

LUXURIOUS BATHING.

NEW YORK WOMEN ADOPTING CUSTOMS OF ANCIENT ROME.

Turkish Bath Parties With Dainty Lunches and Flowers Now Popular Among the Rich and Fashionable—Most People Want to Improve Their Complexions.

The Turkish bath habit has won a place among the fads of the New York woman, and appears to be running neck and neck with the woman's club as a time consumer. At least, that is the impression one obtains by frequent visits to certain well-known Turkish baths for women. For more than a year, this particular establishment has given New York the distinction of possessing the finest baths for women in the United States; and in that year, the proprietor's knowledge of feminine character has been justified.

"If a thing is to take with women who have money to spend, it must be chic," he said, and he proved his point by changing the Turkish bath for women, which was, formerly, rather a forlorn performance, to a luxurious function, with numerous incidental opportunities for self indulgence and money spending. He didn't lose any of his ascetic worshippers of cleanliness, or his rheumatic and nervous patients, and he gained a carriage clientele that makes the street in front of the baths suggest an afternoon reception or a matinee.

It was a social innovation much commented upon several years ago that gave the philosophical proprietor his suggestion. A well-known woman gave a Turkish bath party at his old establishment; and after the women had gone on to a dinner and dance, and the bathrooms were deserted, the dens ex machina entered, sat down among the scattered flowers and violet scents, and lost himself "in unish thought." When he came out of the trance, he said to the pier glass: "Why not more Turkish bath parties?" The pier glass, having seen a great many surprising things that evening, didn't offer any argument, and that's how it all came about. The old rooms were torn out. Marble and onyx and nickel plate replaced tin and iron and lead in the plumbing. Hard wicker and leather and iron cots gave way to luxurious divans; velvet carpets and oriental rugs and tiling shodded aside oilcloth.

Effective hangings, soft lights and mirrors were scattered about promiscuously. Private rooms, with accommodations for luncheon parties were provided. Then the women were left to do their part, and they did it. Now Turkish bath parties are as common as matinee parties. Indeed, the two go hand in hand; for, every Saturday morning, the bathrooms are filled with women who come in groups of two or three or four take their baths and massage, have their hair dressed and their nails manicured, and then, appropriate the divans in one of the private rooms, rest and gossip, have luncheon served to them, and finally make leisurely toilets in time for the matinee. Sometimes, the party is a mutual affair, and each member pays her own expenses; but the same people meet at a certain hour each week. More often some one woman entertains the others, and the entertainment is elaborate, according to the hostess's inclination and income. The matinee girl may merely give her friends Turkish baths and chicken salad, or there may be huge bunches of violets on the pillows of each divan, and an epicurean luncheon served on the little tables. Flowers have become quite feature of the bath. There was a time when a Turkish bath was something occult and mysterious, referred to only in whispers, and indulged in with sensations of guilt; but that time is past. So, if a woman devotes a certain morning or afternoon each week to the Turkish bath her friends are likely to know it; and it is quite the proper thing to send flowers to her at the bathrooms. When she has been steamed and scoured and plunged and massaged and perfumed, she snuggles down upon a couch, with her violets or roses and dozes and dreams in an Arabian Nights sort of comfort; and the relaxation does more for her nerves than all the tonics that could be prescribed for her.

According to the bath attendants, however, the women think more about their complexions than their nerves. A good complexion is the acme of every woman's desire, and there's a theory afloat to the effect that steam and water and massage, applied to the whole body, will do more for the complexion than all the cold cream and cosmetics on the market. Hence these bathers.

"Nine out of ten women," says a bath attendant, "come to us in the hope of improving their complexions. They stay with us because their skins improve and because they learn to enjoy the baths and depend upon them instead of medicine. We have almost all the actresses and singers. They have to use cosmetics in their profession, and they know the things will ruin their skin if not often thoroughly removed. So they come here and take an extra dose of the steam room. That opens the pores of the face and takes out all the paint and powder and that sort of thing. Of course those professional people think a great deal about their figures, too, and the baths and special massage keep them in shape, and then, any one whose work is a nervous strain needs just such relaxation as the bath gives."

