

# How to Give Baby the Morning Bath

## ILLUSTRATED BY NURSE PERKINS AND BABY LILLIS OF THE CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL

THE New Baby is enjoying a more complete emancipation than the New Woman. The up-to-date baby wears common-sense clothes and is managed in a common-sense way. Perhaps the most important and trying event in baby's day is the bath. Or rather it is still the most important, and was the most trying, for modern methods have changed the torture-scrub into a pleasure. Common sense in the baby's bath, like the quality of mercy, "is twice blessed." It blesses her that gives and her that takes. The baby does not yell and kick, and nurse does not lose her temper. Indirectly its influence is benign and salutary upon the tempers of all the household.

There is a correct and incorrect way of bathing children. In the modern schools for nurses the most minute attention is paid to the bath lessons. The nurses are taught to bathe babies according to scientific methods.

Unfortunately every "poor, dear mamma" cannot afford to have a trained nurse for her "darling." She will not trust the "Tillie Slowboy" who, for \$2 a week, rolls the carriage up and down the

goes in without a murmur. Baby Lillis had had a soap bath the day before, so today her bath is clear water, neither too hot nor too cold. When such young babies are bathed with soap the soapuds are put on before the baby is put into the tub.

A moment or two in the tub is sufficient, and then baby is ready to come out. Instead of irritating her delicate skin by rubbing it with a rough towel, the baby is simply rolled in a soft towel to dry.

A bath for an older baby is given on practically the same principles. The tub, tables and chair are arranged in the same convenient manner. The cotton-wrapped finger is dipped into boracic acid and the mouth, eyes and nose washed.

The head is next sponged, but the older baby has graduated to the dignity of a real sponge, instead of the piece of cotton.

By right of its added months the older baby is allowed to splash in the tub for a longer period. By night of its thicker skin it is treated to a gentle rubbing in the soft Turkish towel.

The room in which baby is given its bath should not be heated to stuffiness, but croup-laden draughts of air must be avoided. The water, while warmer than tepid, is not hot.

Apropos of the bath may be mentioned the modern baby's garments. If

Nowadays thirty-six inches is the maximum length for outside rational garments, in contrast to the fifty inches and more of a past decade. Many systems insist that twenty-eight inches or at the utmost thirty inches is the correct and sanitary length.

The advantage of the abbreviated costume in reducing to a minimum the weight and pressure upon the small, half-formed bones is patent when one observes a baby's knees, which are almost invariably bent—the legs lifted and in motion. Long draperies also imprison the stale air and impede the circulation of the fresh air.

All dress reform for babies, whether following one of the several specific systems or evolved from the intelligence of the individual mother, have the same underlying common-sense principles.

The clothing must be light, warm and evenly distributed, granting the body and limbs perfect freedom.

It must be loose and of loosely woven textures, so as to permit the even circulation of the air.

It must be easily put on and off. It must invariably hang from the shoulders and have neither gathers nor bands. It must have as few fastenings as possible, and those on the shoulder. It must have no pins at all, except perhaps in the diaper.

like mummies in the delusion that binding down limbs assisted growth. Germans still adjust their babies softly to a pillow. But the young American is allowed the liberty of every muscle. No pinned or muffled legs for this little son of freedom. If you please!

Among the exploded patriarchal tenets is the fallacy that flannel should be kept next to the skin all the year round, irrespective of the weather. Overheating is a danger that has been sadly underestimated. Regulate the clothing by the thermometer and do not by irritating woolen contact torture and weaken the little body with the least teething and bowel trouble are generally found to be those who are clothed according to the temperature.

Bagging the baby—if it is too young to realize the possible ignominy—has been found a practical device for an emergency outing, if there is no time to struggle with buttons and mittens and coatsleeves, or the little creature is too nervous or ill. For at best getting a child ready is a trying ordeal.

A big bag of elder cloth or other soft, warm material is supplied with drawing strings of ribbon. Into this cozy pouch the small person is popped, arms, body, legs, everything but the head. The ribbons are drawn snugly under the chin. A cap, with a frill to protect the eyes,



WASHING BABY'S MOUTH.



THEN THE HEAD MUST BE SPONGED



NOW SHE IS IN THE TUB...



block. So its mamma, herself, who puts the screaming, rebellious youngster into the tub, and after a tussle, baby comes out of the suds as red as a lobster and cross as a little bear.

