

FINLAND'S MAID OF THE BATH

WHO THINKS IT NO SHAME TO HELP A MAN TO GROW CLEAN.

She'll Switch You Red as You Stand in a Vapor Cloud. Then Wash You White and Send You Away Rejoicing—Custom Practised by Immigrants in This Town.

Several eminently respectable American travelers have come home and dwelt with fond recollection on the custom known as the Swedish bath. They have told with detail how the fair-haired, strong-limbed, blue-eyed daughters of Scandinavia rub and scrub, and anoint and wash, and finally dry and dress you and send you forth a cleaner, wiser and better man. They have dwelt, too, on the point that these good sisters do all this, day in, day out, and think it no shame.

Now if these explorers had gone just a little further in their sociological investigations, if they had crossed the Baltic Sea and touched the shore of Finland, they might have brought back to Yankee readers news of another national bath not less interesting than that of Sweden, and a good deal more strenuous.

The Finnish bath is like the Swedish in the one respect that it is administered by women, but there are points of difference which will impress themselves upon your memory if you happen to take one—and you may take one here in Manhattan or over in Brooklyn if you only pursue your quest diligently.

The presentation that the Russian Governor heaps upon its Finnish subjects is driving them to America in great numbers. The young men and women who are not bound by inseparable ties are leaving the farms and villages by the thousand and coming here to grow up with a new country. There are considerable colonies of them in some of the Northwestern States, which naturally attract a majority of the Finnish immigrants, but a certain proportion stick in New York, and of these many drift over to Brooklyn.

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Several tubs, a corresponding number of large stoves and a great many bunches of switches hung up to dry with the towels still clinging to them are the essential features of the bath.

The stoves are hollowed out in the middle and wood fires are kept burning in them much of the time so that they may be always hot.

Suppose that you have searched and found out the bath and made known with some hesitation your desire to be washed in Finnish fashion; suppose that you have hung up your clothes to the last yard and suppose you stand there wrapped in your towel like a naked savage in his breech cloth. What then?

Well, then, most likely, you will be somewhat embarrassed. It takes time to get used to strange customs.

Meanwhile the mother or the daughter—it really doesn't make any difference of course, but let us say the daughter—has been making things ready for you. You may be embarrassed by the unwonted situation in which you find yourself, but she isn't.

Why should she be? It's part of the day's work for her, just the same as frying the bacon for breakfast, and if she has any particular doubts on the subject they probably relate to your conduct rather than her own.

Why, she probably says to herself, does that big foolish man stand there and look silly? While you have been preparing for the bath she has partly filled one of the tubs with hot water and has taken down some of the numerous bunches of dry twigs and put them to soak in the tub.

Now she sprinkles some of the water on one of the hot stoves, and as the vapor arises in a cloud she pushes you within it and before the first shock of wonder and amazement has passed off you are properly soaped and steamed and the energetic mistress of the bath is beating you smartly with a bunch of switches.

It is no feeble trouning, neither is it painful or disagreeable. "Darned be he

who first cries 'hold, enough,' you say to yourself.

The hot water has softened the leaves and the branches into pliancy and as they play a lively tattoo upon your shoulders, tickle the small of your back, go capering down one leg and up the other and return by the outside route to the starting place the soap is whipped into a lather, your blood flows along at smart clip, your muscles draw taut and you are very glad to be alive.

Meanwhile the steam is growing denser, the maiden is warning to her task and plying the switch with increasing vigor. Faster and faster falls the rod that chastens, or should chasten, swifter and swifter run the thrills that follow it from head to foot, when suddenly the flagellation ceases. You are now ready for the tub.

Off comes the leafy lather. The towels fly up and down your anatomy as swiftly as did the switches. Before you know it you are clothed and in your right mind again.

The same fair hand that laid on the rod now serves you a cup of coffee. You pay a quarter—all this for 25 cents!—and you depart. The deed is done.

Is it any wonder that the Finns are a clean people? What if their native land is almost entirely above the sixtieth parallel of latitude, further than Dyas and Skagway and other Alaskan towns, the very name of which sends cold chills down your back? Who wouldn't bathe under such circumstances though the mercury froze in the bulb? And, conversely, who would bathe in such sub-arctic regions for the mere sake of being clean?

On every Finnish farm and in the dooryards of Finnish villages are bathhouses like the one that has been described. In the cities some folks have their own bathhouses, and others go to the public baths and pay a small sum for the service. Some of the baths in the cities have two dozen or more young women attendants.

But whether it is taken at home or in a public place for hire the bath is always the same. At home the women of the family switch and rub the men; in the public houses girls are employed to do it.

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There are Russian baths with Finnish proclivities alongside the Bridge at the Manhattan end, and if you ask them for a Finnish bath you may have it with some extra thrown in, but the simple pure article is the one that flourishes down in the Finland of South Brooklyn. American prudery has not yet cast its shadow over that humble roof.

The Finnish public bath also is not likely to have much vogue in America. It's only the Finns fresh from home who pine for it. They go into American homes to live and observe American ways and presently they close and lock the bathroom door, get into the tub in secret and alone and learn to blush if they inadvertently catch a man in his shirt sleeves. New associations, new ideas.

