

*Mr. and Mrs. William Ross Easton
announce the marriage of their daughter*

Eva Hughena

and

Mr. Vernon Joseph Parker

on Wednesday, the nineteenth day of May

One thousand, nine hundred and fifteen

At Home

after the fifteenth of June

1870 Beacon Street, Boston

Plass-Genrich.

The marriage of Miss Lillian R. Genrich, daughter of Mrs. G. A. Genrich, of No. 71 Jackson street, to Dr. Everett D. Plass, son of Mr. and Mrs. D. Plass, of Poughkeepsie, took place at 7 o'clock Wednesday evening at the Lake Avenue Baptist Church, Rev. A. W. Beaven officiating. After the ceremony a dinner was served to the bridal party at Hotel Seneca. Dr. and Mrs. Plass will spend three months at Saranac Lake, after which they will make their home in Baltimore.

SNYDER—PFROMER.

The marriage of Miss Pauline Nattie Pfromer, of No. 507 Knickerbocker avenue, to Henry Snyder, of Pittsford, took place in the afternoon of Thanksgiving Day at 5 o'clock at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Morris Corvell, No. 507 Knickerbocker avenue. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Guy Lawton, of the Lakeville Methodist Church. The attendants were Miss Hattie C. Pfromer, sister of the bride, and Lewis J. Mack, nephew of the groom.

The bride was gowned in blue Georgette crepe over pink silk. She carried a shower bouquet of pink roses. The bridesmaid was gowned in silver gray crepe de Chine, trimmed with Alice blue.

The house was decorated in pink and white. Covers were laid for thirty. The guests included relatives and friends of the bride and groom from Pittsford, Victor and Fairport.

Mr. and Mrs. Snyder will live at Pittsford after to-morrow.

Before the wedding a luncheon was given by Mrs. Frank Gillette, of Victor, at

whose home the engagement of the bride and groom was announced. Mrs. Gillette and Mrs. Snyder were classmates in the class of 1910 of the Hahnemann Hospital. Several showers also were given in honor of the bride.

Reverend Thomas W. Bateman
Mrs. Julia Wilson Cherney
announce their marriage
Saturday, the eleventh of March
one thousand nine hundred and sixteen
Batavia, New York

Mr. and Mrs. William Thorndyke
announce the marriage of their daughter
Ruby Gertrude
to

Mr. George H. Vierhile
on Thursday, June the fifteenth
Nineteen hundred and sixteen
Port Hope, Canada

Miss Stella L. Van Alstyne

Mr. Gordon G. Weller

Married

on Thursday, the sixth of July

One thousand nine hundred and sixteen

Rochester, New York

Mrs. Antonio Knauth

announces the marriage of her daughter

Ise Magdalene

to

Mr. Henry Fowler Dunbar

on Saturday, the twelfth of May

One thousand, nine hundred and seventeen

at Three hundred and twenty-one West-Ninety-second Street

in the City of New York

Mrs. Antonio Knauth
announces the marriage of her daughter

Charlotte Ursula

to

Mr. Louis Huthsteiner

on Monday, the twentieth of August

One thousand, nine hundred and seventeen

at Bolton Landing-on-Lake George

Mr. and Mrs. George Koester
announce the marriage of their daughter

Salome A.

to

Mr. Guy L. Stitzer

on Tuesday morning, May the first
Nineteen hundred and seventeen

Trondequoit, New York

At Home
after May fifteenth
Hudson Avenue
Trondequoit, N. Y.

Miss Edna J. Guymer
announces the marriage of her sister

Mary Ethel
to

Lieutenant Willard Riggs Line

Wednesday, February twentieth
nineteen hundred and eighteen

San Antonio, Texas

At Home

after March first

123 Carnahan Avenue

San Antonio, Texas

Mrs. Henry W. Nagel

announces the marriage of her daughter

Carolyn Florence

to

Mr. Ralph Edgar Koester

on the evening of Wednesday, November nineteenth

nineteen hundred and nineteen

Buffalo, New York

At Home after January first
Rochester, N. Y.

The Microbe's View of It

By PERCY SHAW

S AID an active little microbe, of the scarlet fever brand,
 As a festive germ of typhoid shook him gayly by the hand:
 "Won't you join us at a banquet in the lower part of town?"
 "All our ultra-smart bacilli are intending to go down."
 "There are six delightful children, and, although it's rather weird,
 "We've arranged for transportation in old Doctor Highbrow's beard.
 "When he bends to kiss the baby we can take a dozen skips
 "And secure a certain footing on the rosy angel's lips;
 "When he lays his ear on Tommy's heart it ought to be a jest
 "For the athletes in our company to hop on Tommy's chest."

