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Best Seedless .. 16c pkg.

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GIRLS WILL RULE CHINA IS THE OPINION OF JANET HALL; MODERN FEMALES ARE ALERT

Almost the first luxury which a Northern Chinaman allows himself is a Cantonese wife. I use the word luxury with deliberate intent, for she cannot fill a very useful position in his household on account of the complete difference in the spoken language and the habits of the two peoples. Whether justifiably or not, Cantonese women have a wide reputation, far exceeding that of their sister in colder climates, for beauty, for good cooking, for gaiety and for their soft voices, writes Janet Hall in the Manchester Guardian.

Perhaps it is mainly a matter of climate. The women of Southern countries of Europe are famed for much the same attributes. Unfortunately, it is almost impossible to meet, or to see, a young Cantonese lady before she is married. She is kept in great seclusion and has many household duties to perform and arts to study. Once having attained the age of fourteen and having become affianced or married, she passes you in a crowded street, discreetly peeping through the curtains of her chair, carried swiftly by four coolies. She is clothed in figured silk of some pale shade, a tunic and a skirt to her knees. Pearl or jade studs fasten the coat at the side and throat. In her black hair, polished and brushed into its modest flat roll at the back of her head, she wears a round Victorian posy of patchouli buds or temple flowers; its perfect symmetry and creamy tones seem a reflection of that calm, sweet face. She is gone. A black-coated guardian maid follows in a second chair with only two coolies and no curtains.

Like Butterflies.
In a shop a group of young women are giggling over some silks. They whisper and flirt with each other. Even near at hand the hair appears to be painted on their skulls, and only a fringe, cut at the nape of the neck so that it sticks out straight for two inches below the coil, shows the hair in separate strands. Fluttering butterflies they seem; ceaselessly moving with quick, short steps to get nearer to some special roll of silk, held by her of the centre position. Their pale-silk en skirts are gathered full on their slim hips, and billow out and down to their ankles and small but unbound feet.

Coming down the social scale, on a fine morning you will meet groups of "Sing-song girls" taking a forenoon stroll, arm through arm, three or four abreast where space permits in these very narrow streets. They are not like other women. The brightest colors and the most startling patterns of silk are chosen. A mauve coat will top rather tight trousers of sky blue, socks in another shade of that color, and the heelless slippers made of soft brocade in rainbow hues. To complete the scheme, the face is painted pink and white and the eyebrows plucked and prolonged. In these modern days hair will be neatly bobbed, or coiled over each ear in the shape of a shell, or smoothly plaited.

Most of these girls are daughters of some poor sampan or good class coolie woman. At four years of age they have been sold for something like \$200, and the purchaser regards them as an investment. They become maids in the house, and, having learnt the charming arts and the art of charm, they attend feasts in public restaurants, by arrangement with the proprietors. The lucky ones are selected by rich patrons, and during the long meal stand behind their chairs, lighting their cigarettes, or singing songs of birds, flowers, brigands and love in a high artificial falsetto voice. Speaking generally, these girls are quite normal, their object in appearing at the dinners is to earn a few dollars by their songs. Besides, there is the ever-present hope that they will be purchased from their owners by a rich man and be added to his establishment. The sum paid would possibly amount to 22,000. With the sing-song girl, we say good-bye to colored feminine clothes in the streets.

Wear Trousers.
Working women of every type wear full, straight hanging shiny black trousers of a thin non-transparent material—mostly made in Manchester.

The trousers are as neatly creased as those of any Bond Street beau, the tunic coat, double-breasted, is cut generously to the lines of the figure, and stops about four inches above the knee. It is open at each side for a space as high as the waist, and you often catch a glimpse of a peacock-blue silk lining, while every movement discloses the neatly fitting undertunic of white calico. Her hair will be glossy, and coiled or plaited against her head. Her daughter swings by, making music with her wooden clogs against the cobbles—her long plait swinging as she strides. A fine healthy girl. Her good fortune in having been born free from bound feet has possibly added six inches to her height, and she makes a striking picture beside the frail-looking little mother whose whole development has been stunted by her inability to take exercise.

