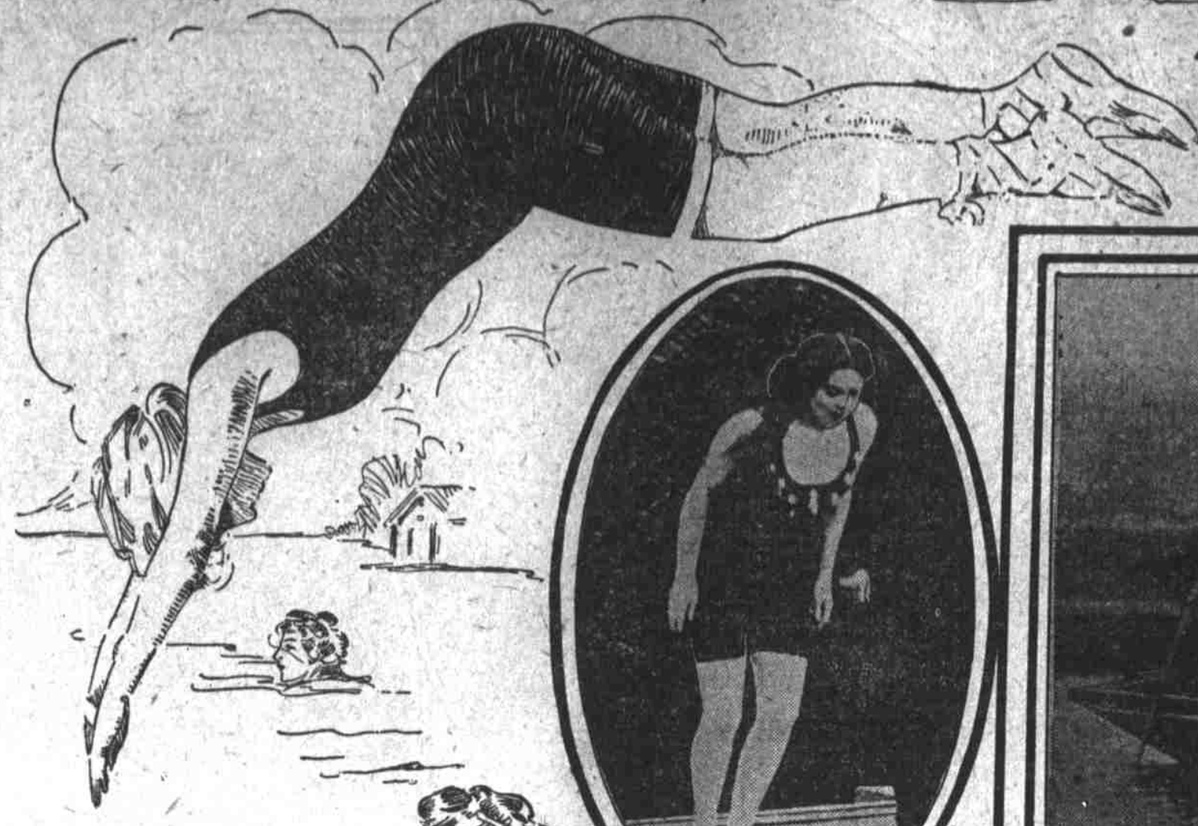
Directoire Bathing Suits -- latest London Fad



GIRLS SWIMMING IN ABBREVIATED COSTUMES IN THE THAMES.

LADY CONSTANCE STEWART-RICHARDSON

RUBY MARKILLIE, LADY MAYORESS AND CRACK SWIMMER

By Maynard Evans.

LONDON, Aug. 20.—Swimming, as a sport for women, is now one of the "passionate pastimes" of the fair sex in England. One of London's most popular lady mayoresses is the winner of four gold medals for diving and swimming, while many women of title have established records at the swimming pools provided by the exclusive clubs in Mayfair. Among these latter are Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson, holder of the Bath club championship trophy for three years; the Duchess of Sutherland and her daughter, Lady Rosemary Leveson-Gower; Lady Diana and Lady Letty Manners; Lady Cairnes, and the popular American women, the Countess of Essex, formerly Miss Adele Grant of New York; Miss Lucie Dodge; Miss Mabel Rainey and others.

