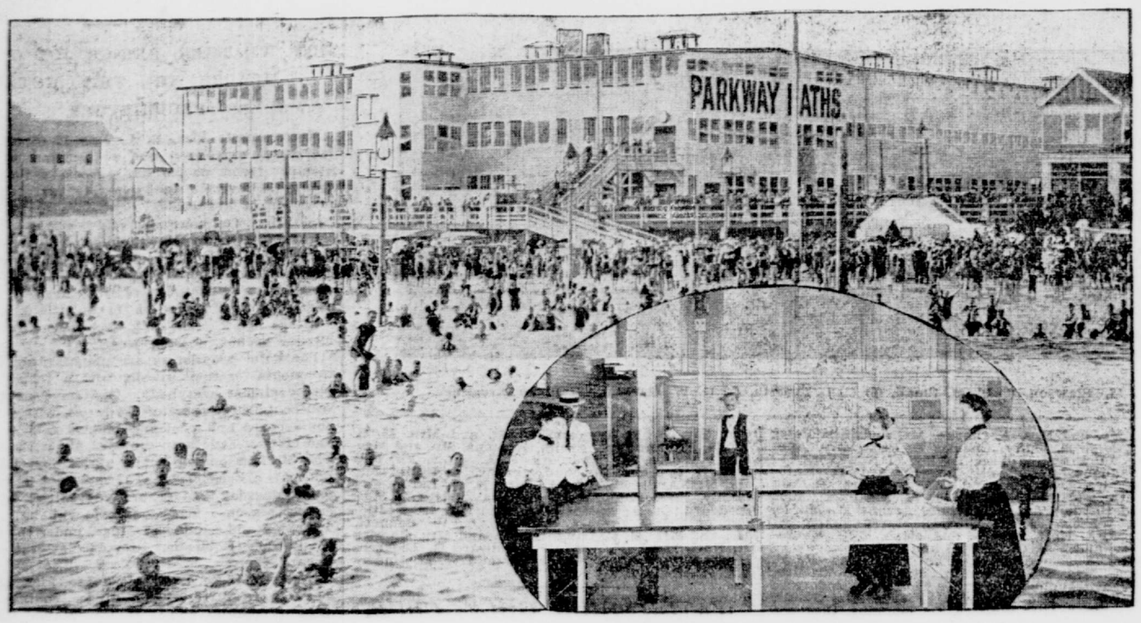
WOMAN'S REALM.



PING PONG ON THE BOARD WALK AND A BATHING SCENE AT BRIGHTON BEACH.

UNLINED TOILE GOWNS.

PARIS DRESSMAKERS' SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENTS WITH THEM—EARLY AUTUMN IDEAS.

Paris, July 5.

At the recent Paris polo games the day was perfect, one of the first real summer days seen this year, and the green lawn was crowded with women in the daintiest and loveliest of summer toilets. The general effect was white, white hats, shoes, parasols and lacelike gowns, with here and there a touch of some vivid color such as the brilliant green so fashionable now, cerise or ciel blue. In looking at the costumes in detail one was forced, however, to admit that there was really more color about them than was the case last summer, when all white gowns were generally used. To-day the colored foundation is almost universal, although it may be so veiled that only a faint tone of blue, pink or yellow is shown. Even the costumes made entirely of the dead white English embroidery (and there were many of these) showed glimpses of a colored foundation.

A becoming little frock of pale blue Japanese toile had the skirt and blouse jacket arranged in

EFFECTIVE USE OF LACE.

clusters of small pleats running up and down. The bottom of the skirt, which flared excessively, was trimmed with several rows of circular tucks, with little squares of Irish lace between. The blouse had a collar of lingerie and lace squares, which met on the bust with the smallest possible bow, or button, it might be called, of inch wide black velvet ribbon. The two ends were carried down to meet the belt (a mere waistband of the stuff) and to fall beneath it in two long loops and ends. The chemisette of lingerie had the choker encircled by a narrow strap of velvet with short ends passed through a velvet button.

The use of black velvet on light frocks has been growing less. In fact, on the first instalment of summer gowns there was no velvet at all and it was believed that the vogue had come to an end. But touches of the becoming stuff have been creeping back into favor, and at the polo game, where the crowd was eminently a well dressed one, chokers encircled by bands of velvet ribbon were conspicuous. The extravagant use of narow velvet run through embroideries has probably seen its day, but the touch of black velvet on a light gown seems to be as chic as ever.