The number of children who go regularly to the Turkish baths is surpris-

ing. A large percentage of them are sent because their mothers believe it is good for their general health, and nurses who bring them, turn them over to the attendants, with sighs of relief. But still more surprising than the number of healthy children sent to the baths, is the number of them taking the baths as a cure for rheumatism and nervous troubles.

"I don't know whether the condition is new," said the attendant, "or whether the same conditions have existed for a long time and only recourse to the bath treatment is new; but it is a fact, that within the last few years, we have had a most astonishing number of children, often not more than two or three years old, brought to us suffering seriously from rheumatism and nervous diseases. I'm inclined to think that a great deal of the trouble is hereditary, but one of our doctors insists that nine-tenths of it is due to thin-soled shoes, irrational clothing, improper food and too much excitement, and that the cases are found chiefly among the wealthy. I give you that for what is worth. I don't know anything about it myself, except that the children are brought here, and that we almost invariably help them. Bless their hearts, I like to work with them. The thing I hate about this business is the way the steam seems to open women's mouths, as well as their pores. Three-fourths of the women talk a steady streak, except when they are under the cold shower. That's the only respite I get, and there's a great temptation to prolong it. It's amazing that women will tell us the things they do about their personal affairs. I've reached the point where half the time I don't even hear what they are saying, and the rules are very strict here about repeating anything told the attendants. But if I should retire from business and write 'The Autobiography of a Turkish Bath Attendant' I'd set the town by the ears. We have possibly seventy-five women here every day, and fifty out of the seventy-five tell their attendants about everything they know. That book would make interesting reading."—New York Sun.

TRIP OF A THRASHER ENGINE.

Enterprising Farmer Finds a New Use for a Farm Machine.

An ingenious Faulk County farmer, named A. J. Wakefield, has found a new use for threshing engines which promises to revolutionize the present method of transporting grain from the farms of South Dakota to the nearest market points. Wakefield, a day or two ago, conceived the idea that his thrasher engine would serve the purpose of hauling his grain to Faulkton, the railroad point nearest his farm.

Accordingly, as an experiment, he hitched five wagons together, one behind the other, and after loading them with an aggregate of 400 bushels of wheat, coupled the thrasher engine to the string of wagons and started on the journey to Faulkton. The trip of fifteen miles was made in six hours. Wakefield had but one assistant. One of the unique features of the innovation is that the thrasher engine is the same with which he threshed his grain. Thus it serves a double purpose, that of threshing as well as furnishing the motive power for taking the grain to market after it has been threshed.

Wakefield conceived the idea from reading a newspaper article stating that farmers in Roberts County, So. Dakota, were utilizing thrasher engines for plowing raw prairie land. If the engines could be used for plowing on unbroken land, why, he asked himself, would they not do still better in hauling wagons loaded with grain over the comparatively smooth country roads? By his experiment he has now proof that such a use of thrasher engines results successfully.

During the passage of the curious procession along the country roads the farmers living along the route temporarily abandoned their work in order to watch the strange sight. Everywhere on the journey the greatest interest was evinced in the experiment, and when the unusual procession entered Faulkton it attracted the attention of hundreds of the townspeople. Wakefield carefully noted the manner in which the engine hauled its load, and is satisfied that the capacity of the engine is sufficient to haul double the number of loaded wagons transported on the experimental trip.

Making Pearls Valuable.

Parisian jewelers are very clever in the art of "peeling" pearls. They will take a pearl that is not pretty, remove its outer coat and reveal a beautiful gem within. A pearl is composed of alternate layers of nacre and animal tissue, and the process of peeling is very difficult. The tools employed are a sharp knife, various sorts of files, pearl powder and a piece of leather. The pearly coats are extremely hard and must be cut off piece by piece, the operator relying more on the sense of touch conveyed by the blade of a knife than on the sense of sight. Pearls found imbedded in the mother of pearl of the oyster shell are made marketable by skillful treatment with acids.

