

Woman's Realm :- Social and Personal :- Fashions :- Literature

The Gay Life Of The "Tiger"

M. Clemenceau On The "Curse" Of Politics—Prefers Theatres

(By CONSTANTINE COLAS) GEORGES CLEMENCEAU, the old "Tiger of France," chuckled delightfully when I called on him at his modest little service flat on the Rue Franklin, where he had taken up quarters during the winter months. As he dictated six articles under the titles: HOW TO BE HAPPY, ARE WOMEN INTERESTING? IS CIVILIZATION WORTH WHILE? LEARN TO LAUGH AT YOURSELF, MAN'S LOVE VERSUS WOMAN'S, AND WHY PROHIBITION IS WRONG, I observed that he was in full possession of his rich old sense of humor, and still addicted to his long-standing habit of smoking innumerable cigars, lighting one from the end of another for hours. On the day when our collaboration ended, he told me: "I am going to step out this winter and amuse myself."

Nervous Indigestion As A Result Of Flu

A Severe Sufferer Overcame This Trouble By Taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills

No ailment of recent years has proved so treacherous as has the Flu. The disease itself is bad enough, but the after effects is where the real danger lies. The Flu leaves behind it a weakened body, impoverished blood, shattered nerves and an impaired digestive system. Too much stress cannot be laid on the importance of rebuilding the blood and strengthening the nerves during convalescence. Until the blood is built up there can be no recovery of health and strength. The one sure blood-builder is Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Start a treatment of them to-day and see how soon you show signs of robust health again. Among the many victims of the terrible Flu epidemic of 1919 was Mrs. Irving Maxwell, of Bancroft, Ont. Read what this lady has to say concerning what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for her: "After an attack of the Flu I was left in an extremely weak state. My blood was impoverished; I was seized with indigestion and stomach trouble; my nerves were shattered and nothing my doctor gave me seemed to help me in the least. I continually grew weaker and weaker till finally I lost all control of my nervous system. My mother, who had used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills with good results for anaemia, strongly advised me to give them a trial. I did so, and after using three boxes I noticed some improvement. I persisted in the treatment and by the time I had used seven boxes I was fully restored to health again, and although I am a mother of six children I am now able to do all my work around the house and feel as well as ever I did in my life before. What these Pills have done for me they will surely do for others."

does a man get out of it but ingratitude and gray hairs? Look at me, for instance," he growled. "I'm a man prematurely old. Politics are a curse. They rob you of sleep and take away your peace of mind. I don't even read the papers nowadays. I'd rather go to see the girls at the Folies Bergere. "Next year I might make a big trip around the world. Perhaps that'll rejuvenate me. If all goes well I might get married when I come back and settle down like a good taxpayer."

NO GLORY IN IT Perhaps, they thought, the old "Tiger," exasperated with the trend of affairs, is planning to stage a dramatic comeback after living in sullen retirement for eight years. I mentioned the rumors to M. Clemenceau.

"Once and for all I want to tell you that I am through with politics," he came back. "Some people think there is glory in it. I will tell you what it is, politics. It's rhubarb. Americans call it apple sauce. I call it rhubarb. Because rhubarb is worse."

"I've never known such happiness as these last few years. I've read a number of books and I've written a few myself. From the novelists and romancers I learn that life is an unknown and unsounded drama. "Where do we come from? Where do we go?" asked M. Clemenceau. "I don't know. Only one thing matters, that is this. Between two questions there is life. Life, you see, the more you advance in years the more you love it, the more you know it deserves to be lived."

And suddenly breaking off his philosophical reverie, the "Tiger" grinned again and chuckled. "That's why I am going to the Folies Bergere. "Don't talk to me about the debt question, or about reparations, or about the Government of France. It's no use."

We had walked down the stairs and Monsieur Clemenceau put up his umbrella. With a light and elastic step, in spite of his eighty odd years, he walked down the street in drizzling rain.

ABOUT AUTHORS It is encouraging to learn that most of the successful modern writers began life in other business besides that of writing. Sir Arthur Conan Doyle was a doctor; Oppenheim was manager of a leather factory, and H. G. Wells was first a draper's assistant and then a science master. Joseph Conrad and John Masefield were sailors, and it is not generally known that the former never wrote a line for publication till he was 30 years old. Arnold Bennett was a clerk in a lawyer's office, and Frank T. Bullen had a varied career before he became a famous novelist. . . sailor, draper's assistant and clerk in a government office.

Happenings of the Week

"Wiseest is he who, never quite secure, Changes his thoughts for better day by day; Tomorrow some new light will shine, be sure, And thou shalt see thy thought another way."