Clubs in which women are members, but which have no swimming pools are making arrangements for the use of the Bath club facilities, or those of some public bath. "Ladies' Day" at the baths is becoming one of the most interesting London attractions. At most of the pleasure resorts on the Thames—such as Richmond, Twickenham, Kingston and Windsor—swimming clubs are being organized. Nearly every Saturday afternoon contests in the river may be witnessed, women being the principal contestants.

In England, many of the women's bathing suits are tight-fitting garments similar to those worn by men in America. There are no cumbering skirts, no sleeves, and nothing to retard the progress of the swimmer through the water. These costumes would be regarded in America as somewhat "brief," to say the least, but in England, the swimmer's comfort and convenience is the first consideration, and, while the costume perhaps surpasses the directoire in its clinging adhesiveness, little regard is paid by the ladies to what might truly be described as feminine "shortcomings."

Not only are women winning prizes at the numerous London swimming clubs, but many of them are making records in the open. For instance, in the recent great long-distance swim from Richmond to London—over a course of nearly 15 miles—six women swimmers competed valiantly with the men, and two of them, Miss Armstrong and Miss Smith, covered the distance in a little over four hours.

The "swellest" swimming pool in London is at the Bath club in Bond street. Regular attendants are the royal family. The Princess of Wales and her two little sons, Albert and Edward, learned to swim here, and ewen Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales, was fond of "taking a header" from one of the diving boards.

The present Princess of Wales is a fine swimmer. The two little princes are now experts, having been constant attendants at the Bath club for several years. They were first instructed by Miss Amy Daly, the swimming expert, who gives instruction to lady members of the club. There is a special entrance for lady members of the Bath club, and certain days each week are set aside during which they have exclusive use of the swimming pool, which is 70 feet long by 30 feet wide, tiled throughout. The gallery overlooking the pool at the Bath club is fitted up with a royal box and King Edward often comes to witness some of the "galas" held by lady swimmers. On the recent gala, held on the Fourth of July, in honor of some of the American members of the club, Queen Alexandra paid one of her popular "surprise" visits. The surprise visits of royalty in England, by the way, are generally known a day or so beforehand, so as to prevent royal embarrassments.

Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson is perhaps the most striking personality of all the ladies of title who patronize the Bath club. Her career has been most romantic. Before her marriage in 1904 to Sir Edward Stewart-Richardson, she achieved an international reputation as Lady Constance Mackenzie. Besides being a champion swimmer, she is a fearless rider, a skillful fisherwoman with some big "catches" to her credit, an expert polo player, and a remarkable "whip," being equally skilful with a tandem, a four-in-hand and a pair. In addition to all this, she can play the bagpipes, dance the sword-dance, fence and shoot.

The front of Lady Richardson's bathing costume is covered with medals which she has won both in swimming and diving. She has a very slim figure and always wears black. At all the contests in which she takes part, Lady Constance wins unstinted admiration for her graceful poise and movements. She has been nicknamed the "Swallow" for her ease and swiftness in getting through the water, and for her beautiful dives from high altitudes.

Miss Amy Daly, the instructress of the Bath club, is also an interesting personality "in her own right." Miss Daly has been decorated by the Royal Humane society for plunging into the water fully dressed and saving a woman. She is one of the most expert swimmers in England and has won no end of prizes and gold medals for life-saving, high-diving and "fancy" swimming. Among these last-named feats, might be mentioned the fact that she once swam the length of the bath backwards at the bottom of the water, has covered the length of the bath on the surface with hands tied, and holds a record for the fastest mile. Miss Daly gives instructions three mornings a week, and has adopted certain rules which no one disobeys on pain of being "suspended" from the pool—a dire punishment, considering the enthusiasm of most of the lady swimmers. One of the inexorable rules of Miss Daly is that no one shall stay in the water more than 20 minutes at a time. She believes in swimming every day if possible, but only remaining in the water a few minutes at a time.

