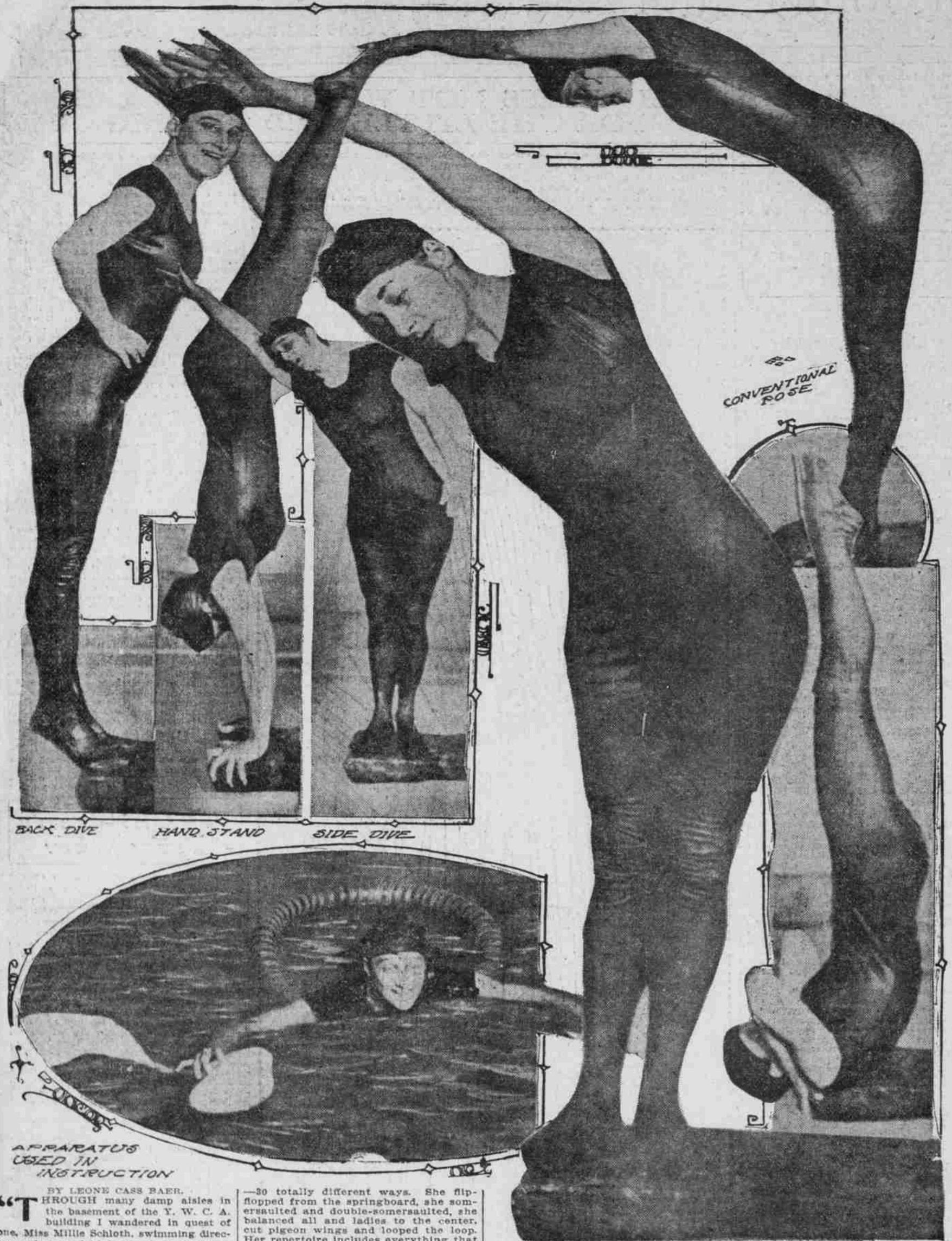


LIFE OF WOMAN IN WATER IS ONE OF JOY

Miss Millie Schloth, Swimming Instructor at Y. W. C. A., Shows and Tells How to Be an Adapt as an Aquatic Performer.



“THROUGH many damp aisles in the basement of the Y. W. C. A. building I wandered in quest of one, Miss Millie Schloth, swimming director and general high mogul of all things aquatic in that institution. Maidens to left of me, maidens to right of me, clad for the most part in wet smiles and wetter kimonos, clattered blissfully to or from the swimming pool. I hailed one very fair, very sopping and hurrying dame.

“Can you tell me,” I queried, “where I can find Miss Schloth?”