Said the typhoid microcosm, "Did you know that I was reared
 "In the sheltering seclusion of old Doctor Highbrow's beard?"

Said a roving little germling, of the diphtheritic sort,
 As an influenza microbe his alert attention caught:
 "If you're looking for excitement I can show you where to find
 "Something absolutely worthy of your scientific mind.
 "There's a dainty Miss whose nurses watch each breath the darling draws,
 "If she looks a trifle sleepy they investigate the cause;
 "Every move she makes is guarded, in a most eugenic way,
 "And with ordinary children she must never, never play.
 "But to keep her safe from loneliness and brooding and all that
 "She's received a birthday present of a big Angora cat.
 "I've arranged with Typhus Willie to come with me, man to man,
 "When this highly-valued feline snoops about the garbage can.
 "You perceive how very easy we can nestle in his fur,
 "And when the damsel hugs him we can hop across to her."

Said the influenza microbe, "Now you're on the proper track,
 "For there's nothing so exclusive as a purring kitten's back."

PARTY GIVEN FOR NURSES

Phonograph Presented to Those of
 Hahnemann Hospital.

The fifty or more nurses in training at the Hahnemann Hospital were given a Christmas Eve party at the nurses' home by Mrs. Mary B. Curtice, superintendent, and Miss Davena Summerville, assistant superintendent. The entertainment included music and dancing.

A fine phonograph was presented to the nurses by the members of H. B. Graves's Sunday-school class, of Westminster Presbyterian Church. A Christmas dinner was served to patients at the hospital, and the talking machine was played for those who were in a condition to enjoy it.

D.C. 12/15/14

9/24 ROCHESTER RED CROSS NURSES. p.e.



Top row, first, Miss Minnie Mason, of Homeopathic Hospital Staff, No. 175 Gibbs street; third, Miss Adeline Thomas, superintendent of the Lee Hospital; last, Mrs. Jessie T. Parsons, of Homeopathic Hospital Staff, No. 974 East avenue. Bottom row, center, left to right, Miss Elizabeth Weber, assistant superintendent of Homeopathic Hospital, and Miss Eleanor M. Scott, of Homeopathic Hospital Staff, No. 16 Rowley street.

Rochester friends of the five nurses who left here some months ago to join the Red Cross forces in England have received letters from them from time to time, but the picture published this morning probably is the first to arrive here. Miss Sophie Paul, associate grand matron of the Eastern Star, who is a cousin of Miss Weber, heard from her Monday. Miss Weber said that the Rochester nurses were enjoying good health and were in the Singer mansion, which had been transformed into a tem-

porary hospital. Miss Weber has charge of a ward.

The institution is known as the American Women's Hospital. It is at Pughton, Devonshire, Eng. In the ball room are seventy-five cots, and in the dining room, twenty-five. Recently friends here sent a box of goodies to the hospital. The box, among other things, contained popcorn. The English nurses at the hospital said they had never before seen popcorn, and asked for more. When Miss Paul heard of their wish she at once shipped ten pounds of corn to Miss Weber.

Don't 1914

1/5/14 DOROTHY DIX ON:
Working Girls Who Earn \$6 a Week

"Let Us Try to Help the Working Girl Before It Is Too Late by Giving Her a Living Wage on Which She Can Support Her Ideals and Her Body"

SOME of the eminent students of political economy who have been analyzing and digesting the figures brought out by the investigation into the wages paid to working girls, have solemnly announced that they find that there is no connection whatever between the amount a girl earns and her morals, and that a girl can be as high principled on \$6 a week as she can be on \$60 a day.

No doubt. But even these fat and prosperous, and well fed, and well clothed investigators must admit that it is a good deal easier to be virtuous with plenty than it is with poverty, and that even temptation

starvation, what hypocrites we are to pretend that there is no relation between what a girl earns and her morality.

Pictures are more eloquent than any words in enabling us to visualize a situation, and on this page Mr. Hal Coffman has drawn for you a series of pictures that will show you a pretty working girl as she is, and as she might be if she listened to the tempter that is always at her ear.