Some very fine exhibitions of life-saving are given at the Bath club from time to time. William Henry and Lord Desborough—the latter president of the club—who hold international records as swimmers are instructors in life-saving, and King Edward has given a silver challenge cup which is competed for every year. Lord Desborough, it will be recalled, swam across Niagara river between the falls and the rapids on two occasions some years ago. His daughter, the Honorable Monica Grenfell, is one of the champion swimmers of the Bath club, and also holds a record for life-saving. She is only 13 years old. Another "junior" little lady who has covered herself with glory and gold medals is Miss Joan Dickson-Poynder. She, with Miss Monica Burnand, granddaughter of Sir Francis Burnand of "Punch" fame, have given some splendid exhibitions of what girl swimmers can do. The smallest "lady swimmer" is tiny Diana Hornby, who is only 6 years old, and yet she does an "overhand" stroke which experts say is almost perfect. She is rapidly developing into a lady champion.

One of the most interesting individual lady swimmers in all London is the pretty and charming mayoress of Camberwell, Miss Ruby Markillie. Camberwell, by the way, has a population of 260,000, exceeding that of many big American cities—and in this crowded London area, the lady mayoress holds sway. The position of Miss Markillie is unique. Her father is the mayor of the borough, and under ordinary circumstances, her mother would act as lady mayoress, but, owing to the latter's ill health, the daughter does the honors, which are not altogether a sinecure. The young lady mayoress has to open public meetings, deliver addresses to visiting royalty—should there be any—attend and open bazaars, preside at the laying of cornerstones and perform lots of other public duties, to say nothing of a vast amount of correspondence which is thrown on her hands.

"Yes, I am the lady mayoress," she admitted with modesty, when asked to give some particulars of her career as the youngest lady mayoress in England, being only in her twenty-first year. "When I first had to act as mayoress, I was a little nervous, not being used to public speaking, but, having attended elocution lessons I was not long in overcoming my first fright. I have to attend receptions and do a great deal of other social work connected with the position, but I am becoming quite used to it. I cannot say I enjoy these duties as much as my swimming work, of which I am passionately fond.

"I began to swim when I was only 9 years old, being taught by my father who was an army gymnastic instructor. When about 15 or 16 I went in for high diving, and managed to win four gold medals. I have also won four gold medals for swimming.

"It has only been within the last year or two that we have been able to get women in our district to take an interest in swimming, but the sport seems now to have caught on tremendously. For a long time our swimming club had only 30 members, but it has recently grown to 80 and the numbers are increasing every month. Every year we have a swimming gala, at which all sorts of swimming and diving feats are performed. The girls often prove to be better swimmers and divers than the boys."

The fondness for swimming evinced by the Camberwell lady mayoress has communicated itself to all the young womenfolk within her jurisdiction and the Camberwell baths are among the most popular in all London. On Saturday afternoons the pool—which is a very big one—is crowded, so much so that bathers have to wait their turns for vacant dressing rooms.

London is perhaps unique in providing its inhabitants with fine swimming pools in various parts of the metropolis. Some of these are splendidly fitted up and have been built at great cost. The swimming pools themselves are beautifully tiled basins, graded so that the water is from three to seven feet in depth. Some of these public baths are 120 feet long by 30 to 40 feet wide. The baths are fitted out with every appliance that the heart of the swimmer or diver could desire. At the swimming "galas," held usually once a month at the baths, exciting games of water polo and other sports are held. Frequently mock minstrels—composed of good swimmers—dress up in fancy costume and afford endless fun to spectators by throwing each other into the water and generally indulging in water "horse play." Each London bath is provided with a gallery from which spectators may watch the fun.