The lower middle-class daughter of South China is the most actively and consistently revolutionary member of society today. Her mentality has grown from thousands of years of industrial activity, and, with her physical growth to help her, she is quietly usurping the place of her brother in many branches of industry. As in every other country, her competition and her independence are meeting with bitter opposition, but the employers say that the girls work more consistently than their brothers and are easier to control.

Girls Efficient.
These young women of South China are splitting up into various groups, but they are bound together by one common ideal—efficiency. They work as nurses, doctors' and dentists' assistants, waitresses, hopkeepers, and so on. In the universities and schools they eagerly study science, chemistry, history, economics. They are always cheerful, clean, and possess a sense of speed and of the value of time. This last is quite alien to a young laborer who always gives one the impression of being too weary to lift his feet from the ground and of longing to return to sleep—anywhere and in any position. It is easy to smile at the suggestion of women becoming eventually the dominating sex in labor and public affairs, but I venture to suggest that should this nucleus of young women succeed in rearing daughters, free from the vices of their brothers—gambling all night, yawning all day and the insolence bred of childhood's indulgences (never permitted to the girl-baby), the laws of economy will tell, and that the tale told will be that of the gradual subsidence of the male into a position of inferiority and dependence.

THE HAPPY FOOL.
(From the Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
We're mostly fools—were it not so we'd never have much fun; we'd never let our duty go Nor leave our work undone.

Unless we did the brainless act Of stealing hours of leisure When would we ever rest, in fact Or grab off any pleasure?

Who never puts his duty off Until another day, He never gets a game of golf Or sees the home team play.

The Wise Gazabo croaks and drools And makes a dreary fuss: He owns no time at all—but fools They own To-day. That's us.

So let us all be fools and say (Combining joy with sorrow) "I wish I'd done it yesterday—I'll do it, though, to-morrow."
—TED ROBINSON.

AUSTRALIA OUT OF SERIES

London, Feb. 24—An Exchange Telegraph despatch from Melbourne says that it was officially announced today that Australia will not compete in the Davis Cup tournament this year. Australia also failed to put a Davis Cup team in the field in 1926.

LOOK FOR A PROFIT OF THREE MILLION

Toronto, Feb. 23—In his first Budget address to the Ontario Legislature, Hon. Dr. Joseph D. Montieth, Provincial Treasurer, yesterday announced the Province's deficit for the fiscal year ending Oct. 31, 1926, as \$812,140; forecast for 1927 a balanced Budget, after paying off \$3,000,000 of the Province's debt, and predicted that revenue amounting to \$3,500,000 would accrue to the Treasury during the present year from the operation of stores under the liquor-control legislation the Government will bring down to the House.

This Budget contained nothing of a startling nature. The 1926 deficit is found to have increased, after revision of figures, from \$389,000, as previously announced. This was not unexpected, nor was the prophecy of a balanced Budget for 1927.

The intimation on liquor revenue for the present year, however, provided considerable food for thought, in view of the fact that the Control Bill may not become effective until May 1, at the earliest, with May 15 as a more likely date.

Tax Reduction Era.
Although there were no new tax reductions additional to those assured by the Government during the course of the election campaign—the \$5 cut on automobile markers, which means a loss in revenue of \$1,800,000; and the abolition of the amusement tax on theatre tickets up to and including 25-cent admissions, another loss in revenue of \$600,000—Dr. Montieth suggested further hope for the future by defining the era into which Ontario is now entering as one of "taxation reduction."

No new tax levies were announced. "How Do You Know?" Is Query.
When Dr. Montieth made his brief statement on estimated liquor-sale profits, Liberal Leader Sinclair immediately queried: "Would the Minister give the House some idea how he arrives at that estimate?"

"I will say that I have only one way of arriving at it," replied Dr. Montieth, "and that—to consult the Attorney-General."

