

Hints on Beauty Culture

Right Perfume Adds to Charm of Daintiness

By MAGGIE TEYTE

Prima Donna Chicago-Philadelphia Opera Company.



MAGGIE TEYTE

There is a ten days, the daily stirring. Then, at the end of this period, take the rose leaves out and rub them with spices, an ounce of cloves and allspice ground coarsely and an equal amount of shredded stick cinnamon. Place them in a clean jar in alternate layers. Set it away in a dark place for 21 days.

Then mix together a fourth of an ounce of mace, allspice and cloves, coarsely ground, half a grated nutmeg, quarter of a pound of dried lavender, an ounce of powderedorris root, and fill the permanent jars, using the rose leaves in layers, alternating with the mixture of spices, and on each layer dropping a little oil of rose and geranium. When the jar is filled pour an ounce of rose extract over the whole. You will find it a constant joy, and the odor, whenever it is opened, will revive the memory of much happiness.

There has recently been a fad for the perfumed beads made of rose petals which have chiefly come from California. From a friend who has made some of the beautiful chains, I have the following simple rule:

Dry and powder the rose petals till you have six ounces. Then mix with enough gum tragacanth to mould into spheres, add a drachm of musk, and tint with carmine. Pierce them by inserting a hat pin before they are dry and be careful to have them the same size. If you wish to make them ornate, there is the possibility of rolling them while they are moist over some raised design which will leave an impress which has the effect of something quite Egyptian.

For the woman who has a fondness for heliotrope sachet here is a rule which is delicate and lasting: Half a pound of rose petals and one-fourth as much tonka beans, mixed with one pound of ground orris root, for extra strength and lasting qualities add four ounces of vanilla and a little musk. Mix well together and let stand for a month in an airtight receptacle in order that the blend may be perfect. This quantity should last a year.

If you happen to go to the country this summer, there is no excuse for not combining beauty culture and pleasure by early rising to pick roses, for the perfume of the exquisite blossom is most powerful when they are wet with the dew.

Store the best for a foundation. Put the dried petals in with alternate layers of fine salt. Stir the rose leaves gently each day. When the last layer is in place let the mass stand

C. C. C.

Grand Big Dance

(Entire proceeds to the Marine Disaster Fund. By permission of the Lieut. Colonel.)

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The Daily Mail \$2.00 Year.

Correct Methods of Using Furniture Polish

BY HELEN HOWE.