The popularity of the London baths may be judged from the fact that although the building of these baths cost a great deal of money, all of them have paid for themselves. The revenue of the London public baths is not obtained wholly from the swimmers who patronize the pools, however, a considerable portion of it comes from the hot baths which are also provided. One can obtain a first class hot bath in London for the modest sum of 12 cents, which is also the price charged for a swim in the pool, including the use of towels and a somewhat abbreviated swimming costume. Second and third class baths are provided for 8 cents and 4 cents, respectively.

COURAGE, THE UNIVERSAL ATTRIBUTE OF MANKIND--By George L. Knapp

PERHAPS no single quality of human nature is more widely diffused or more generally possessed at the present day than the quality of courage. There seems to be hardly a race in the world which does not possess it in some form, and some races seem to possess it in all its forms. The average Chinese is reckoned, or used to be reckoned, a coward. Yet he will deliberately enlist in a service which means almost certain death, stipulating only that the price of his life shall be paid to his parents, and that his body may be taken back to his native land. And with most of the breeds of men courage of nearly any active sort may be taken for granted. It is a very rare thing in any service to hear of a regiment showing the white feather. Yet the regiments in any service are composed of common, ordinary men. If they can be made heroes by a few months' training, then the world is little likely to run short of pluck.

And now we come to a singular thing. Mankind, collectively, if we except a few races, is more liberally and generally endowed with courage than any other quality whatsoever. Yet there is no quality which is so generally worshiped, or which, when shown in unusual circumstances, brings so swift and certain applause. Honesty, kindness, generosity, loyalty to one's own—these are things taken for granted; but courage, which is more common than any single one of them, is deemed somehow a thing at which to marvel.

If you want the explanation of this apparent contradiction, it is not far to seek. Since the child is father to the man, suppose you begin your study with the child. You will find that the baby of even the bravest races is a coward. The earliest emotion the human infant shows is fear. Very likely he has never met any occasion for fear in his little life, but he shows it none the less. He is afraid of falling, though he has never experienced a fall; of strangers, though no one has ever touched him but in kindly service. In other words, his fear is hereditary, instinctive, and as such it points back to a time when fearfulness, not courage, was the commonest human attribute. Human pluck is not a primary, but a secondary affair; it has been slowly acquired through uncounted centuries of evolution, but it is the primary, racial, unreasoning fear that lies submerged in all of us that causes us otherwise meaningless worship of courage. It is a common thing now, but there was a time when it was not so common, and when by consequence it was most bitterly needed. "The courage of a day that knew not death," is a beautiful metaphor—nothing more.

It speaks vividly for the power of social forces to contrast this ancient terror, still present in our children, with the developed courage that has left its mark on a thousand fields throughout all history. From Thermopylae to the Alamo there has seldom been an age so sordid that some deed of valor, some instance of humanity's willingness to die for an idea, does not illumine the time. The Viking pirates of the northern seas were assuredly undesirable citizens from one point of view, but their battle code is worth remembering even yet. "A brave man should attack two enemies, stand to meet three, give ground a little to four, and only retreat before five." And their career of conquest was mainly due to the fact that they lived up to their code—and more. Their ideal was pride and mastery, but as fine things have been done by men whose motive was impersonal patriotism. The 47 Greeks who rowed a fireship into the midst of the Turkish fleet, assembled for the invasion of the Morea, in 1824, had no ancient code and no long record of triumph to spur them on. But they went steadily in, fastened their floating infernal machines to the flagship in spite of a hailstorm of balls—and then they went up, as they had expected to do, in company with the Turkish admiral and his crew and 2,000 soldiers besides.

Yet there seems to be an element of pride in most exhibitions of human courage. Camibronne, flinging his splendid unprintable, insult at the English troops that ringed the remnant of the Old Guard; the doomed men of the Alamo, sneering at the besieging "Greasers"; Sir Richard Grenville, vowing that he had "never turned his back on Don or Devil yet"—all show the haughty pride of the fighting man. The average soldier of each nation thinks his own kind a little better than any others, and though the belief is almost wholly unwarranted, it seems to make for good soldiership. Conan Doyle, who is a good observer when his national sympathies do not get in the way, tells how the French atheist, to whom all religions were alike, stubbornly crossed himself and knelt on the sand before the Mohammedan dervishes, merely because he would not let them think that such savages could scare a Frenchman. It is an imagined incident, but it hits the point.