PINK AND BLACK COMBINED.

There was one beautiful gown of a pale pink gauze with spots of deeper pink mounted over white silk. The skirt had set-in pieces on the sides and these were headed and bordered by a pattern in black Chantilly lace. The bodice was half covered by a Directoire scarf of Chantilly worn gracefully about the shoulders, but the sleeves, unlined and elaborately trimmed with the black lace, made big bags below the elbows. A big black lace hat trimmed with a lot of small black tips was worn with this.

Most of the Paris dressmakers are experimenting with unlined toile gowns for the midsummer. With a well fitting petticoat and a good example of the present style of straight corset there seems to be no reason why an unlined frock should not be as elaborate and smart as possible. With certain figures a fitted corset cover, made rather high in the neck, is better than the usual flimsy lace garment, and these corset covers, or underwaists, have come to have their recognized place in the summer wardrobe. Many women wear them under all shirtwaists. As the usual corset cover may be dispensed with, they add only slightly to the bulk of garments worn.

A pretty example of an unlined frock is in a light blue and white striped toile, with both blouse and skirt arranged in narrow box pleats stitched down for a distance. The bottom of the skirt is trimmed with rows of tucks and straps of English embroidery. There is a deep collar of embroidery, and on each side of the blouse in front are straps of English embroidery, fastened with buttons covered with the stuff.

Combinations of two materials are creeping in, and it is within the possibilities that the autumn will see this idea more prominent. A costume just finished by a Rue de la Paix dressmaker is of a lightweight cloth in pale champagne color, made up with mousseline de soie in the same shade, and trimmed with a lot of lace application. The back and sides of the skirt are laid in clusters of pin tucks, and the seam down the middle of the flat apron is made with a line of silk openwork over the white silk lining. The bottom of the skirt is completed in mousseline de soie laid in circular tucks, with a heading of lace applications, the lace figures running down on the mousseline part. There is the little flaring figaro, so modish now, of the cloth, trimmed about the shoulders and over the short, tight sleeves with lace applications. The under blouse and big lower sleeves are of the tucked mousseline de soie. A beautiful pale pink embroidery combined with lace makes the choker and small pointed yoke, wristbands and shaped girdle belt. This costume should be worn with pink hat and sunshade, for champagne color is lovely with pink.

FOR THE "LITTLE WOMAN."

A pretty frock in champagne colored mousseline de soie has the blouse and skirt pleated and trimmed with squares of Irish point, held by lines of entredeux. The bodice is cut out in a slight decolletage, and the big flowing sleeves are three-quarters length. The guimpe and puffed undersleeves are of some thin white stuff, embroidered with dots of gold.

It almost looks as if the "little women" of the sixties were coming in favor again, for certainly fashions all conspire to cut off the figure as much as possible. The dressmakers are showing skirts ruffled almost to the waistband, and point to these as the probably big success of the Trouville August races. To be sure, the narrow flounces are shaped and made very scant, but the whole effect is bouffant. Added to this are the sloping shoulders that are so prominent and sleeves big at the bottoms, two features that certainly take from the height.

On one of these flounced skirts there is again the use of two materials. The skirt is of old rose mousseline de soie shirred about the waist to fall in soft, full folds, and on this are mounted six shaped ruffles of taffeta in the same shade. The ruffles are of graduated widths, and so spaced that the top of one comes about twelve inches from the waistline. The bodice of mousseline de soie is half covered by what might be called a figaro of shaped taffeta ruffles, the two upper ruffles passing over the arms in cape fashion. About the choker is a lace scarf, which covers the front of the blouse with two broad, spreading ends, and under the cape pieces are three-quarter sleeves of lace, with puffs of mousseline de soie beneath.

The same dressmaker shows a suit of white poplin which, although more severe, is arranged something on the same plan. In this case the entire skirt is made up of shaped bias pieces, slightly flaring, but too scant to be termed flounces. These are stitched, but there is no other trimming on the skirt. The little bolero is made of four of these bias pieces, the first two forming the shoulder cape, and the two lower passing under the arms. This jacket is more bolero than figaro, for it is short, has rounded fronts and defines the figure as the little flaring figaros do not do. For a trimming down the sides and to take the place of a collar the jacket is heavily stitched, and has at intervals little inserted pieces of black velvet. The sleeves, which stop at the elbow on the outside of the arm and round off in points on the inside, are finished in the same way, and finished out by a deep pointed flounce of white mousseline de soie inset with black lace figures. Two deep points of this make an open inside vest under the jacket sides. The jacket closes just below the choker, the sides rounding away from this point. The lace and mousseline de soie vest is attached to the jacket, which is really worn over a plain blouse or front of white silk, almost covered by the lace points and showing only in the form of a high draped choker.