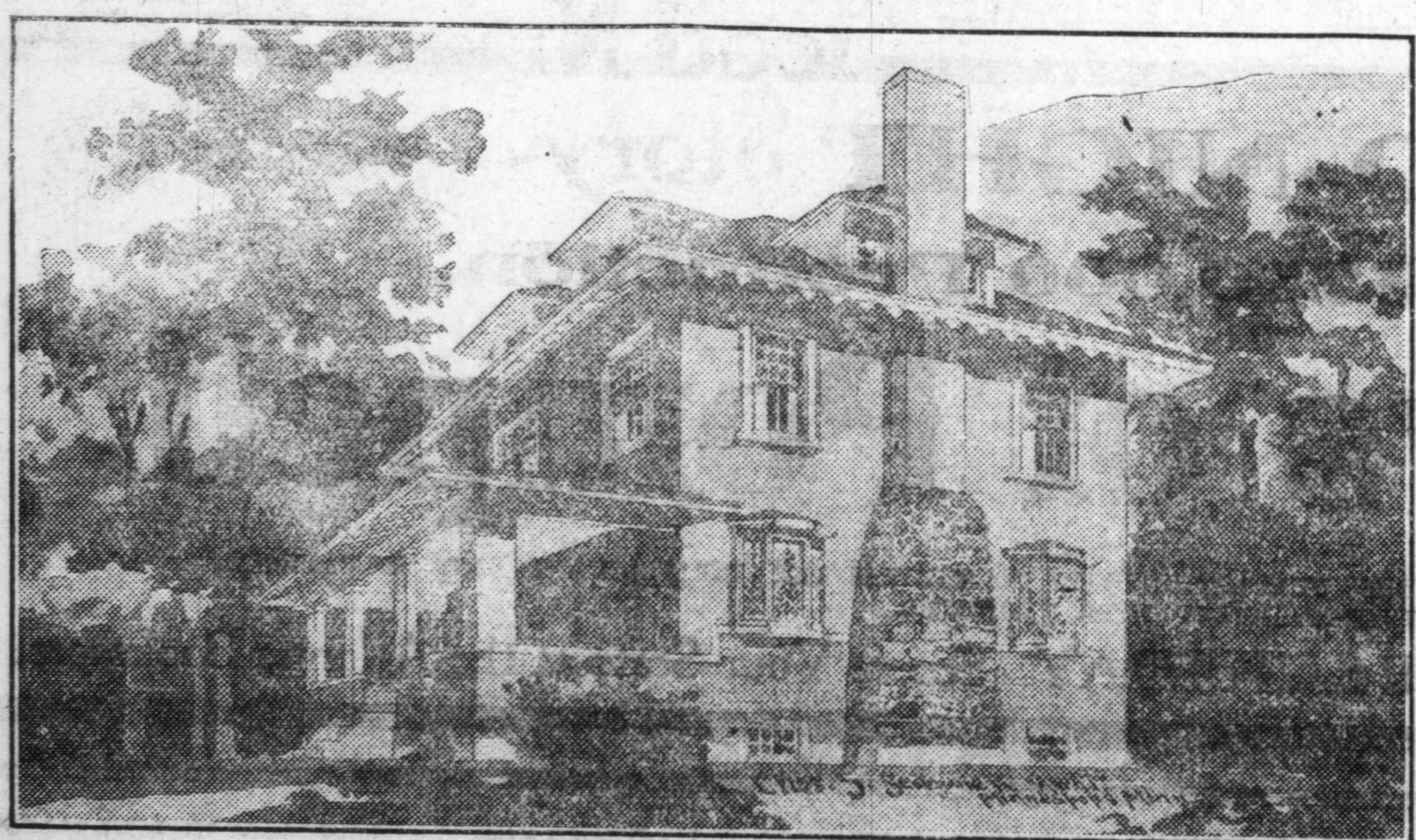
FURNITURE should always be used sparingly. A little will be quite as effective as much, and will do no harm. It is in no way applying oil unless the wood is rubbed until all greasiness has disappeared.

As a matter of fact, it will not be necessary to use a polish oftener than once a year if the furniture is washed off occasionally with cold or lukewarm water. The former should be used on such highly polished woods as the piano, but when the furniture is very much stained warm water will be better. Only a little should

be washed off at a time, drying as quickly as possible. Any light scratches will disappear if rubbed over with a rag moistened with kerosene oil. When furniture has been bruised the wood can be brought up again by applying moisture and heat. Lay a cloth squeezed from warm water

A BRICK AND CEMENT EXTERIOR

DESIGNED BY CHAS. S. REDGWICK, ARCHT.



THE use of good rough Oriental brick or dark sewer brick for a house exterior, carried up from the grade line to first-story window sill course and from this point to the top of the walls finished in cement stucco, makes a very pleasing exterior, gives a substantial look and is quite a popular treatment at the present time in good residence work. The design illustrated has a front of 34 ft. 6 in., the main part being 26 ft. in depth, exclusive of the wide piazza across the front, and the kitchen which extends back 7 ft. In this design there is a cut stone or sill base at the grade line, then the brick are carried up to the window sill course and capped with either cut stone or hard brick on edge in cement.

The projected chimney at the side is faced with bowlder stone up to the second story, these stones to be selected of different shades and adding very much to the artistic appearance of the house. The roof is low pitched and hipped with wide overhang to the cornice of 3 ft. and the rafters showing on the underside and the same treatment carried out with the dormer windows and piazza.

The front facade is symmetrical with a central entrance into a vestibule and wide triple windows on each side lighting the front of the living room and dining room. There is a central hall opening through with staircase in the rear, arranged with the combination feature with the grade entrance, basement stairs underneath and section of stairs from

kitchen up to the main landing. The living room on the right is 14 ft. by 24 ft. with wide open fireplace in the center and a projected Dutch grindoy on each side. The dining room on the left is 13 ft. by 14 ft. with wide recessed window at the end and recessed sideboard. These two rooms are finished with beam ceilings. The kitchen at the rear connects with the dining room through the pantry. This main floor is finished in Mission oak.

