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WOMEN AND THE BATH

IT IS REGARDED BY THEM AS A GREAT BEAUTIFIER.

How They Use It and Increase Its Effectiveness by Massage—Great Changes Wrought in Recent Years—Beauty's Baths in Other Countries.

There is no doubt that women are beginning to realize more and more the importance of the bath. It no longer certifies to be a perfunctory duty, to be gone through with as a matter of course on Saturday night, much as the family washing is undertaken on Monday.

The relation of cleanliness to goodliness has grown to be of importance. The bath has grown to be considered, on the contrary, a close adjunct to woman's beauty. The fair sex have learned to study the bath and its effects upon their feelings, and incidentally the action of tepid or hot water on their fair skins and its efficacy in softening and beautifying their complexions.

No longer can it be said that with the majority of American women a bath means simply wiping the face with a corner of a wet towel, even if the statement was ever true.

The women of foreign countries in the past undoubtedly had a greater appreciation of the near relation of the bath to personal beauty than the women of the United States. That a great change in this direction has been wrought is evident from the greater intelligence shown by the American women today in the matter of bathing and their growing predilection for what is known as Swedish massage.

In nearly all the larger Turkish baths or hammam here in New York city special accommodations are provided for ladies, and the proprietor of a well known establishment assured me the other day that he has five woman patrons today where he had one a few years ago.

Besides these regular public Turkish baths there are many young women who make a very good living as skilled operators in the art of massage. Some of them are also manicures and hair dressers, but primarily they are massage operators.

These young women ordinarily have a clientele which embraces a class of customers who can afford to pay well for what they want and do not hesitate to do so.

Some years ago massage operators found their customers chiefly among invalids or people who desired relief of getting rid of their superfluous flesh. Today many women, young and old, take a thorough massage after their bath three or four times a week, and declare that besides softening and beautifying the skin it rests and soothes their entire nervous system. This massage they receive at home immediately after leaving the bath.

Massage, by the way, is a particular fad among those bright eyed, wholesome young women who affect tennis, riding, fencing and other athletic exercises which come within the feminine province.

Immediately after finishing a bout with the foils, a deuce set at tennis or a brisk dash in the park, there is nothing that a young woman finds more delightful than a dip in her porcelain bathtub, followed by the best part of an hour in the hands of an expert operator.

When she has finished such a treatment she emerges from her bonneted lilt of limb, graceful carriage, her eyes dancing and her whole face glowing with health, a perfect picture of that of which we are all so proud, a comely American girl full of animal spirits and a native wit which has made her a favorite everywhere.

Long ago the women of the old countries appreciated the advantages of the bath and its power to enhance their personal charms. The almond-eyed Japanese beauty, with her darker complexion and gentle manners, gives an added suppleness and smoothness to her skin by a nightly bath and a morning dip in water as hot as she can stand.

This plan, while it is said to work admirably with the Japanese women, would doubtless prove dangerous in this land of colds and rheumatism.

English girls have never been noted like their American cousins for their taste in dress, but what they lack in chic they make up for in other ways. The healthy, fresh complexion and beautiful skin of English women have been noted the world over.

Of course in England women go in for riding to hounds and all kinds of athletics, but I have it direct from the lips of an English mother that she believed that the beautiful complexions with which her daughters were blessed were due more than anything else to the plunges which they took in cold water every morning immediately after arising.

The dip in cold water is followed by a brisk rub until the skin is all aglow and as soft and pliable as velvet. Of course there is considerable shock attendant upon a plunge in cold water, and it should never be attempted by weak or delicate girls, or, in fact, by any one whose skin does not assume a healthy, red hue after being vigorously rubbed.

The Frenchwoman as typified, at least, by the Parisienne is nothing if not luxurious in her tastes. She pays the greatest attention to her bath and is also an ardent devotee of massage. After her morning bath, which she takes in lukewarm water, she indulges in a hasty shower bath, after which she lies down for her massage.

Her passion for perfumes then leads her to be lightly sprayed with violet water, while scented oil powder is sifted into her hair, to be carefully brushed out again later by her maid. After all this sort of thing is over you can imagine what a radiant, fragrant picture of health and sweetness the French belle presents when her toilet has been completed.

In Brazil the women are said to be partial to bathing in milk, but, never having been there or ever having had the pleasure of the acquaintance of a Brazilian belle, I cannot speak with authority on that point. It is well known, however, that milk has an excellent effect upon the complexion and is also very efficacious in softening the skin.