Experts know how to make pearls of any color, black by a bath of nitrate of silver, and by other chemical means they can turn them to rose color, lilac or gray. Pearls of these unusual tints bring fancy prices.

As Expectation Not Realized.

In demolishing the old Justice Department Building in Washington it was expected that some old justice stamps would be found, but none has been discovered.

CAPTAIN SLOCUM AND OOM PAUL

The Yankee Skipper Tells Him the World Is Round.

In the Century, Captain Slocum tells of the Spray's arrival at Cape Town, and of a visit to Pretoria, where he met President Kruger, to whom he said he was sailing around the world. This statement Oom Paul flatly contradicted.

I traveled the country over from Simons Town to Pretoria, being accorded by the colonial government a free railroad pass over all the land. The trip from Cape Town to Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Pretoria was a pleasant one. At the last named place I met Mr. Kruger, the Transvaal president. His Excellency received me cordially enough; but my friend Judge Beyers, the gentleman who presented me, by mentioning incidentally that I was on a voyage around the world, unwittingly gave great offense to the venerable statesman, which we both regretted deeply. Mr. Kruger corrected the judge rather sharply, reminding him that the world is flat. "You don't mean round the world," said the president; "it is impossible." You mean in the world. Impossible!" he said, "impossible!" and not another word did he utter either to the judge or me. The judge looked at me, and I looked at the judge, who should have known his ground, so to speak, and Mr. Kruger glowered at us both. My friend the judge seemed embarrassed, I was delighted, for in those days I was fond of fun, and the incident pleased me more than anything else that could have happened. It was a nugget of information quarried out of Oom Paul, some of whose sayings are famous. Of the English he said, "They took first my coat and then my trousers." He also said, "Dynamite is the corner stone of the South African Republic." Only unthinking people call President Kruger dull.

Loss of Life in Great Battles.

We English have, happily, been free from war of late years that the list of casualties after each engagement has occasioned painful public surprise. It is necessary to remember that we are not now fighting with savage tribes, but with the most redoubtable marksmen in the world, armed with the latest and deadliest weapons that money can obtain. Keeping this in mind, the losses at Glencoe and Elandslaagte are not, comparatively, heavier than those recorded in many battles of the Franco-German war of 1870. At Spicheren, when the Germans stormed the French positions, they lost 223 officers and 4,871 men. During the attack on St. Privat, on the 18th of August, 1870, it has been calculated that 6,000 men of the Prussian Guard fell in the short space of ten minutes. Going further back to the days of smooth-bore cannons and the Brown Bess, the casualty roll during the Peninsular war was often quite as heavy. At the siege of Ciudad Rodrigo there were 90 officers and 1,200 men killed or wounded, 710 of these being struck down in the final assault of that fortress. If these figures were worked out so as to give the percentages of losses to numbers engaged, the result would show that the recent casualties were not greater than might be expected under the circumstances of the fighting.—The Fortnightly Review.

Eagles and Their Prey.

There is at the present moment at the Natural History Museum a model of the skull of an eagle so gigantic that the imagination can scarcely fit it into the life of this planet at all.

The whole head is larger than that of an ox, and the beak resembles a pair of hydraulic shears. Unlike most of the giant beasts, this eagle, which inhabited Patagonia, appears from its remains to have differed little in form from the existing species. Its size alone distinguishes it. The quills of the feathers which bore this awful raptor through the air must have been as thick as a walking stick, and the webs as wide as our-blades. It could have killed and torn to pieces creatures as large as a bison, and whirled up into the sky and dropped upon the rocks the gigantic carapace animals of prehistoric Patagonia as easily as a modern eagle of California does the land tortoises on which it feeds.

Even to-day there are few carnivorous animals, whether birds or beasts, which have so wide a range of prey as the eagles. Like the winged dragons of old story, they can ravage earth, air and sea, and feed promiscuously on the denizens of all three elements. From serpents on the everlasting desert to seals on the everlasting ice, from monkeys in the tropical forest to mantoms on the Alpine slopes, from dead sheep on highland hills to peacocke in the Indian jungles, no form of fish, flesh, or fowl comes amiss to them, and the young eagle, driven by the inexorable law of his race from the home where he was reared, finds a free breakfast table wherever he flies.—The Cornhill.