The fair one sucked the water off her upper lip, frantically wiped some of her hair out of her eyes, and answered in a damp voice, “Why, she’s in the water; she’s always in the water” (emphasis on the water), “and if she isn’t in the water you’ll find her in the dressing room, getting ready to go into the water.”

She trailed soppingly away.

But it was as she had spoken. I found Miss Schloth sitting on her end of the spring board, testing her athletic young body and calling directions to a bevy of heads that bobbed about like so many balls on the surface of the pool.

Miss Schloth had consented to be interviewed, but now that the actual moment had arrived we were both at sea, figuratively, of course. Interviewing a mermaid has its drawbacks. Now accents are different. They invite the attack usually, and oftentimes have the article signed, sealed and all ready for your taking, even choosing the subjects they prefer “consenting” to air their views upon. But no press agent fairly was abroad in the vicinity of the swimmer’s hole that day. There’s a saying somewhere that fools rush in where angels, etc. So I rushed. Miss Schloth surveyed me reflectively and wiggled one slim toe in the water. I reminded her she was to be interviewed.

“Well,” was her amiable answer, “I’ll swim for you, dive for you and perform, but chatter is not my long suit. Where shall we begin?”

“At the beginning,” sez I. “Question one—How do you do those high dives and flip-flops?”

“There was a long black streak like a moving picture of a slender body shooting through space, and presently a round-capped head bobbed out of the water and Miss Schloth’s big, musical voice boomed, “Well, I can tell you how I do them. I make some of ‘em up. I adapt others from my gymnastic training, and all I can say is that it’s much easier to do ‘em for you than to take your time and my own explaining in dry words.”

All Sorts of Tricks Practiced.

Well, the demonstration at all events was not dry. And neither was the fish lady. She dived in 30—yes, I counted

—30 totally different ways. She flip-flopped from the springboard, she somersaulted and double-somersaulted, she balanced all and ladies to the center, cut pigeon wings and looped the loop. Her repertoire includes everything that anybody, fish or perfect lady, ever accomplished between a springboard and a pool of water. Fascinated, I watched her leap and paddle and frivel away in the water.

No splashing and throwing of water attended her dips and dives. When she dove, headfirst or heels over head first, into the pool, the waters separated calmly where her clasped palms cleft its surface, and a minute later her sinewy, satiny body in long black tights paddled easily and surely about in the depths below.

“Were you born in it?” I asked, pencil poised to jot down that she was, and that her forebears and all their ancestors were fish or sea animals.

“Oh, dear no,” she laughed. “I have only been swimming for about ten years.” She pulled herself lightly up the ladder and sat in lazy comfort on her favorite perch, the springboard.

“Why, when I was a child I couldn’t swim at all. I tried to learn many, many times, but was forced to give it up because I had sensitive ears and the water bothered them. Once, I remember, when I was a schoolgirl, I went with some girls to take some swimming lessons at the swimming pool in the old tabernacle, then on Twelfth and Morrison. I was the first one out of the dressing-room, and I spied a row of traveling rings suspended over the tank. I was familiar with this form of gymnastics and quite forgetting that I was over the water, I seized the ring nearest me and began to travel from one to the other. As I grasped the last ring I lost my grip and let go.”

Here the mermaid maiden paused long enough to allow the full significance of her words to sink into my brain, then continued:

“The very last thing I saw as the water closed over my head was a huge sign giving the depth of the water where I was going down as nine feet. No one came to my rescue, and when I came up I frantically dog-paddled out. When I had recovered from my fright I caught sight of a trapeze suspended about 20 feet above the center of the pool. I was filled with bravado now, and made for that trapeze. I had some difficulty in reaching it but finally grasped the rope and proceeded to enjoy myself. Just as I was beginning an exhilarating swing, hanging by my knees, I heard a chorus of shouts and horrified ejaculations, and looked down to see my swimming teacher-to-be and my girl friends gazing in terror at me and beseeching me wildly not to move and they’d help get me down. Since that time I’ve never been afraid of the water.”

Then, as if quietly to prove it, she stood on tiptoe on the teetering board,

her back to the water and her arms raised gracefully in a firm straight line, a magnificent silhouette against the white wall. Then, so rapidly that the eye could not follow her, the slender black-clad body turned a convulsion in the air and with scarcely a ripple passed under the water. Presently she sat again on the railing directing her class of swimmers.

“Don’t you personally teach each pupil?” I asked, noticing that she directed verbally, moving along the railing and watching each girl with eagle eyes.

