful versatility of knowledge she had the very rare gift of being able to impart to her pupils that knowledge and to arouse in them interest and enthusiasm for study.

Before her marriage in 1851, Cathro Mason had been a teacher and whereas she excelled as a young wife, mother and housekeeper, she felt that her life work was teaching, so she opened a school for girls and young ladies prior to her coming to Livingston Park. This school was located on South Fitzhugh Street, corner of Troup, and we are proud to number among the alumnae two of the class of 1858.

The commencements were somewhat unlike those of the present day.

Mrs. Martha McLean Harmon of the class of 1858 tells us that on the day of their graduation, each senior wore a *new* dress, though not necessarily white, and that there was a vase of flowers on Mrs. Curtis's desk. She still wears her medal, of which all subsequent ones are but replicas. Two members, she and Elizabeth Lyman Stanton are our honored guests at the alumnae reunions.

A little later the commencement exercises were held in Plymouth Congregational Church, situated at the corner of Troup Street and Plymouth Avenue.

The school has been closely connected with many of Rochester's philanthropic and patriotic movements as the following story, told by Jennie Patten Goodwin proves:

The First Flag Raising in Rochester

When our Civil War was declared in 1861, and troops were being mobilized, Mrs. Curtis said we must have a flag, proclaiming our loyalty to the Union. The members of the household family said, yes, we will furnish it. Mrs. Curtis furnishing the pole.

There were no flags for sale in the stores, we had to make it ourselves. Material was purchased. We found it no small task to cut so many stars. Some of us sat up all night to sew them on, they must be exactly even on both sides. Our day for raising the flag had been appointed, and the programme for the exercises arranged. We must have it ready. We had invited many guests.

It wasn't proper for young girls to make any demonstrations whatever in those days, so the University boys were invited to cheer for us as the flag went up. We girls could sing and witness the event. We knew "America," but had never heard of "The Star Spangled Banner." Mr. Curtis purchased the music and taught us to sing it. We were seated on the porch across the front of the Seminary. We stood when we sang, and also when the flag went up.

The grounds were crowded with spectators. There were several speakers, Dr. Anderson, President of the University; Dr. Dewey, one of its professors; Mr. Bartlett, pastor of Plymouth Church; C. J. Hill, a delightful speaker, and others. It was a stirring occasion. A soldier just returned from Fort Sumter, with a bullet in his right arm, pulled the rope with his left, which flung the flag to the breeze.

The 15th Regiment, already in camp, had marched up Spring Street, stood at attention the whole length of the grounds, and gave three tremendous cheers, with a repeat, as our flag waved over Livingston Park Seminary. The following week the University boys raised a flag, inviting the L. P. S. girls to be present.

We are glad to reproduce a complete programme of the Anniversary Week, in 1862, also an essay, written for that occasion by Fannie Biden Nettleton, who has graciously consented to our insistent request that we print it. We feel that the girls of to-day would not care to be expected to equal so grave and deep a thesis.

Livingston Park Seminary,

ANNIVERSARY WEEK,

COMMENCING MONDAY EVENING, JUNE 9, 1862.

MONDAY EVENING,

RHETORICAL EXERCISES OF THE YOUNG LADIES' LITERARY
SOCIETY.

TUESDAY, A. M.,

EXAMINATION OF CLASSES IN ARITHMETIC, GRAMMAR, ELE-
MENTARY ALGEBRA, READING AND SPELLING.

WEDNESDAY, A. M.,

UNIVERSITY ALGEBRA, PHYSIOLOGY, GEOMETRY, BOTANY.

THURSDAY, A. M.,

GRADUATING CLASS IN BIBLE, BUTLER, ASTRONOMY.

Thursday Evening Musical Soiree,

BY THE PUPILS,

ASSISTED BY

MISS CHAPMAN & MESSRS. MORAN, REMINGTON & CHAPMAN,

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF PROF. ELLIS.

PROGRAMME.

1. "OVERTURE TO TANCREDI," - - - - - *Rossini.*
Prof. ELLIS & PENFIELD.
2. SONG—"MUSIC HATH A MAGIC," - - - - - *Glover.*
Miss EMILY STILWELL.
3. PIANO SOLO—"CASCADE OF ROSES," - - - - - *Ascher.*
Miss WILLIAMS.
4. QUARTETTE—"WHEN THE MORNING SWEETLY BREAK-
ING," - - - - - *Rossini.*
Misses COLBY & CHAPMAN and Messrs. MORAN & REMINGTON.
5. PIANO DUETT—From the Opera of Martha, - - - - - *Bellak.*
GRACIE CURTIS & EMMA TYRRELL.
6. VOCAL DUETT—"JOY FLIES THE PEACEFUL VALLEY," - - - - - *Hewitt.*
Miss COLBY & Mr. REMINGTON.
7. PIANO DUETT—"NORMA," - - - - - *Beyer.*
Misses COLBY & WILLIAMS.
8. VOCAL DUETT,—LARBOARD WATCH - - - - -
Mr. CHAPMAN & SISTER.
9. PIANO DUETT—"LE, PROPHETE," - - - - - *Beyer.*
Misses FOSTER & BOOTH.
10. SONG, - - - - -
Mr. MORAN.
11. PIANO DUETT—From Lucrezia Borgia, - - - - - *Brummer.*
Miss DENSMORE & SISTER.
12. VOCAL DUETT—TROVATORE, - - - - - *Verdi.*
Miss COLBY & Mr. MORAN.
13. PIANO SOLO—"POLKA DE CONCERT," - - - - - *Wallace.*
Miss FOSTER.
14. SONG—"I AM THE BAYADERE," - - - - - *Bochsa.*
Miss COLBY.
15. PIANO SOLO—"GRAND ETUDE IN F SHARP," - - - - - *Mayer.*
Miss DENSMORE.
16. PHANTOM CHORUS. - - - - - *Bellini.*
Misses COLBY & CHAPMAN and Messrs. MORAN & REMINGTON.

FRIDAY, A. M.,

Exercises of the Graduating Class,

Commencing at 10 o'clock, as follows

PRAYER.

1. MUSIC—PIANO DUETT, - - - - -
Misses WILLIAMS & BARNETT.
2. ESSAY—WHAT CARE I FOR THE HOUSE? I AM BUT A
LODGER. - - - - -
FANNIE M. BIDEN.
3. ESSAY—THE UNDEVOUT ASTRONOMER IS MAD, - - -
NELLIE J. FOSTER.
4. MUSIC—PIANO DUETT, - - - - -
Misses F. DARLING & BAINBRIDGE,
5. ESSAY—THE GALLANT DEAD, - - - - -
MARY A. BARNETT.
6. ESSAY—ASTRONOMY AND ASTROLOGY, - - - - -
MARY C. BISHOP.
7. MUSIC—PIANO DUETT, - - - - -
Misses DENSMORE & FOSTER.
8. ESSAY—LANGUAGE, - - - - -
EMILY M. DARLING.
9. VALEDICTORY—POEM—WRITE THOU ON LIFE'S PAGES, -
MAGGIE E. DENSMORE.
10. MUSIC—PIANO DUETT, - - - - -
Misses COLBY & WILLIAMS.
11. ADDRESS TO THE CLASS AND PRESENTATION OF
MEDALS, by - - -
Rev. G. D. BOARDMAN.
12. PARTING HYMN, composed by one of the class, and set to music
by Prof. ELLIS.

What Care I for the House? I Am But a Lodger

A lodger in a house of clay! Shut within the narrow walls of a frail tenement lives the real essence and vital element of the living man, the immortal within the mortal. There are windows in the house by which we look out and become acquainted with the external, material world, and lofty rooms through which our thoughts do roam. The architect and builder of this house is God, this house so fearfully and wonderfully made. Every part of the structure is perfect and adapted to the end for which it was designed—but the beauty and care depends upon ourselves. God has given it to us, a perfect mechanism, stamped his own image upon it; the working of his finger is everywhere displayed throughout its wondrous foundation. Yet he has purposely left its loveliness in embryo, as it were, the structure is God's perfect rudiment, but its gradual development into the beautiful proportions of maturity is the work and care of ourselves. We may do much, very much toward enlarging and beautifying the apartments for our thoughts to occupy, our constant care is requisite to give them a healthy purity—a loftiness and noble character to render them fit dwellings for such heavenly occupants. Yes—the work must be ours, the solid foundation, the structure is our God's—the superstructure is our own, and as the germ of the plant is gradually brought to maturity by God's immediate care and means, so we must perfect this bodily habitation, smooth down the rougher prominences, polish and gild the whole, under God's omniscient supervision, it is true, but by our constant acting, vigilance and care. And as God has given us this earthly dwelling to beautify and perfect and use to His honor; so to Him are we accountable if it be misused or neg-

lected. In rearing this structure then, let us do our work well and as we value the improvement of our real selves make the habitation within which we dwell, "beautiful, entire and clean!" Within this house dwells the thinking, acting part of man—the soul—that which gives man the superiority over the rest of creation. With our limited knowledge we cannot know aught of its essence or its origin. We live, we move, think, reason, we are constantly exerting the mind, its action is perpetual—roaming ever throughout the countless chambers of its dwelling—revolving thought after thought that come to it by means of the organs of sensation which constitute its great medium of external communication—its action and its nature alike impress us with wonder. We believe it to be God-like, an emanation from the Infinite—the Invisible and the Inseparable. In comparison with it the world is as nothing for could there be beauty in the world were there no eye to look upon it? Religion teaches us that it will continue to exist forever, eternally, that while all else on earth is perishable, the soul of man, that living power, all that constitutes ourselves is imperishable, that while we are tenants of this frail structure, the body, but for a day, the soul returns to God who gave it to dwell with Him, forever. That God in his infinite wisdom has left us in ignorance concerning the structure of the soul is true, but he has endowed us with a consciousness of its immortal destiny—that it is fashioned in his own image and by our own efforts can approach nearer its Creator. Addison has said: "The soul considered with its Creator is like one of those mathematical lines that may be drawn nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it, and can there be a thought so transporting as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to Him who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness." If the body, the dwelling

place of man can be improved, how much more the lodger, and if it be of so great importance that the house be cared for, that which perishes in this world, of how much greater need is there that the soul be preserved in spotless and immortal purity to dwell with the great Artificer of the universe then, "Look to thy soul, O man, for none can be surety for his brother. Behold for heaven or for hell, thou canst not escape from immortality."

But though the thinking, acting mind has but a temporary habitation within its earthly house, yet so inseparably connected are they, the growth and advancement of the mind is much augmented by the strength and firm foundation upon which our temporal structure is reared. The structure which contains the living part of man excites both our admiration and wonder, yet the great primary importance of the mind is acknowledged by all, though many have so corrupted their nature as to care only for the growth and improvement of the house. Man stands at the head of creation, not because of his bodily superiority, not because every physical attribute combined in him is perfection, for many of the brutes far excel him in this particular, but there is in man a mind, an immaterial substance which marks him as not only belonging to a material world but to a spiritual world also. In the natural world we see that all caskets are prized only for the jewels they contain, and yet great care is taken for their preservation, not because they are of greater value, but on account of the treasures stored within; so with the body, it should be cared for not because of its own worth, but for the immortal mind which it contains. Can the body, the house of man, be of greater value than the lodger of the house? Death, relentless death, may strike low this frail structure, but the spirit dies not with it for,

"Death's power is a tyrant's reign
O'er the lips and voice which he bids be still—
But the fiery thought and the lofty will
Are not for him to chain."

