

CHURCH OF THE SILENT ONES

Sunday Service for the Deaf Mutes at St. Ann's.

ALL EYES KEPT ON THE RECTOR

No bowing of heads in the worship of the deaf mutes—impressions of a hearing visitor.

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—From the unpretentious brown structure on an upper West Side cross street bearing above its entrance the inscription, "St. Ann's Church," no bells call the parishioners to service. Such a summons would be but a hollow mockery, for St. Ann's is a congregation of deaf mutes.

Within no sound of organ or choir greets the late comers. The former could not be heard and the members of the latter have not the voices with which to sing. In the enraptured silence of the service all the more pregnant are the inscriptions over the left vestry door, "The ears of the deaf shall be unstopped," and the second inscription over the vestry door to the right, "The tongues of the dumb shall sing."

To the hearing visitor, accustomed to anthem and prayer and organ and the service of sound, the noiseless service is almost unaccountably strange. As one enters and takes a seat there is no turning nor craning of heads. No matter how noisily one comes these worshippers are not disturbed. Quietly expectant they sit and face the altar, now and then making some of their mysterious passes of conversation.

When the rector appears, and the vested choir of young women the attention concentrates, but there is yet no sound. Silently the congregation rise when the rector makes the gestures and movements of the hand which to them is the voicing of prayer, and upon him their eyes are kept riveted, for it is a peculiarity of the deaf mute service that there can be no bowing of heads and resting of eyes.

The spell of quietude falls upon the hearing visitor—among the deaf mutes all people are divided into two classes, themselves and hearing people—and when a belated one walks in unaccountably creaking shoes the sound breaks sharply and disagreeably upon the hearer's ear. He starts when a sudden cough from one of the rear seats cuts into the silence. It seems there should be no sound for him any more than for his neighbors, who sit eyes riveted on the chancel.

In the center stands the rector with the white beard, bald head and kindly face of a patriarch. The vestal young women watch his every motion intently for they must lead in the responses, which must begin simultaneously, not at the cessation of his movement.

One of them acts as leader, and to her the eyes of the others shift at the beginning of the response, and the lightning passes of hands and fingers accord themselves; here, there must be utter silence in this sort of chorus expression as in that of the voice. The white bearded pastor now rivets his gaze on them in turn, for he must see when their movements stop in order to know that the response is ended.

Reading the Lesson. When the time for the reading of the lesson comes he adjusts his glasses. The hearing visitor receives a slight shock at this. The atmosphere of a silent communion has enveloped him and he can scarcely realize that the patriarchal pastor is putting on ordinary spectacles with which to look at ordinary prints as he himself might do, in order to translate it in the weird, noiseless way.

An obliging member of the congregation finds the place for the visitor, who, despite his superior faculty, needs help here, finds the place in the small Bible placed together with a hymnal and a prayer book in each of the pews. The congregation for the most part seem to prefer the movements which are as a voice to them to the printed pages of the book.

TALKS ON TEETH The Value of Beautiful Teeth

The value of teeth—good teeth, white, dazzling teeth—is not to be measured in dollars and cents.

Beautiful teeth are the biggest and best assets that men and women can possess, for they not only attract attention, but they beautify a face that might otherwise be hopelessly plain without such help.

Then, too, beautiful teeth keep the body in good repair, for it follows that beautiful teeth must be good teeth and that they will be perfect aids to the proper mastication of the food.

All of this you will admit, but what of the man or woman who has lost teeth through pyorrhea or poor dentistry and is wearing a partial plate or a disfiguring bridge? Why, the Alveolar Method for them. We supply toothless people with beautiful, white, dazzling teeth that look and act like they grew in the gum.

There is no surgery, no operation, nothing painful about the work, from start to finish, and when the teeth are in, they are in for keeps.

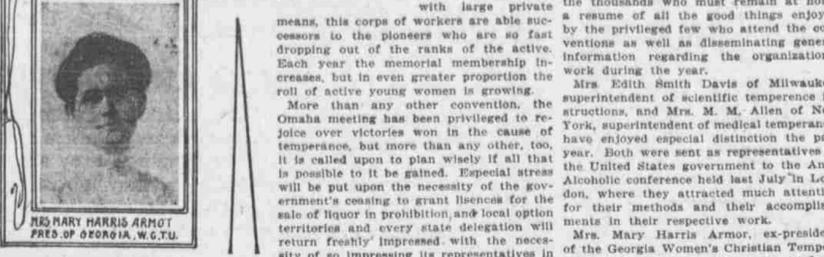
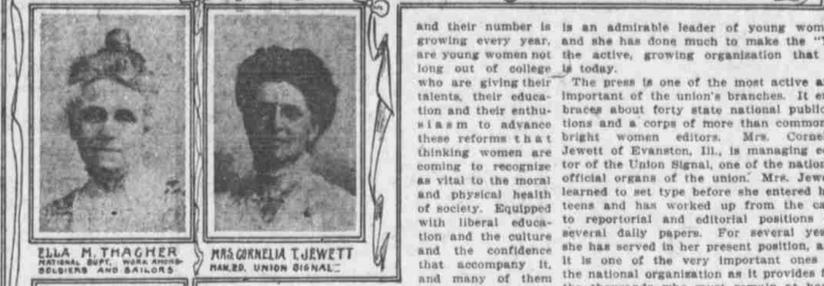
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If you are near enough to our office to call, let us make an examination of your mouth free of any charge or obligation.