The second floor has four good chambers with ample closets and large bath room and all finished in white enamel with birch floor. The attic story has ample space for rooms, but not finished. The estimated cost exclusive of heating and plumbing is from \$5,500 to \$6,000.

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HEARN & COMPANY

New Cottons Rival Silks

LATEST WORD FROM MAKERS OF FASHION

By Madge Marvel



As much has been said and written for many moons, has passed into oblivion. Eying it this year means spending more than an elaborate costume of silk would cost. Indeed, when I went shopping the other day I was pleased with the prices of the new silks and staggered by those of the cotton goods.

Also the latter are far more wonderful in weave and coloring. But when you ask the price of a piece of dull blue crepe stuff in the cotton goods corner and the salesman says "That's a yard" without a tremor of the eyelid, it makes you doubt the condition of your ears.

Never were the cottons so lovely. Never were they so expensive. I am firmly convinced the dry cleaners and the weavers have formed a compact of some kind, even if it is only mental. There is no hope of sending the new "wash" gown to the tub. It will have to

be dry cleaned. I said as much to the salesman. "Oh, yes, to be sure, madame," he agreed, "all gowns look better by being cleaned than they do by being tubbed. In fact, madame, I do not think tubbing summer dresses has been very much favored for the past two seasons."

However, their loveliness, as I say, is unequalled. Every shade and every weave which have made the silks and wools and velvets such wondrous stuffs for costumes have been repeated in the cottons, which are but half cotton in the best goods, the other threads being silk.

The names we have become accustomed to are retained. There is rati in various designs, the most appealing being in a loosely woven check, decidedly smart for suits. Tan and rose is a good combination.

Then there is dainty in plain and novel weaves. The latter is like the mouset velvet. It comes in moss green, heliotrope, yellow rose, blue, all the lovely new shades. It is wide—almost as wide as it is costly. It is intended, as is goline, which is something like corduroy, to be used for coats to be worn over frocks of flowered crepe, the plain material matching the color of the flower.

Crepes, either flowered or brocade, or plain or figured, and in every color and combination of colors are new, desirable and fascinating. The average price of the most alluring goods seemed to hover about the \$4 a yard mark. And I saw a dozen or more women having the materials measured off with delightful concern, so I suppose it is all right. But we shall have to change our ideas of what constitutes the "simple little tub frock."

Advertise in The Daily Mail The Daily Mail, \$2 a Year.

A Few Helpful Moments With the "Get There" Club

BY NED PADGETT.

Beware of the Ray-Window, Horace! Do you find it somewhat uncomfortable, Horace, to bend over and look at the shoe?

Have you had to let out your belt a notch or so? When you sit down, do you find yourself slumping, with a curve in your back, instead of bracing it full against the chair?