So when the house has become old and worn, when the storms and winds have howled night after night around the unsteady casement, and the old house rocks to and fro, when the snow of years falls upon the roof, and the timbers drop one by one, when the spirit shall hear the snapping of the last beam which tells its dwelling has paid the debt it owed to mortality, then true to its deathless nature it will poise its new fledged wing for its counterpart and origin. As the burning orbs of light chained to their beaten path by the delicate equipoise of two opposing forces, fly to their center, when the centrifugal power is removed, so when the powerful attraction existing between the soul and its heavenly center shall have conquered all other—when it shall have made its last revolution as measured by years, then will it with inconceivable rapidity travel upon its pathway to the immortal.

The class of 1865 has always been considered by others as well as by themselves as unique. In the first place it was the largest which Mrs. Curtis ever graduated, and for many years the members saw each other frequently, cementing girlhood friendships more closely. Susan Dannals gave to the Alumnae Association some of her reminiscences at the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the founding of the school in January, 1908, these we reproduce as read, knowing how they will be enjoyed.

Reminiscences of Livingston Park Seminary

The ponderous door, which opens into the past, has very rusty hinges. Come, brace with me against it, that we may push it back a little and get a peep into the scenes beyond.

It is the first day of the fall term of L. P. S. Hear Mrs. Curtis's cheery, "Good morning, daughter!" Catch the inspiration of the opening hymns:

"A Charge to Keep I Have."

"My Soul, Be On Thy Guard!"

"Awake, My Soul, Stretch Every Nerve."

"Arise and Stretch Thy Wings."

"'Tis God's All-Animating Voice That Calls."

"How gentle His commands."

"O Could I Speak the Matchless Worth."

Now beloved, venerable Dr. Dewey calls down the blessing of God upon teachers and pupils. This he has done upon the opening day for nine successive years. How he guarded and loved this school. Many a flower has he sent to the botany class. This quaint old doctor once praised the papers of the pupils in these words: "A subject was chosen which was understood. The young lady kept to it and stopped when she got through."

Now the roll call: Jennie and Libbie Patten, Frankie Darling, Emma Henderson, Frank Wilson, Matie Kingsbury, Julia Hall, Nellie Baldwin, Jennie Bull, Orel Howard, Helen Burns. These being neither seen nor heard must be behind the great doors of the recitation room. Bertha Scramton, Cora Booth, Libbie Witherspoon, Emily Stilwell, Mary Hart, Anna, Louie Colvin, Louise Bigelow, Frank

and Georgia Walbridge, Martha Thomas, Primary Class: Gracie Curtis, Ella Paine, Clara Billings, Anna Pancost, Dolly Clarkson, Mattie Dean.

Look! The desk is pushed back and the trigonometry class is seated on the low rostrum. One girl sits in the center, turk-fashion, and hunts for the logarithms. Another class is probably out on the lawn—studying (?) perhaps—such books as Wayland's "Moral Science," Paley's "Natural Theology," Butler's "Analogy of Religion."

What nonsense is this we hear? "Went out in the garden to cut a cabbage leaf to make an apple pie." It is simply a disconnected exercise to test the memorizing power of the pupils.

The botany class is at work analyzing beans and corn. One hungry girl is nibbling the corn, biting the botany bean.

Friday morning selections—essays and fancy work (tattooing a specialty). A spelling match is on and Potie Burns stands while others sit.

Note the subjects of the essays: "The Overlapping Genesee," "Our Country," "Southern Chivalry," "A Battle Scene," "Are ye Conquerors?" The cry then was for a stay of that "National Hemorrhage" as Talmage terms it, which flowed through four awful years; that dreadful civil strife, which saved the Union, liberated the slaves and left our country full of widows and orphans and maidens bereft.

The noon hour has come at last and lunch is being devoured together with the new chapter of the story in progress, from the pen of the arithmetic class poet. (She wrote poems while others solved problems.) Inspired by this poet, one girl put her composition into rhyme, weaving in also the forty or fifty words unintelligibly, which was part of the task—"minds" rhyming with "lines" was an effort which did not meet the approbation of the principal. The author was

quietly, though publicly, excused from writing any more *lines*. I suppose the concoction resembled poetry as a clove does a tack. Trying to drive it in disclosed the mistake.

"You old Sugar Plum" was the next morning's greeting. Was this a term of endearment applied by Mrs. Curtis when one had been particularly foolish?

Lunch over, the principal's little daughter sits upon the stair, combing Nellie Baldwin's hair, while the old schoolroom echoes to the strains of "The Maiden's Prayer," "Dixie Land," "Tenting on the Old Camp Ground," "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," "Marching Through Georgia."

Now we are on tiptoe, straining neck and eye to know the meaning of these white-robed figures with angel sleeves, bareheaded, hair in white-netted waterfall and rats, promenading down the street this beautiful June morning. It is Commencement of the year 1865.

The class of eleven, having missed their honored friend, Dr. Dewey, from the exercises in Plymouth Chapel go to pay their respects to him in his own quiet home across from the Seminary.

Under the beautiful arches in the softened light of Old Plymouth, Dr. Dewey's church home, Mrs. Curtis loved to worship with her daughters. Some of us were in her Bible class. That old epistle of Paul to the Romans is luminous with her teachings. What a mother she was to us all! Even after our school career was ended did we go to her for counsel. Often she went out of her way to call upon us in our homes or places of business, accompanying one to dentist, office or reading club; stopping us on the street or calling one in if she passed her way, never losing interest in a single one of her many daughters. How they enjoyed her loving care and now cherish her memory.

Says Bertha Pool in one of her many poems:

"Each soul who helps to the uttermost
With voice, or pen, or willing hand,
Makes possible a nobler womanhood
To whiten the world, and its ways expand.
May our dear old school be remembered long
And the light of its mission glow and shine
Till woman's work rises pure and strong
Lifting the world from blight and wrong
To a higher plane and a need divine."

Fiftieth Anniversary

GOLDEN MEMORIES

Mrs. Curtis, 1858-1891

It was in dear old Rochester that L. P. S. was born,
Right in the ruffle-shirted ward where once did wave
the corn.

Year eighteen fifty-eight, nine o'clock in the morn—
Sing loud, Mrs. Curtis' Daughters.

These dear schoolmates of yesterday, some may have
lost a tooth,

May be grand-*aunts*, wear glasses, have silver threads,
forsooth,

Remains of former glory, that hide the gold of
youth—

Sing, sing, ye first-born Daughters.

We see from her high vantage point, as we look back
today,

Scenes blend in notes of tenderness, we've passed
along the way,

There may be debts of gratitude we're trying now
to pay—

Sing loud, Mrs. Curtis' Daughters.

Hello! Hurrah! we'll sound the Jubilee!
A yell, Hurrah! the L. P. S. for me!
So we'll ring the praises of the last half century
Sing *now*, Mrs. Curtis' Daughters.

Chorus for all—

O, those golden memories
O, those golden memories
 Golden days at the dear old Sem.
 Days we now all live again,
 Days of work and pleasure,
 Hours of toil and leisure,
Fifty years of memory we're celebrating here.

Miss Stone; 1891-1900

Memories of yesterday
 Glide to and fro,
Softening by shadow
 Or with joy aglow.
Hearts fill with gratitude,
 As tribute we pay
To those who guided us
 In life's early day.

Patiently, faithful,
 To tasks great and small
Taught us obedience
 To duty's stern call.
May we their precepts live,
 Their motto share.
Loyalty, sincerity,
 And purity rare.

Chorus—

O, those golden memories,
O, those golden memories,
 Golden days at the dear old Sem.

Days we now all live again,
 Days of work and pleasure,
 Hours of toil and leisure.
 Fifty years of memory we're celebrating here.

Mrs. Rebasz, 1900-1908

Loved of our school days, tried and true,
 Leader of strength and counselor,
 Beneath whose helping hand we learned
 To battle with our daily tasks,
 Girls of today, be faithful yet,
 And ne'er forget, and ne'er forget.

During the thirty-two years that Mrs. Curtis was the principal her pupils included many from Texas, California, the State of Washington, the Middle West, the South, the East, and some of Rochester's fairest daughters and noblest women. Over two hundred received from her the handsome imperishable gold medal, as a proof that they had successfully completed the prescribed course of study. Who can ever forget those few moments daily spent with her in studying General History and English Literature, and listening with keenest interest to her story of some experience of her own in England, France or Italy. Her powers of description were so vivid that the picture was unmistakable, and the impression clear as crystal. In those early days there were so many boarding pupils that the home life was full of joy, music, sunshine and merriment, before and after the study hours, and recitation periods. It was in the fall of 1869, that as a child of eight years the present

principal entered the school which was destined to become her Alma Mater, later the school of which she was principal and her home for nearly half her life. She found here among the pupils many friends. Grace and Maie Curtis, Mary, Anna, Florence Hart, Annie Morse, Effie Dodd, Lida Rapalje and Ada Kent, Minnie, Florence, Alice and Kate Montgomery, Gertrude Chappell, and Jennie Churchill.

Miss Brown was the preceptress and Miss Burns the young teacher who patiently instructed the younger children into the mysteries of the three "r's."

Mr. Herve D. Wilkins was for years the teacher of music, and can you not even now hear scales being played in school room and dining room from five to six, on cold, grey winter morning, by girls, oh so sleepy! Another group succeeds them, from six to seven, and then the more fortunate ones, from seven to half past, when Hettie or Jessie are now giving us "Une Nuit Etoilée" or gay Tarantelle, or one of Chopin's waltzes, polonaises or ballades.

Promptly at seven-thirty the merry, hungry girls assembled to enjoy Mrs. Hayes' delicious buckwheat cakes, corned beef hash or creamed cod fish. A quick making of beds, and dusting of rooms were followed at half-past eight by the brisk walk through the old Third Ward, and back for the beginning of school at nine. Opening exercises with dear Mrs. Curtis present, explaining as we read the meaning of many passages in the Gospels. And then these few moments teaching us from the General History written by herself. The various classes followed; one seems to

stand out pre-eminently. The class was held in the south recitation room, the text was "Smith's Speller and Definer," the teacher Miss Burns, and the girls included beautiful Mamie Stone and her dearest friend Jessie Wilson, Cornelia Angle, Elizabeth Wolcott, Annie Morse, Carrie Armitage, Grace and Maie Curtis, Laura McNeal, Estelle Loop, Grace French, Mary, Anna, Minnie and Florence, Mary Ward whom we lovingly called Pansy for her beautiful eyes; Frankie Field, and Lulu. All ages and grades were represented and much interest was always shown in learning the lessons and reciting them.

