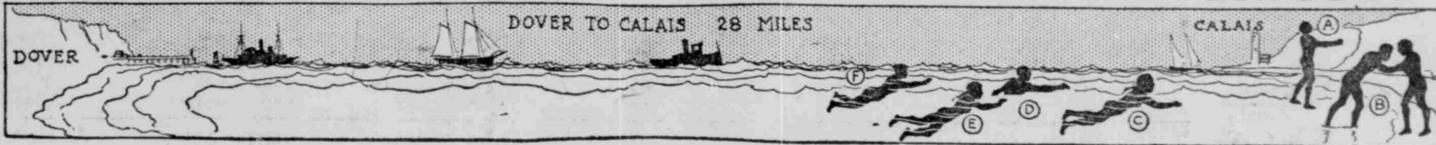


# "I'll Swim to France to Win Votes for Women!"



How the Channel Has Baffled All but Two Swimmers.

Only Two of the Countless Attempts to Swim the English Channel Have Succeeded. Captain Webb, (A), an American, First Accomplished the Feat in 1875 and He Was Followed 36 Years Later by William Burgess, (B), an Englishman. Annette Kellerman, (E) Gave It Up After Going 20 Miles and Rose Petanoff Also Failed. Wolfe, an English Swimmer, (D), Covered 17 Miles of the Distance and Lily Smith, Who Is Now Going to Make Another Attempt, Once Came Within Eight Miles of Reaching Calais.

## Miss Lily Smith, One of England's Prettiest and Most Athletic Suffragettes, Who Will Brave the Treacherous Currents of the Channel to Prove That Woman Is Man's Physical Equal

Miss Lily Smith and Her Sisters Gwendoline and Nellie Who Are Almost as Much at Home in the Water as She Is.



Rose Pitonoff, the American Swimmer, on Her Unsuccessful Attempt to Swim the English Channel.



Miss Lily Smith, Wearing Some of the 73 Medals She Has Won in Swimming Contests

what had been prophesied, Miss Smith decided to do something in the following year which would go further than any prophesies made up to that time—she decided to swim the Solent from Southsea to the Isle of Wight and return, a distance of twelve miles each way.

She trained faithfully for this event all during the Spring of 1911, for the proposed feat was a difficult one, having been performed previously by only one swimmer, Horace Davenport, who accomplished it in 1884.

Leaving Southsea on the minute of 6 o'clock, August 21, she started bravely on the first leg of the journey, reaching Ryde Pier, which marked the end of it, at 10:45. She merely touched the pier, and immediately started on the return journey. When within five miles of Southsea she received a serious cut on the knee from a submerged barrel with which she came in contact. She did not give up the struggle, though the wound bled profusely, but bandaged the limb while still in the water and then resumed her task. She kept on pluckily for half an hour longer, but the injured member proved to be too great a handicap, and so, against her own wishes but acting on the advice of her trainer, Walter Brickett, she gave up the battle.

This was a remarkable performance because the Solent waters are even more dangerous and flow with greater speed than those in the Channel. It was her showing on this occasion that won her the confidence of her friends and the praise of her compatriots, and from then on she has been regarded as a fit candidate for the cross-channel swim. She was still fresh when she was forced to leave the Solent on account of her injury, and this in spite of the fact that she had swam nineteen miles. That she would have finished—and in good time—had she not met with the barrel, there is not the least doubt.

During that swim it was her lot to pass very close to H. M. S. Thunderer, which was in the Solent. The officer on watch earned a little notoriety for himself by ordering a boat manned and lowered and having it row around and around his ship when she approached. He was under the impression that Miss Smith was merely swimming from shore to the Thunderer, and he was determined that she would not be permitted to land on the vessel. Hence, he had put out a boat to keep her off. When those who were accompanying her on a tug shouted through a megaphone and told Miss Smith's real intention, the boat was called in and every man on the Thunderer came on deck to give three cheers for the plucky English girl.