This model has been described so carefully because it seems to include several valuable points that will appear again in the autumn. Big collars falling over the shoulders are going to stay in vogue, but the lingerie ones worn now will be replaced by collars made of the stuff of the gown or some other form of trimming rather than lingerie. Charming is an idea shown in the use of a white silk, with large spots of black on it on a gown of blue veiling. The silk, which, although in a foulard pattern, is a heavier silk, is used to form triple cape collars that fall well over the shoulders and are attached to the sides of the bodice by three rounded, leaf shaped pieces falling down each side of the blouse, the lowest leaf touching the waistline.

The double chin is a hard thing to remove by home treatment, but it can certainly be modified by persistent, daily application of the following treatment. Grasp as much of the chin as can be held between the thumb and forefinger, and twist until it slips out. Do this many times, on both sides of the chin. One can form the habit of doing it when reading. Placing the hands on the cheeks, let the thumbs meet under the chin, and draw them backward, pressing hard, and flattening the chin. One must not press against the windpipe, but only against the under part of the jaw. Last of all, clasp the hands upon the forehead and bend the head slowly forward, resisting it all the time with the hands. Bend till chin rests on chest. When this motion is first used a painful sensation will be felt in the cords of the neck. This is only because unused muscles are being exercised, and will soon pass away. Relax thoroughly after each motion; do it four or five times, then go to something else, and come back to it. Five minutes daily given to these three motions will begin to show results in six weeks. The flesh will leave the lower edges of the cheeks first, removing the old, heavy look which it always gives the face. Though the obstinate double chin may not be removed entirely, it will be modified and kept down.

There are a good many things that make the "bath a luxury" at small cost, if one only knows what they are. A little borax softens the water and makes it velvety. A little ammonia removes all odor of perspiration. A handful of sea salt makes the water rather harsh, but is most invigorating. Bath bags are too cheap to mention, if they are home made. A yard of fine cut cheesecloth will make half a dozen or more. They should be filled with bran, powdered orris root and a few shavings of castile soap. They soften, soap and perfume the water, and, used as a wash cloth, leave a delicious sensation. All soap should be carefully rinsed from the body, especially the face, at the end of the bath. If then the face is rubbed all over with the upward, rotary massage motion, with fingers dipped in cold cream, and then wiped with a soft, fine cloth, it will leave the skin much improved.

The boy baby wears his white baby frocks until he is two years old. Then until he is three he may wear little kilt dresses of gingham or linen, simply made, to be easily washed. The skirts come only to his knees, and the binding must have plenty of good, strong buttonholes, in order that the skirt may not sag away from the waist.

Rose colds, hay fever and kindred maladies deprive many people of the enjoyment of flowers. A well known nose and throat specialist of this city prescribes as a cure for such maladies, when in their incipient stages, nasal douches of a solution of borax and water in the proportion of one teaspoonful of borax to a quart of warm water.

Everybody—that is, everybody who assumes that life is worth living—takes a bath at night, but a good many people feel too many duties pressing insistently upon them to stop for a bath when they rise in the morning. And yet the moment when she lifts her head from the pillow is the worst in the day to many a woman, especially in the hot weather. She feels languid and "headachy," lethargic and carries dull eyes and face to the breakfast table. A cold shower bath and a brisk rub would brighten her eyes and enable her to begin the day with a smile. Failing the shower, a plunge bath will serve, and if this be inconvenient a brief sponge at the washbowl will set the blood circulating to clear the heavy head. Then drink something immediately on rising. A quantity of cold water is beneficial. Some people get a better effect from a glass of not water with half a lemon squeezed in it. The principle of the early morning drink is that it washes out the stomach, which during the long hours of the night becomes coated with mucus. It tones up the digestive apparatus and gets it ready for work. Then, if the woman puts on perfectly clean clothes and gets five minutes in the fresh morning air outside, taking full, deep breaths, she will feel like a different creature. This may sound like a good deal of time for a busy woman to spend at the beginning of things, but it will not amount to more than fifteen minutes extra,

PHASES OF ICE CREAM.

THOUSANDS OF QUARTS CONSUMED DAILY BY NEW-YORKERS—THE PUSHCART SANDWICH.