So few of our Royal ladies hunt that Princess Mary's fall when out with the Bramham Moor the other day seems rather startling. Princess Mary's Aunt, Queen Maud of Norway, is the only other keen horsewoman in the Royal family. Queen Mary never cared much for riding, and since Princess Ena became Queen of Spain until Princess Mary's marriage with a hunting man allowed her to indulge more fully her love for horses, we have had no adventurous Royal equestrienne. The Duchess of York has rarely ridden to hounds, and Lady Patricia Ramsay prefers a country tramp to being in the saddle.

The Queen, whose interest is needlework is well known, is making a collection of old handkerchiefs. She has already acquired several which are over 200 years old, and was delighted with the Princess Royal's Christmas gift of a lace kerchief that belonged to the Empress Josephine. The Countess of Strathmore, who is an expert on antique stitchery is helping the Queen with her collection.

Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Murray have returned from a pleasant visit to Toronto. While in the Queen City they attended one of the most brilliant social events of the season, the annual dance of the Bank of Nova Scotia Recreation Club, held in the Crystal Ballroom of the King Edward Hotel. Seven hundred guests danced through to an early hour to the captivating strains of Romanelli's augmented synopators. The patronesses included a former Summerside lady, Mrs. J. A. McLeod, in charming dress of Nile blue transparent velvet shot with silver, beaded with crystals, silver shoes and stockings. She carried a bouquet of pink roses and lily of the valley, tied with silver ribbon. The foyer of the ballroom was arranged with palms and flowers where the guests were received by Mr. and Mrs. J. A. McLeod. The dance opened with a grand promenade and the Circassian Circle, headed by Pipe-Major Fraser and Sergeant Burns, pipers of the 48th Highlanders. This was followed by a set of the lancers. The programs were quite original in design, the front being a sketch of a vault door which when opened exposed the dance numbers and titles. The ballroom was gaily decorated with smilax and flags, and the vari-colored gowns worn by the ladies presented a beautiful scene. A huge copy of the bank's crest done in parchment, colored and illuminated, looked very striking suspended from the balcony. A feature of the evening was the ship, R-1832, sailing across the ballroom, and on being moored at the stage two artists emerged from the cabin and danced the Spanish Fandango. Mr. and Mrs. Murray were also the guests of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor and Mrs. Ross, who entertained at dinner on Friday evening before the Bank of Nova Scotia dance.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank W. Andrew of Gladstone, Michigan, formerly of this City have left on an extended trip. They will visit New Orleans attending the Mardi Gras there, also Grand Canyon, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Victoria. Returning via Canadian Rockies, Winnipeg and Minneapolis. They expect to be absent about two months.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Lee Horne of Summerside were the guests last week of Mrs. Douglas Tuer, Kerrisdale, Vancouver.

Miss Jean Grant spent the week end with college friends at Mt. Allison, Sackville.

Captain Ernest G. Weeks, M. C., of Camp Borden spent the week end in Toronto, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Beer.

Mrs. R. A. Pendleton's many friends will be glad to know that she is recuperating nicely after her recent illness.

Lent being ushered in this week curtains a great deal of social activities.

The classic white coat with hand-made frocks from France in pastel shades figure prominently in the smart Southern mode.

Clothes made by leading Canadian tailors, and demonstrated before Merchant Tailor Designers' Association at their annual convention in Detroit this week, stood out as the most dignified and artistic, and will be the standards for another year. The sterner sex will be interested to know that one well-known tailor, did not hesitate to praise the Canadian exhibits. "The Canadian gentleman dressed in Canadian clothes, can travel in any company in the world, and he would be considered at any European capital as a well-dressed gentleman." There will be no very marked designs and exaggerated clothes were frowned upon. Men want to dress in a dignified, gentlemanly manner. "Jazz trousers are freakish, and the bell-bottom style is not recognized anywhere in the high-class trade. A 17-1/2 to 18-inch bottom is the standard. Beyond 18 in-

The regular Monday evening Bridge Club was entertained this week by Mrs. C. H. B. Longworth.

Mrs. H. W. Longworth was hostess for the Thursday afternoon Club.

Mrs. Price of Bridgewater, N. S., left yesterday morning for her home after a most delightful visit in the city with her sister-in-law, Miss Price who, since coming here as masseuse in connection with Red Cross work has made a wide circle of friends.

Miss Hannah Small entertained the ladies of St. Mary's Church at her residence on Myrtle Street, Summerside, on Tuesday evening. A pleasant time was spent and delicious refreshments were served at the close of the evening.

To be in the height of fashion in Europe, travelers must have their baggage of their favorite color. A bride in London recently had her hat boxes and suitcases of a pretty Nantier blue, and was much disappointed that she was unable to get all her big trunks to match.