Understood the Motive.

Mr. Newbow—Bobby, you are a nice little fellow.

Bobby—Oh, come off! All o' sister's fellers gimme 'at kind o' taffy.—Ohio State Journal.

Sharp Practices in Golf.

In regard to the sharp practices that are sometimes resorted to in golf, this story is of interest. It is told by a reliable golfer as a fact and illustrates the keen interest in the success of his employer which many a caddie evinces often at the cost of his employer's reputation and always at the cost of his own place if he is discovered. On this occasion the player's ball was found lying behind a big stone in a bunker. The crafty caddie gave the stone a kick, accompanying the act with remark, "D'y'e think that's wood?"

The act resulted in the stone being moved sufficiently to permit the golfer to find his ball in a playable position.

Horace Hutchinson is authority for a story of even deeper craft on the part of a caddy. This one, Hutchinson says, carried with him a supply of green-painted wooden pins. With these he generally waited until the light began to get a little uncertain and then, when chance afforded him an opportunity, he inserted the pins heads up in the green in the line of his opponent's put. As might be expected, this often caused the gutty to take a bad turn, thereby missing the hole. While the exasperated player would be swearing at the wiriness of the grass at a favorable moment the caddy would put his foot on the pins and drive them into the sod, thus destroying all evidences of his guile. A certain Scottish player is said to have trained his collie to push his opponent's ball into the burn with his nose.—New York Sun.

His Bright Future.

The Saunterer happened to be dining with a friend the other evening, and of course the table's population included the inevitable 5-year-old boy. The latter had fallen into a habit of asking for all kinds of impossible things, being refused and going howling from the room, in obedience to the command. He would re-enter two minutes later with a half dozen streaks and a bright I-accept-your-apology smile on his face.

On this evening, after the third excursion, he suddenly conceived an affection for the sugar bowl. He reached for it, got it, and as promptly gave it up in response to the threatening hand of his mother. His father glanced up casually, waiting for the usual outburst before he sent him out but instead the child's face brightened and his eyes twinkled with anticipation.

"What are you so glad about, Willie?" asked his father.

"I w-wuz thinkin'," answered Willie, "I w-wuz thinkin' of all the sugar I'm goin' to have when everybody else in this house is dead."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Rules in Scotland.

There are few more picturesque spots in Scotland than Dollar Glen, and no more interesting ruin anywhere than the grim old castle of the Campbells, known in the olden time as Castle Gloom. Once visited, the castle will never be forgotten. It is not only beautiful for situation, adding might to the majesty of the everlasting hills, but it abounds with weird traditions that give the added charm of romance.

To visit the glen by moonlight and to see the bare walls of the castle gleaming white through the trees, is to be filled with a mysterious feeling of awe, that is intensified by the rushing of the water in the deep, black chasms beneath. It is a scene to uplift the soul—a glimpse of nature in her wildest and most impressive mood—and it is not surprising that every year an increasing number of visitors find their way to this most beautiful part of the Ochils.—Scottish American.

Couldn't Die Any Too Soon.

A Memphis paper tells of a married couple who are in the habit occasionally of going out at night to entertainments and social affairs, and at such times they make themselves solid with their little boy by saying that they are going out to see a sick man. One week these social affairs came pretty frequently.

On Monday night they went to the theatre, and told the lad that they had to sit up with the sick man. Tuesday night they went out to visit a neighbor, and explained that they were going to give some medicine to the man that was sick. On Wednesday night they proposed to attend an entertainment, and apologized to the young chap by saying they had to put a plaster on the sick man's back to draw out the pain. "Papa," asked the youth, "is the sick man in much pain?" "Very much, my son." "And is he pretty near dead?" "Yes, he's in bad shape." The lad thought deeply for a while, and then remarked: "Well, papa, he can't die any too soon to suit me."

A Novel Mail Carrier.

A woman called at a house on Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, the other day, bearing a letter addressed to the lady residing there. It had been mailed the day previous, but the address was almost effaced.

