

THE SUMMER "SHEATH" AND "UNDERNEATH"

Revival of Extreme Directoire Modes Which is Startling the World of Fashion.

By Mrs. Cholly Knickerbocker.

How the Seanty Skirt of the Winter Has Developed Into the Split Skirt of the Summer.



most pliable description, with the front bone omitted, for the figure drooping languidly, either sitting or standing, is now the fashionable pose. As a matter of fact, only a small percentage of women can afford to appear without their "stays," as the English call them.

In America corsetiers are modifying the armor plate in which they have insisted on encasing the female form divine for some time. While corsets are still built extremely long over the hips and below the waist both back and front the bones stop short, an extension of coutil, or of whatever material the corset is made, confining the flesh below. One corset boned with whale bone which has been given successive baths of oil to render it pliable is having a vogue just now, as it gives a supple outline, while at the same time apparently reducing the wearer's size.

With the sheath skirt its wearer may have all the will in the world to wear petticoats, but she hasn't the room! Positively, these skirts are so close-fitting that the presence of a petticoat would be instantly detected in little unpreventable wrinkles that would show through the tightly stretched outer fabric. So it's tight for her.

These she wears over her corsets to veil the ending of the corset. Sometimes she wears a single under garment of chiffon, made princess fashion, so that there may be no line of ending at the waist. French women have, with their usual ingenuity re-



WHAT an excitement! What a fust! Legions of hands uplifted. Eyes, too, in pious horror, lest they should view the awful sight. A million voices chanting disapproval and disgust, in French, in English, in good down-right American. And all because of what?

Just because woman, dear capricious woman, has dared to eliminate a few unnecessary yards of swathing material from her skirt and, worse still, has dared to split up that same skirt for half a yard or so at the side. In the slang of to-day, "Ain't it awful, Mabel?"

Horrible! Shocking! I quite agree with you (with a smile behind my hand). But, after all, what could the poor girl do? Like the woman of Du Maurier's story who tearfully said she'd like *carefully* to sit down, but her dressmaker said she couldn't, without the split in the sheath skirt its wearer would be condemned to eternal standing. And that standing, definitely becomes a trifle monotonous one's friends who live in New York's Harlem and travel in a perpendicular position each day, via the Subway, can testify. So do not judge too harshly.

That the Directoire modes—the sheath skirt and the slashed skirt worn over a petticoatless form—are the most startling things in the way of fashions that have been launched in many moons, there's no denying. But have they been launched? Isn't it rather a case of fess flying, hands playing, the champagne bottle smashed on the bow—and the ship struck fast on the ways? One swallow doesn't make a Summer, nor do three dressmaker's models parading at a French race course create a fashion.

A—The Split Directoire Skirt Which Is Shocking the Conservative People of Two Worlds.

B—Petticoats Are Banished from the New Gowns.

C—The Slashed Skirt Is Often Laced Across with Cords, Which Are Sometimes Caught with Beautiful Buttons.

D—Evening Dresses Grow More Audaciously Clinging.

E—Beautiful Fabrics Are Wound Around the Figure, Supported on the Shoulders by Slender Straps.

F—Oil Soaked Corset Bones and Skimpy "Knickers" Help to Construct the Figure of the Moment.

her skirts, if she makes any pretense of keeping up with the fashion, and she is impressing upon her home dressmaker that she can save enough from the skirt to cut out a sleeveless coat. She reads with awe of the bride who had nineteen pairs of "knickers," silks, satins and pongees, in her trousseau and not a single solitary frilly feminine petticoat. What a pity! But at the first opportunity she sneaks off and invests in a pair of tights to wear under her new satin evening dress. When the hill comes in and her husband raises his eyebrows at the item "tights," she murmurs "nothing" and he doesn't know that the faithful words "flesh-colored" preceded it.