Miss Smith's next accomplishment in the water was a swim from Worthling to Brighton, a matter of twelve miles, which she did in four hours and thirty-five minutes, coming in only six minutes after Jabez Wolfe,

who swam in competition with her. Not all of Miss Smith's triumphs were won in long-distance events, nor were they confined to competitions held in England. In 1909 she went to France, and at Rouen succeeded in capturing third place in a competition involving eleven men besides her, the one woman. In a 1,000-metre race held over a course in the Seine during that same year she led the way right from the start to the finish line, and was followed by all the other competitors in the race—eighteen of them, and all of them men.

In all, Miss Smith has won seventy-three medals for her prowess.

The Channel swim, which she has tried once and which she will try again, has been attempted many times by Jabez Wolfe, who is frequently her trainer. Wolfe once got within three miles of the French shore, being forced to leave the water.

Annette Kellerman was the first woman who ever made the attempt and who was qualified to make it. Seaside sickness brought about Miss Kellerman's withdrawal after she had been in the water over four hours and had travelled over twenty miles. "Seaside sickness will be the greatest obstacle to all women who attempt to swim the Channel," she announced at that time, and she was evidently correct, for Miss Smith was troubled with mal de mer when she tried it last year, and she has never before been so troubled in any of the long swims she had made.

Will Miss Smith end man's supremacy in the water? She will not be the first woman who has attempted to do so at least. In 1901 Mme. Isacescu, an Austrian woman, swam forty-eight miles in the waters of the Danube and did it in eight hours and ten minutes. No man has succeeded so far in equalling that record. Mme. Isacescu became famous after that, and was looked upon as one who would, without doubt, be able to swim from Dover to Calais if she but made the attempt. Her friends and all those interested in swimming in Austria urged her again and again to try it, but she would not do so.

Agnes Beckwith, mentioned above, established some records that have never been lowered. Over a ten-mile course in the Thames she swam in two hours and forty-one minutes. She swam twenty-five miles in the ocean and took only nine hours and thirteen minutes to do it. Her record for twenty miles was six hours and twenty-eight minutes.

Another record held by a woman is that of Miss Annie Johnson, an English girl, who, in 1899, succeeded in remaining under water for three minutes, eighteen and one-fifth seconds.

But if Miss Smith succeeds in crossing the Channel her record will eclipse all others held by women—and mainly for the aid and glory of woman suffrage.

"I AM going to swim the Channel in order to demonstrate that woman is the physical equal of man. I am going to put a stop forever to all this twaddle about the weaker sex. Yes, I am a firm believer in Woman Suffrage."

So declares Miss Lily Smith, who is known up and down England as the peer of all lady swimmers in Great Britain, and who is frequently referred to as the "English Water Lily." You may pick up your morning paper on any one of the remaining days of this month to read a London dispatch telling of Miss Smith's success in swimming across from Dover to Calais, for she intends to try it before the first November morn makes its appearance.

Miss Smith is a suffragette, yet does not advocate the throwing of hatchets at prime ministers or the smashing in of plate-glass windows in order to get the vote. Other women may pursue the militant course, even her two athletic sisters, if they wish, but by demonstrating that the sexes are physically equal—intellectual equality she takes for granted—she expects to be of better service toward winning the franchise for her sex.

The distance between Dover and Calais is twenty-eight miles, and were it a question of distance alone Miss Smith's task would be an easy one, but the Channel waters are treacherous, embracing as they do many currents and counter currents. Only two human beings have succeeded in swimming across this bit of water that has made the history of England what it is, the first person having succeeded having been the famous American swimmer, Captain Webb. He did so in 1875 just a few years before he lost his life in an attempt to swim the Niagara Rapids. In 1911, thirty-six years after Cap-

tain Webb established his unique record, the feat was again accomplished, this time by a Yorkshire blacksmith named William Burgess, but between the date of Webb's success and that of the Englishman's swimmers innumerable have had their tries at it, only to be helped out of the water before the French shore was reached. Not all of them were men, for at least two women have had their chances at it. They were Annette Kellerman and Rose Pitonoff. It is seen, therefore, that if the "English Water Lily" crosses successfully she will have just reason to be proud.