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CHRISTMAS ON AN ARMY TRANSPORT.

Celebration of the Day by Troopers and Their Families Going to the Philippines.

This is a yarn of a cavalry regiment that went to sea at Christmas time. They sailed on Dec. 30, at 10 A. M. A cold drizzle was blowing over New York. On the pier a crowd of people shouted or cried or gathered up packages of unopened newspapers, according to their several dispositions.

The troops shivered on the spar deck, cheering as Regulars should who are going out to make the flag stay put at the coast of as many of them as God and their K. O. find necessary. The band played at intervals "Auld Lang Syne" and "The Girl I Left Behind Me," a group of subalterns sang impressively the chorus of the regimental song.

For it's trot, trot, is the soldier's lot. When he 'lits, hike, hike, which they don't much like. Oh! his friends of the infantry. Oh! his friends of the artillery. And it's right, right, right for your country's right. In the Second Cavalry.

So they crept down the misty river, and out in the teeth of a gale to sea. For two days they struggled southeastward through the storm. Life on a crowded transport in bad weather is not the loveliest thing under heaven.

At dawn the saloon was full of dry, sick women and their husbands and babies. The deck was full of wet, sick bachelors, looking miserable, and obviously well worn bachelors, smoking obviously strong cigars.

At noon the dry, sick women and their children were in the saloon, and at dusk they had returned to the saloon, no longer dry, but very, very wet.

This was above. Below the men sat in sick, sullen groups in their crowded quarters, or lay groaning in their hammocks, cursing the Providence that made them and resisting the well meant efforts of their friends to drive them out for a breath of air.

The few who had crawled to the spar deck sat there in silence, with the rain dripping from their brows and their pipes clenched between their teeth. If you want to see sheer misery, you need not look for it in Africa or in the slums of London. Just find a gentleman recently engaged by the Government at \$13 a month—and 20 per cent. extra for foreign service—weathering a Christmas gale on a troopship bound for the antipodes.

But on Dec. 31 the weather turned warmer and calmer. The young look crept from people's faces. The sheltered corners you could see men who had not noticed before gingerly puffing at cigarettes.

Babies were omnipresent. Funny people began asking each other, "Why, how are you? Did you come on board last night?" and making other witty remarks about the Marconi telegraph and the mails. It is strange how many times a man can find a killing bit of humor in asking his friends if they have seen this morning's paper on shipboard.

The young moon stole out and splashed the water with silver, and lately married couples sought secluded corners near the guns in the stern. Bachelors read letters surreptitiously, and smoked endless pipes, leaning on the rail, looking out under the stars toward home, hoping for mail at Gibraltar.

Calro and Tangers and Sir Thomas the plantain and the other men who had been lying in wait for the transport Kipling. The children found it out first. One boy, who had never seen a Christmas tree, was coming to the conclusion that Santa Claus could not drive a sleigh over the water.

The immediate parental invention of submarine boats and fast cruisers failed to satisfy. There was a general distrust throughout the transport of the Santa Claus idea. A man who started the trouble ended it by a new discovery—and Santa Claus's older came to the water's surface. The children pulled themselves together. If the army is doomed to know from year to year, they were sure. Mr. Hinds is not absolutely sure on all points in Maine, but he has some ideas. He is constantly delving into the subject and occasionally comes up with a new find. All of this might be called the health and debated, as, for instance, the counting of a quorum comes under the question of election.

Virginia. Mr. Hinds gets on the track of one case and another, but through the press he is not allowed to publish his findings. Then he makes up the diest of the diest in Maine, and he is an interesting fact that rulings based upon his advice are always right.

The only thing lacking was mistletoe. fore dispense them the kitchen, but not their leaving how to make their own bread. The admirals on all this is that they will gain experience of what they may afterward be called on to practice, and that they will find the natural employment of their time in solid and useful things.

They must take their own chemises, stockings, skirts and collars. I want to thank these girls into useful women, certain by doing so to make them agreeable women. One knows how to wear them when one has made one's own robes, and then one puts them on with grace.

The dance is necessary for the health, but it ought to be some special kind, not opera dancing. I also accord music, but vocal music only.

Until some fifteen years ago this original programme was followed with perfect exactness, and the girls of the Legion of Honor in general and the demoiselles of St. Denis in particular enjoyed the distinction of at once knowing less and more than any others in their land.

For more than three-quarters of a century it had been already noted that they married with peculiar ease into chie families; this in spite of the fact that a large proportion of them admitted utter lack of fortune, if not dependent condition.

For these and certain reasons of routine dear to the French mind, M. Gérard, vice-dear of the university, when asked to arrange a more modern plan of studies for these girls, changed nothing in the ancient spirit and none too much in the details. Let me say hastily that they get nowadays at St. Denis at least: The elements of psychology, French language and literature; English or German, national history and history of civilization, geography and mathematics, physics and chemistry, natural history, domestic economy; drawing, needlework, gymnastics and vocal music.

