

IN A RUSSIAN BATH.

EVELYN MALCOLM, THE WRITER, GIVES HER EXPERIENCE.

She Had a Good Time and Was Perfectly Satisfied—A Nice Place to Nibble Sweetmeats, Gossip and Be Drowsily Happy. Sighs to Be Primitive.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 27.—My first Russian bath! It was one of those languid spring days that seem to make one's vitality ooze through the finger tips. Even in a thin spring gown I felt uncomfortably warm while walking up Broadway in the morning sun, but that was nothing to the hot, dry draft which blew against my face as I entered the hallway of the substantial mansion on a spacious side street, luxuriously fitted up with Russian, Turkish, Roman, electric and sulphur baths. After receiving my check from the clerk in the hall I went down a quaint, carved staircase to the Russian baths on the lower floor.

As I lingered in the rug strewn passage way taking in this first glimpse I saw a girl coming toward me. She was one of the bath attendants, and except for the pile of towels hanging on her arm looked a veritable nymph. Her clothing consisted of two ordinary sized rough towels. One was fastened about her waist; the other was crossed slantwise from right shoulder to left hip. This scant drapery, the effect of the light on her smooth, shapely shoulders and arms; her light, untrammelled step; the damp, natural rings of hair clustering around forehead and neck, made a charming ensemble. Alas, when I saw the same young woman after bath hours she was ordinary in the extreme. Any one skeptical about nature's triumph over art should see a bath attendant in working gear and then with the addition of high heeled shoes, tied back skirts, bang and tip tilted hat. The difference is pathetic.



"JUST SOAK YOUR HEAD." She took my check, gave me a sheet and led the way to one of the compartments lining the hall. These "rooms," so called by way of courtesy, are little more than closets, each furnished with a roomy, cedar down couch, a Turkish table and a mirror. Curtains on brass rods divide them. For this reason, as I soon discovered, conversation between intimates from room to room, unless carried on in a very low tone, can be heard by nearly everybody else. Before I left the bath I had overheard so many bits of toothsome gossip, so many characters torn to bits, so many fads discussed, that I was a howling success at a 5 o'clock tea afterward.

The place was very hot, and it was delightful to lay aside the fripperies which our modern civilization has decreed that no properly dressed woman can do without, and wrapped only in a cool, lavender scented sheet hurry down the hall to penetrate the mystery of the steam-room. As I opened the glass door, blurred with mist, a medley of sounds reached my ear. There was a terrific hissing of steam, pouring of water, feminine voices of many qualities and accents, exclamations, laughter, groans and admissions.

I could see scarcely anything and stood irresolute near the door until an attendant bore down upon me with a folded towel and an earthen bowl filled with water.

"Just soak your head," she said hurriedly and led me to a seat on a marble slab where the steam eddied in thick circles. Women were all about me, but I could not see them distinctly. They were half defined like so many phantoms. Suddenly I felt a light but distinctly fleshy touch upon my shoulder. No one was sitting beside me, so what could it be? It came again and again. Well, if it was nothing mortal it must come from above, so I looked up. The explanation was so purely physical that my embryo spiritualistic throb vanished. On the slab above me I made out a reclining, girlish form. Her foot was idly dangling, and as she swayed it to and fro her big toe came in contact with my shoulder. A very pretty foot it was, too, belonging, as I found out afterward, to a little cubretta whose trills in an opera bouffe I had listened to only the preceding night.

This gives some idea of the democracy prevailing at a Russian bath. Before I had been an hour in the place a languid blond was chatting about the baths she had taken the preceding summer at Baden Baden, another had confided to me that she had heart trouble, and a stout woman with a coy, apologetic manner had borrowed one of my hairpins.

At length, with a great spluttering, the steam was turned off, and I saw the place clearly. It was a large room, with marble walls and ceilings. Through a large, half opened skylight the sunlight struggled with the steam. Broad shelves in three tiers were built all around the room. A great ruffled pool lay in the center, reached by flights of steps and fed continually with fresh water from two massive dog's heads made of glistening silver and fastened on either side. Half a dozen shower baths were pouring madly at the farther end of the room. Just before me stood a quartet of

pretty women leaning idly on the silver rod surrounding the pool, their damp, clinging sheets affording fleeting glimpses of white ankles while they exchanged laughing comments with caroles splashing and swimming in the clear, cold water. Attendants rushed about feet footed and perspiring, hurrying their charges through the different stages of the bath. A group of girls sat singing in a corner while they sipped lemonade from long, frail glasses. Near them a duet of portly amazons disputed volubly over a pound or two.