She has tried it once. On September 11, 1912, she dived from the government pier at Dover and started out with a strong stroke for the other side and kept at it for six and one-quarter hours, but then, like Miss Kellerman, she was overcome with seasickness and had to give it up. Nevertheless, she had covered a distance of twenty miles in that time, which is something of a record in itself.

Honors have come to Miss Smith and other members of her family so often, however, that their novelty has worn off. Her father is James G. Smith, a superintendent in the London County Council Fire Department, and wears many medals for bravery and life saving. Two years ago he made his way through smoke and ammonia fumes in order to rescue three men who were entrapped in a burning refrigerating plant, and for the deed won the plaquid of all London. But he is a man who would rather not talk of his own triumphs and prefers to speak of those of his daughters, for Lily's sisters, the

Misses Nellie and Gwendoline, as well as herself, have won medals again and again for feats in the water.

Lily had earned the title of "Champion of all London" before she was fifteen years old by virtue of her success in many competitions. During her sixteenth year she swam for five hours side by side with Jabez Wolfe, who was at the time attempting to cross the Channel. The young girl's daring on this occasion was quite disquieting to her father, for though he knew that she was a capable swimmer he did not like the idea of seeing her sporting in such treacherous waters for such a length of time.

He and his daughter were on the tugboat that was accompanying Wolfe, and when they left the English shore no one in the party suspected that Lily intended to enter the water, even though she was wearing a bathing suit. Suddenly, when they were half way across, she announced that she would try to swim to land and dived overboard. Both she and Wolfe had to give up the struggle, however, for a strong wind came up, and blowing in exactly the opposite direction than that followed by the current, kicked up such rough water that for the most of the

time the swimmers could not be seen by those on the tug.

In her seventeenth year Miss Smith made the fifteen-mile swim from Richmond to Blackfriars Bridge, in the Thames. She was pitted against thirty-four men at the time and crossed the finish line ahead of twenty-five men, having covered the distance in four hours and nine minutes. This was in 1907, and that marks the date of the first swimming competition in which women and men were both entered. She made equally good showings over the same course in 1908 and 1909.

She first made England sit up and take notice when, in 1910, she covered twenty miles through rough water in six hours and thirty-five minutes. She started at Dover, struck out for Ramsgate and then came back down the Channel to Deal.

This was the most remarkable feat accomplished in the water by any woman up to that time and bore out the prophesy made by that great

sportsman, Sir John Astley, when in 1876 Agnes Beckwith, a girl still in her teens, swam from London Bridge in Greenwich, a distance of five miles, in one hour and seven minutes. The Baronet said at that time, "I should not have believed it possible had I not seen it with my own eyes. After this I can say that I am sure the time will come when a twenty-mile swim will be accomplished by a woman."

Not content with merely doing

## My Secrets of Beauty—By Mme. Lina Cavalieri—How to Restore the Lost Beauty to Your Arms

### Oh, Yes; She Understood.

A teacher in one of the public schools was endeavoring to impress upon her pupils the fact that a plural subject takes a verb in the plural. "Remember this," she said, "girls are, boys are; a girl is, a boy is. Now do you understand it?" Every hand in the room was raised in assent. "Well, then," continued the teacher, "who can give me a sentence with girls—plural, remember?" This time one hand was raised, and that belonged to a pretty little miss. "Please, ma'am," she said, with all the assurance of a primitive reasoning, "I can give a sentence. 'Girls are my hat on straight!'"

### Not a Racehorse.

A man was attending to his motor. "Trouble?" asked a bystander. "A little," was the laconic answer. "What power car is it?" "Forty horse," came the answer. "What seems to be the matter with it?" "Well, from the way she acts, I should say that thirty-nine of the horses were dead."

### A Glad Relief.

"Thank Heaven, those bills are not rid of," said Bilkins fervently, as he tore up a bundle of statements of accounts dated May 1. "All paid up," said Mrs. Bilkins. "Oh, no," said Bilkins. "The duplicates dated June 1 have come in, and I don't have to keep these any longer."