America is the only country in the world where ice cream is a staple article of food. In no other part of the world is it consumed by all classes of the population in summer. In Europe one may search through city after city in vain for a soda fountain, and if the wandering American has the temerity to order an ice cream soda in a restaurant or tearoom they will look at him with an air of disapproval, and perhaps say that they have no ice to-day, or else bring him some ice cream in a tumbler with lukewarm bottled soda poured over it. Enterprising caterers at the Paris Exposition endeavored in vain to popularize ice cream soda. Only Americans patronized the fountain. The Englishman and Scotchman consume tea, as the Continental does wine, in quantities unheard of in America, but they in their turn gasp with astonishment at the American's consumption of iced drinks and ice cream in summer.

Neither does the European of polite society understand the American idea that ice cream must form a part of every formal dinner throughout the year; that, like soup, it is a conventional part of every elaborate meal. To the European ice cream is one of many desserts; he cannot understand the prominence to which it has been exalted by the American palate.

In fact, ice cream may truly be called the national dish; far wider in its sway than the baked bean of New-England or the cornbread of the South, and only comparable in the extent of its domain to the great American pie.

SWEETS FOR THE MILLION.

New-York leads in the saturnalia of frozen sweets. In no city are there so many chances to buy ice cream. In no city does it range so wide, from the hokey pokey of the pushcart to the royal and melting confections of Fifth-ave. Ice cream for the million, and ice cream for the millionaire; New-York produces both in unrivalled quantity and quality.

When the heat drops down like a burning pall, when the sky is as brass above, and the ocean breeze sinks fainting on the edge of the Battery, New-York, especially panting, gasping, sweltering, business New-York, throws itself like a thirsting lion upon the ice cream freezer. Forty thousand quarts a day is the capacity of one alone of the ice cream manufacturing concerns of New-York; and yet one of those broiling days last summer its biggest branch, downtown, ran completely out and was unable to supply the demand.

This great concern, with its eight branches, is the largest ice cream manufacturer in New-York. Four hundred men are busy all day making and delivering its cream; one hundred girls are serving in its ice cream parlors. Down in its cellars men are working in pools of water and clouds of vapor from the masses of ice. The great freezers, operated by machinery, freeze forty quarts of cream apiece every ten minutes. The company has its own creamery up in the State, producing twenty-four hundred quarts of cream a day, only about one-tenth of what it uses. It has its own ice plant, also, which cuts twenty thousand tons of ice up the Hudson in the winter; also only a fraction of its consumption. Thirty tons of ice a day will freeze its cream, but one hundred and fifty tons are needed to pack its cream in the three thousand ice chests of its customers. Not a drop of "extract," it is claimed, goes into this cream. Thousands of crates of strawberries are used in the season for this most popular of all fruit flavors; not only for the summer trade, but for the sixty great barrels of strawberry juice which the firm puts up for use in the winter. This juice is not boiled, but is put up with enough sugar to preserve it. About one-eighth as much raspberry juice is put up, as this is used for water ice only. Often in the rear of the ice cream saloons of this firm the patron can see a group of white clad girls, with sleeves rolled up, busy preparing the fruit, and catch the spicy, refreshing odor of grated lemon or orange peel, or the enticing fragrance of the pineapple. The lemon peel is grated extremely thin, as the active principle in the under portion of the skin is not wholesome. The acid within is used for water ices. Even the vanilla flavoring is made from the bean direct. The vanilla bean is ground, somewhat more coarsely than coffee, then boiled and sweetened and put away in jars. The bean should be six months or a year old to give the best results. A great deal of coffee is made to give the coffee flavor.

This firm, with one or two other establishments, supplies the vast mass of middle class trade in New-York. On one side of them are the big hotels and restaurants who keep their ice cream chef and their caterers, who serve the fashionable family trade. On the other side are the little restaurants that make their own cream, and the manufacturers who supply the street stands and the pushcart men. There are some hundreds of small candy and ice cream stores combined scattered through the city, technically termed in the trade "Plattdeutschers," because they are generally run by Low Germans. The man makes his own candy and cream in the cellar, and the woman tends the store upstairs.

THE SMALL BOY CONSUMER.