When I had left the steamroom for the antechamber, where drying, manicuring and weighing were attended to, I realized fully the real luxury of the bath. In this room a dozen girls, wrapped to the chin in heavy toweling, lay on long couches, and while attendants brushed and perfumed their hair, or manieures polished their nails to a luminous pink, they lay supine and drowsily happy, some nibbling sweetmeats, some reading the daily papers or one of the latest novels and a few smoking the thinnest of cigarettes.

"I think," said one very drowsily, "that if life could flow on in one continual Russian bath, if I could always walk barefoot over soft rugs and wear a draped sheet to afternoon teas, I would be a most incorrigible optimist."

Oh, how heartily I agreed with her when after an hour's rest in the shaded little room it came time to go! How discontentedly I eyed the tight fitting gown and all the et ceteras upon the pers before me! How I shuddered in that sweet scented gloaming as I thought of the warm, crowded streets, the dusty shops!

"Hey, to be a primitive woman and the world 2,000 years younger," I sighed.

"Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle," whirred a little warning bell, and there was no time for further reflection. My first Russian bath was over. EVELYN MALCOLM.

BUILDING EXPERIENCES.

Munkittrick Learns That It Is Far More of a Lottery Than Marriage.

[Special Correspondence.]

ESSEX FELLS, N. J., April 27.—One day last week I took a trip out to Essex Felles, a picturesque little suburb of Montclair, to ascertain if land could be purchased in that growing spot for anything less than a Fifth avenue rate. In the stage that plies between Montclair and Pine Brook I took my seat, with a few other men, and before we had reached the top of the hill the conversation turned upon building, for we saw houses in course of erection upon every hand. "It beats everything," said one man, "how this country is growing and spreading. I declare it beats everything. Why, one day you go out shooting in a certain field, and when you come out a month later you find a street through it and a half dozen houses in course of erection. Did you ever build a house?"

"Never," replied the party as in one voice. "Well, I congratulate you. Building is a bigger lottery than marriage, especially if you don't know anything about it. I know what I am talking about, by jimmie, when it comes to building."

"Then you have had some experience in that line?" asked a small, thin man, with a nile green wart on his nose.

"Some!" exclaimed the building man. "Some! Well, I should say I have had considerably more than some, by a large majority, and I think I was a victim until I had put up six houses. But on the second six I got back what I lost on the first half a dozen. Talk about wild results! Whew!"

Here he paused and mopped his face with a red handkerchief and groaned at the very memory of his early building exploits.

"What do you mean by wild results?" asked the man with the nile green wart.

"I mean simply comic disasters—disasters that are comic because they make your friends laugh at you and go into convulsions of merriment even when you have their heartfelt sympathy. Now, when I built my first house I felt that I was about the happiest man in the wide world, but when I first entered it the bright illusion was quickly dispelled. I don't suppose I was in the house 15 minutes before I found it necessary to make a lot of repairs. The first thing I had to look out for was a leak in the roof and another in the cellar. The roof leak let the water in, and it came in so fast that after it had run down the winding stairs like Dingman's Ferry cascade for a little while it so completely filled the cellar that everything in it was afloat with the exception of the furnace and the coal."

"How is it that it didn't run out of the leak which you have just said was in the cellar?" asked the thin man whose nose was decorated with a nile green wart.

"Because the leak in the cellar," replied the building man, "was that mysterious unknown aperture through which our firewood and the contents of the refrigerator disappeared from time to time. Then the chimney blew down just as my two cows were walking near. The old \$10 cow was not hit, but the \$100 Holstein heifer was killed on the spot. After this the ceilings fell, and the floors spread until they ripped the carpets, and when the house had settled there were such cracks all over it that I had to turn it into a concrete house by plastering it inside."

Here the man with the building experience drew a sigh about two minutes long, and his fellow passenger with the nasal decoration offered his sympathy.