These pictures show the working girl whose thin little pay envelope holds six dollars on Saturday night, and how she parcels out her paltry salary. She has \$2.70 a week for food. She cooks her breakfast, a cup of weak coffee and, perhaps, if she is flush, an egg over the gas in her hall bedroom. She has a sandwich for lunch and for dinner blows herself for cheap food in a cheap restaurant where

and placed them gently in the boat. Who had half fainting women to the boat with inspiring words? Who had carried the weak with strong arms, stated the work with strong arms, really and morally? Who had as had worked like a giant, both physically and morally? Who was it that most in rendering help during that And who had been first and fore- down almost immediately. ready to lose—the Queen Mary would be And now the last boat was nearly left the sinking vessel. to them. All the boats except one had ing regulations, by the crews allotted ered, manned, according to the stand- perfect order, the boats had been low- been no panic. Hurledly, but with had been maintained, and there had passengers as well as crew; discipline every one had behaved admirably— The Queen Mary was very full, but night was fairly calm. steamer was doomed. Fortunately the sible to do had been done; but the was forthcoming; all that it was pos- fast. Nothing could save her; no help struck a rock, and was now sinking an hour before the Queen Mary had face of all things was changed. Half in a few minutes Hew settled him- self comfortably in a deck chair; then his master, Markham was a- arrettes, etc., and placed them be- at man of his even putting his boots for him. Hew like a woman with Cecily made no remark; she was ill gazing down at the water. Soon afterward Cecily left her other and disappeared, and pres- tly two friends of Reginald's came to him and entered into conversa- on. After a little while they talked Hew, who was very much in evil- once some distance away. Every e on board the steamer knew about w. Berran and the character he A fellow like that ought to be de- and from society!" Reginald de-

At twelve o'clock that night the apart and went their different ways. The next moment they drew swiftly in tones unsteady with emotion. "This one, and for the last time, Reginald's glance frequently wan- ded to the gayly talking group very now and then as the sound of his laughing voice reached him. In a few minutes Hew settled him- self comfortably in a deck chair; then his master, Markham was a- arrettes, etc., and placed them be- at man of his even putting his boots for him. Hew like a woman with Cecily made no remark; she was ill gazing down at the water. Soon afterward Cecily left her other and disappeared, and pres- tly two friends of Reginald's came to him and entered into conversa- on. After a little while they talked Hew, who was very much in evil- once some distance away. Every e on board the steamer knew about w. Berran and the character he A fellow like that ought to be de- and from society!" Reginald de-

The Red Cross Nurse.
 Now is your mission come with war's disaster.
 In fields a-drip where Peace should fold her wings;
 For you shall wander where red Mars is master,
 Where bullets hiss and shrieking shrapnel sings.
 There with deft hands, your woman's tears withholding
 You stop the ebbing of the patriot's life,
 Or you may close his longing eyes, be- holding
 In you the angel of the hateful strife.
 Now 'neath the tent-roof over which is flying
 In solemn mockery the flag that holds at bay
 Bullet and shell—your very self-deny- ing—
 You watch and work, and hope and dumbly pray.
 You've stanch'd the tears that flow at life's beginning—
 Yours now to still them at its early end;
 Yours, too, to catch, the while the ranks are thinning,
 Some final word to mother, sweet- heart, friend.
 You have a mission while the caveman lingers,
 While to his maddened vision there remains
 Only the stone to win his childish gains.
 —Samuel M. Brickner, in the New York Times. D.C.

1916 Merle-Young.
 Batavia, Feb. 10.—Dr. Clor W. Merle was married last night in Calvary Evangelical Church in Rochester to Miss Cora Elna Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Young, of No. 188 Lewis street. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. William J. Merle, of Buffalo, father of the groom, and pastor of the First Evangelical church in Buffalo. Dr. Merle recently became associated with Mayor Burkhart in the practice of dentistry in Batavia. D.C.

CLASS 47 FOR PREPAREDNESS
 2/23/16.
 Many Members Sign Pledge of Woman's Movement for Defense.
 A meeting of Class 47, of which Mrs. Frank Crouch is teacher, was held yesterday afternoon at the Brick Church Institute. Miss Helena Langslow was present to instruct the class in the preparation of bandages and other surgical equipment, which will be sent to the hospital in France which is conducted by Dr. Ralph R. Fitch, of this city.
 Mrs. Sherman Clarke, of the Rochester branch of the Women's Section of the Movement for National Preparedness explained to the class the nature and scope of that organization, which is primarily to use every influence to have the country placed in a condition of adequate preparedness. Mrs. Crouch and most of the women present signed the patriotic pledge of the organization. D.C.