Ice cream pushcarts are found in New-York to a greater extent than in any other city. They seek out the remotest corners of the city, but chiefly congregate in the business sections and in the congested tenement regions. The vender removes a cover from the top of his cart, then an inner cover, disclosing a freezer, from which he removes a one, two or three cent brick of cream, wrapped in tissue paper. Or, if he sells sandwiches instead of bricks, he places the thin, oblong wafer in a little tin mould made for the purpose, spreads it with loose cream, claps another wafer on top, and turns it out into the grimy little paw awaiting it.

There is a blanket price of one cent for the ice cream sandwich. This was compelled by the boys of New-York. The sandwich was introduced three years ago, and sold for two years at two and three cents. It was larger and contained more cream, but the boys would have none of it. The penny is a convenient and fairly abundant coin for constant use, and they desired a penny sandwich. They made no such noise about their resolution as the Ladies' Anti-Beef Trust Association, but the boycott was so effective that last year the ice cream sandwich came down to one cent. At that price the cooling sweet became enormously popular. Hundreds of pushcart men sell it and the little bricks in summer, and in average summer weather—not hot spells—an average man will take in from $4 50 to $5 a day over his little red cart. Half of this must go for cream, leaving him wages of from $2 to $2 50 a day. There is one man who has perambulated for years in the neighborhood of Printing House Square, and is well known to the boys of that congested region, who makes an average daily sale of eighty quarts. Some of the men rent their pushcarts at $1 or $1 50 a week, buying their cream where they choose, or making it themselves. Others have the use of pushcarts free from manufacturers whose cream they sell. The best cream furnished to the pushcart men costs them 60 cents a gallon, and by selling it by the penny's worth they just double the price.

HOKEY POKEY NOT SO "DREADFUL."

There isn't any cream about this compound, called "hokey pokey," but neither is there anything very dreadful. If there were, the bright young lives of some thousands of office boys would be annually sacrificed. Grisly tales of arrowroot, cornstarch, flour and a species of prepared paste float about the subject of pushcart ice cream. But The Tribune representative, after sundry interesting explorations in the Italian quarter, could find nothing worse than condensed milk. Just plain, ordinary condensed milk—a harmless, though not enticing, substance—reduced with water and flavored with extract—that is pushcart ice cream. The water and the condensed milk are used in the proportion of two to one, so that the little East Side boys who dine these hot days upon three penny ice cream bricks do not take any startling amount of nourishment into their stomachs. Each cent furnishes merely a mouthful of flavored ice water, unsubstantial but refreshing and harmless.

A well known place in Mulberry-st., which supplies twenty pushcarts, each selling forty or fifty quarts a day, employs five men and has a mechanical apparatus capable of freezing thirty quarts at a time. The proprietor's wife, an auburn haired little girl from North Italy, with melting brown eyes and a skin as fair as an Englishwoman's, is quite willing to display the cleanliness of all the utensils used.

"You might eat a quart of our ice cream, and it wouldn't hurt you," she says earnestly.

Here and there through the Italian quarter one encounters ice cream manufacture going on by hand in the front of the house, or down some basement stairs. It is some man who owns his own pushcart and has a few freezers in which he makes his own cream. Whether he scalds his pots and pans after use, or whether he uses one set through the summer, who shall say? The Tribune representative was not brave enough to ask. The question might be taken as a personal one, and the manufacturer was from Naples. It is likely, however, that the occasional casualties which arise from the eating of ice cream come not from things put into the cream, but from matter absorbed by it from utensils which are not immaculate. It is noticeable that stories of ice cream poisoning come generally from picnics or large gatherings of some kind, and these are the people who move heaven and earth to get their ice cream cheap. One of the biggest wholesale ice cream men in New-York says with some carefully concealed resentment that Sunday schools are the worst people in the world to try to get cheap picnic ice cream.

There is a powdered milk on the market for the making of ice cream. It looks white and clean, and resembles flaked rice. There is also a rumor of flaked eggs. But none of these things could be found in use, nor any one who would confess to using them. Down on the crowded lower East Side, however, where they want their unsold cream to last over without melting, it is said that the cheapest venders put in a sort of gelatine, which toughens the cream and makes it keep its shape longer without melting, and further reduces the price from 60 cents to 40 cents a gallon.

PUT PENNIES IN ICE CREAM.

There is no way of telling the number of ice cream pushcarts, as pushcart licenses are not classified. But many hundreds of them are supported. Every penny provident station in the tenement section knows the difference made in the deposits by the weather. In winter a line of children will reach through the hall into the street on deposit nights. In summer they come singly or in couples. Their pennies and nickels have gone over the pushcart counters, and thence down their parched throats. A worker at one settlement told of her surprise at finding that one family which had been reckoned among the "poor" of the neighborhood received an income of $25 a day during the hot weather from a modest little ice cream counter on the corner.