“Yes, I teach them personally, but I don’t go in the water with them, if that is what you mean,” answered Miss Schloth. “You see I have my own method. I teach a pupil to swim in three lessons, oftentimes two, and frequently one lesson has sufficed where the learner is apt. I have what I call a ‘table lesson’ for beginners. I place the pupil on a table, face downward, and instruct her in the first three movements learned in swimming. First I teach the kick or leg stroke. This is a natural movement in itself, but it is not natural to bring the legs together later, an essential thing too. Then I teach the arm stroke, although I make sure the kick stroke has been thoroughly mastered before I start to familiarize the pupil with the arm movement. I mean that I do not let them try both the arm and kick movement together, until each has been learned separately. Later when they go in the water they are familiar with the movements required in swimming and do not have to waste either my time or their own undoing false movements.

“By means of a rope stretched across the pool the pupil learns to control a balance and keep a horizontal position before practicing the kick. The arm movement is taken up with the aid of water-wings which I always advise for short practice until the pupil has learned the rhythm or time of the stroke.

Young Girls Learn Quickly.

“Girls of 12 or 13 years learn quickest to swim and develop the best strokes. Children under 12, once they learn the trick of keeping a balance, make the most rapid progress toward perfect confidence. The average beginner thinks too much of learning the stroke perfectly before trying to swim without assistance. Confidence invariably comes quickly after a few attempts at maintaining a balance by relaxation and presence of mind.”

It must not for one minute be supposed that Miss Schloth gave all this in the form of lectures made to order while you wait, or even all in one place. Indeed so. She dolled out her ideas in snatches, sandwiched in between calls to Lizzie, or Roels, or Nellie, to “keep cool,” “kick out,” “stroke with your

left,” or “you’ve been in long enough. Jane, come out now.” For a careful and conscientious teacher is this aquatic one.

Swimming Is Pure Joy.

“I love swimming,” she said in answer to a query, “and I’m never so really happy as when I’m at work in its depths. I don’t want to go on record as preaching any cult or ‘ism,’ but I actually know that for exercising and strengthening every muscle of the body, steadying the nerves and developing self-confidence, few if any pastimes excel swimming. As an amusement having a practical side the knowledge of this art stands pre-eminent.

“All else being equal, the healthier and stronger one’s body the more vigorous the mind. The mind of the average growing girl or boy is trained and tasked for several hours daily, while their bodies are usually left to fend for themselves. A meandering walk, aimless in its meaning, a dance of several hours’ duration in a warm over-populated room, an occasional game of tennis or golf when the season permits it, is about the only form of exercise in which many girls in their teens indulge. Of course boys have the advantage in that the most of them are lovers of the open air, the athletic pursuits, and particularly the swimming pool. I really think I owe most of my ability to dive and do flip-flops and all the other tricks and fancy movements I’ve shown you, to my early gymnastic work. I have simply taken the various feats I learned on the bars, and mats and rings and adapted or modified them to an aquatic form.”

Speaking of aquatic forms, you should see Millie the Mermaid. She is slenderly built, with the meat so evenly distributed over her body that not a superfluous ounce shows anywhere. Her limbs are long and lithe like a youth’s, her head sets squarely on a straight spine, she walks with a free swing and steps firmly on the balls of her feet, her eyes are clear and gaze straight at you, and she radiates joy and buoyancy. Her swimming consists of tights and a loosely fitting slip-louise. The pupils wear similar garments.

“The character of a bathing suit is too often largely determined by fashion. For instance when I’m at the beach I wear several yards of superfluous material, sagging and dragging at my waistline and interfering constantly with my natural freedom, simply because some old dame in the day of the Medes and Persians laid down a law that all perfect ladies wear skirts when in the surf.

Thank goodness she didn’t insist on corsets and French heels. Every year I go to Seaside I mentally vow to leave my concessions to the Medes and Persians at home, but I didn’t. I haven’t the nerve I guess after I arrive on the sand, and see the hundreds of women all similarly rigged out with ruffled and pleated skirts billowing about them, with big sailor collars wonderfully and fearfully made caps on their heads, all just so much excess baggage I think. So I don my own surf togs and I think even Edward Bok would approve of my dignified and decorous appearance.”

“What sort of dress do you recommend?” was asked.

Short Sleeves Recommended.

Promptly she answered, “All swimmers will find it much more convenient, as well as safer in every way, to wear very short sleeves, or in fact none at all. In all instances the arm opening should be wide and roomy. The tights, which are, of course, invariably worn, should reach only to the knees. A man’s swimming togs is brevity itself. Unfortunately a woman cannot emulate his example. A neat close fitting suit of tights, or its substitute, flannel, made in princess fashion, is best for the woman bather. The skirt positively must not be too long or full, as it interferes with movements of the legs.