The Old Maid
 She gave her life to love. She never knew
 What other women give their all to gain.
 Others were fickle. She was passing true.
 She gave pure love, and faith without a strain.
 She never married. Suitors came and went.
 The dark eyes flashed their love on one alone.
 Her life was passed in quiet and content.
 The old love reigned. No rival shared the throne.
 Think you her life was wasted? Vale and hill
 Blossomed in summer, and white winter came;
 The blue ice stiffened on the silenced rill:
 All times and seasons found her still the same.
 Her heart was full of sweetness till the end.
 What once she gave, she never took away.
 Through all her youth she loved one faithful friend:
 She loves him now her hair is growing gray.
 G. BARLOW.

STAR LAKE.

Far far away from the cities dim,

The cities filth and the cities sin,
In the northern part of the Empire State,

Where the snow falls early and lingers late,

Where the ice king comes from his northern zone,
And binds the rivers and lakes and springs

With his icy chains and his frosty rings;
There lieth a mighty wilderness--

A picture of primitive loneliness.

In solemn grandeur its mountains rise
Till their mist-veiled tops seem to touch the skies.

In summer time, when the days are bright,
A blue haze covers each misty height--

To lovers of beauty a glorious right.
Far over the valleys that lie between,

A vision of emerald bloom is seen,
Broken here and there by the silver sheen

Of shimmering lakes where the wild deer play
On their pebble shores, at the close of day.

Here numerous rivers have their source,
And from here they start on their seaward course,

Deepening and widening till far below
They charm eye and ear with their murmuring flow.

On the northern side of this wilderness,
Where nature and art now hold sacred tryst,

Lies a body of water, as calm and blue
As the sky above, and its outlines true

Of a beautiful star have served to make
A name for this water- we call it Star Lake.

Inclosed by the forest, its holy calm
Is revealed alone by its healing balm.

As we ripple its waters with paddle or oar,
Or sit, or stand on its quiet shores,

Gazing afar at its fair outlines
As the hours go by and the days decline,

And the stars come out for their mighty show
And mirror themselves in the depths below,

We heed them not, for a vision appears,
And the veil is drawn from the long dark years.

Now, I take my pen and briefly trace
Some scenes in the life of a vanished race.

Though they paddle no more o'er waters blue,
Or to wooded shore nook their light canoe,

Or listen again to the wind-harp's wail--
The great spirits voice in the fitful gale--

They have left their records of hopes and fears,
Of pride and passion, of smiles and tears,

And the Redman's history, we all may know,
Though the actors lived in the long ago.

STAR LAKE.

Continued

Here the Indian lover, with heart as true
As the great North Star in the changeless blue,
To the Indian maid told his sweet love tale
By the campfire's glow, or the moonlight pale.
Here the Indian hunters went in and out,
Shot the panting deer, caught the agile trout,
Built his tall tepee by the lakelet's side,
As a rough ride home for his dusky bride;
Brought in the feathers of duck and goose
For a nice soft bed for his young papoose.

Here the Indian warrior, trained to strife,
Knowing not the value of a human life,
With his tomahawk and scalping knife,
Made the forest ring with his fearful yell,
And scenes that rivaled the white man's hell;
But his star of resting rose and fell,
For time rolled on and the white man came,
And the Indian left his wild and gane,
And the bones of his fathers, at fate's behest,
For new, strange scenes in the far, far west.

Still the forest lay, in its virgh pride,
A world by its self— A world so wide,
So beautiful, wonderful, rich and grand—
To the hunter and settler; the promised land.
Here the tall pines grew in their native grace,
And the spruce and hemlock found a place,
The beech, and maple, and cherry, and ash,
And birch, and balsam, would bring the cash,
When made into paper and lumber; and so,
The pride of the forest must be laid low.

Then the hills were rich with shining ore,
So the rocks must be blasted, and rent and tore,
And mills be builded upon the streams
And active life take the place of dreams.
Afar, in the distance, the iron horse blew
His trumpet of warning; the clearings grew,
And farms and buildings and centers of trade,
Were signs of progress the white men made—
Signs fulfilling from day to day,
As the old scenes faded and passed away.

Then the people came from the cities dim,
The cities filth and the cities sin,
And they saw our beautiful lakelet here,
Bordered with evergreens far and near;
Inhaled the fragrance of fir and pine,
Drank popious draughts of natures wine;
And tarried, and rested on idle oars,
And they made them a camp on its sunny shores;
And some of them, lifting their hearts in prayer,
Thanked God for a picture so pure and fair.

STAR LAKE.
Continued.