Altogether, it is probable that on a typical summer day—a real broiler—New-York consumes not less than one hundred thousand quarts of ice cream a day. This is the estimate of one of the leading men in the trade. At prices ranging from 30 cents to 70 cents a quart, by retail, New-York would pay not less than $50,000 a day for its ice cream when the weather is good and hot.

An allied trade is the making of ice cream moulds. There are two houses in New-York which supply the trade not only of the United States, but largely of Canada and South America. Passing through the warerooms of one of these houses, one sees a confused jumble of objects which recall fleeting impressions of a thousand different things and occasions. There are moulds of fruits and flowers, animals and symbolic designs. The Bartholdi Statue of Liberty stands serenely in the window.

"A failure," says the manager, regarding her with marked disfavor. "When France gave the statue we thought she would be popular, and got her up. Cost us $200, she did, with an arrangement for $5 royalty for the sculptor each time it was used. He never got but $5 out of that. She wa'n't never ordered but once. Got her too big, for one thing. She takes forty-five pints. And who cares for the Statue of Liberty now? Same with the Eiffel Tower. Them things that's all in the public eye for a while ain't never seen again after they drop out. Fruit designs have the most lasting popularity of all."

One can believe that when he sees the moulded cream. The mould looks inane enough, and it resembles old iron, but these lovely melons and apples, peaches and pears, all done in cream; these plates of luscious strawberries, these bunches of grapes or these stately pineapples entice the palate through the eye. Then there are doves and hearts and all kinds of touching things like that for weddings; playing cards for card parties; boats in full sail; a locomotive—four pints—and a death's head, which furnished forth a medical feast in cold and ghastly fashion. The designs are first fashioned in clay, wax or plaster by an artist. Two new designs for last Easter—a rabbit in an automobile and cupids cracking eggs—cost $40 and $50, respectively, for the original models. A design can be made appropriate to any occasion, or embodying any imaginable idea, if the one ordering is willing to pay for it.

AREN'T THEY CUNNING?

PROPER BOOKS FOR LIBRARIES.

MR. BOSTWICK ADVOCATES A CENTRAL BUREAU FOR THE APPRAISAL OF LITERATURE.

A. E. Bostwick, chief of the circulating department of the New-York Free Public Library, believes that one of the future steps in the co-ordination of library work in America will be a central bureau for the appraisal of literature, particularly new books, for the benefit of librarians in general—perhaps all the librarians of the country, perhaps only those of a certain section, perhaps of certain libraries subscribing to the fund for maintenance.

"At the State Library School at Albany," said Mr. Bostwick, "they have the students read a large number of books. Blanks are then provided, and the students fill them out, the answers, when complete, covering just those points which the librarian desires to know. They set down no matters of opinion, but only matters of fact. This is to give the pupils practice in estimating the value of books for library purposes, taking account of the points that the librarian should be informed upon before buying. I can see in this the germ of something greater, a central bureau, where competent persons will prepare estimates of books to be sent out to librarians.

"It is manifestly impossible for the librarian to read all the books that are published. Different employes about the library may read them, but the result is haphazard. And yet every book should be read from beginning to end before it is placed on the shelves. A librarian may glance it hastily through, or read several chapters carefully, and pronounce the book suitable, when, as a matter of fact, he has missed something that is very objectionable indeed. This brings one to the first point which should be covered in the estimate of the book. The appraiser should state whether or not there are any scenes, any features, discussions or language in the book which render it unfit for the shelves of a public library. If there are the book must be excluded, even though, from a literary point of view, the book may be a great one, and even though it may appeal to people of cultivated tastes and high character. But in a public library there must be nothing which would provoke criticism as unsuitable for young folk.

"A very important point for the appraiser to pass upon would be the personality of the author, as to fitness and previous preparation for his work. If there is a new book on volcanoes we want to know whether the author got his information from volcanoes or from the encyclopædia. If personal investigations have made him an authority on the subject, we would buy the book, even though it were badly written, and otherwise a poor specimen of a book. Of course, this would apply generally to books other than novels. Still, there might be a novel which would not amount to much as a story but would present delightful pictures of life in Japan, or India, for instance. If we knew the author had lived in those countries and was informed upon those subjects, it would render the book valuable for that reason alone.