“There is nothing more hampering to one who is becoming a little tired than a heavy wet dress clinging clummiably about her, and it hampers her in the difference between safety and danger in the case of the swimmer who had over-estimated her powers, or who had been carried out further than she intended. It is therefore always a good plan to learn to swim in clothing, simply because the ability to do so may be invaluable in an emergency.

“What about that dread of amateur swimmers—cramp?” Miss Schloth was asked.

Cramps Come to All.

“Not only amateur swimmers, but professionals and old-timers often,” quickly responded Miss the Mermaid. “The greatest danger in these cases lies in the swimmer becoming frightened. A learner, if attacked by cramp, should change the manner of stroke, making several quick motions with the arm, never extruding, but if the cramp continues, he should at once float back to shore. As a rule, however, the beginner does not know when he has the cramp. He stops, cries out, ‘There’s something the matter with my foot or leg,’ as the case may be, and is presently tied up. It is caused by the muscles in the arch of the foot, or the calf of the leg—the most common places of attack, becoming contracted from using too much force on the ‘kick’ movement. It proves too, that more relaxation should be used while practicing. With a good swimmer the seizure by cramps is usually internal. A leg or foot cramp would not seriously interfere with the movements of a good swimmer.”

Bathing Always in Good Time.

“Just when should one go in the water?” was asked. The fish lady dove off backwards, a long streak of black flashing through the air and paddled dog-fashion, chatting as she came.

“Well, I think there is no valid objection to bathing at any time of the day, except, of course, just after a meal. The principal reason for avoiding this is simply that the process of digestion requires and involves a fullness of the blood vessels or internal organs, and along with it a certain amount of nerve force. Therefore any shock, as for instance, cold water applied to the surface, which is apt to send the blood toward the interior of the body, may readily, and usually does, bring on extreme congestion there. And any way, like any other active exercise taken at such a time, a plunge in the swimming pool would hinder digestion, or even put a stop to it altogether. The result would in any case be a very great degree of discomfort, reaction

takes place slowly, and there is usually headache, gastric oppression, and oftentimes serious illness. I should like a doctor’s treatise on something or other, don’t I, when I talk like that?”

One Swim a Day Enough.

“It is perfectly absurd to lay down any positive rules as to the time the swimmer should remain in the water,” she went on. “No one seems to have invented a stop-watch that may be taken into the water, and as yet such an article is made most of us cannot time ourselves while swimming.

“Any day’s experience at the various swimming pools about Portland will show a great many swimmers sporting in the water for half an hour or an hour, yet even longer, with no perceptible ill effect. It is quite a common practice among the youngsters to go in, have a swim, come out and frisk about for a while, and then go in again, perhaps a number of times. Especially is this true of surf-bathers where the warm sand is an inducement to leave the water. The powers of endurance vary greatly, and it is generally known that swimmers have sometimes remained in the water for many consecutive hours, without harm. But even those who are in good health may suffer from a too long swim, from headache, nausea and other symptoms which are generally associated with biliousness. These are induced, as I said, by the unwanted exposure to the rays of the sun, the heat of the water, and added to the chilling of the surface of the body.

“Robust folk may occasionally, in hot weather especially, take a daily swim without harm. But for the majority once is enough. And it may be put down as a safe rule that the fatigue of one bath has not entirely passed away, another one should not be taken. Many men, and a very great number of women, who enjoy the water because of the occupation and amusement it affords in an otherwise tiresome work-day existence, do not thoroughly react from the fatigue involved for 24 hours perhaps. Therefore can’t you see, by repeating the strain upon their powers too often and too soon, they are led to believe that aquatic sports ‘do no harm’ to them.”

Teacher Not Always Needed.

“Suppose one were going to learn to swim without the aid of a teacher, what would you suggest in the way of ‘first hints to an amateur?’” I asked.

“I should say,” she responded, “smooth, shallow water with a shelving shore is best for the beginner. Wade out to a depth of three or four feet, wet your head, then turn your face toward land. Return until your face is no deeper than your arm is long, and support your body by letting the tips of your fingers touch bottom. Now lie down, letting the legs rise to the

surface, but being careful to throw the head back so that the chin is nearly on a level with the surface of the water, thus leaving one arm and both legs free to practice the stroke. Occasionally the supporting hand should be raised until the learner has gained sufficient confidence in the upholding power of the water to trust himself to its buoyancy. Next he may wade out several feet further and try to swim in to shore, putting down the supporting arm at first if the attempt is too premature.

