CATHOLIC SISTERHOODS

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

There are 56,000 devoted Catholic women in the United States engaged in that beautiful work which finds expression in the labors of such organizations as the Sisters of Charity, Sisters of Mercy, and Little Sisters of the Poor. They have over 600 colleges and academies for women, 700 institutions of charity, and 3,000 parochial schools; they have 1,000,000 orphans, patients, strays, waifs, and aged people to care for, 70,000 girls in their colleges and academies, and 800,000 children in their parochial schools.

Some idea of the immense value of the property owned by the 118 orders of sisterhood in America may be gleaned from the fact that the property of the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul alone has been estimated to be worth over $60,000,000. They have 37 hospitals, 28 orphan asylums, 14 infant asylums, and some 20 other large institutions, besides 23 parochial schools. This order is sometimes know as the White Cornette Sisters, because of the large and immaculately white head covering they wear in public. They are but a branch of a world-wide order, and contribute to the support of the motherhouse in France.

Notwithstanding the large number of women engage in the work, there are thousands of applications from others to enter it. Indeed, it is said, that one of the difficulties that confronts the church is to keep the number within bounds. It is sought to prevent any mushroom growth of any of the orders, and to keep out that class of women and girls who would be ornamental rather than valuable to the work. Especially has there been a tendency toward expansion since the French government has taken steps that are hostile to the work and existence of the sisterhoods. Many of the French orders are sending workers to America.

From mother superior down to the humblest novitiate, the salaries of the sisters of all the orders are the same—board, clothes, necessary spending money, attendance in sickness and burial in death. Those who engage in teaching in the church schools get salaries of from $100 to $200 a year, but never more than that. This does not go direct to them, but to the order of which they are members. It is through the low salaries paid that the church is able to maintain such splendid schools at such small outlays of money.

The Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul had their real beginning in America at Emmitsburg, Md., in 1809. At that time Elizabeth Seaton, daughter of an Episcopal clergyman, and wife of a New York society leader, who had recently died, embraced the Catholic faith, and went to Emmitsburg, where she founded the motherhouse of the American branch of the order. The Emmitsburg motherhouse was at first only a humble log cabin. The founder was a talented woman, and threw her whole soul into the work before her. As long as she lived the sisterhood continued under one head. But later there arose a difference of opinion over the question of male orphans. The New York branch had hundreds of male orphans. They contended that it was not right for them to turn these boys adrift at the age of twelve, while the Emmitsburg motherhouse declared that it was not proper to keep them beyond that age. The church of New York agreed with the sisters of the New York branch, while the Baltimore church upheld the motherhouse. They finally agreed to disagree, and all sisters were allowed to select the side they would take in the separation. In this the New York community claimed to have followed the principles of the foundress—to do what their hands found to do.

The sisters of this organization were never intended to constitute a religious community in the European sense of perpetual vows and cloistered life, but only a charity organization of devout women. They take only a simple vow, and that for only one year at a time. The mother superior is assisted in the government of the community by three officers, the assistant superior, treasurer, and procuratrix. The four of them, together with the ecclesiastical superior, whose office is by appointment of the bishop or archbishop in whose diocese the motherhouse is located, constitute the council of the community. The other officers are chosen by the suffrages of the sisters. To be eligible to vote a sister must have passed a novitiate of from two to five years, and have taken the vows and habits of a "professed." Only at elections of a mother superior are sisters summoned from the outlying missions to sit in council

The Sisters of Mercy have about 5,000 members, and they are scattered all over the United States. The Little Sisters of the Poor now have institutions in nearly every large city of the country, and their ministrations to the poor constitute one of the most beautiful of examples of Christian charity. Without reference to creed, their sympathy goes out to ill-fortuned humanity. The hotels of the country have always rendered them much service, by giving them whatever is not used in the culinary department.

From the motherhouse of the Sisters of Charity, of Nazereth, Ky., has radiated an influence which well illustrates the history and growth of the various sisterhoods. It was established in 1812, with Mother Spalding as its head. She was only nineteen years old at the time. The early sisterhood spent a great deal of their time spinning and weaving for the seminarians, and they were all trained that cooking and such work—the doing of common work uncommonly well—was as honorable as teaching, or as being accomplished in music.