"As to style, that is largely a matter of opinion, and as such would not be a proper subject for appraisement. But if the writer were guilty of grammatical errors, or equally flagrant sins, that would be a matter of fact.

"Novels should be classified in the appraisement as religious, sociological, historical, and so on. If there were a particular demand for stories on the relation of labor and capital, for instance, we might buy a new one, even if it were not so very well written. The interest of the matter to the reading public would compensate for the lack in style.

"This plan would save librarians a lot of uncertainty and labor, and occasional mistakes. The question then would be reduced to one of literary values. And as to that, I don't think any hard and fast rules can be made. As to the exclusion of a new book for three years after its publication, that would have deprived the libraries of three years' reading of "David Harum" or "When Knighthood Was in Flower." And, while those books have lived three years, their final position in literature is no more fixed to-day than it was three years ago. Their position is practically the same that it was when they came out. Librarians feel that many books are being put out in which the writers are not masters of their weapons; the English is not first class.

"Is there anything first class compared to the standard authors? Why, yes; as far as the English goes. There are writers to-day who can use the English language just as well as any novelist has ever done. The matter of their books may not be great enough to make them live, but the style is first class.

"Broadly speaking, it is only these books written in thoroughly good, pure English, which should be put in the library. But to pass upon all the new books with this in view is a matter requiring much time and critical judgment. It can't be done by rule. There are certain authors whom we know it is safe to buy without reading. Everything written by Mr. Howells, Mr. James, Mr. Cable and other authors who have demonstrated that they always produce works of a certain grade is purchased. A new author has got to prove his right to be placed on that honorable list. Over at the Brooklyn Library they have made a rule not to buy the first book of any author until the expiration of a year. I wouldn't do that. I do not believe any ironclad rule can be profitably made with relation to style. Each book must have its individual judgment. But the other points I have mentioned could be profitably appraised. The points the librarian wants to know about a new book are either not covered at all in the book reviews, or he has to wade through columns to get them."

THE TRIBUNE PATTERN.

A TISSUE PAPER PATTERN OF GIRL'S FROCK, NO. 4,179, FOR 10 CENTS.

Simple frocks are always most charming and becoming worn by little girls, and nothing better is offered than just such models as the one shown. It is made of white batiste with bertha and trimming of needlework, and is cut low at the neck, with short, puffed sleeves; but all washable fabrics, as well as simple wools, are appropriate, and, when preferred, the yoke can be added and long sleeves substituted for short. To cut this frock for a girl of eight years of age 4⅜ yards of material 27 inches wide, 3½ yards 32 inches wide, or 2¼ yards 44 inches wide will be required, with ½ yard of all over embroidery for bertha, 4 yards of edging and ¾ yard of insertion to trim as illustrated.

NO. 4,179—GIRL'S FROCK.

The pattern, No. 4,179, is cut in sizes for girls of four, six, eight, ten and twelve years of age.

The pattern will be sent to any address on receipt of 10 cents. Please give number and years distinctly. Address Pattern Department, New-York Tribune. If in a hurry for pattern send an extra two-cent stamp, and we will mail by letter postage in sealed envelope.

THE CANADIAN COUNCIL.

ITS ANNUAL MEETING IN ST. JOHN—NOMINATION OF LADY ABERDEEN FOR NEXT PRESIDENT OF INTERNATIONAL.

St. John, N. B., July 12 (Special).—The National Council of Women of Canada held its ninth annual meeting here last week, and the quaint old "loyalist city," as the inhabitants proudly call the town where three thousand loyalists took refuge after the American Revolution, has been en fête in honor of the visitors.

These annual meetings, in spite of the large amount of business which is always disposed of, have a delightful social side, and, though the hospitality of St. John could scarcely be said to exceed that of some other cities where the council has been convened, it certainly has never been surpassed. The civic authorities joined with the local council in welcoming the delegates, and if the executive had accepted all the invitations that were secured for excursions and drives and receptions, there would have been no time left for the business for which the meeting was arranged.

As the city of St. John has some magnificent natural scenery and many points of historic interest, much of the hospitality was arranged with a view to giving the delegates an opportunity to enjoy these things. The famous reversing falls of the St. John River were the occasion of two most enjoyable excursions. This curious cataract falls down the river as a waterfall should when the tide is low, but when it rises the apparently resistless current is reversed, and the water falls in the opposite direction. When the tide is low, no craft can live in the raging waters below the falls, but at half tide the river is smooth and calm and boats go over in perfect safety. This hour was selected for the council excursion, the delegates being taken over by the president, Mrs. Robert Thomson, in her own yacht.

