

WOMAN'S REALM.



EMPIRE GOWN. In white satin, embroidered with pearls and gold; band of sable at foot.

Under the Shadow of a Mortgage.

Tots with Crooked Arms and Backs and Legs Hope Some Fortunate Person Will Free Their Home from Debt.

Good results do sometimes come from ugly causes. If Nora's aunt had not been disposed of by a heartless landlord the Darrach Home for Crippled Children might never have been founded. This, however, is beginning in the middle of the story. Also, it is not quite correct to say that the Darrach Home was founded. Like Topsy, it "just grew."

Some years ago Dr. Darrach, who comes naturally by her interest in frail children, her father having been the inventor of a mechanical appliance for deformed little ones, was staying in a Newark Hospital for treatment. It chanced that she had a room opening off the children's ward. Many of the small patients were fretful, and Dr. Darrach (she was not a physician then, but Dr. Darrach was trained kindergarten) had a theory that it was partly from lack of occupation for their minds and fingers. She got permission of the head nurse and opened an impromptu kindergarten in the ward dining room for those who were well enough to be about. It proved an instant success. If a little one had to stay in bed Dr. Darrach would take it some light occupation, a card to be sewn or beads to string. Of course each small pupil was carefully watched, and not allowed to go beyond its strength. Soon people about the hospital were asking why there was no more crying or fretting to be heard in the children's ward.

The following summer Dr. Darrach was able to take several of these children with her to the Adirondacks. That was a proud summer, for it was signified by the recovery of one boy who had been pronounced a hopeless cripple. "The day little John first walked," said Dr. Darrach afterward, "you would have thought a miracle had happened, there was such excitement. The other children, those who could get about, came scrambling to meet me, calling, 'Little John can walk, little John can walk.' People made expeditions up from the village to see the boy that had learned to walk. When we took John back to the clinic at Bellevue Hospital that fall the doctors would hardly believe he was the same boy who had been carried away in arms from the city the spring before."

The next summer Dr. Darrach gathered up these and some other crippled children from the tenement houses and took them to Long Beach, Dr. Hegeman furnishing tents for them to live in, and other friends contributing cash for the necessary expenses. But in the November of the first year Dr. Darrach had visited her charges in their homes (home was a misnomer, though, in most cases), and made the discouraging discovery that they were losing all the good of the previous summer. Lack of care, lack of food, lack of employment for the little minds were telling on them, making them listless and wan again. Well, she could not make a home for them, but perhaps she could gather them into a kindergarten. She went to Mr. Brace, of the Children's Aid Society.

"If you can get a carriage to convey the children back and forth to the school and means to support a kindergarten," said Mr. Brace, "we will secure you the use of a room in the Henrietta School."

A friend came forward with money to buy a horse and wagonette (rather a ramshackle horse and wagonette, but they served) and the kindergarten was started, with Dr. Darrach as teacher. Later a branch kindergarten was established for crippled children on the East Side. People got interested and began to send in money for Christmas dinners and so forth. Crippled children who theretofore had had no special pro-

vision made for them, were getting a niche of their own.

NO PLACE FOR NORA.

Then Nora's aunt was disposed of. Nora was very young and had no legs to speak of, and no parents, and Nora's aunt had a family of her own. She came, the aunt did, with her problem to Dr. Darrach, who was teaching her kindergarten children, Nora among them.

"Sure as I don't know what to do," she said, "there's a friend will take in me an' me baby, but there's no place for Nora."

"But," said Dr. Darrach, "this is a school. I can't keep Nora here. Surely there is some home that will take her in."

Nora's aunt shook her head. She had been to the priest, and she had made the rounds of every refuge he had suggested. Nowhere could she get shelter for Nora. Dr. Darrach thought there must be some mistake. She said that she would try. She set out, and the result was the same. Nora was not ill enough for the hospitals, and she was not well enough for any of the "children's homes."

"Why," they told Dr. Darrach at one of the latter, "we would have to hire a trained nurse at \$25 a week to take care of the child."

"If we began to take in children like Nora," they said at the hospitals, "we would soon be overcrowded. We have not room for all the children who are far sicker than she."

The end was that Dr. Darrach took Nora to her own home. "My mother's face," she said afterward, "when I appeared with that frail, crooked mite under my arm was a study. However, we found room for her, and we kept her."