Class followed class until one-thirty when a group of happy, hungry girls again met in the dining room, hoping that Mrs. Hayes was prepared to satisfy our appetites, with special reference to those never-to-be-forgotten apple pies. On Wednesdays Mr. Wilkins came for a short time to teach the music class part singing. A lesson that seemed at the time quite superfluous, but later how splendid it was to be able to read intelligently a new hymn tune or song. Mrs. Carey and Professor Leach were among other music teachers, but Mr. Wilkins' position obtained for many years, as piano, organ and vocal instructor. During the afternoons practice hours were strictly observed; a general study hour from three to four was held in the school-room under the supervision of a teacher. Poor teacher when thoughtless girls were upon mischief bent! What pranks were sometimes played upon Miss Chamberlain, Miss Smith, Miss Rider; usually we were more thoughtful of the younger teachers,

Hettie Hooker, Laura or Cynta Westfall, Susie Landers. In those early days Professor Harris and later Miss Stanton taught our artistic maidens how to produce a fine perspective, foreground and middle distance. Some ambitious souls even attempted to reproduce the portrait of "Evangeline" so familiar to us all. Supper was at half-past six followed by another study hour from seven to eight. Frequently after prayers, Mrs. Curtis read for a half hour or so, one of Scott's, Dickens' or Thackeray's novels, explaining and instructing us as she read.

There was usually a little time for girlish fun before the nine o'clock bell sent each to her own room there to be as quiet as possible, making ready to put out the gas as the teacher on duty sounded taps at ninety-three.

One year Mrs. Curtis engaged Profesor Cobleigh to come to the school to teach the art of dancing to the home girls with a few of the day pupils, Minnie, Florie Mary, Anna and Florence. What a privilege and pleasure and how happy we were when Mrs. Curtis took us to Mr. Powers' handsome receptions in his Art Gallery, to use our knowledge so practically amid such lovely surroundings.

Thanksgiving Day seems to stand out very clearly in our memory, for it was Mrs. Curtis' real home-making day, when she spared neither time nor expense in having prepared for us a handsome eight or ten course dinner. We all attended service at St. Luke's Church in the morning and then dinner was served followed by many games in the school-room. Games

in which Mrs. Curtis was our leader and Dr. Kendrick of the University, her able assistant—"Throwing Light," "Forty Questions," "Dumb Crambo," "Charades," Tableaux and as a grand climax the well remembered play "Among the Breakers."

Do you not remember the Caste, Maie as Mother Carey, Florence Lee and later Florence Hart as Bess Starbright, Jessie as Clarence, Laura Westfall as Larry, Lula as Scud, Isabel Kingsbury and Katie Mason as Biddy Bane, Mary Henderson and Hettie as Paul Hunter. Oh, the fun in getting ready and the excitement in presenting it, not only once but many times; each time to such flatteringly interested audiences.

Mrs. Curtis was always greatly concerned that each girl should develop her talents to the utmost, and having done so should readily consent to entertain her friends with whatever accomplishments she had. Consequently our musicales were pleasing to all as Cora and Minnie Sabine, Grace Curtis, Laura Brown, Maude Arnold, Mary and Anna Hart, Mollie Mitchell and Alice Porter sang; Rose Moore and Annie Morse played solos or duets; Lida gave us the Third Meditation and Jessie played Chopin's brilliant polonaise. Effie and Maie could always recite lyric or dramatic verse, others were able to take part in a French play, or portray scenes from the immortal plays of Shakespeare.

Who, among those who took part or who witnessed the presentation of the balcony scene from Romeo and Juliette, in the upper south room, can ever forget it?

On one bed, pushed against the wall, purporting to be a box, were seated Mrs. Curtis and the entire family who were not taking part. Leaning over the headboard of the other bed, was Maie as Juliette; Lulu, walking amid three potted plants, on the floor, rendered Romeo's lines, swearing by the moon, (represented by Mrs. Hayes tiny lamp, on the top shelf of the bookcase). Laura Westfall as the nurse, anxiously calling Juliette from the recesses of the closet while Jessie in solemn voice gave the lines of Friar Laurence. The thing was spontaneously acted as were many others, for we had the inestimable privilege of being so well taught that to forget were well-nigh impossible, while our familiarity with the best in art, literature and history was accepted as a matter of course.

In later years Mrs. Curtis attended St. Luke's Church where she rented an entire section in the south gallery for the use of the home girls.

To teach us concentration and courteous attention to the rector we were often asked to write or give a resumé of the sermon. As we all knew and loved Dr. Anstice, this was not so hard a task as it sounds, but we wonder whether or not he would have recognized his sermon from any of our abstracts. On the opening day in September, for many years, Dr. Anstice was present to conduct the religious exercises and to give us a word of greeting. The commencements from 1869 to 1892 were held in the school-room, in the evening, when after the reading of the essays, written by each graduate, Dr. Anstice or in case of his absence,

some other clergyman addressed the class—just before the Benediction, Mrs. Curtis presented the medals, with a word of commendation. The room was never large enough to accommodate all the interested friends, while the flowers were massed at the western end of the room in such gay profusion as to baffle description.

After the formal exercises, each sweet girl graduate was congratulated by parents and friends and enjoyed with them the ice cream and cake in the spacious parlors.

No story of the school would be complete without a word of one who for over fifty years was a faithful member of the household. We refer of course to William who shoveled snow, and swept the walks, cut the grass and cared for the furnaces, cheerfully went on errands, and in Mrs. Curtis's day drove Kittie the horse, for both her and Mr. Curtis. He loved a horse and probably enjoyed grooming Kittie the most of any of his duties. Humble as was his occupation he did his best, never complaining of winter's cold or summer's heat. Faithful in his duties at home and in his church, attending service at St. Patrick's Cathedral every Sunday of his life until too frail to do so. In 1908, in recognition of the fiftieth anniversary of the school, the essays were largely historical, written in the style of well-known authors. The following biography of William, by Grace Harned of the class of 1908, who used Browning's Tea Lippo Lippi as her model, will be read with interest by all.

William Soliloquizes

I'm only poor old William—by your leave
You need not be alarmed, or start or stare
Or think because I speak I'm going to grieve.

'Tis true I have for long my silence kept,
Have answered all your "Why's" with "Yes" or
"No"

But during all these years of weal or woe
I've seen and heard. Don't think my brain has slept!

No doubt you all think I'm a trifle strange
If I pass without a word. "Look! isn't he queer?"
But Mildred understands—may she not change—
She smiles and sweetly says, "He's sad—poor dear."

Zooks! Fate's to blame. I might have been a man—
Life's past its midnight, but I go the rounds
And do the menial service that I can.

Like a monarch, I am lord of my domain—
—Through my own choice a stable's where I live—
I'm fed and warm and safe from winds and rain
What greater comfort could a mansion give?

When winter comes with icy blasts and snow
With dainty chiffon waists and other frills
Into the cellar I promptly go below
And do my best to keep the maids from chills.

And when I've shaken and shoveled with might and
main
—To heat Spring Street has been my aim and
pride—
A patient voice descends the stairs again,
"William, what are you doing? Such heat's un-
justified!

And thus the days pass by with many a care
And one by one the leaves appear to men;
House-cleaning time—I'm wanted here and there;
I change my hat, Behold! 'tis spring again!

One day when asked my birthday, I'd forgot!
—'Twas enough that I was wrinkled, old and gray—
They gave me one. What day it mattered not.
Last year 'twas August 28th. This year it came
in May.

But there is always that which makes amends,
And even though some things I am denied
I see in Nature's loveliness my friends,
I bless the Virgin and am satisfied.

I see her love reflected in each flower,
The grass I cut grows by her loving care,
What's sweeter music than a summer shower?
Each drop is like a pearl. Is aught more fair?

Then why should I for wealth or palace pine?
Riches did ne'er but trouble and sorrow bring,
The greatest gift is a contented mind;
Keep that and every man's a king.

William died August 30, 1917, at the Homeopathic Hospital after having been there some two weeks, under the kindest and most skillful care, made possible by the generous interest of Grace Curtis Gifford, who also arranged for the burial service at the Cathedral and for his resting place in Holy Sepulchre Cemetery.

One of the earliest friends of Livingston Park Seminary was Dr. Chester Dewey, who helped and encouraged Mrs. Curtis in the commencement of her

school. He it was who found the nimble boy who could climb the tall tulip trees in the Park and bring down the peculiar square cut leaf and bright red and yellow blossom for the class in Botany. He too conducted the amateur geologists to the lower river gorge in search for trilobites and brachiopods. Throughout his life time he was always interested in the progress and success of the school.

In April, 1891, the idea of forming an Alumnae Association came to Mrs. Curtis and resulted in its organization. She suggested as its first president, Bertha Scrantom Pool, the poet of the past, the one who laughingly used to tell of writing any girls' composition in exchange for the correctly solved arithmetic or algebra problem. Mrs. Pool filled the presidential office until her death, having most satisfactorily carried on the Association during the first twelve years of its existence.

Mrs. Curtis presided at the first reunion in June, 1891, so glad to welcome the girls of her early days. It proved to be her last work, as she left the school-room that day, suffering with the illness that proved fatal in January, 1892.

A noble woman, who throughout her life had stood for the best things, intellectual and spiritual, her influence was mighty and wide-spread, truly it may be said of her that "her daughters rise up and call her blessed."

The "L. P. S." originally meaning only Livingston Park Seminary have now a deeper significance, as suggested by Effie Dodd Sherwood, a devoted

alumna, the letters now represent "Loyalty, Purity, Sincerity," a proof of Mrs. Curtis's strong personality and the underlying principle of all her teachings, namely Truth.

In June, 1892, the anniversary of the organization of the Alumnae Association, the reunion was in the nature of a memorial service for dear Mrs. Curtis. It was at this time that Mary Hart gave as her beautiful tribute to Mrs. Curtis this thought. She likened our teacher, friend and counsellor to a gardener, who though unable to change the color of a pansy from purple to gold, or from white to bronze, could by cultivation cause each to grow more and more perfect and beautiful.

It was by this keen insight and unusual power that Mrs. Curtis had developed girls of all sorts, and had stamped upon them an impress of rare design, so that they were easily recognized as girls of her training. From that time the pansy has been the Alumnae flower, dear to each one who has known and developed under the wise guidance of the founder of this school.

What the Alumnae Association has done for the school in tangible gifts is considerable; the laying of a hardwood floor in the school room, a bronze tablet in memory of Mr. Curtis, pictures, astronomical equipment, some splendid maps, a fine large terrestrial globe, and recently the annual gift of \$25.00 to the Principal to be used at her discretion for the school, or to be applied on the tuition of some ambitious girl who otherwise might be unable to meet all expenses.

The Cathro Mason Curtis Memorial Fund has expended four hundred dollars for the college education of an L. P. S. girl and stands ready and able to do so this year.