Here he paused to smile at Col. Price, holder of that office, and former Provincial Treasurer. "I presume," he continued to Mr. Sinclair, "if you have an interview with the Attorney-General he'll tell you the details."

"Isn't this matter public property?" Mr. Sinclair pressed his question. "Well," said Premier Ferguson, taking a hand in the proceedings, "we made three-quarters of a million dollars' profit under your system, and so we ought to get three and a half millions all right."

Last Year's Profits.
Dr. Montieth referred to a brief paragraph in the Budget which outlined the activities of the Ontario Government dispensaries for the fiscal year 1926. Sales at the dispensaries totalled \$5,025,798. The cost of stock sold was \$3,800,508, giving a gross profit of \$1,225,290. Operating expenses, discounts to chemists and druggists, delivery expenses, totalled \$482,647. This left a profit on dispensary sales for the year of \$742,643, which, plus bank interest of \$15,827, gave a net profit of \$758,470.

Future Revenues.
Dr. Montieth anticipated that ordinary revenues for 1927 would aggregate \$53,571,000, and that expenditures would reach the amount of \$53,415,000, a surplus of \$159,000, and an improvement over the present deficit of \$971,140. He laid great stress on "the courageous manner" in which the Government is tackling the debt situation, declaring, in this connection, that slightly in advance of \$3,000,000 would be paid off the debt this year.

SPRINTER RAN INTO WINDOW

Lawrence, Mass., Feb. 29—Arthur Fleming local athlete broke not only the tape but a window in winning the 300 yard dash at a track meet here. So fast was he travelling at the finish that he crashed against a rather distant window, receiving lacerations that required medical treatment.

AUTHORS ARE INSPIRED BY THEIR SURROUNDINGS; ONE MAN HAS TO WRITE IN A GARAGE

We know how glad we are, when a day's work is done, to get away from actualities and lose ourselves in a book or a play that transports us to some make-believe world of romance or adventure. But the authors who supply these vicarious romances and adventures—when and how do they work? Can they be classified as strange and capricious people who go in for extravagant experiences, like the English novelist who recently engaged a private airplane in which to soar aloft for inspiration? asks a writer in the Hartford Courant.

Brief and hurried interviews obtained from a few representative authors or their publishers indicate that these writers are no more alike than their readers. Some have queer whims and can afford to indulge them. Some work long hours at which any labor union would rebel. Some toil in bathrobes, some in their best clothes. Some require quiet, some like noise. Some prefer the country, some the city. Many begin work early in the morning. Others are never at their desks before midnight. Some have no desks. A play that sets critics and queens sobbing in London and other European centres was written on an ironingboard in an Eighth street studio in New York. A novel that depicts American small town life in the West was written in an English garden in Surrey by a man who takes off his shoes before he begins work.

Cobb Early Riser.

Irvin S. Cobb was the first to be interviewed, because his day starts at eight in the morning and because the only time to ask him questions is before he leaves his Park avenue home. "I don't like to work at all," said Mr. Cobb. "I'd never work if I didn't have to. When I do work, which is every day, I sit wherever there is a place to sit, take a pen, a pencil or a typewriter—in the city, in the country on a train, on a ship, and I work. I have no moods; I don't need to have the light over my left shoulder. The only thing I need is an idea. I am always at work early in the morning. I was raised on an afternoon paper and I do not care who is around while I am working. Ordinary noises of the city do not bother me in the least."

Robert W. Chambers is another man who does not like to work. But few Wall Street men toll such long hours as this author whose fiction has brought him as much wealth as if he were a successful financier.

Mr. Chambers does his year's work in the winter months so that he may be free to play all summer. He does most of his writing in New York because he finds fewer interruptions in the city than in the country, and fewer distractions for the author. He finds October and November the best time to work in the country "because every one else works at night, and he is always on hand for a dinner party."

Rupert Hughes an Owl.

Rupert Hughes works at night, until two in the morning, sometimes all night.