If we go over the records of human bravery, we can do some extent separate it into classes and kinds. There is the courage which may be likened to the temper of the suicide, which cares nothing whether its owner lives or dies. A story is told of the capture of Peking by the allied troops which illustrates this form of pluck. Dynamite had been laid against a gate in the ancient wall, and a fuse attached. But the fuse went out, was lighted again, and again went out. Thereupon a Japanese soldier remarked that he was really tired of waiting, stepped out of the ranks, raced to the wall, touched off the dynamite, and went up with the gate.

That is the oriental point of view. The white man of the west looks at the matter differently. He longs to live; he has an intensely tenacious hold on life; but he can be as utterly devoted as the most indifferent son of Nippon if the occasion seems to call for it. The case of Revenge, in 1591, is an instance in point. Surprised by a Spanish Armada, she could easily have escaped, but her commander, Sir Richard Grenville, deemed it inconsistent with his honor to run away from the enemy, so he tried to sail through her fleet and was becalmed. The Revenge was captured at last, but not until she had sunk or smashed five Spanish vessels, used up all her powder, lost three quarters of her crew and her captain lay dying.

And yet the supreme courage of the world has not been seen on its battlefields. There is the touch of elbows to keep up a man's fainting courage; there is race pride, and the shame of being the first to flee, and a hundred other aids to good conduct. The old Jesuit mission to the Iroquois and the Hurons had a record of pluck that would put the Old Guard to shame. They were on the firing line, not for an hour, or for a day, but for a life—though that was usually not so long. They faced not the quick death of a bullet, but the most lingering death that the ingenuity of the "gentle savage" could devise—slow fires, and pine splinters stuck into the flesh to burn; seared eyeballs, and scalps torn off the living head. But the order never lacked for volunteers; and those who were ransomed from their captors by the pitying Dutch, and sent to their homes, usually came back to the front again to die at the stake.

The courage of the soldier is less vital than it once was, for war is less frequent and one hopes may at last be abolished altogether. The missionary encounters dangers still, but they are but pleasantries compared to those which confronted the priests of the Canada mission. But, in one form or another, pluck holds its place as the desired of all human qualities, and doubtless will continue to do so. When Walter Reed laid down his life to free Cuba from yellow fever he showed that the blood of heroes had not lost its virtue. When Charles Darwin persisted in his work through a long life, of which scarcely a day was without its physical suffering, he taught the same lesson. Spencer is even a better illustration, for his work as well as his illness lasted longer, and, unlike Darwin, he had neither a comfortable fortune nor a devoted wife to lighten his troubles. And today hundreds of men are risking their lives trying to extend the conquests of man up into the air, or down into the sea, or over the plague-ridden places of the earth. Others like Reed, are endangering their lives in the cause of science, and there are always tens of thousands who seek danger for mere sport.

If pluck will save the world, there is no danger of its perishing. And the humanism, of linking courage to kindness, has well begun.

IS WOMAN INFERIOR TO MAN?--By Dr. T. Claye Shaw, M. D., F. R. C. P.

ARE there really any scientific—or perhaps I should say psychological—grounds for the assertion that woman is naturally the inferior of man?

This cannot be answered by a mere "Yes" or a mere "No." Physically, the answer must be "Yes"; if mentally regarded, not at all. In the early days of human history, when brute force was the sign of superiority, woman, being inferior, exerted her feminine arts of flattery and blandishment to win his admiration and gain his protection.

Returning to the charge, are there not instances in history of women who became rulers of whole tribes, and by so becoming held their own menfolk under subjection? Take Boadicea as an example.