In establishing branch houses, the sisters had to undergo many hard experiences. When the three sisters journeyed to Union County, in 1820, to establish what is now the beautiful St. Vincent's Academy, they traveled 140 miles on horseback, carrying across their saddles their work aprons, transformed into bags, which contained their clothing, a few kitchen utensils, and schoolroom accessories. At the end of their journey, they found the house they were to occupy not vacated, and they had to clean out a log hut, which had been used as a chicken house, before they could rest. This hut was their home for some months. They taught out-of-doors for some time, when the weather permitted. From the log house at Nazareth, and the hen roost at St. Vincent, the community has grown to the point where it has 777 members, 29 novices, and 16 postulants. It has fifty-three local branch houses in the archdioceses of Boston and Baltimore, and in the dioceses of Columbus, Covington, Little Rock, Louisville, Nashville, Natchez, and Richmond.

The Ursuline Nuns, the Gray Nuns, of Canada, and the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur are among the other leading orders of sisterhood. It was to the latter order that was intrusted the task of founding Trinity College for Women, at Washington, the first church institution for the higher education of women. The Little Sisters of the Assumption, a New York order, has a beautiful work. They go out into the homes of the poverty-stricken and nurse, take care of children, and cook, taking no fee therefor, not even accepting their own food. It is their motto that the poorer the people the surer the claim on their charity. The Bon Secours are an order of sisters who nurse in the families of the well-to-do, accepting pay therefor, which goes to the order and not to the individual sister.

When the Catholic Church first tried to plant sisterhoods in America, they found great opposition, even among its own people. The English Carmelites were the first to arrive, reaching Baltimore in 1790. But they were a cloistered order, and met with so many discouragements that they did not succeed. After them came the Poor Claires. They were also a cloistered order, and failed to gain a foothold. But out of their efforts grew the new community to which Dr. Neale gave the rule of the visitation order, which has flourished ever since, and embraces the famous Georgetown, D. C., convent.

By 1802, only five orders had succeeded in getting a foothold on American soil. A score of years later the native American spirit began to be felt, and it resulted in the burning of the convent of the Ursuline Nuns in Boston. About this time there were many people who went about claiming that they had been members of the religious orders of the church, both for men and women, and pictured harrowing tales of what had happened. The native Americans were only too glad to spread these tales. Some of them were investigated by Protestant newspaper men, and found to be without foundation. One of the women, who had taken a leading role in denouncing the nuns and claimed to have been in a convent herself, was found to have been a notorious character, who had never been inside a convent.

The women of the Catholic Church are far ahead of the men in work along these lines. It is said that there are five times as many women in American territory who have devoted their lives to the work of the church as there are men. There are certainly five times as many orders of sisterhood. Even the negro and the Indian are not overlooked by the women. The Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament look after the dark races with a particular care, and there are many beautiful Indian girls who have joined the order, and are devoting their lives to its work. It is said that they make excellent sisters, fully alive to everything that goes to the uplifting of their race. The Oblate Sisters, founded in Baltimore many years ago, was the first order to make the welfare of the negro its special interest.

The Episcopal Church has found it advantageous to follow the example of the Catholics. In England, the effort to establish orders of sisterhood has been successful, and some success has attended similar efforts in America. The Deaconess Home of the Lutheran Church is another example of the sisterhood principle applied by Protestants.

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To-morrow—A City Beautiful.

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FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW

The most amazing class of women I know is made up of those who have the bump of inquisitiveness abnormally developed. They are given to asking embarrassing questions since they learn just enough of one's business by using their eyes, to make them eager for fuller details or to put them on an entirely wrong scent.

* * * *

To ask personal questions is a rudeness the majority resents. One's private affairs should be sacred and confidences should be voluntarily made. It is not wise to allow the outside world a too intimate knowledge of one's private affairs, even by sharing secrets with best friends, but it is the acme of folly to permit an inquisitive nose much beyond the outer doors. I heard a woman tell her experience with a neighbor in so loud a tone that at least a dozen passengers on the train knew her for a busybody who should be avoided.

* * * *

She has as a neighbor, it seems, a family of refinement, one composed entirely of women who must be credited with unusual sense since they have managed to inspire the woman with some degree of respect. From the grocer's boy her loquacious maid learned that there was trouble next door, for the maid was absent and one of the women of the family was caught in the act of preparing breakfast. "I must just know what the matter is," she declared, as she placed the receiver of the telephone at her ear.

* * * *

She did not really dare to ask a question concerning the matter, but she was evidently an adept in beating about the bush—and the woman at the other end of the line was equally clever at fencing. She could not verify the boy's story in that way, so she stationed herself at the window and saw the hurried departure of one member of the family and an equally hurried return. She actually spent hours of valuable time in spying upon the family which had a perfect right to guard its personal secrets and meant to have its rights.