The woman explained that she had a young collie which was in the habit of picking up and playing with articles he found on the sidewalk. She had been out walking with him when she noticed that he was playing with a letter, which he had evidently found. She took it from him, and, finding that it had not been opened, she called at the address and delivered it.

It was found about a block away from its address, and had probably been dropped on the sidewalk by a letter carrier.

The owner talks of getting a position as mail carrier for her collie.—New York Times.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

NOTES OF INTEREST ON AGRICULTURAL TOPICS.

Grafting Roses—Ashes for the Aphids—Shortening the Moulting Period—Importance of Careful Milking, etc., etc.

Grafting Roses.

As a rule, grafted roses make more rapid growth and stronger plants than roses on their own roots. It also appears from extensive experiments that more flowers are produced and the blossoms are finer. The vitality of the plant seems to be greater.

Ashes for the Aphids.

For treating root aphids in the orchard, tobacco dust has been found very effective. In some sections wood ashes are used with good results by removing the soil from about the tree and applying one-half bushel of wood ashes and then returning the soil. With fruit trees it is the general opinion that ashes can be applied freely without any danger of injury. The effect of bone meal is also beneficial.

Shortening the Moulting Period.

When feeding moulting hens, keep in view the fact that the sooner they finish the process the sooner they will begin to lay. By careful feeding the period of moulting may be shortened a week or two, which is quite an important gain of time late in the season, and then the hen will, if she receives the proper food, be more active and vigorous when she comes out in full new plumage. It must not be overlooked also that exposure is almost fatal to moulting hens. Being nearly bare of feathers they are easily chilled by a sudden rain storm and quickly take cold, which may result in cold on the bowels or even in croup.

If on a range the hen will pick up the green food needed and also insect food. She will then need little or no grain, but if grain is used let it be a mixture of ground oats and bran, equal parts, to each quart of the mixture, adding a gill of linseed meal. The linseed meal contains nearly all the elements for producing feathers, but the chief benefit imparted by it is from its oil, which hastens the dropping off of old feathers. All oily substances loosen them, especially sunflower seeds. The mixture may be given twice a day, allowing the moulting hens to eat all that they wish. They will voluntarily walk away from the food when they are satisfied.

Why Raise Forage Crops?

Forage crops, other than grasses and clovers, should be grown because of the many benefits which they bring to those who grow them. First, they may be made to supplement pasture crops that are more permanent, that is to say, perennial in character, when the area of these is insufficient, or for any cause or causes they may fail to produce plentifully. Second, many of them may be grown as catch crops, where other crops have failed to grow, and hence the use of the land for the season is lost. Third, by growing these crops the farmer is enabled to proportionately increase his power of production.

Fourth, such a system exercises a salutary influence on weed eradication, because of the frequency with which the ground is plowed and otherwise disturbed, and because the weeds which grow in the forage are usually eaten before they mature in their seeds. Fifth, it enables the farmer to provide succulent pasture for animals at certain seasons of the year, when ordinarily it could not be obtained in any other way. And, sixth, it provides vegetation that may be plowed under with great benefit to the land when, because of its abundance, it has been only partially consumed while being grazed.—Prof. Thomas Shaw.

Importance of Careful Milking.

The way in which the milking is done is of as much importance as the way in which the cow is fed. An unskillful or careless milker will cause the best cow to go dry almost as quickly as improper or careless feeding. We like to thoroughly clean off the udder and teats by washing and rubbing dry before we begin to milk. This manipulation excites the action of the milk glands to some extent, but it is better to begin moderately at first and at no time exert too much pressure on the teats in trying to force the milk stream more rapidly than the size of the milk passage through teat allows. Once begun, keep steadily at it until the last drop is drawn. Maintaining a steady and continuous flow is of more importance than rapid milking, and it is important to obtain all the contents of the udder, or all that may be secreted, partly because the last pint drawn contains about five times the amount of butter fat that is found in the first pint, and if this is left to be absorbed in to the system, there is a tendency to produce fat instead of milk, and