For the benefit of mothers who give baby's bath with resignation and regret, the accompanying photographs were taken. Through the courtesy of the manager of the Children's Hospital, one of the trained nurses bathed a baby before a Call camera.

Baby Lillis, with the unconsciousness of her two weeks on earth, submitted gracefully to the bath. Rolled in a downy white blanket, she cuddled in Nurse Perkins' lap and gurgled in baby-argot. First the tiny mouth, then the nose set on like a button, and lastly the blinking eyes are washed.

So deftly and gently does the nurse do this that baby's serenity is not ruffled. A bit of medicated cotton, soaked in boracic acid, is wound around the finger to wash mouth, nose and eyes.

Then the head must be sponged. For babies of the tender age of Baby Lillis, instead of a sponge, a piece of the cotton is used for a washrag. With this baby's pate is rinsed several times.

Now the baby is ready for the tub. She

grandmothers of long ago could see them, how they would shake their dear gray heads with doubt and misgiving. For babies' wardrobe has evolved from the fussy furbelows of yesterday, until now supreme simplicity is the keynote of baby's toilet.

The progressive infant of 1900 is kicking its untrammelled legs and expanding its bandless little diaphragm in self-congratulation that it came into a world that does not regard a baby as a few clumsy pounds of furbelowed dry goods.

This year's baby has been delivered from the bonds of swaddling clothes and similar atrocities into the full liberty of rational dress. Frills are tabooed as a delusion, and fancy touches are considered a snare. The only necessities for a babe in arms are creature comforts. It merely sleeps and vegetates, guarded from all exciting influences, unrocked, unullulated, and whenever possible under the espionage of a professional nurse, who exercises a strict regimen. Until the little dourmouse has arrived at months of discretion the agitating onslaughts of adoring friends and relatives are rigorously denied.

Even the christening is a nursery affair, shorn of all pomp and ceremony, for baby must not be disturbed. Not before the short clothes period, which is usually at three months, does it have any company attire.

Bands or binders are emphatically condemned. Warmth should not be supplied in strips and sections, and the normal child needs no support. If ever they are required in peculiar cases a knit band is used, or a flannel one cut bias to give elasticity, made without hems and reaching from hips to armpits. Thus it is less apt to string and get out of place. The diaper, no longer an uncomfortable bungle, is made either of antiseptic stockinet or is shaped of cotton goods, with an extra inside piece about nine inches square. Linen should never be employed for this or any other baby garment. Where shirt and long elastic stockings are worn the diaper buttons above and below to these garments, admitting of no gaps.

Many progressive mothers nowadays are using only two garments upon very young children, a flannel petticoat cut princess and buttoned with soft buttons on the shoulder, its two seams being on the outside, so that baby's skin may be spared uneven contact, and a high-necked and long-sleeved stockinet top slip an inch or so longer. This slip, woven in one piece, does duty for a dress as long as baby is kept in the recommended chrysalis condition.

The plaining blanket or barrow coat—that sine qua non of the provincial mother—is relegated to the aboriginals who still confine their young in bark or boards or skin. All babies were at one time swathed

is clapped on, and baby, in a trice, is equipped for a sudden drive with his father, before that impatient personage has had occasion to call out a single time, "Will you never get that child ready?"

The prudent mother, of course, provides against sudden changes with extra garments of her own devising. If embroidered shawls and crocheted sacks are out of date, there is no gainsaying the cozy princess wrappers of flannel or flannelet. Prospective athletes even at six months now are wearing sweaters, with all the sang froid of grown-up boys and girls.

Bare legs and long stockings boast each their intelligent advocates, but short socks and worsted boots have had their day, as has everything that heats in spots.

Not the least important item in the wardrobe prepared for the baby is the quilted apron to be worn by the bather when the youngster is given its morning plunge. A quilted apron is exactly what its name suggests, save that it is not exactly apron like in form, rather more square in outline. As a rule it is not tied around the waist, but is placed on the lap over the lawn apron.

Altogether this ought to be a very happy age and generation of babies. For in wardrobe, exercise and bath, simplicity and common sense have ousted the fabled of other days.



READY TO COME OUT...



ROLLED IN A SOFT TOWEL TO DRY...