From the general treasury gifts have been made in various ways. In June, 1917, one \$100.00 Liberty Loan Bond was purchased, and a cheque for \$25.00 was sent to the local Red Cross.

What the association has meant to the two principals in loyal support, at the beautiful Commencement Office each June, when scores of splendid women join with young girls in that service, is difficult to estimate. The esprit de corps, the personal sympathy in joy and sorrow, the enthusiastic response to any suggestion are felt and appreciated.

What the organization has meant to the individual member may be gleaned from the report of Susan Landers Pike, a loyal charter member, who read the following tribute at the silver anniversary June, 1915:

As a charter member of the Alumnae Association of Livingston Park Seminary, I can look back upon twenty-five years of membership in this august body.

It was with great interest and joy that I became a member, for I realized that it would mean the cementing of the ties of friendship whose foundations were laid in our school days here. It has meant all of this to me, and more.

If we are separated from our once intimate friends, seeing them but seldom, the friendship becomes only a cherished memory; but with occasional meetings we are enabled to keep in touch and grow together, as the years pass, instead of growing apart.

In addition to keeping up *old* friendships, the Alum-

nae Association has meant to me the forming of many delightful *new* ones, for the association is composed of earnest, thoughtful women, who are intent on filling their place in life to the best of their ability, and in making that ability ever better and better.

Membership in the Alumnae Association has also meant to me the keeping up of ideals which are indispensable to any progress in life. Can any ideals be better than "Loyalty, Purity, Sincerity?" No one who is a member of this association could ever forget what those words imply. This organization helps us older ones to keep young. Perhaps our younger members will feel like smiling at this idea as they notice our gray hairs, and other outward signs of age; but those are mere physical signs of the passing of the years. We are all once more girls, at heart, when we meet here. As the years pass over your dear young heads you will understand, better than I can explain, that to keep youthful in mind we must retain our interest in and love for young people.

One of the most interesting and charming features of our Alumnae meetings is the addition each year to our number of the senior class of young girls, fresh from their studies, and ready and anxious to take hold of the earnest tasks of real life.

On looking back twenty-five years, I recall our first annual meeting. It was held here, just where we are today. Our dear Mrs. Curtis, the honored founder of this association, was hostess. How well I recall the cordiality of her welcome to her daughters, as she called us, who returned to their Alma Mater; some of them for the first time since graduation. Little did we realize that day that our beloved teacher and counselor was ill, with a malady that grew worse and at last removed from us one of whom it may be said, without exaggeration, that her influence stood next to that of our mother.

Mrs. Curtis' mantle seemed to fall naturally to Miss Stone, who was preceptress of the school at the time of Mrs. Curtis' illness and was no longer able to guide the affairs of the school. I knew Miss Stone well as it had been my privilege to be a co-worker of hers, as junior teacher, during the first two years that she was preceptress, although I was never one of her pupils.

Miss Stone was never so well known to the Alumnae as Mrs. Curtis or Mrs. Rebasz, as she had never been here in school nor an officer of the association, though she generously gave the hospitality of the school to us for our meetings, which we surely appreciate.

To return to the first meeting. As I said, Mrs. Curtis was hostess. Our first president, Mrs. Bertha Scrantom Pool, received the guest with Mrs. Curtis and presided at the business part of the meeting, and at the luncheon. We who knew her remember that Mrs. Pool was a woman of strong character and very decided opinions, which she was vigorous in upholding. We feel that she was just the right one to get the association in running order. She had her trials, as we can easily imagine. For instance, about fifty were expected at the first meeting. Mr Teall had been instructed accordingly; but more came, until Mrs. Pool remarked aside to one of the officers, "There is poor Mr. Teall out in the hall dancing a pas seul, in anxiety as to what he will do with the extra guests." We know that he managed it some way, and so well that the guests never knew the difference. Mrs. Pool was our president for twelve years and proved herself equal to the many emergencies that arose during that time.

Our meetings differ somewhat from year to year. At the first one there was a roll call. Not in alphabetical order, but by order of classes, mentioning the year of graduation. As the names were called the owners arose and passed out of the room and all met

later in the parlors. It proved to be rather an embarrassing arrangement for some to have the year of graduation announced so distinctly; one member returned to the schoolroom and interrupted the roll call long enough to state that her class wished it understood that they were mere children when they were graduated.

The luncheon was held, as it is today, in this historic schoolroom. One table in the form of a hollow square accommodated all present. The guests were seated on both sides of the table. The officers and some of the more noted guests and speakers were seated across the west side, facing the room. We had five men as guests that day. Dr. Kendrick, of the Rochester University, a very eminent scholar and an old friend of Livingston Park Seminary; Dr. Anstice, then rector of St. Luke's Church; Mr. Herve D. Wilkins, professor of music at L. P. S. for many years; Rev. E. P. Hart, rector of St. Mark's Church; also Professor Fairchild. That was the only time we ever had any men as guests.

Someone said, "Nothing funny ever happens at the meetings, I suppose?" We who have attended them all could not agree to that, for there have been many amusing and original things. Poems, songs, letters, papers, sketches, toasts and addresses, all original of course, have given us every time a "feast of reason and flow of soul" that fitted very harmoniously with the appetizing luncheons annually furnished by Mr. Teall. Music, too, vocal and instrumental, has delighted our ears. Beautiful gowns have pleased the eye—there, I might as well stop.

Our corresponding secretary has suggested to me that the Alumnae Association teaches us unselfishness, in that it helps others to gain the same educational benefits that we had. I want to add that it has, through her, brought comfort to some of our sisters

who were in sorrow, and congratulations to others who had joy or good fortune befall them.

The number of those present today who may be known as Mrs. Curtis' girls is small, as compared with those who are Miss Stone's and to those who are proud to call themselves Mrs. Rebasz's girls.

I knew Mrs. Rebasz when she was no older, probably, than the youngest here. I have always been pleased and proud to reckon her as a friend, and if she continues to improve and grow in character as she has done in the past, the love and admiration of the Alumnae Association for her will know no bounds.

One way of honoring her we have; that is in giving her the highest office in the association. That she has held for thirteen years. I feel sure we will never want any other president as long as we can have her. She is one who has profited by the instructions of Mrs. Curtis and has guided her life accordingly.

We who shared those instructions remember how strongly it was impressed upon us that we must live up to all the ability we had in us. We must cultivate our talents, and build our characters by bringing into use all our powers, mental, physical and spiritual. Mrs. Curtis used to tell us that our influence extended further than any of us thought, and would continue to expand as the little wavelets follow one another, in ever widening circles, when a stone is thrown into the water. I could never forget that illustration.

We can all testify that our president's circle of influence is large and continually growing, and that her character has accumulated strength and sweetness which have carried her through many trials. Her example of unselfish devotion to duty ought to prove an inspiration to us all.

June 11, 1915.

PART II

Rochester, July, 1880.

My Dear Miss Stone:

There is a vacancy in my teaching force which I wish to fill and you have been mentioned to me in connection with the position. I take it Alden is near Buffalo, so not far from Rochester. Could you not come down, say on Tuesday next, when we could become acquainted and perhaps come to some arrangement that would be of mutual benefit?

Sincerely yours,

C. M. CURTIS,
Livingston Park Seminary.

The young girl addressed in this letter sat on a sunny side porch of her home looking across flower beds ablaze with color, on through an old orchard to green fields touching the sky. She saw none of these familiar beauties, however, but instead a city park and city streets teeming with life and movement. There came quick suggestion of new and satisfying experiences, an opportunity to gratify boundless ambitions, to test out certain theories. Could she go down? Could anything keep her from going! She did not know whether "C. M. Curtis" was a man or woman, but she did know that she meant to have that position and she secured it. That was the beginning of fourteen years of intimate knowledge of the dear old seminary, of close companionship with its founder and principal, Mrs. Curtis, to know whom was a liberal education. She was a woman of remarkable mental ability, behind which was a determination and push which enabled her to speedily formulate, perfect and carry out the most difficult plans of her work. To a young teacher she was a wonderful example and an inspiration. The opening day at the seminary in



GEORGIA C. STONE.

the fall of 1880 was a most charming day and stands out in one's memory as marked with a white stone. And yet it was probably not different from other opening days. Girls were arriving at all hours, and finding rooms and mates. Mrs. Curtis was everywhere, smiling, cuddling up the serious ones, reassuring anxious mothers—in such case speeding the parting guests, for mothers are so apt to be tearful,—with one appraising glance singling out the right girls to go together in room, in class and at table. Miss Stone, the one new teacher, looked on, lending a hand here and there, but waiting most impatiently for her own room-mate, a Miss Lee. Late in the afternoon the unexpected happened. One glance under an eminently becoming poke bonnet revealed Mary Lee to Miss Stone's astonished gaze. They had been room-mates at "Old Houghton"—school of blessed memory,—where both were educated and had now met again as room-mates and fellow teachers at the Livingston Park. Miss Lee was returning after vacation and to her Miss Stone was indebted during those first months for many kindly suggestions and helps along the new ways of a strange school.

Many of the girls were new, others returning to finish out the course of study already begun, some for post-graduate work. Susie Landers and Alice Porter were there, girls who never missed the humor of a situation. Lulu and Kate Hill who loved life and study and fun equally. Blanch Carson, Beulah Boyd, Emma Lester and little Luella Scott whose conscience was as a beacon light to the house girls, so steady and true it was. One cannot speak of the Seminary without seeing the faces of the three Andrews, May and Bird and Stella, Anna and Clara Schonblom, Lena Emery. The history of a school, as of a country, is the history of the life of its people—its teachers and pupils.

There were comparatively few changes in the faculty during the years from 1880 to 1892. Miss Stone came to be the preceptress in due time. Miss Lee went to South America where she has married and built up a home of her own. There were Miss Westfall, Miss Hooker, Miss Lewis, Miss Bowles, Miss Appleton, Miss Curtis, Mrs. Brewer, Madame Gueret, Mr. Wilkins—teachers whose memories are still green and who left a broad impress upon the minds of the pupils. Nearly all of that time the Seminary was filled to its capacity, both in the boarding department and in the day school, and it is impossible here to mention every pupil by name. Nearly every state in the Union was represented. Mrs. Curtis often spoke of the "Western Invasion" and always lovingly, for the West and South brought to us attractive girls and bright students. May Mitchell, Virginie L'Hereux, Juliette Harton, Ruby, Florence and Ferminette Pettengill, Emma and Louise Follett, Cora Smith, Margaret Betcher, Cora and Roberta Morris, Alice Parrott. The army too was well represented in those days and from the western posts came Kathro and May Mason, Metta and Lottie Adams, Bessie Price, Lillian Crary, the Burtons. A shadow falls over the memories of the days for the Angel of Death came softly one early morning, April 30th, 1884, and claimed Katy Darling Scott, a lovely girl of eighteen whom we all loved dearly. She was more than ordinarily attractive in face, beautiful in disposition and possessed of a fine and clear intellect. She was a daughter of the Hon. A. D. Scott of Ellicottville. There were many fine students and some brilliant musicians in the Seminary and many musicales under the direction of Herve D. Wilkins, and "Literary Evenings" and "Soirée des Langues" were presented testifying to the good work accomplished along many lines.