Now is the day of triumph for the lean woman. As I've said before, it's really vulgar to have what is commonly called a "good figure." The slimmer, the more straight up and down you are the better. Clothes abroad suggest the uncorseted figure. If corsets are worn they are of the

turesque an object when properly carried, always with long satin ribbons, which it has been seen. Now the Directoire hat is under one ear, or, more demurely, under being exploited by fashionable milliners. It the chin. These hats are already being in the shape with which we are familiar worn by the younger members of the New- from illustrations of the dress worn during port smart set, and very charming they the time of Napoleon.

These hats are quaint things, of the poke Parasols show enormously tall sticks, bonnet family, adorned with three nodding which is but another evidence of Directoire piques or stiff little bunches of posies and inflorescence.

Heroes That Save Lives

Shall Those Who Risk Death to Rescue Others
Be Left to Bear Poverty in Their Old Age?

By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX.

THIS Spring season has been remarkable for high winds. Those who live on seacoasts realize the fact more keenly than city denizens.

Whenever the combination of wind and waves makes splendid pictures for the eye and orchestra music for the ear, one with any imagination must think of the peril which attends the lives of thousands of men whose occupation is with the sea.

There is comparatively little danger connected with our great ocean liners; no more than with our railroad systems, and not as much as is to be encountered in any automobile drive with the average mechanic at the wheel.

But the sea is traversed continually by small vessels, craft which bring and carry merchandise, sailing vessels do an active business on the sea, and whaling ships still go forth to dangerous battle with the monsters of the deep.

Besides these men, whose work it is to live upon the ocean at all times of year and face all kinds of weather, there is the large organization of life savers composed of the bravest, most daring and self-sacrificing men of the world, for there is no other sea so terrible to encounter as an angry sea.

It is only now and then we read of what these men do; but where one great occasion makes public their splendid courage in saving the lives imperiled by some notable situation of danger, there are hundreds of occasions arising every week where these heroes run the risk of death, because of seeming danger to one unknown individual, or the possible peril of a small craft.

The continual trials under which the life savers live break down their constitutions, sometimes before middle life, and renders them unfit for other vocations.

Therefore, any effort to benefit these brave and noble men is of interest to every thinking citizen, and deserves universal attention and co-operation.

An effort is being made by Charles A. Morgan, No. 522 Wisconsin street, Milwaukee, secretary of the Life Savers' National Benefit Association, to raise money for a fund to care for men disabled in the United States life saving service, and for sick and orphans of men who have lost their lives in the work of rescue.

The object of the association, which is formed of disabled men formerly in the service, is stated in the subscription paper as follows:

"To obtain the means of a modest living for ourselves and the dependents of our members, to save them from the purchase and thereby maintain our honorable standing among our friends and in our community."

"We think we ought to be entitled to that much consideration after faithfully and honorably serving the nation through a long series of years, and we hope to have the assistance of every true American to accomplish it."

"We hope to raise a pension fund through public donations and contributions. The Green's pension fund of this and other great cities was raised in this way. We also want to put up contribution boxes in every great city in the Union in such places as hotels, railroad stations, stores, etc."

"The lifesaving service on the coast of the German empire is maintained in this way: every citizen is required to raise enough money to take care of the 200 crippled men of our association and the 500 widows and orphans of our dead countrymen."

"Sumner T. Kimball, general superintendent of lifesaving service at Washington, D. C., has been asked to aid in the just distribution of the fund."

"Our association has been organized without any capital, and in order to produce about 1,000 contribution boxes we need about \$1,000. After we get started we will be able to take care of ourselves."

These men receive no pension from the Government, save that provision is made that if disabled they receive their pay for two years thereafter, and that in case of death the payment of the salary is continued to a dependent mother.

Efforts have been made for years to secure pension legislation for the lifesavers, but it has been defeated, the opponents of the movement contending that to take this action would be the first step toward establishing a civil pension list.

Let every man or woman with a penny to spare take pride and pleasure in helping to fill these contribution boxes. Every dollar that is contributed to the lifesaving service, and for sick and orphans of men who have given in time.

