The Bathroom Songsters

By W. E. Hill

Rose is all her innocence in the bathroom and she's having a great old singfest. Her favorite number is "Rosie Ride," which she sings over and over—just the first two bars, because that's as much as Rose is able to retain of any tune.

Scalp treatment in the privacy of the bath incites Roland to a perfect orgy of bathroom baladi. "Darling, I am growing weak, silver threads among the go-oids!" will be followed by a choice selection from grand opera unless Roland is stopped by members of the family, who can stand just so much and no more.

Isabelle is washing handkerchiefs in the bathroom this bright October morn and singing, as she rinses, with the old domestic hymn, "Just a kiss in the dark, just a kiss in the dark, just a kiss just a kiss, etc., etc."

Only knows a few of the words, does Isabelle, but that doesn't keep her from hitting a few high notes.

Owing to the difficulty of keeping scopy water from dripping into the mouth, a gentle lullaby, or a Swiss river tune, crooned softly, seems to fit in best with a tar soap shaving over the wash bowl.

"La di deo di" is the burden of the song that issuing from under the rubber curtain where Harvey is drying off after the cold shower. Harvey likes to improvise as he goes along. Not much tone, but the louder the better.

Arthur is enjoying a good old soak in hot water, and is whistling the time away while the soap dissolves in the bottom of the tub. He is bringing back all the favorites of the great war, such as "Rose of No Man's Land," "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry," and doing pretty well, if you like whistling.

And if here isn't Aunt Susanah at the bath, singing away! Aunt Susanah is an old-fashioned girl, preferring the bits of yesteryear to all this modern jazz. A song or two from "Emilia," "Cherry Red, Cherry Ripe," and "Two Little Girls in Blue" are in her repertoire.

Chi Chi is in the bath and yet no one in her immediate family circle will let her sing a note. The girl is tone deaf, you see. But in the bathroom, with the door locked, and both faucets running into the tub, who is to say her say? She's having a swell time with "Moonlight on the Ganges" and "End of a Perfect Day," although you'll never guess which is which.

Poor Carol! She's so musical at heart, and yet no one in her immediate family circle will let her sing a note. The girl is tone deaf, you see. But in the bathroom, with the door locked, and both faucets running into the tub, who is to say her say? She's having a swell time with "Moonlight on the Ganges" and "End of a Perfect Day," although you'll never guess which is which.

Uncle Gayney is a bathroom warbler of many years standing. He likes something that you can sink your teeth into, as it were, something like "Old Dog Tray" or "Asleep in the Deep."