"It's so long ago that it only makes me laugh now, so my sighs mean nothing. But an experience on my sixth house was the funniest of all. You see when the masons mixed the plaster they did it on the ground, and it happened that a lot of corn thrown out for the chickens got mixed into it. The plaster was put on with the corn in it, and along in the month of June it sprouted, and we had a fine crop on the walls, and when we got the winter fire started it all popped and fell on the floor like snowflakes."

Here the old man jumped out at Verona, and we continued on our way in silence.

R. K. MUNKITTRICK.

The violin upon which George Washington's wedding march was played is in the possession of a musical society at Sunbury, Pa.

POOR LITTLE MAID.

OLIVE HARPER DOES NOT BLAME HER FOR REPINING.

New Hats Are Bright and Beautiful—Some Lovely Tea Jackets—Homemade Fans. A Girl Who Makes Her Own Hats and Frocks.

[Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, April 27.—It was a cry from a maiden's soul, and this was its cause: A fond but rigid mother was talking to her pretty young daughter about the sinfulness of trying to outshine one's neighbors and telling her that the



PRETTY AS A PICTURE.

adorment of a young girl should be modesty and humility. It was then that the poor child lifted up her tear stained face and said:

"Yes, mamma, I know that is all true and that you are perfectly right; but, oh, I look like a sardine in that old hat!"

Who can blame the girl with all her natural love for beauty and freshness, and particularly when everything is so bright and beautiful, and when every hat is a bower of loveliness shading the flower face below? Certainly not I. When she and hundreds of other bright young girls pass the show windows where everything is alluring and the most exquisite flowers are trailed and twined all around, where shining ribbons lie about in mocking profusion and bonnets and hats of every conceivable form are temptingly displayed on pretty waxen faces, who can blame the little hearts for wanting a new one—for choosing out one particular love and longing for it, remembering all the while that she "looks like a sardine" in the old one.

Do men never have desires after the unobtainable in the way of dress suits, fancy neckties or red kid gloves? Do they ever have to look in a hatter's window and think how much they would like one of those shining silk hats with the newest roll to the brim? If they do, I am sure they never condemn themselves as looking like sardines in the ones they have on. It would be beneath their dignity to think themselves anything less than perfect even in an old hat, but the poor little maid who longs for the bonnet is truly modest.

Let us hope that somehow in the somewhere girls can always have all the new bonnets they want. This millennium might come if girls would learn to trim and make their own bonnets. The difference in the price is so very great that the knowledge is certainly worth striving for. Then no pretty girl need bewail and compare herself to one of those greasy little fishes.

They tell us suddenly that tea gowns have had their day. It was a pretty long day and a pretty day they had. Some ladies with very conservative tastes, or who realize that tea gowns are

church or charity, it is yet a fact that the formula of "Thanks! I don't smoke" is far more common with us than with those who preceded us in the occupation of American soil.

In the exploration of many of the remains of the American aborigines I have found the pipe to be one of the most widely distributed and frequently occurring relics of those old times and races. Through the low Indian burial mounds of the far east, through the gigantic tumuli of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, through the ancient caves and cemeteries of the West Indies and in all the majestic ruins of Aztec architecture in our southwestern territories and in Mexico I have rarely failed to find the pipe among the worldly effects which were habitually buried with the dead. That smoking played an important part in the domestic and social life of the more recent Indian tribes is well known. That it had much to do with the comfort and enjoyment of the more ancient races we may well suppose from the fact that the greatest of care was taken in making and ornamenting their pipes. In many cases their decoration was really elaborate.

A bamboo pipe used by the natives of the West Indies four or five centuries ago is quite unique. It was their custom to lay the green leaves of tobacco upon a bed of live coals, producing a thick "smudge." The forked end of the pipe was then placed in the nostrils and the other end in the dense cloud of smoke, which was directly inhaled. The



CLAY PIPE FROM AZTEC RUINS.

effects of the tobacco were much more marked when it was thus inhaled, often producing complete intoxication and stupor.

Another curious pipe is one of baked clay, from an Aztec city in Socorro county, N. M. With the users of these quaint pipes the culture of tobacco was always an all important industry.

W. R. LIGHTON.

A Peaceful People.

The village of Chincoteague, on the Virginia island of that name, is without other government than that administered by a local justice of the peace and a county constable, although the place has more than 1,000 inhabitants.

left open slightly. Around the neck and the sleeves is a full band of figured silk, made into knots on the arms. Altogether this is very elegant and would do duty over almost any skirt.