Some came, in the strength of youth and prime,
For fun and frolic and a real good time;
To explore the region, and see the sights,
And paddle for deer in the foggy night,
To climb the mountains, so grand and tall,
And wish, it may be, that they owned them all.
Some came, with fevered and sunken cheeks,
To camp by the lake for a few short weeks,
To drink pure water, and breathe the pure air,
And find relief from their anxious care.

Then they all went back to the towns again,
With a home sick feeling akin to pain,
And vowed when another year rolled round,
To return to the Star Lake camping ground.
And they came again as they prophesied,
And built them cottages, side by side.
Some being wealthy, discreet, and wise,
Erected hotels of enormous size,
For thousand of people were fully awake,
And anxious for quarters, up there, at Star Lake.

And still they are coming, and still they go,
While steam and whistle shriek— the vales below,
And rail trains travel with rush and roar,
Round steep sharp curves, where the speed is slower,
Till the whistle blows, and their brakes are down,
At Oswegatchie, the side hill town.
Here an elegant bus the passengers take
For a two mile ride to the great Star Lake.
And the train moves on, and than we see eigne
Of what they are doing at Benson Mines.

Still onward, and soon the conductor calls;
"All passengers out! This is Newton Falls,"
Here they make paper of finest degree,
And here they make money, abundant and free.
Now reader, in closing, I wish you success,
And pray the All Father your portions to bless,
But should lifes burdens prove heavy to bear
And bow down your spirits with weakness and care,
Come up to Star Lake, for the sparkling gem,
Has always a balm for the spirits of men.

ONE SUMMER'S DAY.

On the spur of the moment, one fine summer's day,
I packed my bag and started away.
A little vacation and rest to take,
Near the beautiful waters, we call Star Lake.
I snuggled me down in the end of the seat
Of the train that would run to that woody retreat.
All unsuspecting that the fates would decree
That professional work would that day come to me.
Yes! And a new Doctor's face appeared on the scene,
We were both called to duty— was'nt that a scream.
A babe in distress— we must do what we could
Pretty Nurse and young Doctor face to face stood.
The little one cured and gone from our care,
Doctor and Nurse away up in the air.
They too must separate— They too must part,
With that little new feeling gripping each heart.
Well, now I am rowing alone on the lake,
Thinking of Munger and the thought makes me quake,
And I wonder and wonder if once in a while,
The little Dutch Nurse his thoughts will begile.
What new thing is this that has now come my way,
I am restless and nervous and lonesome today.
Has cupid been making use of his dart?
"ISH-CA-BIBBLE" I say, now that we'r far apart.

I WAS FEELING PRETTY BLUE
WHILE ALONGING, DEAR FOR YOU,
WHEN I SAW A LITTLE FROG
WITH HIS HEAD ABOVE THE BOG;
PERHAPS HE'S LISTENING,
HOPING TOO,
WISHING HE MIGHT HEAR FROM YOU,
AND THE NOTE OF CHEER I CAUGHT,
GAVE ME, DEAR,
A HAPPY THOUGHT.

THE PRICE HE PAID.

I said I would have my fling,
And do what a young man may;
And I didn't believe a thing
That the parsons have to say.
I didn't believe in a God
That gives us blood like fire,
Then flings us into hell because
We answer the call of desire.

And I said: "Religion is rot,
And the laws of the world are nil;
For the bad man is he who is caught
And cannot foot his bill.
And there is no place called hell;
And heaven is only a truth,
When a man has his way with a maid,
In the fresh keen hour of youth.

"And money can buy us grace,
If it rings on the plate of the church;
And money can neatly erase,
Each sign of a sinful smirch."
For I saw men everywhere,
Hot footing the road of vice;
And women and preachers smiled on them
As long as they paid the price.

So I had my joy of life:
I went the pace of town;
And then I took me a wife,
And started to settle down.
I had gold enough and to spare
For all of the simple joys
That belong with a house and a home
And a brood of girls and boys.

I married a girl with health
And virtue and spotless fame.
I gave in exchange my wealth
And a proud old family name.
And I gave her the love of a heart
Crown sated and sick of sin!
My deal with the devil was all cleaned up
And the last bill handed in.

She was going to bring me a child,
And when in labor she cried,
With love and fear I was wild—
But now I wish she had died.
For the son she bore me was blind
And crippled and weak and sore!
And his mother was left a wreck
It was so she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,
And they knew the path I would go;
Yet no one told me a thing
Of what I needed to know.
Folks talk to much of a soul
From heavenly joys debarred—
And not enough of the babes unborn,
By the sins of their fathers scarred.