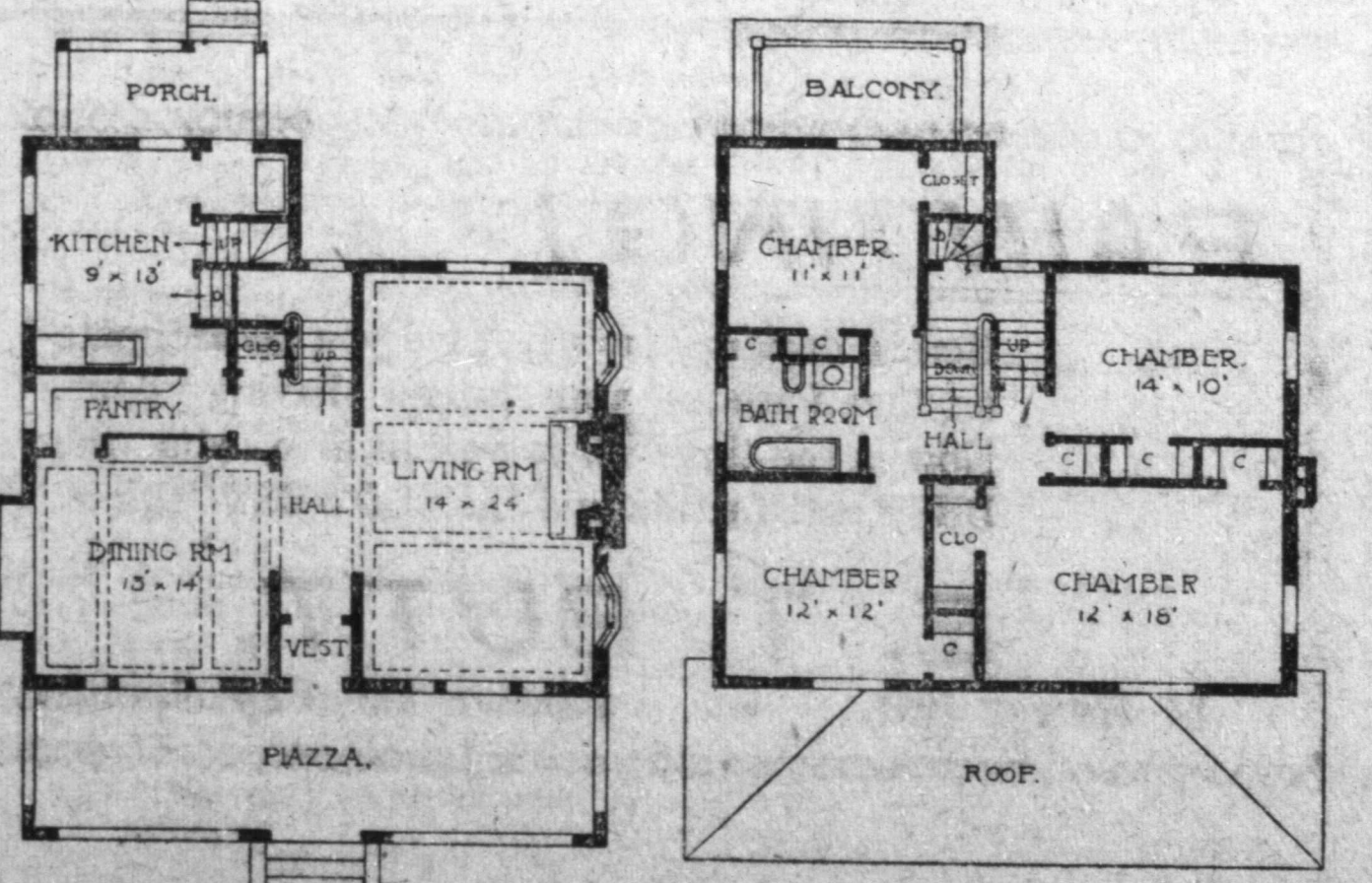
Have you an inclination to shortness of breath, and do you involuntarily exhale it in short quick gasps? As you walk along do you catch yourself, every now and then, balancing first on one foot, then on the other—a little bit, but enough to be noticeable to those aware of the symptoms?

If so, Horace, then beware—you're getting a "ray-window!"

The wood-work is in very bad condition a kerosene rag will remove the larger amount of soil afterwards washing off with the water and whitening. If at any time it is thought soap is necessary, but one is doubtful whether to use it or not, substitute Fuller's earth. It is perfectly harmless, and is quite as cleansing as soap.

Planned cloth or chambray should be used to clean paint in preference to cotton goods, which leaves lint and sticks to the paint. Old underwear makes good house cloths.

There are many good home-made furniture polishes, but one of the most simple is made by mixing two parts of sweet oil with one of turpentine. This is good for all kinds of polished woods.



A fine, likely lad you were, not so long ago, lithe and graceful and without even a promise of a protuberance, round and complacent, between your hips and the second button on your shirt.

Fresh from school or play or college, you were—with your ankles pliable and free of fat. When you were measured for a suit of clothes you listened eagerly for the tailor to call off your chest measure—with never a thought of what the tape would measure around the waist!

Well, you became interested in your work, and went serenely along, unmindful of the fact that the muscles once called upon every day to grow taut and then relax, were becoming soft and flabby from disuse. Business duties were so exacting during the day, and as for your evenings, why they were all too short for your social and convivial engagements!

You likewise developed several habits—little insignificant ones—which, had you stopped to consider them, you would have known were guaranteed to tear down muscle and substitute flabby tissue. At lunch hour, for example, you rushed up to a dairy lunch counter, grabbed a sandwich or two, something to drink and a piece of pie with, maybe, some ice cream on the side.