Below these pictures I have put two of the daintiest new fans, which any bright young lady can make for herself. A young girl of my acquaintance made one like each by aid of a couple of old time parasol handles. The feather fan had a very small foundation of stiff muslin over wire, which was coiled and turned around the handle until it was perfectly solid. This was covered with white silk and the plumes sewn on. It requires \$8 to 10, and they can be bought for about \$3. One yard of white satin ribbon finished it. Such a fan ready made would cost from \$10 to \$15, according to where bought.

To make the other she took a 5-cent Japanese fan and fastened the ivory handle in place of the wooden one and covered the whole with light pink crepe de chine and then sewed lace over the outside, bringing the end down gracefully under a spray of wild rose with its leaves. This fan had the advantage that she could take off the artificial flower and attach a rose, a bunch of violets or any other natural flower, and it was very much admired.

This same ingenious young girl designs all her own clothes and trims her own hats. Her last frock is a picture. It is of simple crepon, in maize and tan—a dainty combination—and it is daintily trimmed with black velvet ribbon. It was she who made the little pocket and added the lace frill to the maize surah parasol and the bow of blue ribbon that matches that on her hat and the plumes. Really and truly, girls, if you would only use your own wits a little and learn how to make the most of things, just see how pretty you could always be, and you would never, never look "like a sardine."

Yesterday I reveled in new summer silks. I found satin duchess to be one of the favorites. The pattern is mostly stripes of white or very light over dark blue, dark green, brown, etc., and also black. It is in some lights faintly changeable, which makes it very attractive. Some of the new silks have surah ground, with small figures. There are black fancies in stripes where one stripe is of broad satin and another of heavy faille. This pattern is indescribably rich.

There are brocades and brocettes in every shade and color, which are to be used for home gowns, tea gowns and evening dresses.

The taffetas are in some instances plain; in others brocaded in small figures and so dainty and delicate that they are perfect pictures. There is also a large line of tartan plaid silks.

There is a new material called china mousseline. It is 24 inches wide and of the most exquisite fineness and is quite transparent. It is not harsh like the other silk muslins, but has all the softness of china crepe. Silks gain always in public favor, but the time has come when we are obliged to admit that our American silks are the best in the world.

OLIVE HARPER.

ABORIGINAL PIPES.

Some Interesting Relics of Old Times and Races.

[Special Correspondence.]

OMAHA, April 27.—Although our national breath is redolent of tobacco, and the average citizen's cigar bill is more of an item than his contributions to

WEST INDIAN BAMBBOO PIPE.

church or charity, it is yet a fact that the formula of "Thanks! I don't smoke" is far more common with us than with those who preceded us in the occupation of American soil.

In the exploration of many of the remains of the American aborigines I have found the pipe to be one of the most widely distributed and frequently occurring relics of those old times and races. Through the low Indian burial mounds of the far east, through the gigantic tumuli of the Ohio and Mississippi valleys, through the ancient caves and cemeteries of the West Indies and in all the majestic ruins of Aztec architecture in our southwestern territories and in Mexico I have rarely failed to find the pipe among the worldly effects which were habitually buried with the dead. That smoking played an important part in the domestic and social life of the more recent Indian tribes is well known. That it had much to do with the comfort and enjoyment of the more ancient races we may well suppose from the fact that the greatest of care was taken in making and ornamenting their pipes. In many cases their decoration was really elaborate.

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MUCH TO SEE THERE.

And Yet the Official Air Was Stiffing For an American Citizen.

[Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, April 27.—The Capital City is at all times beautiful, but it is never more attractive than at this season of the year. It is true that congress is not in session, and hence one of the features of interest is temporarily missing, but all the other branches of the governmental service are here at work and may be seen by the tourist or the casual visitor. Of course the principal point of interest to all visitors at the capital is the White House. It is the first place visited by every American citizen who comes to the capital. The building is picturesque in its architectural appearance, and though old it is still as bright and cheery as it doubtless was half a century ago.