It is impossible to lay down any general rule as to how the bathing habit should be indulged in, for what would be good for one would be dangerous for another. The best way is to remember that the bath is not to be regarded as an aid to cleanliness alone, but rather as an aid to health, personal attractiveness, to say nothing of the wisdom and wealth which are commonly supposed to attend upon early rising.

One Way of Quietening a Child. I was teaching my child—about five years old—to read. She did not wish to read at that time, and began to make a series of horrible howls, remaining at the same time perfectly dry eyed. I turned to do some writing, when, after a time, finding I paid no attention to the noise she was making, she said in her sweetest voice, "Don't I interrupt you, mother?" Upon my answering, "Not in the least, my dear," the noise was stopped, and she quietly resumed her reading.—Fanny Kemble in "Further Records."

A Foregone Conclusion. He—Miss Clara, you do love me so to make fun of me. You mustn't think I'm as big a fool as I look. Clara—Oh! Mr. Supple, I couldn't think that, you know.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

Extraordinary Event. "I hear your shooting party had an accident. Is it true?" "Yes—Billy Smith shot a duck."—Smith & Gray's Mouthly.

ADVICE TO NED.

'Tis very delightful to love, we are told; But what can I do," said he. "If the maiden I happen to love be cold, And her people don't care for me?"

Well, among the first things I would recommend, That bear on the subject at all, Is to make her small brother your taffy bought friend, So he'll take himself off when you call.

And agree with her father's political views, With her mother's religious belief, And you'll find their consent will hardly refuse— If your worldly goods be not too brief.

Then if while the sun shines you wish to make hay, Let your visits be short, for you know 'Tis far wiser to go while she wants you to stay.

Than to stay till she wants you to go. And if she be pretty, admire her great mind. In preference to praising her features, If her commonplace sayings quite witty you find, You'll be held most farseeing of creatures.

Other fellows have said she was lovely before, But if you can persuade her she's clever, You may show to your most hated rival the door. And make her adore you forever.

But if she be plain, though possessed of some wit, Let her know you consider her pretty; To say softly, "Your smile, dear, with beauty is lit." Will go farther than crying "How witty!"

If you'll make a most lasting impression, dear Dilate on her beauty and grace; For she'll probably give all the sense in her head For the nose on a pretty girl's face. —Brooklyn Life.

Nothing at All to Fear. It was a terrible risk. Not a man was there in all the vast throng who dared brave the dangers of hissing flames and tottering walls.

Human lives hung in jeopardy, waiting in awful suspense for some intrepid rescuer. "I will save them."

A thousand faces turned eagerly at the sound. They saw a woman. With flashing eyes and heaving bosom she paused a moment. Fragile as she was there was that in her aspect which filled the multitude with awe. Spellbound, the people breathed not.

"Stand aside!" A burly fireman had barred the way of the heroine. "It is foolhardy!" he exclaimed. "Have you no fear, girl?"

She laughed scornfully. "Look you!" She turned a withering glance upon the man. "For ten years I have worn in public every species of dress reform garment brought out during that time. Do you imagine I am afraid of anything?"

With a bound she was lost to view among the blazing timbers.—Detroit Tribune.

Total Loss.



"Dear mamma, please give me another candy. I've lost mine."

"Why, where have you lost it?" "In my stomach."—Harper's Bazar.

Ready for Him. "These apple dumplings of yours, Lobe-lia," said Mr. McSwat heartily, "in their way are a little ahead of anything I've seen. You have no objection to my putting one of them in my pocket and taking it down to the office, have you?"

"Certainly not, Billinger," replied Mrs. McSwat; "I am glad they please you, dear."

"Now then," muttered Mr. McSwat slyly, as he walked down town with his hand in his right overcoat pocket, "I'd just like to see that everlasting crooked legged snub nosed dog in the next block run out and snap at me again!"—Chicago Tribune.

A Father's Advice. Son—Father, I've made up my mind to propose to Dolly Flicker and I want a new suit. Father—Well, my son, my advice is to go around to see her father first.

Son—Can I have the suit? Father—You had better call on him in your old clothes.—New York Herald.

During the Rush. "Are you through with that cake of soap, sir?" said the timid man in the hotel washroom as he reached for the soap dish. "Hold on, there," said the gentleman he had addressed; "there are fourteen men ahead of you for that soap. Wait your turn. Next!"—Chicago News-Record.