That occasionally did happen, but the fact was probably, in the first instance, due either to there being no male survivors remaining in the tribe, or else to the opposing male faction being extirpated by adherents who were probably bribed to support the new regime. Always, in fact, when there were dissensions amongst the men, woman found her opportunity, and the supremacy of tyrant man was curtailed or abolished.

Illustrations from the animal kingdom are good in only a partial manner. While the male animal would fight for the female, she fought equally fiercely for her young. Today, not her physical strength but her skill in artifice, is woman's most powerful weapon. To every man some member of "the sex" becomes a prize worth winning. And yet because there are many prizes, she resorts to fictitious aids to capture him—ornaments, face powders and beauty preservatives of all sorts are her decoys.

That brings one naturally to a contemplation of dress as a factor in feminine psychology.

As a matter of fact, at first—and even now in some places—there was none. But owing to two conditions, climate and bodily imperfections, some kind of dress or covering became a necessity, and ultimately was elaborated as affording an opportunity for the display of wealth or luxury on the part of womankind. On the other hand, where it was desired to subordinate the sexual to the selfish or intellectual, dress was employed to conceal the figure, even the face being hidden by a veil, as in the case of the religieuse.

The capability of woman to do what is called men's work is a matter of somewhat serious import to our sex, in these days of wholesome female clerical employment. This is an important question to argue and one that is difficult to solve. Theoretically, there seems no reason why women should not do—and do well—a great deal of what is called "men's work"; that is, when they are not handicapped sexually. The one great obstacle to her universal success here is—that her nature is emotional and obstinate rather than logical and coherent.

The suffragette question—in which the fair sex has certainly exhibited a wonderful obstinacy, indeed, is partly due to a sense that, theoretically, there is no good reason why they should not vote if they want to, and partly because they believe that they are really fighting for freedom against male restraint, and partly again because the more men seem determined not to let them have it, so the more obstinately must they try to get it.

As to women being jealous of our sex. Women are not jealous of our sex, but jealous of each other in that relation. But if they are obstinate and wilful, they are, on the other hand, far our superiors in what for want of a definite term, may be called "sympathy."

One hears a great deal about woman's love of amusement. This should not be regarded as one of her prominent psychological traits. Such a thing is very largely the result of want of occupation, and for that matter the stigma attaches just as much to men. It is said that "society women" do not care to have large families because they want to enjoy themselves. The fact is probably altogether the other way about. It is the want of families that drives such women to seek amusement in order to avoid utter boredom and ennui. But even then their extravagances are sometimes an advantage to others. For instance, if women had not liked diamonds the Rand mines would have remained unproductive, while if the taste fails now many thousands will be ruined.

I am not now breaking a lance on behalf of that unpleasant specimen of her sex, the vain and pleasure-loving flirt. Nor do I think that she is wholly to be condemned. It must be remembered that sex selection is always more or less primarily designed to test the real feelings of the opposite sex. Moreover, marriage is a much more serious affair for the woman than it is for the man, always. I believe in most cases the woman, if she flirts, does so in reality merely in order to see whether the condition of such a contract will really suit her.

It is rarely that woman ever gives up the idea of mating. Woman never lived whom age, merely, prevented from accepting an advantageous offer of marriage.

As to the psychological future of woman, one may draw his own conclusions. They are outnumbering men by millions; they are taking over the occupations of men (except fighting and killing, though they might and can do both). They cannot all be married, so that one side of their nature can never be developed. They will probably develop certain latent attitudes. Their environment will be enlarged. First, they will participate, then monopolize, until a revolution will ensue, and the men whom they have ousted will turn and rend them.

Woman has a much superior religious instinct than man. But she may be expected to do so. Church-going is a regular occupation with middle-aged women of the upper middle class, and here they find an outlet for their emotionalism. The same may be said of other fads.