The reversing falls is a unique phenomenon, and St. John owes them to the extremely high tides on the Bay of Fundy. The bay is shaped like a wedge, broad at the mouth and narrowing toward the head, and the tide waters, therefore, rise higher and higher as the space which confines them narrows, their influence being felt for ninety miles up the St. John River. For the same reason the St. John Harbor never freezes, and the city is the winter port of Canada.

On the evening before the convention opened the delegates were formally welcomed by the Mayor of St. John at a brilliant reception in the York Theatre, and in the afternoon they were driven out to the golf club, where tea was served by the junior members, who were picturesquely attired in golf skirts and scarlet jackets. Later on another tea was given by the president of the St. John local council, and one afternoon was devoted to a picnic on the beach. At the latter function the women of St. John quite surpassed themselves, the most notable feature of the affair being the high tea, which was served in a leafy arcade where the branches of the trees met above the tables. The Museum of Natural History was thrown open to the delegates every afternoon, with experts in attendance to explain the exhibits, and any moments that could not otherwise be filled up were occupied with drives and walks.

The business of the convention, for which plenty of time was found, in spite of these numerous diversions, was of a rather more serious character than usual, the affairs of the council having come to something in the nature of a crisis. The expiration of the fund raised by Lady Aberdeen to pay the salary of a secretary and maintain a central office for three years has made it necessary to look for a permanent and reliable source of income, and the resignation at the same time of the first paid secretary, Miss Teresa Wilson, formerly

MRS. ROBERT THOMSON,
President of the Canadian Council of Women.

Lady Aberdeen's private secretary, served to increase materially the difficulty. The financial problem has not yet been solved. A great deal of time was devoted to its discussion, but no plan could be agreed upon. It is believed, however, that the local councils will rise to the occasion and that the money will be forthcoming when required, while good results are expected from a conference of the advisory president, Lady Aberdeen, with half a dozen of the leading members of the council to be held in London this summer.

The difficulty of filling the office of the paid secretary was more easily disposed of, Mrs. Willoughby Cummings, of Toronto, who has been recording secretary of the council ever since it was organized, being appointed to succeed Miss Wilson. The president's office, another subject of anxiety, was filled by the re-election of Mrs. Robert Thomson, of St. John. Mrs. Thomson was appointed by the executive at Christmas, to succeed Lady Taylor, who resigned by the orders of her physician.

The business meetings of the council were held in the mornings, and the afternoons and evenings were devoted to subjects of more general interest. One afternoon was given up to the discussion of a Dominion certificate for teachers. At the present time it is easier for a Canadian teacher to get a place in the United States than in most Canadian provinces other than that from which she holds a certificate, and the need of a Dominion certificate is strongly felt by the leading educationists.

The subjects of the evening public meetings were manual training, prison reform and the Victorian Order of Nurses. The prison reform meeting took a different turn from that provided by the programme, and may result in much good to the city of St. John. It was intended only to discuss prisons in general, but one of the speakers, the Rev. Canon Richardson, became particular, and pointed out, in most clear and forceful language, the evils of the local prison system. They were unparalleled, he asserted, in any civilized community with which he was acquainted. Half a dozen prisoners were crowded into one cell; no provision was made for personal cleanliness, nor for employment, and no religious services had been permitted for more than a year. Neither was there any police matron, though the Woman's Christian Temperance Union was ready to pay the salary of such an official. Mrs. J. K. Barney, the prison evangelist, of Providence, R. I., who had visited the jail in the morning, confirmed Canon Richardson's assertions, and said the conditions of the prison were shocking.

The first business of the council on assembling was to pass a resolution of sympathy with the King and Queen, and before the convention was over the delegates had the pleasure of learning that his majesty was out of danger. The usual message from Lady Aberdeen was received, and a cable dispatch of greeting was sent in reply. Lady Aberdeen has always sent some token of remembrance to the delegates at the annual meetings, but as these gifts were sometimes delayed by the customs until the meeting was long past, she asked the executive this year to purchase flowers for her and distribute them to the delegates.

The next annual meeting of the National Council of Women will be held in Toronto.

Lady Aberdeen was nominated as the next president of the International Council of Women, and a cable dispatch of greeting was sent to the executive of the International Council in session at Copenhagen.

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