The average citizen esteems it a distinguished honor to grasp the hand of the chief executive, and this privilege is accorded the visiting and resident public upon two days of each week. Upon these occasions the big east room, where all public receptions are held, is usually crowded, and nearly always, especially at this season of the year, the tourists constitute a majority of those in attendance. These public receptions, after all, are quite perfunctory. The president enters the room at precisely 1 o'clock, and taking his stand near the door is ready to receive his callers. They form in line under the direction of one of the White House ushers, and as they march by the president shakes the hand of each visitor. There isn't much enthusiasm or earnestness in the presidential grasp upon these occasions, but it is sufficiently satisfactory to the average patriot, who may thenceforth pride himself upon the fact that he has shaken hands with the chief executive of the greatest nation of the earth.

Two points of great interest are the Washington monument on the banks of the Potomac, just south of the White House, and the tomb of Washington at Mount Vernon, 16 miles down the river.

The monument, which has been called "the world's greatest cenotaph," is a plain, obelisk shaft rising to a height of 555 feet. It towers high above the capital and above any of the cathedral spires and monuments of Europe and the east. A spiral staircase leads to the top, and the visitor may also ascend by an elevator. Just under the capstone are four little windows from which one may obtain a birdseye view of the city and a beautiful prospect extending to the blue Virginia hills on one side and almost to the seashore on the other. The mecca of nearly every American visitor to the capital is the tomb of Washington. A boat runs to Mount Vernon every day, and it nearly always carries a full complement of patriotic tourists.

Other objects of immediate interest to visitors here are the various departments where the routine business of the government is conducted. The buildings are all large and imposing, and there is much to be seen, especially in the postoffice, the patent office and the war and navy departments. The secretaries are seldom accessible to the visiting public, only those who have business of an official or public character being admitted. Under a lately established rule nobody at all is permitted to call upon the secretaries on cabinet days, which are Tuesdays and Fridays. But the visitor may roam the corridors and halls of the big departments at will during the hours from 10 a. m. till 2 p. m. on any day of the week and inspect the models in the patent office, view the curios in the dead letter office or gaze upon the miniature ships and accouterments of war in the big building set apart for the army and navy. Under the same rules and regulations as the departments are the Smithsonian institution and the National museum. In these buildings may be seen almost "everything under the sun."

Last, but by no means least, is the big capital building "on the hill." It is one of the greatest piles of architecture in the world and one of the most splendid and imposing. Every American who comes to Washington visits it, and no foreigner who happens this way thinks of omitting it from his itinerary. When congress is in session, it is always crowded, and even in the midst of summer, when Washington is hot and dull, visitors may always be found there.

With all its splendor and attractiveness, its magnificent buildings and beautiful parks, its official dignity and social gaiety, to the plain American citizen of average tastes it must always remain a city to be admired rather than enjoyed. One of these who lives in a western state quite aptly expressed this feeling when he said a few days ago: "I have been here only a few months, but I have discovered that I do not enjoy myself as I had anticipated. I have been having a splendid time in this beautiful city, but I have suddenly found that the official air is too dense and stifling for me. I want to go back home, where I can breathe the atmosphere of plain citizenship and move without treading on the toes of dignity. I'm going back where there's the smell of new grass, and fresh wild flowers, and an occasional cloud of dust in the lane."

GEORGE HANSON APPERSON.

Cancers in the Neck

Terrible Choking Sensation



Mrs. James Baker of Louist Valley, Long Island.

"Four years ago, while living in Trinidad, Colorado, a small lump appeared on my neck, which gradually swelled and developed into an intensely painful livid sore with a centre filled with granulations like shot. Another sore appeared an inch or two distant, and I had to give up and return to my parents in Brooklyn. Physicians pronounced them cancers and

Performed An Operation

for their removal. I suffered a great deal before the operation, and far worse since. One of the cancers, the smaller one, healed over but was as sore as ever, while the other did not heal and was worse. The physicians told me I would have to submit to another operation, but

I said I would Die First

A similar lump a year ago came on the right side of my neck. For many months I could swallow only liquid or very soft food, and sometimes found great difficulty in speaking aloud. At the suggestion of a friend, I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, and the only thing I regret is that I did not take it years ago, and thus have prevented terrible suffering, for had I taken the medicine, I sincerely believe I should not have needed any operation at all. These sores are now, after taking two bottles,

Completely Gone

and I am satisfied, permanently healed up. The lump on the right side of my neck has nearly all dried up, and no longer causes me

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

any inconvenience. I can eat anything once more, and can use my voice as well as ever." Mrs. JAMES BAKER, Louist Valley, Long Island.

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