Miss Berna Huestis has gone on a two weeks holiday visit to friends in Halifax and Amherst.

The Crystal Sisters hockey team of Summerside left Monday morning on a trip to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Mrs. Fred Murphy is chaperoning the team, which lines up as follows: Goal, T. MacNeill; defence, R. Campbell and E. Gay; forwards, H. Leard, A. Green, P. McLellan, M. Gaudet, N. Green. Coach, Mr. Fred Murphy.

Judge W. S. Stewart was receiving the congratulations of his friends Wednesday on the occasion of his birthday.

Mrs. Deathe of Halifax is paying a short visit to Springfield, the guest of the Misses Haslam, of Stone Cottage.

Sri Robert Borden and Lady Borden are leaving Ottawa on Tuesday for the Southern States and will be away until April.

Dr. and Mrs. E. E. Sinclair and daughter, Miss Margaret, of Summerside, left on Wednesday on a visit to Montreal.

Old styles and ancient customs are bidding for the favor of the flapper of Spain. Both apparently have won for in the large cities the misses wear abbreviated skirts and their hair is shingled. But no daughter of a respectable middle-class family is allowed to attend a dance or a theatre with her "novia" (sweetheart) unless accompanied by a stern chaperon. In Seville, Toledo, or other ancient cities a modern shiek may be seen carrying on a flirtation through the iron grilling of his bobbed lady's window.

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Modern Etiquette

BY ROBERTA LEE

Q. Is it necessary for a woman who is seated to rise to acknowledge an introduction?

A. No, it is not necessary.

Q. What is a clever suggestion when issuing invitations for a George Washington's birthday party?

A. Send the invitations on tiny paper flags. All the necessary information can be written in the white stripes.

Q. Having entered a restaurant what should one do?

A. Stand at the door. The head-waiter, or waitress, will show one where to sit.

ches is regarded as an extreme," he declared.

Mrs. D. R. Morrison of Summerside, has returned from a very pleasant trip to Boston and other cities in the United States.

Mrs. (Judge) Stewart and Mrs. A. A. Bartlett who are visiting in Toronto the guests of Mrs. H. A. Richardson are being widely entertained during the pleasant visit.

The Valentine Tea in Zion Church on Thursday afternoon was a most delightful affair with an exceptionally large attendance.

Satin back crepe in black or white or maize or nude tints is smart for spring evening frocks.

Lovers of quill pens are rare, but Lord Dunsany never uses any pen but a quill from a wild goose he has shot himself.

Miss Evelyn McKenzie, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank McKenzie, of Summerside, left on Thursday for a visit to her brother, Mr. Kenneth McKenzie, of Campbellton, N. B.

Goupy is one of the Parisians who is making serviceable ensembles all of wool, but of varied weaves and colors.

An interesting social event of the week was the reception on Thursday afternoon, when Mrs. Harold B. Schurman received for the first time since her marriage at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. Maynard F. Schurman, on Summer Street, Summerside, which was artistically arranged with beautiful spring flowers to offset the gowns worn by the hostesses and their assistants. Receiving with the popular young bride in the drawing room was her mother, Mrs. A. C. Saunders, wife of Premier Saunders, and Mrs. Maynard F. Schurman, who were pleasantly engaged all the afternoon welcoming the many friends who called to extend their congratulations. The charming young bride looked lovely in her wedding dress of white transparent chiffon velvet and carried an exquisite bouquet of pale pink roses. Mrs. Saunders was becomingly gowned in French blue printed velvet with a corsage bouquet of dainty pink roses. Mrs. Schurman, Sr., wore a beautiful creation of cinnamon brown georgette and dainty corsage bouquet. The dining room was charmingly arranged with a color scheme of mauve and yellow. The tea table was adorned with beautiful yellow daffodils in an antique silver urn, and tall mauve tapers in beautiful candlesticks to match the urn shed a soft glow of light over the tea and coffee cups, which were presided over by Mrs. (Dr.) E. T. Tanton and Miss Flossie Hunt. The ices were cut by Mrs. Benj. Rogers, Jr. Among those assisting were Misses Enid MacFarlane, Marion Leard, Mary MacPhail, Ethel Schurman, Marion MacArthur and Jean MacKay. Mrs. Creelman MacArthur ushered the guests into the dining room.

In Russia it is the custom to present a cake as a symbol of good wishes for the recipient's prosperity, and when London's new Lady Mayor, Mrs. Lady Studd, took up residence at the Mansion House, she was delighted and touched to receive a large cake as a gift from three Russian women well-wishers.