* * * *

I think the family was lucky to escape a prying visit and a rude volley of questions. Many a peace-loving household has been driven from a neighborhood by inquisitiveness which was found to be most annoying. I know of pretty summer resorts where desirable people are never found because the places have acquired a reputation for undue curiosity over other people's affairs. Nice persons do not care to be made the subject of gossip which is often borne to their ears on the wings of the wind; they do not like to feel that curious eyes are putting their own interpretation on every act.

* * * *

One of my friends is wont to declare that if we hold our tongues and pay our bills the world at large asks nothing more. In a way she is right. Living within the law and the pale of decency satisfies the ordinary mind, and after complying with all that, we have the right to be left to ourselves. Our private life is our own if we choose to make it so, and because the habit of talking of ourselves is general is the reason why the outside world—the curious part of it—presumes to take undue interest in it.

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LAST NIGHT AT THE LOCAL PLAYHOUSES

THE COLUMBIA.

"The Whirlpool."

Messrs. Wagenhals and Kemper Co. presented for the first time before a metropolitan audience their new play, "The Whirlpool," at the Columbia Theater last night. Maximilian Foster, the well-known writer of magazine short stories, is the author of the piece, and it is his first attempt at writing for the stage. Mr. Foster is intensely modern as a story-writer, his characters being type of men and women of to-day, who live and move in an environment of latter-day conditions, and it was natural to expect something up-to-date from his pen in the way of a play.

Were one unfamiliar with the fact that the author of "The Whirlpool" is a writer of modern stories, one might be at a loss to account for the lack of movement which is manifest in this play from the very start. Mr. Foster has some very pronounced views on society as it exists at the present time, and he has set forth in "The Whirlpool" some very palpable and unpalpable truths.

It is a play that causes the hearer to squirm a little as certain matters are pressed upon his attention that in his course he does not wish to pause to contemplate. It seems that the playwright of to-day loves his New York types, and no doubt many things in "The Whirlpool" will appeal to New Yorkers with an irresistible fascination—born of the lust to see one's neighbor hit off in public, even though one may see himself lampooned side by side. The best, however, that the public at large can hope to get out of such a play is the realization of the great temptations set forth in the greatest metropolis of our country, the swirl of the waters that draw and suck relentlessly the fair flower of virtue, of the mighty whirlpool of sin that swallows up the unwary, of the fight that must be made in order to resist, of the almost hopelessness of the struggle, of how many give up in despair and are rushed downward to destruction, and of how few survive the fierce power of its terrific current.

The struggle in the whirlpool in this particular case is Hilda Lingard. Hilda is a salesgirl in a department store in New York at $6 a week. Her old father, a German, with dreams of the fatherland, and her brother, an Americanized lad of about ten, are the things in life Hilda finds worth living for—particularly Jip, the brother. Old Lingard is a cripple for life—the corporation he worked for having given him work that endangered life and limb, and cast him out when misfortune in the shape of permanent injury overtook him in his work, but it did not accord him the solace of a pension. Instead, it has endowed a "settlement house," where Hilda and her brother may foregather to be toys in the hands of rich "workers," who, as Hilda puts it, "watch to see how long it will be before she goes wrong." Hilda, however, for her brother's sake, that he may never be ashamed of her, keeps to the straight and narrow path—besides, she is naturally good, anyway.

In the first act the situation is made very clear by a great deal of dialogue, in which one of the settlement "workers," David Pell, is introduced as trying to better the condition of the Lingard family. Hilda, however, resents his interference, for she seeks to be honestly independent and wants no help. She is helping herself. But the fresh floorwalker of her department store makes advances to her, and upon her resisting them she loses her job. Even then she declines to follow in the footsteps of certain of her girl acquaintances who have set up for themselves in smart flats in that mysterious region "up town" so foreign to the Lingard tenement in Varick street. But a tragedy changes Hilda. Jip falls through a defective balustrade in the tenement staircase and is killed. Upon this startling episode the curtain is rung down on the first act.

The second act is mostly given up to Hilda's temptation. Her friend, Sadie Meekin, is trying to induce Hilda to become the mistress of Buck Walsingham. She pictures to the distracted girl the delights of a furnished flat "uptown" and contrasts those attractive surroundings with the meagerness of Hilda's tenement. Her brother dead, her father in want, Hilda is hard pressed. David Pell is cold, and his advances are only those of a settlement worker trying to "help," and his ideas of universal brotherhood are distasteful to Hilda. He is a rich man, and she is in love with him, but his attitude toward her is purely that of a philanthropist. Desperate, Hilda at last succumbs to the roseate descriptions given by Sadie, and, being urged by her father to seek "amusement," leaves Varick street.