One "Literary Programme" stands out clearly and deserves mention here.

June 3rd, 1886.

Music—Gavotte Stephanie.....Czibuela
Flossie Kimball and Ada Dewey.

Recitation....."Little Maid Bertha's Stork"
Sadie Schwendler.

Music—Fire Laddie's March.....Sherwood
Mabel Luddington.

Recitation....."The Little Hatchet Story"
Flossie Kimball.

Music.....Zither Solo
Kate Blackford.

Reading of "The Journal" by.....Mabel Ludington

French Play.

Adele.....Lottie Adams

Jeanette.....Florence Pettengill

Hortense.....Ada Dewey

Marguerite.....Flossie Kimball

Josephine.....Kate Blackford

Maria.....Mabel Ludington

Alice.....Sadie Schwendler

One wonders if French is remembered and spoken as readily today.

One pleasant event of the period was the return from the West of Mr. and Mrs. William Rebasz. They brought with them a fat, jolly baby who soon became the pet of the household. When he learned to talk he rechristened Miss Stone, giving her the name of "Pebble" and absolutely refusing to say Miss "Stone." The name clings to her to this day. He found it no more of a difficulty to say *Ornithryncus* than frog when the word was casually mentioned to him, and in his play thereafter he met, fought and conquered many of them by means of a string tied to a cane.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Rebasz became quite closely identified with the seminary life. The music and fun and frolic always found a ready helper in Mr. Rebasz, while Mrs. Rebasz was eager and willing to help out a teacher who might be hors de combat by taking a class in reading A, B, C or Horace's Odes.

In September, 1891, Miss Stone returned to Livingston Park Seminary after an absence of three years. Mrs. Curtis was not well and the day that school opened she moved into her more quiet home across the Park. Miss Stone was made Associate Principal and almost daily through the winter she reported to Mrs. Curtis, and held many conferences with her concerning the welfare of the school so dear to Mrs. Curtis's heart. Again and again Mrs. Curtis admonished Miss Stone that it was her duty to live for the school and that she so desired it.

In January, the 24th, after great suffering, Mrs. Curtis folded tired hands and quietly slipped away into the Unknown Land, her life-work well rounded out and complete.

Miss Stone became acting principal and the work of the school was carried on to a careful finish. The

year had necessarily been a quiet one. At the Commencement exercises in the schoolroom, Dr. Anstice announced that the seminary would open in the fall under the management of Miss Stone.

It was a remarkable coincidence that the Record, a big book opened by Mrs. Curtis when she founded the seminary, came to its last page with the final record of that year.

The Livingston Park Seminary opened September 21st, 1892, under the new management. A Rochester paper said in its announcement of the opening: "Few institutions devoted to the education of young ladies have achieved the distinction enjoyed by the Livingston Park Seminary of this city. Established in 1858, this seminary has advanced with steady progress until it is now favorably known throughout the country."

No one appreciated that fact more than I, the new principal, and I felt the responsibility of keeping the school up to its former standard, of advancing it to keep pace with the times. My many talks with Mrs. Curtis were of great help and all of her suggestions, coming from her wonderful experience, were of inestimable benefit to me. Her caution was invariably "don't get into a rut."

No radical changes were made in the conduct of the school. It seemed advisable to open a primary department since a number of mothers in the vicinity desired it. The department was under the supervision of Miss Virginia L. Chappell, and was always most successful. It was the joy of my heart. Miss Chappell was eminently fitted by education, experience and temperament to have charge of children. It seemed fitting, too, that the room occupied so many years by Mrs. Curtis should be devoted to this purpose. The corps of instructors that opening year included Miss Elizabeth Bowles in English, Mrs. Marie Hale-Losey in Elocution, Mr. E. N. Wodell in

Vocal Music, Miss Ada Kent in Drawing and Painting, Mrs. Bertha S. S. Pool in Composition and Rhetoric. Miss Holyland became teacher of instrumental music, when during the year it was necessary to make a change in that department, and later on in the years Miss Ada Koehler assumed charge. Miss Koehler is a graduate of the seminary and with her two sisters was connected with the school for many years.

Dr. Anstice, rector of St. Luke's, was a tower of strength to me and any demand made on him when I felt particularly weak-kneed brought instant and cheerful response. There is no measure of my gratitude to him. Bishop Coxe, who had been interested in the seminary in its past years, wrote to Dr. Anstice: "I do trust I failed not to advise you touching the Livingston Park School, of which I most gladly accept the visitorial charge." Dr. Anstice turned this letter of the Bishop's over to me and it is one of my choicest possessions.

Mr. Curtis, who had taken apartments at the Jenkinson, dropped in frequently for little visits and offers of assistance and was most kind and helpful. He invited my whole family one evening to visit him and we filled his rooms nearly to overflowing. Though very quiet himself he enjoyed the girls and their fun and laughter. I remember that there were so many offers of assistance in serving the refreshments Mr. Curtis had provided, that there was some question as to who should be served. The many friends of the seminary were still friendly and loyal and were most welcome whenever they came.

There were many pleasures through the year. Just as in the past there were fine students, fine musicians, lovely and loving girls, who worked as gladly and easily as they played. There were the usual entertainments, musical and literary. The girls who

wished went to dancing school. There were theatre parties, lectures and skating on the canal rink occasionally. Even the Spanish lessons were a part of the pleasure of the day. There is probably not a girl who has forgotten Senor Varona, the irascible little stout man who knew so little about imparting his valuable knowledge.

A new departure in the arrangements for graduation was made this year. The final examinations were held as usual. The essays of the graduates together with a brief report by the principal, of the work accomplished during the year in all departments was read before an audience limited to the patrons of the school and a few friends of the graduates, on the morning of Commencement day, and in the old school-room. A room dear to every L. P. S. girl,—a room associated with many victories and few defeats. In the evening a Commencement Office was conducted in St. Luke's Church. Bishop Coxe, at my solicitation, arranged this office expressly for me and my school and I am very happy that it is still used, unchanged.

Dr. Anstice helped in all our plans, the Alumnae Association endorsed the innovation most heartily and were present in large numbers, the public and the friends of the seminary came and the church that commencement evening was filled to the doors. Bishop Coxe was present to deliver an address and present the diplomas to the graduates. He was assisted by Dr. Anstice and a number of the clergy of the city. The members of the class of that year felt greatly honored in being the first to take part in this beautiful and solemn service. The class included Lucy Morris, Ada Greenwood, Mollie Sill, Helen Williams, Melissa Koehler, Emma Lester.

Class Day was inaugurated and proved to be of pleasure as well as of benefit from a literary stand-

point. It was my earnest wish that the seminary should be considered as one of the best of college preparatory schools. In order to obtain the right of certification at both Wellesley and Vassar it was necessary to send a pupil. If after a certain period this pupil met all requirements satisfactorily the right of entering pupils on the seminary's certificate was granted. Charlotte Faber was the test pupil sent to Wellesley. We felt that we had nothing to fear and our happiness and satisfaction were complete when before the appointed time I received a letter from Wellesley granting what I had asked and thanking me for sending a pupil who was so well prepared at all points. There were no handicaps, no conditions. With pride I point to her as "our Epistle."

That same year I was told that five came back from Wellesley to the High School and I felt fully justified in the assumption I had often made that the private school, unhampered by the Regent cramming system, was quite as thorough and as broadening, if not more so, than any public school. In the six years of my principalship, I never admitted a pupil to the senior class who had failed on senior year examinations in any other school.

In looking into the past I find nothing of a startling nature to record. The years moved swiftly on, classes were graduated, new pupils came and went. The teachers were interested and painstaking. One of the girls said to me not long since, "Can't you remember how Bertha Scrantom Pool drilled and pounded those things into us? Can we ever forget how to word a note properly, a note of any kind?"

Mrs. Pool will never be forgotten. Miss Welsh is now holding a professorship in Berea College and from there she writes me that the four years spent in Livingston Park Seminary are among the happiest years of her teaching life and she pays a tribute to the

high standard of the school and its home and social life.

Among my dear girls there are many who are doing things that are worth while. There are musicians and writers and teachers and beautiful wives and mothers, and it is a joyful thing to know that they were well started down the "Long, Long Trail" from the dear old seminary doors.

Often of a summer evening when I am alone on the veranda of my country home I look out across the park, so quiet and green under the star-lit sky, and before my mental vision there passes in silent procession, like the brides in Cranford, the processional in St. Luke's. Dr. Anstice is followed by Dr. Converse. Bishop Walker, tall and commanding, does not overshadow Bishop Cox with his beautiful, classic face and perfect hands. There are Mr. Hart, Mr. Burleson and other clergymen. The Faculty—I like to spell it with a capital—follow silently and I see the faces of all the teachers who so ably seconded my efforts and who helped in no small measure to make the school the success that it proved to be—Miss Welsh, Miss Harris, Miss Rounds, Miss Koehler, in the later years with those others whom I have not forgotten. Next there comes a long line of white-clad figures with sweet, serious faces and shining eyes. Graduation in St. Luke's is to them the opening into a new life—a life of infinite possibilities and most alluring. Dr. Converse said once, to them, "Meet everything with a high spirit." I hope it has been their watchword as it has mine. Nine classes and each name brings back a loving memory. Lucy Morris, Ada Greenwood, Mollie and Anna Sill, Helen Williams, Melissa and Estelle Koehler, Emma Lester, Charlotte Beardsley, Louise and Mary Peck, Clara Churchill, Etta Wachtel, Clarine Corris, Marie Phelan, Mildred Green, Josephine Boughton, Florence Teall,

Eva Chase, Gertrude Moore, Mary Rolfe, Blanche Leyden, Maud Clement, Janet Smith, Julia Smith, Charlotte Lane, Lulu Emerick, Laura Lancaster, Deetta Mitchell, Bessie Wilcox, Lulu Graves, Grace Daggs, Alice Adams, Mabel Lord, Katharine Shedd, Charlotte Faber, Susie Peters, Harriet Craig, Matilda Clarke, Alta Hooper, Emmaline Haap, Helen Cleveland, Lulu Clark, Leah Leach, Ella Steitz, Clara Crossman, Anna Birckel, Elizabeth Line, Sadie Mosher, Edith Reynolds, Alice Hewer, Ethel Fraser. The under-graduates pass in review and there are many of them, followed by that wonderful Alumnae Association, the bulwark of the school. One by one comes back the memory of services rendered by them, kindnesses shown, the afternoon teas in the parlor, the semi-annual luncheons, the June breakfasts, the gifts to the school of the Perry pictures for the use of Art classes, the astronomical apparatus and lantern. Last of all the special gift to me of the exquisite little teaspoons on a pansy-covered plate. Even the tones of the organ come floating over all and I glance up to see Mr. Rebasz in his accustomed place, so ready and willing to serve. One by one the village lights go out, up and down the street, and I realize that—School is out!