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Making Life

One Joyous Song

Why can't not grown people accept the gift of perpetual youth? The seed of it is planted in every soul. But how it is scraped up and trodden down and smothered. Some people seem to think it is a sin to be happy and joyous after forty-five years, and a few old owls even consider one has a right to clothe oneself in sack cloth and cease to thrill with life at 35.

I myself am endowed with an unaccountable vitality and the power that makes life more or less one joyous song of content, in spite of numberless small trials and difficulties which would doubtless have bowled over the patience of Job himself had he known half of them!

Anyhow, I'd like to give a few people a bit of advice.

Don't look sour when you meet a particularly happy individual. Don't be cross because he or she takes life as a glorious and joyous gift. Don't ask with a very long face, "How old is he, or she?"

Do as I do. Start at the other end and you will grow in gladness. "How young is she, or he?" Ask that, and in finding the "young heart" of your neighbor you will soon be finding your better self.

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For the Cook

ORANGE CUSTARD AND SALAD

The following recipes suggest ways in which oranges may be used: Orange Rice Custard—Orange peel, 2 cups milk, 1/2 cup boiled rice, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/4 teaspoon salt, 1 cup orange juice, salt, 1 tablespoon powdered sugar, candied orange peel. Scald a few pieces of plain orange peel with the milk and rice. Beat the egg yolks with the sugar and salt. Remove the orange peel from the first mixture and add sugar mixture and orange juice to milk. Stir over hot water until thickened. Then take from the heat and chill. Just before serving beat the egg whites stiff, add a few grains of salt, and a tablespoon of powdered sugar. Pile on the custard and sprinkle lightly with finely chopped candied orange peel. (Serves six to eight.)

B. C. PIONEER INVENTS NEW FUELLESS COOKER

Cook your meals on the exhaust pipe. That, in brief, sums up the ideas involved in connection with a new fuelless cooker invented by John P. Cooper, an oil agent at Tofino, on the west coast of Vancouver Island.

The container is so arranged that it can be attached to the exhaust pipe of a gas boat, an airplane or an automobile. There are three receptacles fitted inside, one with a spout to be used as a kettle, the other two for the purpose of heating or cooking any food desired. The new device fits over the top of an exhaust pipe very easily, and is adjusted for temperature by two set screws which control two springs.

According to Mr. Cooper, his invention was originated with the idea of eliminating explosions on gas boats, so common when the coal stove used for cooking purposes is situated close to the gasoline intake pipe. The inventor has been a resident of Vancouver Island for the past sixteen years, and before that time was engaged for four years as a clerk in the old grocery store which was located on the present site of the Hudson's Bay.

SEQUINS REVIVED

The revival of sequin gowns was a spectacular feature in the evening group. These were of solid sequins and accompanied by jackets, and were introduced in black and such colors as bright green. Fans and scarves were shown with these models. An afternoon dress of black and-antelope had diagonal bandings of black sequins and a matching scarf.

Another sensational feature of her evening collection was the culotte under a skirt of self fabric.

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UNCLE RAY'S CORNER

A LITTLE SATURDAY TALK

We have finished our series on Animals of Long Ago, and I hope you have enjoyed the trip back to the time of the dinosaurs. Perhaps the stories sounded like fairy-tales because those animals were so queer, and so different from the ones we see today.

Yet some modern animals are queer enough. There is a story that a man looked at a giraffe for the first time and (in spite of the report of his own eyes) shouted, "There ain't no such animal!"

In the case of the giraffe, it is easy to prove that there is such an animal; but to prove that there were dinosaurs, is harder. We must depend mostly upon the skeletons which they left, though some of them left tracks of their feet in mud which later hardened and formed rock.

People of a few hundred years ago used to find those bones, but they made laughable mistakes about them. Their most common error was to call certain bones (seven feet long) "the leg-bones of giant men." The finding of big bones in ancient times probably started the myths about giants.

In one way of speaking, the bones really belonged to giants—but the giant animals, not giant men. Careful work has been done in putting leg-bones, rib-bones, skulls and so on together. Mistakes have been made, but in general it is safe to depend on the work of the scientists. The first time you have a chance, be sure to visit a museum containing the skeletons of some of the olden animals.

Of course the pictures and models of those animals are partly guess-work. Except in a few cases—as the mammoths found in Siberia—neither skin nor flesh was saved by Nature.

It is believed that the last of the dinosaurs died about 3,000,000 years ago. The nearest thing we have to a dinosaur now is a crocodile, and that is not a very close relative. Why do you suppose those big fellows died off? No one knows for certain. Most likely it was due to a change in the earth's climate, so that it became too dry to produce enough grass and herbs to feed the dinosaurs.

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