Seventy-Five Highly Accomplished Polar Bears Coming Here.

SEVENTY-FIVE polar bears in one taken and accomplished in the whole history of animal training.

The animals perform in a specially erected arena surrounded by Polar scenery. Indeed, the whole display is an exhibition in itself. The bears form pyramids and groups, climb ladders, drive about in carriages drawn by ponies with monkeys as outriders, draw sledges containing their companions, drink out of bottles, and a host of other tricks.

Mr. Hagenbeck's most docile animal is White Haven, the somewhat incongruous appellation which has been bestowed upon the clown of the company, a very clever brown bear. He follows his master about the arena and generally acts the comic as all good clowns do. Many of the bears have been taught to drink out of bottles by holding them to their mouths with their fore feet. It is most amusing and comical to watch an enormous white bear, measuring seven feet in length, suddenly sit on a seat, grasp a stone bottle in his great paws, lift it to his mouth and drain its contents, while the band plays a popular song, entitled "Have Another Drink." One of the bears, Daisy, is very fond of lying down on her back while drinking. The bear drinks consist of sweetened water, milk or cold liver oil. All the animals are trained in this a whole company of seven-and-a-half of the former, and few of them object to taking the latter. Indeed, some of them show a preference for it. A couple of gallons of cod liver oil is consumed by the bears every week.

It is a wonderful sight to watch the bears enter the arena. It is almost an endless procession of strolling white monsters. A spectacle that always evokes much applause is Monk's wrestling bout with his trainer. Monk is undoubtedly the most intelligent of the whole troupe. Standing on his hind legs he wrestles with his master in quite the approved fashion. Taking up his position in the center of the mat, he greets his human competitor with a lick of his tongue, as Monk cannot master the knack of shaking hands. Then the contest starts in real earnest, the bear doing his utmost to put the man on his back, while the trainer endeavors to prevent the throw.

The whole performance is very life-like, Monk appearing to put his heart into it. Every now and again giving an ominous growl as he endeavors to get a good grip on his companion with his huge paws. To and fro the strange contestants away until one manages to break away. In so instant they are at it again. This time Monk has got his companion around the waist, the trainer's arm being thrown around the bear's neck. Monk opens his great mouth and snarls, and to the on-looker things begin to look dangerous. But Monk knows the rules, and never bites. At the same time he has a knack of digging his claws rather deeply into one's clothes, and to prevent scratches Mr. Hagenbeck wears a very thick leather waistcoat. Even with this stout garment on he gets an occasional scratch. Monk turns the scale at 1,500 pounds, and, as weight frequently tells in wrestling, the bear often gets the first throw. But a throw is not a victory, and on the mat the contestants push and shove until the shoulders of one touch the ground. But the most interesting and amusing feat, and one that never fails to call for much applause, is the manner in which the bears have been taught to "shoot the chute." The animals climb up a lincined plane until they reach a platform some sixty feet above the ground. Immediately in front of them is the chute, and, to tell the truth, the bears do not care much about venturing onto it. Once on the chute there is no coming back, and it is certainly very comical to watch them fly down into the tank of water below. Some grasp the side of the chute and endeavor to cling there, only to lose their hold when a companion thunders up against them from above. Some reach the water by sliding down backwards, others go head-

In the Shadow.
"You look pale and thin. What's got you?"
"Work! From morning till night, and only a one-hour rest."
"How long have you been at it?"
"I begin to-morrow."—U.K.

The Art of Illustrating.
"We received the drawings safely," said the publisher.
"Good," responded the eminent illustrator. "I wish you'd make your author look at 'em occasionally as we write the book."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Uses of Magic.
A well-known Japanese magician, Ten-toku, who is noted for his skill in mesmerism, was mesmerized by Shidachi, a young member of his company.
"How long do you wish to be?" asked Shidachi and stood by his master's pulse and altitude.—South China Post.