EURITH T. REBASZ.

PART III

At the time of Miss Stone's marriage in June, 1900, Eurith Pattison Rebasz, a member of the class of 1879, became the third principal of L. P. S.

The school room, with its four large windows and adjoining recitation rooms, is practically as it has been since 1860. The same desks and recitation benches are still in use, as dear to the Alumnae as are Eton's benches and tables to her sons. The same clock patiently ticks off the hours, indifferent alike to the appealing look of restless girl or tired teacher. The same blackboards help the perplexed child to find the Greatest Common Divisor or Least Common Multiple; they also respond to the proud junior as she draws on that right-angled triangle the squares, which prove that the one on the hypoteneuse is equal to the sum of those on the other two sides.

The daily on-going of the routine work is practically along the same lines as have obtained throughout the sixty years of the school's life. Possibly the twenty-minute period is a slight digression. During these few moments a kind of intellectual melange obtains under the special care of the principal. It may be current topics, or questions of etiquette. Possibly a real old-fashioned spelling bee; a few geographical boundaries are given; some mental arithmetic is worked; an interesting editorial from a current magazine is read; or should it be the birthday of one of the household, a real party is given in honor of the girl—a party with music, singing or recitation.

It was Mrs. Rebasz's great good fortune to secure

as her first preceptress Miss Marsh, who was a teacher of experience, a woman of charming manner and sterling qualities. She helped the third principal for three years, teaching a variety of subjects including Art History, English, Cicero and Geometry most satisfactorily. Miss Chapin and Fraulein Vallie Ohl were two other helpful teachers during that first year of Mrs. Rebasz's administration; they had taught for Miss Stone so knew the pupils who had been with her and who were re-entered. The young teacher who was to instruct the little people was an alumna of L. P. S., namely, Anna D. Sill, who was so satisfactory in every way for the eleven years that she was with Mrs. Rebasz, that it was a real loss when she resigned to be married.

Miss Marsh withdrew in order to go to Honolulu to become the principal in St. Andrew's Priory, at the solicitation of Bishop Restorick. There have been many teachers during the past eighteen years, although several have staid for three years; Fraulein Ohl was a delightful member of the faculty for six years. Miss Strong, Miss Hayes, Miss Spencer, Miss Horton, Miss Clark, Misses Newhall, Miss Sill, Miss Sibley, Mme. James, Miss Keniston, Dorothy Turner, Sue Williams, Miss Pindar, Mme. Peloquin, Miss Townley, Miss Holyland and Miss Werner are among those whose work was splendid and whose influence uplifting.

As in every other kind of work, the demands vary according to times and conditions. There have been some fine musicians among these later girls, Clara

Fenton, Maude Hopkins, Sara Caldwell, Grace Stephens, Eva Pierce, Marie Dean, Lucille Baker, Dorothy Turner, Mia Adair, Louise Townsend, Kathleen McLean, Margaret Mackay, Ruth Menter and Lola Hart; these girls were equal to any kind of difficult music, and were able to render the best in a most artistic manner, under the fine instruction of Miss Holyland. And, too, there were girls who sang, Harriet Kehoe, Grace James, Louise Pixley and Florence Zimmer. The music department gained for itself such a reputation, that friends of the school asked to be invited to the musicales.

Up to 1907 we had some excellent violinists, Helen Bascom, Grace Taylor and Ray Walker, who, with the energetic mandolin club, added variety and piquancy to our musical evenings.

For a few years a wave of practical sciences threatened to engulf the fine arts, but we responded and our girls were sent to the Mechanics Institute, to a class arranged just for them, to learn sewing and cooking. Later the tide again turned and the demand was for aesthetic dancing, so we danced like Russians, Swedes and Italians. Again we painted on china, and another year had regular gymnasium work at the Y. W. C. A. Since there are no longer any boarding pupils such activities have been left to the discretion of the patron.

Mrs. Curtis took several parties abroad, a liberal education in itself with such a guide. It was Mrs. Rebasz's privilege to take one small party to England and France, but she has personally conducted fifteen

parties to Washington, during the Easter vacation; nearly two hundred girls have enjoyed the pilgrimages with her; all doors seemed to swing open to those fortunate people and many unusual privileges were granted. Perhaps a letter relating the happenings of two different parties may prove interesting.

Pasadena, Cal.

Dear Mrs. Rebasz:

Each season that comes around brings with it happy memories of school days. September of course always means a new start, the renewing of old friendships and the making of new. Thanksgiving usually meant a party for the school girls and the packing of baskets for poor families as well. But I'm sure for the greater majority of your girls, Easter must mean the brightest of all memories when with joyous smiles and heavy suit cases we started out for that long-looked-for trip to Washington.

As Easter drew near this year Peg and I started to talk over those happy days; but the funny part of it was, we each seemed to think we had had much the better party, so I guess you will have to be judge. You remember there were twelve of us and that we started out in merry spirits, one Friday evening at six o'clock from the N. Y. Central depot. We arrived in time to have breakfast at the grand *new* union station in Washington (that shows how many years ago it was, but I'm not telling) and then to the big Public Market where we bought arbutus and sweet peas from the old colored mammies; how easily it all came back to mind. "But," said Peg, "We did that too." "And did you go up to the top of the Washington monument?" said I. "Why, of course we did; we probably did lots more things than you did," answered Peg. "Well, I don't believe it," I said, laughingly. "We really had the most fun of any party. Why, just think, we lived in a

lovely old house upon Capitol Hill and could walk right to the Congressional Library at night in about three minutes and see the littlest book and the largest book and walk around the 'Signs of the Zodiac' on the floor."

Wasn't it fun going to the White House, Mrs. Rebasz? Of course, with your special cards, we saw the state dining rooms and other rooms to which the general public is not admitted, and that wonderful portrait of McKinley by Murphy.

"Well," said Peg, "I'm sure you didn't see Dr. Mary Walker going down the street dressed as usual in man's clothes."

"No," said I, "But we did meet Mr. Taft, walking in the rotunda of the Capitol." And don't you remember, Mrs. Rebasz, how thrilled we were, when he came up and said, "Why, how do you do, Mrs. Rebasz? I'm so glad to see you and your girls again."

We both remembered the interesting afternoon at the Corcoran Art Gallery and the automobile ride around the city. What fun! Only do you remember how it got windy and cool and you bought newspapers for us all and made us wear them as sleeveless vests to keep us warm; of course we knew that our pride and our *new* Easter suits would have done it.

Peg said: "We went to the Lincoln Museum and no other party has ever done that." "Yes," argued I, "But we made up for it I'm sure by having luncheon at Mrs. Gaines, a former L. P. S. girl, and hearing all about General Robert E. Lee."

We both agreed that the monastery of Mt. St. Sepulchre was most interesting with all its sanctuaries, but inclined to be a trifle "spooky" down in the Catacombs.

Peg said that they met President Wilson and that Mr. McAdoo was very nice to them, but surely Mrs. Rebasz, you will agree with me here, that we had the best, for didn't we meet President Roosevelt and have a specially long time with him and see him walk to church and out horse-back riding; besides having a long talk with Mr. Taft and Mr. Cortelyou, then Secretary of the Treasury, who liked us so well that he gave to each one of us an autographed steel engraving of himself.

Do you remember the very busy and happy day we had next, motoring to Arlington, the whole country clothed in green for us and the picturesque mammies and pickaninnies along the way, quite willing to have the girls "snap" them. With what a sense of reverence did we drive through Arlington, the National Cemetery where we beheld the monument to two thousand Confederate and Union soldiers, and how we seemed to realize the sorrow and regret that must have been Robert Lee's as he looked across from his beautiful home on the banks of the Potomac to the Capital and government which he had forsaken at the call of his state. From there we went to Fort Meyer, then to Georgetown, then back to the Treasury Building where we met Mr. George Foster who had knocked down the assassin of President McKinley. He showed us counterfeit money and The Rogue's Gallery and told us many interesting stories. Dear old Richard! The favorite of all Washington parties, a true colored gentleman, greeted us and sent us to the Tea Cup Inn where Mr. Taft and many other notable men of that day took luncheon.

On a very clear, beautiful night we went to the Naval Observatory, climbing a steep hill, going over rustic bridges and hearing the croak, croak of the frogs. Peg and I both saw the moon and Saturn and

Castor, but think in addition, of seeing the nebula in Orion; Venus, Jupiter and Mars, which we saw.

I'm sure all the girls really love the day at Mt. Vernon best, first stopping at Alexandria as your parties always do to see all the historical places of interest. I always feel like saying "they have eyes and see not, ears and yet they hear not," until you open our eyes for us and help us to see and appreciate the wonders of the world around us. Mt. Vernon, with the famous box hedges grown in geometric figures, the old coach and the outside kitchen and best of all the wealth of treasures within the house, even to the key of the Bastille which Lafayette had sent to Washington. Surely we have a wonderful heritage and we should be proud right now to stand side by side with our French brothers who stood by us in our time of need.

Peg said, "We went into the Supreme Court and the Senate." "So did we," said I, "but personally invited by Vice-President Sherman." And do you remember Mrs. Rebasz how Edward Everett Hale, then eighty-six years of age, made the opening prayer. And then we rushed over to the House to hear Speaker Joe Cannon. What happy days those were so filled with interesting episodes and the meeting of men who will go down famous in history.

Our day in Philadelphia was full too, seeing the Mint, Betsy Ross' House, the Quaker meeting house and attending noon service at old Christ Church where we sat in Washington's pew. We even, after a delightful luncheon at Wanamakers, had great fun for an hour shopping.

After all, our argument was only in fun and we both decided we had had a wonderful time, one that would stand out in our lives as well as in that of many other L. P. S. girls as the happiest school trip of all.

learning as we did, though perhaps unconsciously, geography, history, astronomy, political economy and even psychology.

Lovingly yours,

ROMA.

During the past eighteen years there have been many afternoon entertainments given by the various classes; perhaps the most pleasing have been the "tableaux vivants" of the world's masterpieces; an exercise of practical value to the students in Art History, each girl studying pose, color and detail of her own particular picture and of necessity becoming familiar with all the others. Rembrandt's and Whistler's Mother, Mme. Le Brun, Duchess of Devonshire, The Gleaner, The Angelus, Mme. Recamier, The Infanta Marguerita and Mona Lisa are among those which have been represented and enjoyed.

The Commencements have been thought quite enjoyable. Following the custom introduced by Miss Stone the presentation of diplomas, and more recently of medals like those of Mrs. Curtis's day, has taken place in old St. Luke's Church. Usually the Bishop of the Diocese presented them to the seniors as they stood before the chancel railing; after receiving the medal the class kneels to receive the special Benediction, a fitting close to a dignified service, beautiful and reverent. The reception held immediately after the church service is attended by many guests, friends of the school, of the seniors; and by the members of the Alumnae Association.