In Sadie's tawdry apartment Hilda becomes curious, and is more and more tempted to give up the struggle. Walsingham is waiting to possess her. Sadie leaves her alone in the apartment, and she hears a ring at the bell and fancies the approaching man to be Walsingham. But it is Pell, who has followed her there. In a brutal scene he upbraids her for having lost herself so far as to come to such a place, and although in her frenzy and dismay, and in her hysterical gratitude at being saved from herself, she confesses to Pell her love for him, he does not respond, being somewhat dazed at the developments. Hilda's pride is piqued, and upon Walsingham presenting himself, she asks him to take her home, which he does.

The final act is back again in the Varick street tenement, and so far as the action of the story goes, it might as well be omitted. Much socialistic talk is indulged in, but the upshot is what is perfectly obvious from the first—David takes her to the "Little Church Around the Corner," and the whirlpool knows her no more.

It must be confessed that the conclusions arrived at by Mr. Foster in this first play of his are purely fantastical. Girls in Hilda's situation do not often find rich men waiting to relieve them from want and destruction. The play in the commencement promises exceedingly well. Great pains are taken to get the atmosphere of the dingy Varick street tenement, and the sordid lives of the dwellers therein. The boy Jip is a ray of sunshine—a sprit of young America, with his hero, Abraham Lincoln—his tragic end was a real thrill. But there is too much talk and too little action. There is not sufficient material introduced to warrant its stretching into the long periods of discussion.

As a dramatic proposition the fundamental story is not original—the poor girl struggling against fearful odds, and the temptation offered by the vista she gets of the primrose path. Aside from that, however, it is obvious that when the playwright builds his dramatic structure on a familiar foundation his treatment of the theme must be a variant from the hackneyed and well-worn models.

The best that Mr. Foster has introduced is up-to-date dialogue; some of it crisp and snappy, much of it decidedly daring. But the deadly crime of delayed action is committed again and again in this play. In working out his theories of socialism and his views on the relations between the rich and the poor, he makes his characters sermonize too much. Being a realist, Mr Foster has, of course, given "The Whirlpool" many natural touches, and he has constructed most of his people from types easily recognizable among the men and women of the day. His hero alone is unnatural, there being an indefiniteness of purpose in the character which is confusing to one seeing the play for the first time. "The Whirlpool" is more of a thesis on latter-day immorality, written along familiar lines, than a play; for it contains no gripping situations, no climaxes. "The Whirlpool" distinctly belongs to the category of unpleasant plays, and while it may serve the purpose of teaching a strong lesson, both as to the dangers that beset the unprotected girl in a great city and as to the fallacy of misdirected philanthropy, it is plainly the work of a man with a mission that encompasses more than an ambition to write plays. It is the work of one who has made a study of his fellow-men and the conditions surrounding the lives of "the other half." Mr. Foster has not hesitated to call a spade by its proper name, and this commendable tendency is very forcibly evident on more than one occasion.

Praise is due the entire cast. Miss Katherine Gray, as Hilda, is the principle figure in the play, and it is upon her shoulders that the burden of the piece rests. No part that Miss Gray has played here has been along the same lines as Hilda, and it was admirably played. It is an emotional role, with very little lightness to brighten it. Not until the last act has Miss Gray any opportunity for other than most trying acting, but it is not saying too much to say that she rose above the part—that her playing of it will, more than anything else, lift it into prominence as a stage type.

Dorothy Dorr has the role of Sadie Meekin, who is the direct antithesis of Hilda. Sadie has committed the great unpardonable sin, and is low enough to glory in herself and her act, and seeks to catch others in the net, out of purely philanthropic motives. She honestly believes Hilda will be better off in the habiliments of vice than in the hopeless battle against poverty and temptation.

Miss Dorr makes the character a distinct type, which we may all, perhaps, recognize as being a too frequent recurrent in our social structure. Another character of still a third type of woman was the society settlement worker, Mary Brereton, the well-meaning doer of good, who fails through a lack of sympathetic understanding to strike the chord of responsiveness in those whom she would improve.