The next summer Nora went with a group of little crippled ones to the country in Dr. Darrach's care. But in the fall there was again the question of what to do with Nora; also various other small unfortunate whose homes were not worth mentioning. It seemed a daring thing to do, considering the scant supply of money in hand, but Dr. Darrach rented a flat, a four room flat in 9th-st., and there was established a "home," the first home for crippled children New-York had had. Dr. Darrach did not embark upon the enterprise, however, until she had again searched institutions in vain for a corner for Nora and the others. She had gone to Blackwell's Island, among other places.

"They agreed to take Nora there," she says, "but when I saw where she would go—well, it was a good place for some purposes, but I thought of Nora, with her wretched little face and her refined little ways, and I simply couldn't take her to the island. You know, in a small attached to a child when you have it with you."

That is the keynote of the Darrach Home. "When a penny feeling for each individual child. When to-day it is a question of how to clothe the children, it is not so many dresses for the girls and so many suits for the boys; it is a new dress for Catherine, a dress for Mildred, a suit for Jimmy. To each a personal touch is given. And so with the more important matters—the individuality of each child is studied and considered."

A PRETTY, SUNNY HOME.

The home has grown and flourished. Friends sprang up, and contributions came in slowly. From the flat it was moved into a small house in 60th-st. Then, through some one who had influence, the Pennsylvania Railway Company offered rent free the use of a house in 33d-st. At last came the proud day when Dr. Darrach was able to buy the house in 104th-st., and now the home is permanently located in quarters of its own. At the time they moved into the new house the home was incorporated and given (greatly against Dr. Darrach's wishes, but the friends who were interested insisted) the name of the woman to whose efforts it is due.

The other day, when the reporter visited the new home, in which the children were installed last October, the place was flooded in sunshine. There is a shadow on the house, the shadow of a mortgage; but Dr. Darrach and the various friends of the home are trusting that some one will appear to help pay the mortgage, and meantime the shadow is not visible either in the pretty rooms or the chubby faces of the children. It speaks well for the care they have that the children are mostly fat, for all their crooked little arms and legs and backs. One little sat out in front of the house in a small chair. One little leg stuck out stiff and straight before her, but her cheeks were like apples.

"Mrs. Frazer said I wasn't to," she said contentedly. Mrs. Frazer is the house mother.

A small boy came down the street, walking without even so much as a crutch, bringing a package of coffee for breakfast. A year ago this boy was discovered in a tenement, apparently hopelessly paralyzed. He was carried to the Darrach Home, his little legs helpless and dangling. Now he can do errands for the cook. Of course, all he wanted was the right care.

"Every day a young woman on one of the committees comes and takes the children, all who can go, out to the Park for a good time. But every child who is old enough and well enough to go alone is allowed to do so. The fullest liberty possible for each child is the principle on which Dr. Darrach manages the home. As fast as the boys and girls are able, they are sent to the nearest public school. That is another principle of the home, to have the children mix with the outside world.

James, one of the older ones, has just been apprenticed to a jeweler. James has only one leg, but he is dexterous enough with his hands.

"Will James keep on living here?" the reporter asked Dr. Darrach.

"Yes," she said, with a look of sur-

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SIMPLICITY IN LINE.

Dressmakers Say It Is the Notable Change in a Year of Fashions.

Paris, January 19.

When one of the most famous dressmakers was asked the other day what had been the chief change in fashions during the last year he said: "Without doubt it is the simplifying of lines—that is, although we can hardly say that gowns are simple now, they are designed to give the suggestion of restfulness and harmony. The fitted habits, which came in last winter, and which fashionable women are still wisely wearing, taught us how charming the simple silhouette could be, and this idea has been improved on by the introduction of the princess and Directoire robes. Tunes and long overskirts are having some vogue, to be sure, but the best examples of these continue the folds of the dress and carry out the same lines. The line is never roughly broken."

Another couturier lays great stress on the harmonious scheme of color which, he claims, is characteristic of the year just finished. "Gowns have never been more trimmed, nor so discreetly trimmed," he said. "The standard of exquisite fineness that lingerie work has set before us is being regarded as a test of all materials. Cloths, silks and velvets demand as perfect workmanship as do the softest linens and silk gauzes, and they are tucked and shirred, self-embroidered and inset with lace in much the same fashion. The use of one color or one tint in the trimming has been all in the direction of good taste, although it is in danger of becoming monotonous. However, the idea of the strong color note had been carried too far, and a reaction was necessary. The use of tinted laces has been very fortunate, and the tinted gold and silver tissues and laces have added much to the elegance of the winter modes without detracting from their good taste."