Moreover, you bolted it down with supreme indifference to the teachings of one, Fletcher. Whenever possible you rode in the street car instead of walking. And, mayhap, at night you felt you simply couldn't go to bed without a little "snack" and something to drink. And so it went.

Then, all of a sudden, you became vaguely conscious that your trousers were getting tight around the waistline. No, they could hardly have shrunk! Why, bless me, it must be that you were getting larger there!

One little reminder after another, Horace, and finally you woke up to the fact that you had the beginnings of what promised to be a fine young "ray window!" Oh, the horror of it! The awful realization that, somehow, the curve that used to be on your chest had now moved down to the second floor!

In desperation—and likewise with rare caution and a pretended indifference to the calamity—you rushed off to do something, anything, that would move that curve up again where it ought to be! Walking is a splendid reducer, you learned; so you walked it was—down to the office and back again if, mind you, you had the time, etc.

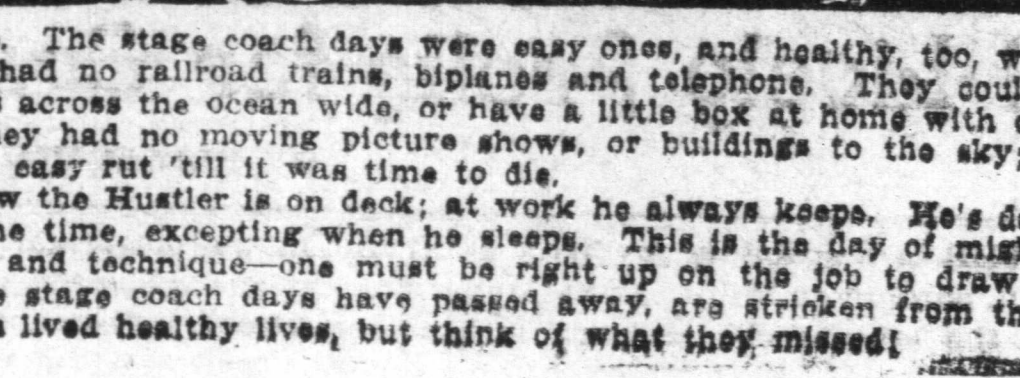
Maybe you even carried it so far

Hustle, or Move On

By Tom Jackson

WHEN chuck steak cost six cents a pound and bacon sold for ten, when one cent to consumers brought an egg fresh from the hen, then one might loaf upon his job and work a little slow, but now the price of eats keeps one a-bustling after dough. Besides, in this Progressive age a person must have speed; live wires are the only kind of men the bosses need. "Get-a-move-on all the time, if fortune one would win, and "Take It Easy" must slip out, while "Hustler" he stens in.

These are the days of rush and dash, dyspepsia, too, no doubt; but one must keep up with the pace or else step down and out. We hear of many nervous wrecks a-scattered 'long the shore, but biz is biz, and for its sake there will be



many more. The stage coach days were easy ones, and healthy, too, we own, but then they had no railroad trains, airplanes and telephones. They could not talk by wireless across the ocean wide, or have a little box at home with opera stars inside. They had no moving picture shows, or buildings to the sky; they just lived in an easy rut 'till it was time to die.

But now the Hustler is on deck; at work he always keeps. He's doing something all the time, excepting when he sleeps. This is the day of mighty things, of experts and technique—one must be right up on the job to draw pay every week. The stage coach days have passed away, are stricken from the list; they people then lived healthy lives, but think of what they missed!

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Tummy Dumbfounded at What the Tape Said.

kept to those good resolutions of yours for an amazingly short time. So many things interfered to prevent your carrying them out. In fact, everything seemed to be in league against you. Once in a while when you went to your tailor you would be utterly dumbfounded at the fact that the waist-line measure was far more important than the chest. And what said, sad news it was to find each time that the tape stretched an inch—two inches, perhaps—more than it had the last time.

Then, finally, you sighed that long, heart-felt, hopeless sigh that only those so afflicted can sigh—and GAVE UP!

Yes, you admitted it—you were a fat man!