William McVay, as Otto Lingard, gave a splendid bit as the crippled, ignorant father of Hilda—blind to the world and its dangers. He loves his daughter, but he does not understand her. He is of the Old World, his children are of the New. Mr. McVay's characterization was perfect. The Jip Lingard of Robert Tansey was breezy and amusing Few stage children have so much assurance and so much naturalness as Master Tansey. Charles Waldron, as David Pell, seemed at sea in the art, and it was not his fault, but rather that of the playwright, who gives him a thankless task.

He was strongest in the last act, although that act is the least worthy of the entire play. Joseph Slaytor, as Buck Walsingham, made an opposite role to Pell—that of a man of the world, who, in reality, has a clearer vision than that of the dreamer Pell, and who seeks women as his prey, but balks at possessing them against their will.

"The Whirlpool is excellently staged, with two contrasting settings, one of the interior of the tenement and the other the garishly furnished apartment of the woman of low instincts, whose surroundings must perforce reflect her own nature.

One thing which was decidedly wrong was the resurrecting, for a curtain call, of Jip Lingard. His piercing shriek as he falls headlong down the stairs to his death has scarcely died away before he returns, all smiles, to take his call. The episode of the child's death is intensely dramatic, and is the incident on which the whole story pivots, and his call, if taken, should be before the lowered curtain.

WILLIAM OSBORN.

THE BELASCO.

E. H. Sothern as Richelieu.

Before an audience which crowded every part of the house and of brilliant personnel, headed by the President and Mrs. Taft, Mr. E. H. Sothern opened his engagement at the Belasco Theater last night with the latest addition to his repertoire, "Richelieu," the great drama of love and statecraft by Bulwer-Lytton. This selection seems an eminently proper one in the face of the growing belief that Mr. Sothern has attained the highest mark occupied by any American actor at the present day, for the play is a classic that has been successively associated with nearly all the great actors who have figured in the history of our American stage.

The play has always been considered by scholars as one of the gems of English literature. Indeed, in no other play, except those of Shakespeare, is to be found so many passages which have become quotations of familiar use by reason of philosophic truth or poetic expression. Aside from poetic treatment the play has always been of peculiar value because of its great acting quality. Besides, it is almost within the bounds of pure romanticism, and at the same time offers boundless opportunities for a star who combines the attributes of the romantic and tragic actor, which latter Mr. Sothern surely does.

The mere matter of sentiment, however, does altogether govern in the present instance. If the play were new and submitted to Mr. Sothern, he would no doubt instantly recognize its adaptability to his own powers; and if the play had never been seen before, and if no traditions were attached to the role by reason of the fame of its great enactors, the audience would have felt last night the conviction that they were witnessing a superb portrayal. In fact, we can recall no impersonation of Mr. Sothern's, except perhaps it be Francois Villon, in which we like him better. In it he climbs nearer to the height of great tragic acting than ever he has before, nor do we believe that the feeling comes from the spell of great association or historical sentiment.

It is his acting alone that leads to conviction. All mannerisms have disappeared, all posing dispensed with. He is Richelieu for the time, and hardly a trace is visible of his own personality or reminiscences present of former characterizations. His make-up, to begin with, is based on fidelity to the appearance of the great cardinal as it has come down to us on the pages of nearly every school history. As for his acting, he traces with superb intelligence the workings of the intellectual machinery of the subject, subtly creates the impression of his true loftiness of ideal and patriotism, with its envelopment of deceit and diplomacy, and in the dramatic periods rises with quiet intensity to superior effect. Altogether, his portrayal will take rank above most of his best previous ones, and is entirely fitted to maintain the high traditions of the role.

The supporting company, as is usual with Mr. Sothern, is of the highest worth. Mr. Frederick Lewis appears as Adrian de Mauprat, a role which occupies the same relation, romantically, to the play as does the cardinal's in other respects, and he gives an interpretation that in all respects properly divides the interest. The Baradas of Mr. Eric Blind is also very convincing, as are, in fact, most of the others, including Albert S. Howison, as Orleans; Rowland Buckstone, as de Beringhen; William Harris, as Joseph; John Taylor, as Huguet, and Harry Turnly, as Francois.

The two female roles are admirably portrayed. Miss Gladys Hansom appearing as Julie to great advantage, especially in emotional scenes, and Miss Virginia Hammond making a pleasing impression in the meager part of Marion.

The production is richly mounted, with appropriate scenery and historically correct costuming. Although a lengthy play, the entire performance moves throughout without the slightest hesitation as regards business or line. To-night and Friday night, "Lord Dundreary" will be revived; on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday matinee, "If I Were King," and on Saturday night, "Hamlet."