SUMMER, that added 50 per cent to your stock of vitality; that brightened your eyes and melted away pounds of superfluous flesh, that gave your movements a new strength and freedom, has robbed you, you complain, of the beauty of your arms. Even the one who ordinarily sees only perfection in you has looked with disfavor on their coarsened brown surface.

You are right. It is time to do something about it, for the brown or freckled skin that did not look amiss protruding from short pink or blue linen sleeves will look quite otherwise against the delicate background of your evening gown.

Begin by doing what would have protected your arms and saved you much of this mortification as to their present appearance had you but known. The dipping of the arms into salt water at the shore has coarsened the texture of the skin. This was because you did not take the precaution of well-informed housewives, who are careful to preserve their good looks, rubbing olive oil or nutton tallow freely into the arms before they are exposed to contact with the water. By doing this dish washing is robbed of its terrors. From this time keep your arms as moist with oil or tallow as formerly they were with salt water. Soon the texture will improve.

The saline air, combined with the salt water, may have irritated your skin, which is naturally sensitive. In that case use no soap, but instead use a handful of oatmeal or of almond meal when bathing your arms. The sensitiveness will disappear and the skin resume a silken texture if you patiently apply this lotion at morning and at night and as often between as circumstances permit.

Orange flower water..... 6 drams  
Glycerine ..... 3/4 ounce  
Powdered borax ..... 3 drams

If your arms have been sunburned at mountain shore or field, begin promptly on your return from your vacation, or before, to use a good bleach on them. This spread freely on the arms as a paste gives gratifying results with a few applications.

Beat, until light, the yolk of one egg, forty drops of benzoin poured into the egg drop by drop, and an ounce of glycerine and an ounce of rose water. After spreading this thickly over the arms from wrist to elbow, wrap loosely around the arms a long strip of cheese cloth, fastening the bandage at elbow and wrist with safety pins. These should be allowed to remain on the arms all night.

than they might. If you dislike "bother" or are really too busy to "fuss," as you Americans say, with these nightly applications, give your arms daily baths in this easily prepared arm tub: Into two quarts of warm water pour two heaping cupfuls of oatmeal and add a dozen drops of benzoin. Plunge your arms into this bath to the elbows, leaving them thus to soak for five minutes or longer.

Into this bath some English women who have beautiful arms pour the juice of a lemon to whiten the arms, but it is more effectual to rub the arms thoroughly with slices of lemon after the bath.

After these baths rub cold cream freely into the arms, or use an oil instead. It is mere extravagance to use your expensive face cream for such purpose. Olive oil or coconut oil will suffice. Have you had a good look at your elbows since you returned from your Summer vacation? Probably those neglected parts of your body haven't met your eye for months. Hold them up before the mirror and critically inspect them. I thought so; you are horrified. You ask how long they have been brown and coarse and calloused? No one knows or will tell, but those elbows can quickly and easily earn you the reputation of being neglectful of your appearance—in other words, of not being well groomed.

Half fill your hand with olive or cocconut oil and rest the elbow of the other arm in it. Gently massage it round and round until the starved elbow has been well fed. Treat the other arm in the same way. Then repeat the process, resting the elbow this time in half a lemon. This will whiten them as effectually as the former process softened them. Or should they be persistently discolored, mix a teaspoonful of powdered pumice with half that quantity of lemon juice and rub the discolored spot gently with it.

Perhaps much rowing or golf playing or swimming has forced the outer bone of the wrist to come into unlovely prominence. Massage the knob gently with cocconut or olive oil. As the tissues surrounding the unsightly bone are fed, they gradually fill out and surround the protruding bone, veiling if not quite hiding it. The freedom from long sleeves

and exposure to sun and air may have caused the hair to grow more profusely than you like on your arms.



Mme. Lina Cavalieri, Whose Arms Are Among Her Greatest Charms.

If that be true, do not use one of the coarsening depilatory powders on skin already coarsened by Summer exposure. Instead, aid the process of whitening the arms by bathing them in equal parts of peroxide or hydrogen and witchhazel. The peroxide gradually whitens the hairs, at the same time weakening their roots, so that ultimately some of them will fall out.