Man Proposes, but Woman—Old man (after half an hour's talk against bachelorhood)—Now there's you, for instance. Why ever don't you get married? Young man (promptly)—I'm sure I don't know. Ask the girl I proposed to last night.—Boston Globe.

Got There First. Fen'herstone—Do you remember that Miss Flyaway that you introduced me to? I came near kissing her the other night. Ringway—What prevented you? Fen'herstone—She got ahead of me.—Truth.

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CHILDREN'S COLUMN.

Kissing Time. Margery sat in the lane alone, A "shepherd's clock" she blew, And "now," she cried, and "two" she cried, As down the petals flew.

"What's o'clock, sweet Margery?" Said Willie at the gate, "Half past kissing time, So you are just too late."



"Half past kissing time?" Said Willie, sore, downcast, "I don't believe your clock is right, It goes a tick too fast."

And taking her sweet hand in his, And picking up the "two's", He showed her how to put it back Exactly half an hour.

But that is fifty years ago; They both are old folks now; They love to saunter down the lane, Where first they made their vow. Those quaint old words, they linger still, But with a sweeter sound, 'Tis never "half past kissing time," While love's true wheels go round.

The Cat Saved the Young Bird. In the mountain districts of Pennsylvania two wrens had built their nest under the eaves of an old farmhouse, and there they reared a small and interesting family.

Among the attachments of the farmer's household was a white cat, and when the wrens became so tame that they used to hop around the piazza in search of crumbs the cat would lie in wait for them, and several times came within an ace of catching the adult birds. When the farmer noticed this he kicked the cat, and she finally learned that it was dangerous to fool with the wrens.

When the baby wrens grew larger one of them one day fell out of the nest, and lay helpless on the grass. The cat saw the accident and ran rapidly to seize the bird, but seeming to remember the lesson taught her, when she reached the helpless little thing she only touched it daintily with her paw and then lay down and watched it. Presently there came a black and yellow garden snake toward the fluttering birdling. The cat was dozing and was awakened by the fluttering of the bird. Instantly she rose and struck at the reptile with her paw. This was an enemy the snake did not appreciate, but it was hungry, so it darted forward and attempted to seize the bird under the very shelter of the cat's head.

Like a flash the cat seized the snake just back of the head and killed it with one bite. When the farmer happened along in the afternoon he found the cat crouching in the grass sheltering the bird, and ten feet away lay the dead snake. This made it clear that the cat had carried the bird away from the snake, and the young adventurer was soon restored to its anxious parents.—Brandon Bucksway.

England's Rulers. First William the Norman, then William his son, Henry, Stephen and Henry, then Richard and John.

Next Henry the Third, Edward one, two and three. And again after Richard three Henries reigned. Two Edwards, third Richard, if rightly I guess, Two Henries, sixth Edward, Queen Mary Queen Bess;

Then James the Scotsman, then Charles, whom they slew; But received after Cromwell another Charles too. Then James the Second ascended the throne, And good William and Mary together came on, Till, Anne, Georges four and fourth William, all past, God sent England Victoria; may she long be the last! —Selected.

His Relations Puzzled Him. Charlie is a little boy with a peculiar mixed lot of relations. He has among others a great aunt, a stepuncle and some stepbrothers and sisters, to say nothing of a grandfather and a great-grandmother.

The other day, after his brother had left the house to escort a young lady home, Charlie said, "Mamma, if Harry marries will he be my brother, just the same as he is now?" "Certainly," said mamma; "why do you ask?" "I thought maybe he might be my stepbrother of a grand or great something or other," and Charlie gave a little sigh as if he felt that life held some puzzling problems.—New York Recorder.

Didn't Break the Rule. Tom had been kept in at school for talking out loud. "Why did you do it, Tom?" asked his mamma. "Didn't you know that it was against the rules?" "No," said Tom. "Teacher only said I mustn't whisper, and I didn't."—Exchange.

The King's Drum. This splendid picture, by Mr. J. W. Joy, represents the incident of 1794, when the drummer boy, having been ordered to beat his drum for the enemy, destroyed the parchment, saying sturdily, "The king's drum shall never be beaten by rebels." The engraving is very fine. It would be very suitable, if tastefully framed, for the walls of a boy's own room.—Harger's Bazar.

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