Certainly the last year has been a period of great luxury in every department of the feminine toilet, but it will probably always be looked back to as a fortunate moment in the world of chiffons. Often one cannot realize the attractiveness of a mode until it is past and there is no better method of comparison than to examine old fashion plates. How much more successful from an aesthetic point of view, for instance, the fashions of fourteen years ago than those which came in a few years later, or to go back much further, how infinitely more graceful were the gowns of the Third Empire than the "pullbacks" and exaggerated bustles that followed.

There are many sins against good taste committed in the name of fashion and so during the year past many atrocities have come out under the term "Directoire." At the first of the season there was a lot written about the "true Directoire" and the "modified Directoire," while in truth the best Paris dressmakers never sanctioned anything save a modified Directoire. As graceful as the historical costume was at its time it is quite unsuited to the modern woman, to her figure, her carriage and her many purposes. Everything good this year has been due to a reaction against the extremes of the period which preceded it and has succeeded by the clever adapting of the new ideas to the old standards. The reaction was against the exaggerated long waist and the too baggy blouse and in great haste came about the cry for little, tight, perked-up bodices. Now one sees neither the very full blouse nor the very close one, but a graceful mean, modified to suit the individual figure. And in regard to the changes that have come about in the idea of decoration, the reaction was against the daring splashes of color often described as so effective and so French and often applied without taste or judgment.

Perhaps the most daring flight of originality this season has been in millinery, and the winter effects will be brought so far in that respect, for the too-much tilted hats are already a thing of the past. The cameo peigne still serves its purpose, but does not denote at what an extravagant angle a hat may be poised.

Hints of the spring modes are already in the air, although it will be some weeks yet before the new models are formally displayed. Bolero effects will be prominent and longer than those of the winter. Princess lines are expected to continue, but not to the extent that they are seen now, and more belts will be worn. Sleeves may be a little larger and more trimmed, but they will continue short and moderately high at the shoulders. Lingerie work and lace will be the best trimmings and a lot of gupure will be used. Tulle de Joy is to be a great standby, but only for waistcoats and depassments, but used as bands and applications. A novel example of this is a costume of red wool crepe, trimmed with applied roses cut out of this material. The manufacturers expect to have a great call for red fabrics, and they prophesy that tan shades will be worn again.

At a recent fashionable wedding most of the gowns were of velvet, and the exhibition of furs included the most beautiful that can be imagined. The bride's gown for the civil ceremony was extremely pretty. It was of silver gray crepe and chamois, with embroidery in the same color, making garlands on the skirt and running up the front breadth. There were little undersleeves and a front to the corsage of fine lingerie work and tiny Valenciennes ruffles, and a bunch of orange blossoms was pinned among

OUR GERMAN CRITICS.

The American Child Is a Laughable Product to Them—Newspapers.

"Recent German critics of democratic theory and practice," more particularly their criticisms of the American educational system and the American press, furnished John Graham Brooks with his theme yesterday morning at the League for Political Education.

"Oh, that pert American boy and girl!" exclaimed the lecturer. "The Germans agree in nothing that they do what they please, get a smattering of democracy, acquire information at school, and receive at the same time, in the case of the boy, the worst possible training for life. He learns too late in life that it is greater to obey than to command. Everywhere these critics note our lack of reverence in the family, society, the schools."

Here Mr. Brooks read what seemed like a newspaper report of a strike among the pupils of a Chicago public school. On being ordered to go into the new buildings they declined to go to school at all.

"This is the more humorous," commented the lecturer, "when one considers what would have happened to those children in Germany." And he continued to read, his voice shaking with laughter: "A hurried consultation between the executive committee and the school board resulted in a clearing up of the difficulties, and this morning one hundred and seven pupils consented—to go back to school—one of the noticeable things about it all being," said Mr. Brooks, "that the parents of those children not only permitted their children to strike, but also, and abetted them in striking. Do we realize how much of this is going on all the time in this country?"