On the Wednesday preceding Commencement, Class Day exercises take place in the school-room—similar as to outline, they differ from year to year; suggestions are expected from the seniors which, if at all practicable, are prettily and with originality carried out. That they at least have had the charm of variety may be inferred from the titles of which we give a few: "The Ship of State," "An Old-Fashioned Garden," "The Constellation Orion," an automobile ride from the "Hindu-Kush Mountains to L. P. S.," "Little Peace Squadron," "Literary Review of Reviews," "Thirteen Birds Leaving the Home Nest," "The Pleiades," a famous trial, "The Great Wide World vs. E. T. R.," in which the defendant was found guilty and sentenced to hard labor for a year, with special emphasis on the month of May! Another year there were sonnets from the "Junior Geese," with appropriate apologies to Mrs. Browning. In 1916 everything was connected with the life of the immortal Shakespeare; on that Class Day the Juniors' paraphrases of familiar quotations were so enjoyed that we give one:

All the school's a stage
And all the girls and teachers merely players:
They have their exits, and their entrances (ofttimes
late)
And each girl in her time plays many parts.
Her acts being seven classes.
At first, the French Class, struggling and floundering
in the Madame's arms,
Then the jolly school girl, with her comb
And freshly powdered face, creeping like snail to
Pol-Econ,

And then the lover, sighing over flowers,
Writing Persian epics, made to her teacher's orders.
Then sweet doubters, full of strange thoughts of
the psychology class.
Slow to believe, sudden and quick to dispute,
Seeking to see as does the teacher,
Though no two people see the same.
And then the pictures, ignored by some, while others
work,
With sticky paste and bulky note books too,
Full of old masters, and modern works of art.
And so they play their parts.
The sixth age shifts
Into scenes of Lieber Wilhelm Tell.
With spectacles on nose and books at side,
Her German prose, all wrong, with "der" for "das,"
And verbs for nouns, and with her gentle voice
Turning aside, when asked a definition, says,
"It's something about a noun."
Last scene of all, the end of this strange, eventful
history,
Are Senior essays (how long they are delayed)
Sans beginning, sans body, sans ending, sans every-
thing.

In 1901 the Class Day frolic was unique, consisting of a progressive luncheon. The Seniors, with Miss Marsh and Mrs. Rebasz as their guests, started away in a large tally-ho coach after the planting of the class vine, which is always the concluding number of the programme of spicy toasts and happy responses.

Four horses, liveried driver and bugler, coach gaily decorated with the class color, pink, and thirteen white clad women made an unusual picture. The first stop was on East Avenue, at the home of Julia and

Edith. The first course of delicious bouillon with the proper accessories was not only relished but so whetted our appetites that when we reached Genevieve's home on Elmwood Avenue and saw a table spread under some blossoming apple trees, we needed no special urging to partake of the fried chicken, creamed new potatoes, fresh asparagus and green peas, hot rolls and fragrant coffee. The salad course was served at Minnie's, on South Avenue. Never was lobster so pink nor lettuce so crisp! We were then whirled down to Alice's, on Lake Avenue, where at small tables, daintily decorated with pansies and maiden-hair fern we were refreshed by the ice cream and cake. The fifth stop at Erminie's to collect some boxes of fudge and then we were off to Ontario Beach, where we remained for a short time. Crossing the ferry, we drove through Seneca Park during the sunset hour; the girls were singing their class song, which had been written by Jeanette, under the guidance of Miss Marsh, and set to music composed by Maude, the musical girl of the class. The new principal having enjoyed the day to the utmost was greatly impressed by the ability of young girls to plan and carry out so successfully such a pretty and unusual entertainment. Among other class-day frolics were boat rides on the canal to Spencerport and Brockport; theater parties preceded or followed by a light repast often served at the school; a ride, either in tally-ho or later in automobiles to Rush Reservoir to enjoy Mrs. Grey's famous codfish dinners; or by tally-ho to the Newport House, or Avon Inn, for a

dinner, always including "Toasts with Sauce Piquante." A pretty spirit has obtained of asking the Juniors to join in the fun, unless by chance the latter were the hostesses.

Essay morning, too, is far from being stereotyped. One year "Uncle Sam's Many Daughters" was the general topic, each Senior having one special daughter, "The Puritan Maid," "The Indian Girl," "The Porto Rican" and so on, as her subject. The girls, lovingly named by the principal "My Charter Class," composed of those who entered as new pupils in 1900, when she began her work, had given to them by Miss Marsh the general subject "Women in Different Spheres." This was interesting as we heard of women at home, in business, as physicians, nurses and in sisterhoods. Other years the subjects selected were as varied as the girls who wrote the essays, "Literary Milestones," "Seven Modern Wonders," "Feasts, Fêtes and Festivals of Many Nations." "Nine Modern Muses and Their Prototypes" was the general subject in 1909, when the class numbered nine. Each one of the seven girls in another class had given to her a color, a stone and a flower wherewith to emphasize the general subject, "The Crystallization of the Rainbow."

In 1908 "The Story of Fifty Years" dealt naturally with matters concerning the history of the school. This little essay, similar as to rhythm to Milton's *L'Allegro*, will recall many a familiar scene to the girls of long ago as well as to those of the present:

Springtime at L. P. S.

Depart, oh, bitter storms
 Of winter and dark Aeolus born!
 Thy touch of chilling frost
 And sharpest wind, have summer's beauties torn.
 Depart, again I say
 And let us welcome lovely May!
 With birds, and trees, and gayest flowers
 We'll while away the sunny hours.
 Hasten, gentle Zephyr! bring
 All the treasures of the Spring,
 The budding trees, the birds and flowers,
 The helpful wind, the gentle showers.
 On all its beauty let us dwell,
 But not forget our schoolroom bell!
 Which in the midst of joy and mirth
 Will bring us back to things of earth.
 I call to mind how one bright day
 With joy, we heard our teacher say,
 "Come quickly, maidens, quickly come,
 Mayhap the tanager's found his home."
 And there upon the grass so green
 The bit of scarlet could be seen.
 I think again of one chill day,
 When, in the tree not far away
 A robin sat with ruffled mein
 And gazed upon the snowy scene.
 Again she called, again we came
 And saw the bird with breast aflame;
 A sorry sight, poor frightened thing!
 So cold and weary he could not sing—
 But Spring at last soon came to stay
 And robins many seemed to say,
 "All Hail to Zephyr's glorious hour
 The park now soon will be a bower."
 Old Winter, with your hoary frost

Farewell, all thought of you is lost!
 The bards now sing of balmy Spring
 With nature bright, for the Sun is King.
 The lilac bushes awake from sleep
 And please the eye with colors deep.
 Their beauty, hue, and fragrance rare
 Once filled the church with perfumed air
 When twelve fair maidens, clad in white,
 Walked up the aisle Commencement night.
 The blossoms, wet with dew at dawn,
 Were gladly given, the church to adorn.
 On many a night there may be seen
 Under the arch of syringa green,
 With star-like flowers of white,
 Maidens fair in the soft moonlight.
 Two beautiful symbols, seems to me
 Of love and joy and purity,
 Flowers and shrubs and trees so tall
 Contain a message to us all.
 To blossom, to strengthen, to grow, to bless,
 These are the lessons of L. P. S.

—*Lola Claire Hart.*

We take from the essay of Ethel Dean, modeled from Kipling's "Day's Work," the usual order of life in school, for the home girls. Day follows day so quickly when marked off into regular periods, that before one is aware, the different holidays have come and gone, leaving happy memories, and no remembrance of what promised to be dull routine and monotony.

A Day's Work at L. P. S.

Stillness reigned. In the east the sky reflected the approach of the morning sun, and on the air sounded the notes of Japan's instrument of morning torture, or in other words the rising bell at L. P. S. With suppressed moans and long drawn sighs, at six forty-five the girls prepare to rise; at least some do. A stocking here, a shoe under the bed, and lingerie on the floor are quickly assembled, and at seven thirty the fair maidens descend to breakfast. At eight thirty the delight of the female heart appears, "the mail man." Next comes an all too short fifteen minutes for recreation.

Then the mill begins to grind and each brings to the hopper her bag of wheat. At eleven thirty the blessed recess, with refreshments as follows: crackers and milk, apples, grapes, seckle pears, each in its season, with cocoa, if the day be cold.

At one fifteen the ever welcome bell sounds, calling to dinner and closing the morning's work, also hastening the feet of those who would a wooing go. Two o'clock again brings the man in gray, who leaves gladness or depression behind him.

From two fifteen to three fifteen is a time of weariness to the flesh and soreness to the bones, for 'tis "study hour," but from three fifteen to four fifteen, blessed interval, my young ladies stroll in the bright sunshine under the stately branching elms. From then, till six P. M., is practice hour, and on Tuesdays and Fridays, sewing. As is good music to the ear, so is clever sewing to the sight.

Thirty minutes for supper and a romp till seven fifteen, when the fateful grind begins again, and continues for an hour. Then follows the sweet consolation of Communion with the Divine Spirit, with thankfulness for protection during the day.

From eight thirty till nine recreation becomes recreative and each one does as she pleases, and it is not hard for one to imagine what a lot of girls will do. At nine, the quiet hour when disordered fancy takes its flight and reason, in shape of a commanding officer takes control, and at nine thirty lights are out and taps are sounded. The peace of Nirvana is upon the land, and thus is ended a day at L. P. S.

In 1917, when the largest class in the sixty years of the school was graduated, each Senior had a form of poetry given as a model from which she was to write her essay, thereby condensing the programme into a very short space of time. At the request of those who thought them worthy we give the Hymn, one of the Epigrams, and the Elegy.

Faithful, ever faithful
Are we Christ to Thee—
With a trust unfailing
Thus we pray to Thee:
Strengthen our faith ever
Be our guiding light
So, patiently we'll wait here
Till our faith be sight.

Hopeful, ever hopeful,
Hoping joyously,
Anticipating ever
That we'll come to Thee.
Content with all our blessings
On this earth are we
Yet hoping ever hoping
They dear face to see.

Oh, Love that knows no equal
For such, we pray to Thee,
Endless adoration
Through eternity.
Though faith and hope will vanish
When we're at thy side,
Our love is everlasting
And ever will abide.

—*Edwina Sage Hatch.*

Go, from the creatures thy instruction take—
The art of weaving from the spider learn,
She'll show you how the web of character to make
If you, your eyes and thoughts to her will turn.

First, the wavering thread of life she spins
Into a silken scaffold, straight and strong,
Never does she yield until she wins,
E'en though her patience is tried so long.

Her web is made of perfect silvery strands;
May not our life be woven just the same?
For she is not content with broken bands,
To have them whole should be our constant aim.

If we with patience, try to make our life
As perfect as her geometric web,
We too shall be rewarded for our strife
As the sweet breath of earthly life shall ebb.

For the dawn of the morrow sometimes finds
Spread out before us, a glistening dainty web
Dew sparkling with jewels of many kinds,
Which we call the lovely, fairy bed-spread.