“Many persons are apt to be much annoyed by the water getting into their ears, especially if they dive. I have, in fact, heard of instances where deafness has thus been induced, and has required a medical treatment for its relief. By way of precaution against the entrance of the water into the ears, I would suggest small pieces of wool, saturated with vasoline pressed lightly into the cavity, not pushed in far, nor tightly stuffed in, but of such a size as to just keep its place easily. A mighty excellent way of getting rid of the water is that resorted to by boys after swimming, and one that I have always found as good as any, and that is to turn the head well over towards the affected side, putting a finger in the opposite ear and then hop about on one foot. A few moments of this exercise will usually cause the water to escape in a small stream, or a hot water bag placed over the ear will bring the desired result.”

Miss Schloth’s particular accomplishment, and the one in which she prides herself most, is her high diving. “A pupil should learn to dive as soon as possible,” she said. “It gives them confidence in deep water.”

She has conceived the idea of placing a pneumatic auto tire in the water to serve as a float for those who are learning to swim.

“They tire easily,” she said naively, “and the hoop prevents their rolling from side to side, and helps promote balance. Too, I use it in teaching the dive. It aids a girl to keep her body in a line as she goes through the tire float on the water.”

“Each time Miss Schloth goes in the water she ‘learns a new trick,’ she says. “All she already has a noddy full of them. And she has had a dandy vaudeville offer. But as one Kipling has formed a habit of saying ‘That’s another story.’”

Just Shopping.

Philadelphia Bulletin.
Over the pages of the Evening a maiden likes to pore,
Such an amount Will buy a Count; A Duke costs something more.
She fatters over the pages and here and there she’ll stop,
They can’t afford A noble Lord,
But can’t a dandelion shop?

Prices Slaughtered —AT OUR— Miosummer Sale



And the store has been crowded during the past week, taking advantage of the lowest prices that standard goods have ever been offered at in Portland. The sale still continues, and, while we quote a few sample prices in this ad., the great cut applies to every article in the house. We are determined to make July the busiest month in the year; hence, this extraordinary sale.

STEWART RANGES

LIKE CUT, \$18.50

Can you purchase anything equal to it elsewhere for 50 per cent more money? We have always sold these Ranges for \$27.50, but, like everything else, we have cut the price to the quick. This week we have received two carloads of these superior Steel and Gas Ranges, and they will be included in this sale. This cut shows a high-grade, fully guaranteed Steel Range, with high warming closet and all of the latest improvements. At the price, \$18.50, you can't afford to fuss around with an inferior range. Remember, these prices only hold good during this sale.

Axminster Rugs \$16.50, Worth \$27.50

We unloaded another car this week of these magnificent Rugs, which completes delivery of the immense purchase made recently by our Mr. Jenning when in the East. Walk down to Second and Morrison streets and look at them in our windows. They are startling values, as no other dealer in Portland can lay them down in Portland at our selling price, not to mention profit. After this sale you can't secure one for less than \$27.50. Size 9x12.

SEE OUR WINDOWS Henry Jennings & Sons One Year Ahead of Competitors CORNER MORRISON AND SECOND The Home of Good Furniture

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

The dealer who offers a substitute for the "Discovery" is only seeking to make the little profit realized on the sale of less meritorious preparations.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Advertiser is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the paper covered book, or 31 stamps for the cloth bound. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

“The stomach is a larger factor in ‘life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness’ than most people are aware of. Patriotism can withstand hunger but not dyspepsia. The confirmed dyspeptic ‘is fit for treason, stratagems and spoils.’ The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

“Well, I think there is no valid objection to bathing at any time of the day, except, of course, just after a meal. The principal reason for avoiding this is simply that the process of digestion requires and involves a fullness of the blood vessels or internal organs, and along with it a certain amount of nerve force. Therefore any shock, as for instance, cold water applied to the surface, which is apt to send the blood toward the interior of the body, may readily, and usually does, bring on extreme congestion there. And any way, like any other active exercise taken at such a time, a plunge in the swimming pool would hinder digestion, or even put a stop to it altogether. The result would in any case be a very great degree of discomfort, reaction

Philosophy.
The man who goes to the front for his country with a weak stomach will be a weak soldier and a fault finder.

A sound stomach makes for good citizenship as well as for health and happiness.

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of

Dr. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY.
It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.

“Well, I think there is no valid objection to bathing at any time of the day, except, of course, just after a meal. The principal reason for avoiding this is simply that the process of digestion requires and involves a fullness of the blood vessels or internal organs, and along with it a certain amount of nerve force. Therefore any shock, as for instance, cold water applied to the surface, which is apt to send the blood toward the interior of the body, may readily, and usually does, bring on extreme congestion there. And any way, like any other active exercise taken at such a time, a plunge in the swimming pool would hinder digestion, or even put a stop to it altogether. The result would in any case be a very great degree of discomfort, reaction



Patriotism