MAKE LIFE WORTH LIVING--By John A. Jayne

JUST the other day a young man who has recently been elected to the treasuryship of a corporation that, from its inception, has had hard sledding, was called to the telephone relative to a long-standing account. He asked the name of the party to whom he was talking, and all the satisfaction he could get at first was that of the firm name that had the account against the corporation. At last in the course of the conversation, the young man said: "Well, it's really no affair of mine, this indebtedness, and as I had my hands full of other work I wish I hadn't taken hold of this. I wish I hadn't accepted the office of the treasurer in the corporation." Then, like a flash, from the unseen and unknown conversationalist at the other end of the line, came the words: "Well, say, old man, the getting of your corporation on its feet, the establishment of its credit and the extension of its influence, those are the things that make life worth living."

Now, that unknown conversationalist and business man at the other end of the 'phone was a keen student of life evidently, and a philosopher withal, for it isn't the easy things of life that make a character and develop its resources, its the hard things. It isn't the easy campaigns through which a general of an army passes, it's the hard ones that reveal himself to himself, show the grit that is in him, and make him a leader and a commander. It isn't the sunshine alone that gives to the oak its virility and strength. It's its ability to resist the storms and the cyclones and the cold of winter. Beautiful lilies may be developed in a hothouse for Easter, but it is the cold of autumn that gives color and radiant beauty to the chrysanthemum of the fall.

Most people, however, in this world want the easy task. They are on the lookout for the soft snap. They don't want the place where they have to dig, delve and do. But soft snap people rarely become anything more than easy marks for people of rugged and determined disposition.

Strange as it may appear, the school of adversity is the best school for the average young man. Not often, though possibly more frequently than formerly do you hear of the sons of wealth coming to great positions of responsibility and power.

You pass through great offices in this big city, look into the faces of the men who are occupying the seats of authority, they are, as a rule, young men who have started at the bottom of the ladder and worked themselves, slowly but surely, from the bottom to the top. Get out into the factories, look into the eyes of the foreman, the gang leaders, they are the eyes of young men who started in at very small wages and humble positions. Not full-orbed do men leap into maturity. See successful men 60 years of age, in the great majority of instances they are men who, in early youth and young manhood toiled early and late for the privilege of advancement that waits round the corner for the man who has the courage, strength and persistency to begin, continue and hang on.

Hard work rarely kills men. Idleness has wrecked millions of lives.

"An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Work is the greatest blessing ever given by the Eternal to man. Instead of its being a curse it has proved his salvation. Take away from him the necessity of work and you make his life of no more value than that of the house dog or the cat that purrs and warms herself in the sun.

More and more we are beginning to learn that the things that make a life are the things that require work, compel thought, demand application and energy. He who works intelligently, doing the best that he can with his work, will find each day a growing determination to do better things that will bring him at last to summits of success, where streams of influence are his to direct and great units of power his to control.

Doubtless this seems trite to the man who has long considered life in its many aspects, but where there is one who has learned the lesson there are thousands who have not learned it and for them the lesson is pressed home tonight. The lesson is, the things that make a life are the hard things, ofttimes the disagreeable things. He who works with necessity and tarries with toil shall rise some fine morning to find inwrought into his heart and character a strength and power that no man can give and no man can take away.

The old know the lesson doubtless. The young need to learn it. Will you learn your lesson, young man, will you learn it?

Some Day.

Some day the icicles will make
A fringe upon the tree;
Some day unruly winds will shake
The house in boisterous glee.

Dark closets some day, we with care
Will hopefully explore
And toss the moth-balls forth and wear
Our overcoats once more.

Some day we'll change the story old
Which tells of man's hard lot
By simply saying "ain't it cold!"
Instead of "ain't it hot!"
—Washington Star.

Raising Hay on Right of Way.

From the Kansas City Journal.

The Missouri Pacific is leasing its right of way to farmers along the track near Mankato at 20 cents an acre, to be farmed to within six feet of the side of the ties. No crop except a hay crop of some sort is to be allowed on the right of way. The rate of 20 cents an acre indicates that the Goulds are not trying to increase their income, but have adopted this plan to keep the right of way clean of weeds.

There are in Holland many societies of from 10 to 15 members whose object it is to get goods at wholesale rates. The usual method is to advertise in the newspapers and receive bids.