You know that there is physics and physics, also mathematics and mathematics. Therefore do not ask a girl of St. Denis too many questions on these technical subjects.

On the other hand, they no longer make their own bread, chemises, stockings or skirts, and now they learn to sew over the preparation of their afternoon tea would threaten the discipline of a present day establishment. So far are they, indeed, from making their own clothes that the purchase of the obligatory trousseau on

A subaltern supplied that by a bunch of holly above the door labelled:

This is Mistletoe.

Which answered all necessary purposes. There were songs on deck, songs that every one sang, old songs that the oldest field officer used to hear when he was a smooth-faced boy at West Point. One or two men danced and bowed.

A violinist played. An impromptu band with borrowed instruments gave three or four tunes, to the huge delight of the enlisted men, who were looking on and cheering everything tremendously.

And then came the crowning glory of the evening, when, carefully picking its way, a procession composed of a wise old Major, a pair of young Lieutenants and a dainty little bride, with a large spoon in a bowl of egg-nog, carried a great fruit cake. So the cavalry regiment ran to one another and to their Christmas eves and to home. And when the last of the year was over it was very early Christmas morning.

The twelve awns did their duty nobly. Not a stocking was unfilled. Even a Christmas tree was there in the saloon, built of pine sticks trimmed with holly. The troops dined in state on roast turkey and plum pudding. In the mess hall above was a dinner that if you shut your eyes, carried you back, as you pleased, to the groves of Florida or the roaring wood fires of Maine—none of your French affairs, but a real old-fashioned turkey and goose, and great hams in champagne, and mince pie and pudding black with fruit.

A pair of lusty bouds with the gloves took place below, followed by more songs. For mile after mile the music and laughter floated out across the moonlit water. This is good for the complexion and every girl with the Japanese had should try it.

"The matter of Japanese exercises is another thing. It begins with the Leslie Carter girl, which is a wide piece of silk boned for the waist. This strip is about two fingers wide, and is hooked in front. It is not a difficult thing for any woman to make, and it is certainly an excellent gymnasium corset.

"The Japanese sometimes try out the fat of chickens in this way, but the oil of lamb or mutton is considered nicer on this kind of body water, and it keeps forever. This is good for the complexion and every girl with the Japanese had should try it.

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JAPANESE ROAD TO BEAUTY.

AMERICAN GIRLS TRYING IDEAS FROM THE ORIENT.

There Are Dances That Impart Grace and Symmetry to the Figure—Pure, Clear Skins the Reward of Following a Japanese Diet—Advantages of the Kimono.

"My complexion?" said the American Japanese girl. "Oh, I got it from Japan."

"You see, I am a Japanese for one hour every day, and during that time I wear a Japanese dress, dance the Japanese dances, and develop myself as I am sure no Japanese girl ever was developed.

"Nor is my Japanese work done when I have finished in the gymnasium, for at night I anoint my face with a Japanese ointment, and in the morning I wash it with a home-made Japanese soap.

"The Japanese ointment I make out of lamb's oil. I take the fat of the lamb and I try it out until I get a little jar of the oil. I put it on the stove to heat, and then into it I pour some pure oil of olives. In this I stir some Oriental scent and a dozen cloves.

"I take it off the stove and beat it gently with a fork as it cools. When cold it should be of the consistency of cream of milk, only a little stiffer. I should say it ought to be like whipped cream.

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diet, which makes you just as pretty as

either of the others, but it is a little more agreeable to the patient taking it. Those who take this third and rational diet must make with yeast in its composition until such bread has been baked forty-eight hours.

It includes hot breads of all kinds, made with yeast. Hot griddle cakes, hot muffins, buns, rusks, hot breads and cakes of all kinds are advised, especially the Southern hot corn cakes. The rule in taking these is not to take them too hot.

Good sweet butter is advised for those who are thin, but it should be salted butter. Wherever possible, and whenever possible, olive oil should be substituted for butter. Stout persons who want a good complexion can try salting the bread instead of buttering it.

The girl who wants the clear complexion of the vegetarian will not take tea or coffee. But before breakfast she will drink a glass of water not too hot.

The section after a good skin will early realize that breakfast is the most important meal of the day. You really stand or fall, speaking from a standpoint of health, by your breakfast. If that goes against you, there is trouble all day.

The number of people who can take uncooked fruit is very small. Cooked fruit, on the other hand, agrees with almost every one, and can be taken for breakfast, for dinner and for supper. It is the best receiving agent for fat women who are indigestion should watch the clock and eat on the very tick of the hour.

The Japanese women and the women of the Orient everywhere noted for their pure, clear skin. No matter what the color, it is free from blemishes.

The reason is found largely in the simplicity of their diet. Elizabeth Barrett Browning attributed her wonderful recovery, when she had been an invalid for years, largely to the fruits and vegetables which she ate, and which compelled, in a way, to live in Italy.

The woman with the Japanese face will take up the fruit and flower diet, and it has been called, and is called, a "fruit, vegetable, white meats, fish and easily digested hot breads, rather than upon cream, red meats and the indigestible meats which are good for a while but are death to the complexion when eaten as a steady diet.

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