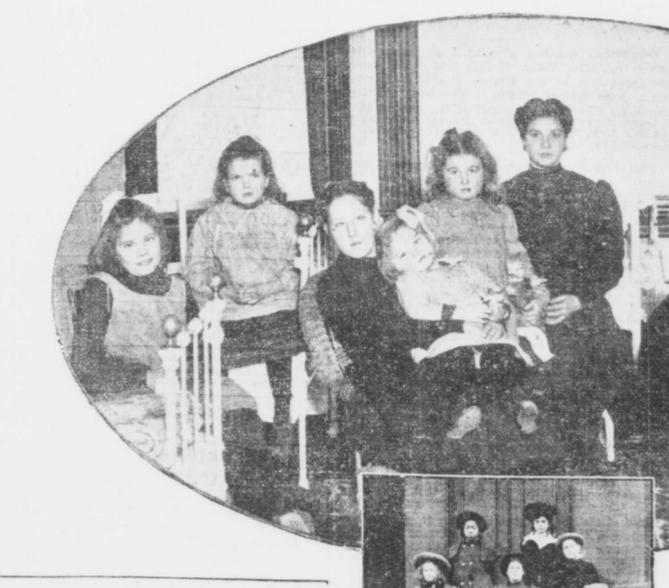
The and-educated American man shows more reverence than the half-educated American woman, so these German critics think. "The woman shows no power or courage against the superficial and the profound, and will flatterly discourse on poli-

tics, religion and literature between two spoonfuls of ice cream."

In criticizing the German criticisms upon the American reporter, he spent a week in the same hotel with thirty or forty of them one during the strike, and also, and expressed to him as being gentlemen. Most of them were college bred; they were courteous and refined, anxious to get the best of the matter, and to show him up as a fine set of men. "The press," said Mr. Brooks, "is a symbol of our national life. Since two papers began a crusade against the Louisiana Lottery thirteen years ago, what has happened? Repeatedly we find papers attacking corruption or vice." The audience applauded vigorously.

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GROUP OF INMATES OF THE STEPS OF THE HOME.

TABLEAUX IN AID OF CHARITY.

The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Loving Hospital has arranged to give some tableaux in aid of its work at the Waldorf-Astoria on the afternoon of March 23. Miss Constance Curtis is to pose the tableaux, in which several of the debutantes of the season as well as some of the younger matrons will appear, and the stage will be arranged by Stanford P. Hamilton, Mrs. James Markoe, Mrs. W. H. Irving, Mrs. Charles Steele and Mrs. E. N. Potter. The special task of the ladies' auxiliary is to take care of the patients in their homes.

It is said that children grow little from the end of November to the end of March. They grow tall and increase little in weight from March to August, and from August to November they increase mainly in weight but little in height.

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PENALIZING MARRIAGE.

Elsie Clews Parsons' Views on the Race Suicide Problem.

Declaring that women's work must be so adjusted to marriage and child bearing that the average woman who works shall not be forced into celibacy

ful assertion that woman's work is at home. The idea is a mere Rip Van Winkleism. The husband's position is being constantly cut down, and the principle of division of labor which rules modern industry is coming to be more and more recognized as applicable to house-keeping.

So that if a married woman wants to work at all she must either be a housewife, or she must find non-domestic employment. It is impossible to believe that any group of men will continue to support a child long after the proper time for weaning. Unwilling mothers do not make the best mothers.

The accidental child is apt to be a forlorn little creature. Far better race suicide than an only child custom or a flourishing system of founding asylums. I believe, however, that direct instruction will be much more of a check upon than an encouragement of race suicide. It lowers the cost of children, so to speak, and generally, if only from the point of view of the children's health and robustness, adds to their value.

The sixteenth annual report of the Isabella Helmholtz (Isabella Home) gives an interesting history of the origin of the institution. From an early age, it seems, Miss Isabella Uhl, stepdaughter of Oswald Ottendorfer, was deeply impressed by the friendless position and precarious support of aged women without home or family. Later, while confined to a sickbed, a confirmed invalid, she made plans for an institution, which her mother, after her daughter's death, established in Astoria, Long Island. This was in 1825, and at that time the home provided accommodations for only twenty-five aged women. Later, after the death of her wife, Mr. Ottendorfer planned a greatly enlarged building, and erected a building for it at Amsterdam-ave. and 100th-st. It now shelters the aged and sick, without regard to sex, nationality or race. The institution, all of whom are now dead,