Those who cannot call should send at once for our free book, which explains the Alveolar Method—a valuable work on the very important subject of the teeth and their care. Send today for your copy.

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W. C. T. U. Leaders Are Women of Serious Age



and their number is growing every year, are young women not long out of college who are giving their talents, their education and their enthusiasm to advance these reforms that thinking women are coming to recognize as vital to the moral and physical health of society. Equipped with liberal education and the confidence that accompany it, and many of them with large private means, this corps of workers are able successors to the pioneers who are so fast dropping out of the ranks of the active. Each year the memorial membership increases, but in even greater proportion the roll of active young women is growing.

More than any other convention, the Omaha meeting has been privileged to receive over victories won in the cause of temperance, but more than any other, too, it is called upon to plan wisely if all that is possible to it be gained. Especial stress will be put upon the necessity of the government's ceasing to grant licenses for the sale of liquor in prohibition and local option territories and every state delegation will return freshly impressed with the necessity of so impressing its representatives in the law making bodies of the nation.

Perhaps the most serious matter that has come before the convention is a glance over the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the National Women's Christian Temperance Union in session this week at the Auditorium would forever silence them. Of the 500 or more delegates and twice that number of visiting women who make up that gathering, the majority are past the prime of life and their white hair and earnest faces bespeak a right well earned to sit in the council of one of the world's greatest reform organizations. They are women who have reared their families and who, for the most part, have grown old in the service that today as never before is promised a reward in proportion as it deserves.

Among them are women who are known the length and breadth of the country as speakers and lecturers or as leaders of some of the several important branches of reform and educational work that the Women's Christian Temperance Union is advancing, while others enjoy reputations abroad, for the American organization is but a part of a great world's association all working to the same end.

But these women are not all grandmothers or mothers. Many among them have sacrificed marriage and dedicated their lives to the work while many others, many merely watching. The obliging membership finds the place for the visitor who depends upon sound. It is "The Land of Pure Delight" they are singing in the soundless, ghostly fashion, and, verse by verse they sing it through to the end.

The pastor mounts the pulpit and gives the text of the sermon, later discovered by Matthew 23:11. He is clearly an eloquent speaker—one cannot help using the word, even though he speaks with his hands. His face lights up, his eyes glow, his lips move—and there is almost a breathless stillness. His hands and fingers speak the words, but his body, his arms, his face, nowhere count a more rapid audience has become, carry the spirit of his message to his hearers—again one must use the un-fitting word.

His Climax Tells. Rapidly and more rapidly his gestures heap themselves into a climax when he suddenly stops short and bends forward. The rhetorical shot has gone home, for a rippling shiver passes over the congregation. He resumes, now quietly and calmly narrating, as it would seem, now raising his eyes and pleading, now bursting into eloquence, passionate motion personified. Nowhere count a more rapid audience has been found, nor in any other church such enraptured attention. These are people who have come for one purpose, and in order to receive the message they want they cannot lean back comfortably, half close their eyes and sleepily half listen. The preacher claims every pair of eyes until the end.

Over Half a Century Old. St. Ann's church for deaf mutes, with its present membership of over 250, was established in 1852, when a group of deaf mutes, together with hearing friends, as the tablet placed on the church wall puts it, convened together for worship. It passed through many vicissitudes, finally joining St. Matthew's. The present building, dedicated in 1896, has a comfortably furnished auditorium above and a basement very completely equipped for the various side issues of the modern church, which the deaf mute look after as carefully as any other organization.

Down here is the room with two sewing machines where the sewing society meets, the room where church dinners and receptions are held. Provision is made for entertainments requiring a stage and stage setting. Many deep drawers contain the costumes owned for these purposes, a full Shakespearean wardrobe being included for the sime of those non-speaking people are not at all restricted by their lack and they play Shakespeare with as much zest as any one. Among the costumes Santa Claus's makeup is prominent, for the little deaf mutes are just like their noisy brethren in loving to see the pair of pants of Christmas unpack his sleigh and distribute the presents hanging on the Christmas tree.

Evening School Coming. Also down in the basement is the library with many old and valuable books given by a "wealthy hearing lady," and here an evening school will open in a short time, essentially through the rooms shared a

A Great Success

But the sale has gone beyond our expectation and being enthused with the response we have decided to continue the sale Monday and we will add one hundred regular \$25.00, \$29.75 and \$35.00 suits from our own stock.

JOS. C. LUNTZ & CO., New York Entire Stock of Tailor Made Suits

Bought by our resident New York buyer of Jos. C. Luntz & Co., who were anxious to turn their stock into cash for 40% discount, and as it is our policy to sell as we buy, so on

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The suits are all beautiful new fall models, made of all wool materials, including every size. Some of the suits have been on display in our windows, and as we have announced in former issues that this bargain event takes place Monday, there is no doubt but what hundreds have been waiting for this great sale, and as we expect big crowds, we request you to please come early before the big rush starts.

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