The dainty lovely something which we call the soul
May as surely be adorned with jewels rare
If we with patience and earnest, humble toil
Weave the web of life with never failing care.

—*Eleanor Mogridge Watkins.*

The month of June now brings the parting day,
The summer sun sinks slowly in the west,
Sadly the Seniors take their homeward way,
And leave this school to Juniors and the rest.

Now fades the merry school days from our sight,
And all the world an unknown future holds,
Save, where sweet memory pausing in her flight,
Some ne'er-to-be-forgotten fact unfolds.

Deep knowledge to our eyes her ample page
Rich with economics, did oft unroll;
Psychology impressed our girlhood age,
And taught the subtle science of the soul.

Far from wondrous Literature and Art,
Our thoughts should never dare to swerve, nor
stray,
Tho' with great artists we soon must part,
We know the priceless treasures of their day.

Can golden medals or the days to come
Make us think lightly of what we here have learned?
Can these scholastic honors make us dumb,
Or flattery soothe the ever aching yearn?

Tho' many a happy day we here have spent,
With many a girl so blithesome, sweet and gay,
Full many a year of sadness and regret
May come to test us on our womanly way.

Our teachers' loving guidance we must leave,
Life's newer pressing problems to decide
Without their kindly aid; We well may grieve
And wonder how we'll stem the rising tide.

Who is to blind forgetfulness a prey?

Who can from this school's sheltering love resign,
Rejoicing in the unknown future day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

Affection deep for one shall ever burn,

Tho' we, as busy housewives ply our cares
Most frequent will our thoughts to her return,
Our joys and doubts again with her to share.

So farewell friends and schoolmates sweet and royal,
Our ever earnest wish and love receive,
And may you too be forever true and loyal,
To the dear L. P. S. which now we leave.

—*Irene De Ville Snyder.*

Within the Alumnae Association there is a circle composed of those who have been graduated under the present principal. Primarily formed at the request of the president of one of the classes that there might be some definite, philanthropic work undertaken by these young women, the L. P. S. Circle has lent itself to a variety of good causes, finally assuming the care and maintenance of a room at the Homeopathic Hospital. During these days of stress and growing need, the Red Cross has received time, attention and money from the same circle. The Reading Club which had earlier been in existence was slowly but surely on the wane, and as the younger members of the Alumnae were usually largely in the majority, the little circle was formed.

Including the Class of 1918, one hundred and ninety-nine girls have been graduated during the past

eighteen years. Of these ninety-three have married and are presiding with pretty, womanly dignity over their own home. There are several teachers and business women among the others, and then there are the dear daughters upon whom mother is leaning with confidence, and receiving that tender solicitude so precious to an older woman. Six have entered into Life Everlasting, Grace Taylor, Marion Sheffer, Flora Hill Shantz, Beatrice Crosman, Ethel Bridgeford Koch and Minnie Hewitt Chilson.

Quite a number of the girls since 1900 have been prepared for college, have entered and having staid the four years have received the coveted sheepskin. Lucy Eisenberg was the first who entered upon a college career. She attended Wellesley and at the expiration of the four years was graduated with honor. Erminie Van Dyne, of the same class, entered the University of Rochester, as did Beulah Fuller two years later. Estella Bartlett, Frances and Mary Allen and Charlotte Rood chose Smith College, Lois and Hazel Hunt attended Wells, Marjorie Rust is our first to attend Vassar, while the class of 1917 is represented at the University of Rochester by Rilleva Parke, Mabel Stimson and Merle Kolb.

In writing this very incomplete story of the past sixty years, memory has been busy recalling teachers, girls, traditions and incidents. Over and over has this special thought obtruded itself, namely, that the loyalty of all who have really known and loved the school is a very real, living fact, not an abstract quality. The proofs are many. Girls have sent their

friends, and mothers have sent their daughters to their Alma Mater. Margaret Garrigues Leyden sent Blanche; Anna Collins Chase sent Ora, who was the first to use the Cathro Mason Curtis Memorial Fund at the U. of R. and who received her diploma "cum laude;" Ida Chase Wolcott sent Carolyn; Anna Dent Rood sent Charlotte and Esther; Minnie Osborne Stewart sent Mabel and Helen; Effie Dodd Sherwood sent Carolyn; Frances Kingsbury Mason sent Kathro and May; Anna Hart Mitchell sent Deetta, Grace French Boucher sent Olive; Kate Hinds Walker sent Ray; Amelia Bauer Wehn sent Margaret; Antoinette Curtis Stewart sent Antoinette.

To a principal nothing is more gratifying nor encouraging than to have a second or third daughter entered from the same home; and, too, there is much gratification in having sisters come together, consequently there is a special cause for thankfulness in remembering Mary, Anna and Florence Hart, Minnie and Florence Montgomery, Adah, Lizzie and Emily Young, Elizabeth and Sarah Stanton, Jennie and Elizabeth Patten, Grace and Alice French, Lulu and Edna Graves, Adah, Melissa and Estella Koehler, Clara and Beatrice Crosman, Louise and Mary Peck, Sue and Frances Williams, Beulah, Edna and Alice Fuller, Hertha and Elsa Vogt, Roma and Harriet Pierrepont, Frances, Mary and Inez Allen, Gladys and Jesmin Osborne, Greta and Melba Gray, Mary Louise, Frances and Carolyn Hawley, Magdalene and Anna Heath, Mary and Ruth Beebe, Ruth, Jeanette and Ethel Levy, Lois and Grace De Ridder, Alice and Gertrude Vetter,

Mary, Mona and Harriet Crennell, Mollie and Anna Sill, Lois and Hazel Hunt, Florence, Mabel and Ruth Carlton, Leeta and Ethel Page, Ethel and Alice Benton, Anna and Katie Scott, Kate and Lou Hill, Adelia and Harriet Gorsline, Julia, Edith and Kathryn Wichmann, Bertha and Grace Peck, Julia, Anna, Mary and Helen Whittlesey, Jennie, Martha and May Dunn, Georgena and Frances Walbridge, Kathro and May Mason, Kate and Elizabeth Conkey, Laura and Cynta Westfall, Florence, Fermine and Ruby Pettengill, Lottie and Metta Adams, May, Bertie and Stella Andrews, Cora, Bertie and Lucy Morris, Frances and Dorothy Smith, Edith and Margaret Leader, Elizabeth and Marion Tuthill, Marion and Mignon Milington, Sara and Kathleen Patterson.

Among the pupils during the past there were many girls who were related to Mrs. Curtis, first her own daughter, Grace; her nieces, Hettie Hooker, Kate Whipple, Kathro Mason, Gertrude Mason, Maie Curtis; her great-nieces, Grace and Alice French, Fannie and Emma Case, Mary Hooker; her great, great niece, Olive Elliott, and her cousins, Kathro and May Mason.

And then there are those others who though neither kith nor kin, have known the many privileges of being connected with a school of this type; especially when their residence or attendance has extended over much time, varying from five to twelve years. Among them we remember the names of Susie Landers, Ada Kent, Jessie Leech, Kathro Mason and Lulu Pattison. To these girls the school became virtually a second home. The same long continued attendance has obtained dur-

ing more recent years, Dorothy Turner, Dorothy and Frances Smith, Anna McCoy, Eleanor Watkins, Dorothy Ashton, Ruth Carlton have been in attendance seven, eight and nine years.

Although in essence and in reality the school has always been entirely for girls, we have been privileged to know many fine men and to receive at their hands favors, kindnesses and assistance. Among those who have officiated at the various commencements we read the names of Rev. G. D. Boardman, Rev. Jonathan Edwards, Rev. F. F. Ellinwood, Dr. Chester Dewey, Rev. J. E. Latimer, Rev. Dr. Bartlett, Rev. Myron Adams, Dr. Kendrick and for many years Rev. Dr. Anstice; these were during Mrs. Curtis's principalship; Bishop Coxe, Bishop Walker, Dr. Anstice and Dr. R. R. Converse were the clergymen while Miss Stone was the principal. During the recent past Bishop Walker was absent but twice from the commencement office, until his death in 1917. Dr. Converse, too, was always present as rector of the church and the interested friend of the school, often making the address as the Bishop presented the diplomas or medals. In 1908, upon the occasion of the school's fiftieth anniversary, Dr. Anstice came from New York to help us signalize so important an event.

Other clergymen who have in recent times addressed the class are Rev. Mr. Ferris, Rev. Dr. Thomas, Rev. Mr. Lee, Rev. Mr. Tyler, St. Luke's present rector; Rev. Mr. Bissell, and Rev. Edward P. Hart. Mr. Hart was one of the most loyal and most

interested friends of L. P. S. from the time when, as a very small boy, he attended the school as a pupil, until the June before his death, when he made the address to the class.

Nearly all the clergymen of the Episcopal Church in and about Rochester have attended the services at different times and in the chancel have taken part, as arranged among themselves; Mr. Hart was never absent from any of the exercises connected with the closing of the school year, and with unfailing interest was always ready to assist.

From 1893 until 1914, there was another friend who officiated at each Commencement Office rendering the music for those occasions; playing not only the hymns and chants but for a half hour, while the guests were arriving, giving a programme of choice selections which added pleasure to all. It was the same Mr. Rebasz, who engrossed the name of each fair graduate on her diploma; moreover it was at his suggestion that the gold medal was again adopted as the reward for a satisfactory completion of the course of study.

With the exception of the three principals, probably there has never been anyone as interested in L. P. S. as Mr. Curtis, who knew it from its beginning until the time of his death, May 20, 1914. Though never taking an active part in the scholastic on-going of the school, he was always quietly in touch with it all, and, as Mrs. Curtis often said, was most helpful with his thoughtfulness and calm judgment.

Especially fond of music he listened with kindly, critical ear to indifferent or progressive practising, and he it was who taught the girls of '61 "The Star Spangled Banner:"

There was one little girl who has always remembered with gratitude his kindness in not administering a deserved rebuke, when upon disobeying him she broke her arm. In fact he did not even look as though he could or would say, "I told you so."

Another time when the same girl showed him her seven-year-old photograph and asked if she had not improved, he quietly replied, "It would be very hard to improve upon a little girl."

During one winter when Mrs. Curtis was obliged to withdraw temporarily from her teaching, it was Mr. Curtis's dignified serenity that influenced the housefull of girls to accept the restrictions which were made by the teacher left in charge, against which many might otherwise have rebelled.

For the past twenty-five years Mr. Curtis was the honored guest at all the musicales, receptions and the Commencements.

Truly "The old order changeth, yielding place to the new," for in June, 1917, there was no Bishop Walker, no Dr. Converse, no Mr. Hart in the chancel; there was no Mr. Rebasz at the organ, there was no Mr. Curtis an interested on-looker, for within four years the Angel of Death had claimed all these devoted friends of Livingston Park Seminary.

Errata

Page 30—*Fra* instead of Tea.

Page 34—*Unusual* instead of unusual.

Page 34—*Mrs.* Curtis instead of Mr.



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