THE NATIONAL.

"The Golden Butterfly."

"The Golden Butterfly," by de Koven and Smith, which made such a favorable impression when seen here last fall, was presented again at the National Theater last night before a good-sized audience.

"The Golden Butterfly" is a legitimate comic opera, whose score, while somewhat pretentious, is tuneful and pleasing rather than striking. Some of the numbers, however, are above the ordinary, particularly the motif waltz song "Don't Forget Me," which has gained a widespread and deserved popularity.

The authors have taken for their theme the familiar and frequently used love story of the struggling young composer, whose masterpiece has been stolen, and the inspiring girl in the chorus, who takes the place of the star at the initial performance of her lover's opera. The story is well handled, and Harry B. Smith has put into the lines a good deal of epigrammatic wit. Somebody else, evidently, has interpolated a lot of incongruous comedy which was not there last fall, and which adds nothing to the value of the piece.

Miss Grace Van Studdiford, who has been playing the leading role, was ill last night, and her place was filled by Miss Mary Quive. Miss Quive's singing was greatly marred by her indistinct enunciation and persistent wandering away from the key, due, perhaps, to her unfamiliarity with the part. Playing opposite to her, as Franz, the young musician, was Walter Percival. Mr. Percival hardly looked the part, and worked entirely too hard in the tearing of a great many passions to tatters. W. J. McCarthy, as Baron von Affenkoff, contributed some enjoyable comedy, particularly in the scene where he instructed the employes of his theater in the art of giving him a "tumultuous ovation."

Miss Gene Luneska gave the most satisfactory individual performance of the evening in the role of the capricious prima donna Tina Korbay. She is good to look at, has a voice of considerable volume, and a vivacious personality. Her spirited singing of "Queen of the Ring" earned liberal applause.

The production is well staged and the chorus sings and dances acceptably.

CHASE'S.

Vaudeville.

The pervading spirit of the bill at Chase's this week is comedy, ranging from extravagant to bucolic humor, the one really serious number being perhaps the most attractive. It is the Five Avolos, a gifted coterie of xylophone players. Their offering is unusually enjoyable, being marked by judicious selection and capable rendition, while it is augmented by the display of an excellent contralto voice, one above the ordinary in quality and range, by one of the ladies, and by attractive scenic accompaniment.

A clever sketch was presented by Harlan Knight and company, called "The Chalk Line," which is full of good comedy and has a sufficient vein of pathos. The scene is laid in a country store and post-office, and the action consists of the doings of a couple of fussy old men, whose imaginary differences are

Continued on Page 9, Column 5.

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For men's office coats and vests it is equally desirable. It always looks well and never wears out. First Floor—Wash Goods.

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THE WASHINGTON HERALD has purchased of Middaugh & Shannon one of their "Homes of a Hundred Ideas," the particular Home being located at 24 Bryant street northwest, two blocks north of W street, undoubtedly the most desirable location in the entire city of Washington. Every one is urged to visit this beautiful Home, as to see it is to learn what a really modern home should look like. It is a marvel of beauty from basement to top floor, and contains eight rooms and a bath. More may be learned of it, however, by seeing it for yourself. We should like to have a letter from you, telling us your honest opinion of it.

Address

THE CONTEST DEPT., The Washington Herald, WASHINGTON, D. C.

W.B. Reduso CORSETS

The REDUSO is a helpful, healthful, wearful corset for stout women. Shapely lines for the wearer, support given the body and a reduction of from *one to five inches* attained without the use of straps or any attachments.

REDUSO, Style 770 (same as illustrated), for **tall, large women.** Material of very serviceable white coutil or batiste, three pairs hose supporters, sizes 19 to 36. Price $3.00.

REDUSO, Style 772, for **short, large women,** same materials, as 770, but slightly lower bust. Price $3.00.

Other REDUSO models $5.00 and upwards.

W. B. Nuform "Hip-Subduing" Corsets

Made of service-giving materials, modeled on grace-giving lines, following the natural beauty of the figure and perfecting awkward curves, the W. B. NUFORM renders ideal service. With the properly fitted model, you are delightfully at ease, both stylishly and physically.

NUFORM, Style 463, for average figures, medium high bust, very long hip and back length, material of white coutil or batiste, trimmed with lace and ribbon, hose supporters front and sides. Sizes 18 to 30. Price $1.00.

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