

THE ROCKWOOD REVIEW

JACK SCOTT'S RUSSIAN BATH.

After Jack Scott's adventure with the Bull Calf, I did not see him for a long time, and thought that since his marriage he had settled down to humdrum domestic happiness. A few nights ago I dropped into the Club, and found Jack surrounded by an interested crowd, who were evidently much amused at something he was relating. As I joined the group, he smiled serenely on me, and said that he would give me the commencement of his story, so that nothing might be lost—for he felt that he had a duty to perform in warning faddists on bathing—knowing that if I have any claim to a title, it is to that of Knight of the Bath. He said: Perhaps some of you know Herr Kordschmeiter, the pianist, on Delaware Avenue! He is an enthusiast, and when not loading up the juvenile mind with crotchets and quavers, follows up certain well defined lines of hygienic investigation. For three months of the year bran porridge is the proper caper, next term hot water and salt will have an innings, to be followed by a chopped raw meat diet, trusting in good luck and a special guardian angel to keep him clear of entozoa. In internal remedies for imaginary complaints, he has run the gamut from Smith's Carmine Pills to Zoroasters Zuni Zataclysm, and of course derived benefit from all. Six months ago the hydropathic method was on top, and then he declared in favor of a Russian Bath system. Every time I met him he waxed enthusiastic over the merits of his bath, told me how he had reduced himself in flesh ten pounds in two weeks and expected to lose ten more in the next fortnight, although looking like a shadow then. He could talk nothing but Russian Bath, and insisted that I must come and try it; so in a weak moment I consented,

and one beautiful afternoon in June found myself ringing at Herr Kordschmeiter's door-bell, on my way to taking one of the famous baths. The Herr was delighted, and greeted me effusively, quickly conducting me upstairs to a room where the apparatus stood in readiness for action. The bath consisted of a cone shaped box, inside of which was a chair; beneath was some species of stove guaranteed to get up a proper heat at a moment's notice. After unrobing I was induced to get into the box, and the Professor locked the top of the cone about my neck, with some sort of a padlock. There I was a prisoner, without the ability to do more than turn my head much after the style of a maudarin doll. The festive Kordschmeiter was at this moment summoned to take charge of a pupil, and told me not to worry, as his faithful attendant knew all about the working of the apparatus, and would let me out at the proper time. The appearance of the attendant was not reassuring, as he was old and so deaf that the Herr had to shout to make him understand! At all events there I was, helpless and left alone with a deaf old codger who might not hear me if I called for help. The bath was placed opposite a window, overlooking an exquisite portion of a park, and I had to interest myself studying the beautiful works of nature. Gaudy birds flitted from tree to tree, robins sang their sweet carols, and the whole scene was refreshing and soothing. I soon forgot my dread, when the fact that the bath was getting uncomfortably hot suddenly dawned upon me, and perspiration began to roll down my forehead. The old man noticed the condition of affairs, and approaching said that I must feel thirsty, and if I would not worry for a few minutes, he would get me some tansy wine, particularly admired by Herr Kord-