"The biggest fun in life is starting a new piece," he said. "I like to follow new trails. I can work on one thing for weeks at a fast pace. I don't do much work in the morning or afternoon. I read, dwell over the plot, get acquainted with the characters. I get started writing after supper and write until I get drowsy or until the pen falls out of my hand. Then I drag myself off to bed. When I am working hard I find it difficult to be polite to people."

For information on Booth Tarkington's method, one is referred to a letter on that subject written by Mr. Tarkington during the Penrod period and which Julian Street put into his introduction to Tarkington's book, "The Magnificent Ambersons."

"I wonder," he wrote, "if you are bothered by any physical detail? I believe, though, you go bang to the typewriter—a mystery to me. I've worked out a sort of system. I live in bathrobes. Nothing of anything from outside gets by to my workroom. That's the first requisite. About 2 o'clock they bring me beef tea and coffee. I get into some clothes at 6, don't eat heavily, and am back at 7. Bathrobe again. I have a pencil machine and sharpen about three dozen every night! write on a draftsman's drawing board, tilted a card table at my elbow. Nobody ever talks audibly in my part of the house. I've grown completely detached. There's nobody I have to see about anything."

"The day after finishing a story I go out walking or motoring; then I come back and stay in here, in this room—till the next is done. Today (you're receiving this letter on account of it) I'm just sticking here, knowing I can't get anything of the next yarn to take shape today. But I will tomorrow, because I'm keeping externals out. These things are devilish important. You must furnish yourself with the overalls and the right shaped trowel handle."

At his summer home on the Maine coast Mr. Tarkington works in complete seclusion in a second floor balcony room overlooking the sea.

Written on a Train.

Sinclair Lewis works at all hours wherever he happens to be—on a steamship, on a train, in a country cottage in England, a chateau at Fontainebleau, consuming quantities of cigarettes and coffee, sleeping and eating when the mood seizes him.

He wrote his first novel on commuting trips on a train between his home on Long Island and New York where he had a job that kept him busy all day. That fifty-minute trip that was boredom to his neighbors was an opportunity to the man who was to become the author of "Main Street," "Babbitt," and "Arrowhead."

Homer Croy, author of "West of the Water Tower" and "They Had to See Paris," is the man who takes off his shoes before he begins work. He explains it this way:

"I can't go out again until I put my shoes on. That is so much trouble, I stay there and work. I have to do it that way. For if for any person I get my shoes on and get out of the room I never get back that day. Always there is some one to see, something to do, somewhere to go, and work is put off until tomorrow."

There is a little house in a garden in Surrey, England, where Mr. Croy likes to sit and write about the folks back home.

Lulu Vollmer, author of "Sun Up" and "The Shame Woman," does all her writing on an ironingboard which fits across the arms of a wing chair in her studio home. Her first play was written on it at night after she returned from work uptown.

The success of "Sun Up," especially in London, was sufficient to dissipate any financial stringency that might come between an author and the most elaborate desk she might choose to buy. But Miss Vollmer's fifth play in as many years is being written on that same old board.

Women authors more than men, cling to the old-fashioned habit of having animals about.

Fannie Hurst does her best work when surrounded by her menagerie of pets. There are the Pekingese dogs, Satsuma, Sonata and Iago; a kitten Shah; a monkey, Apache; a canary and two love-birds.

OSWALD TWISTLE TOWN TO LOSE ITS "TWISTLE"

Oswaldtwistle, Lancashire, England, Feb. 22—This town is going to lose its "twistle," and probably become plain Oswald.

The councilmen have decided that "twistle" is cumbersome, has brought ridicule upon the place and is too often the subject of music hall comedians in London and elsewhere. It is proposed to call the town plain Oswald, the name of the great king Oswald who reigned in 692 and the towns people are to vote on the council's decision.

"Why, Bobby you're all out of breath."
"Yes, mother, I got so hungry I ran home to tell you before I forgot about it."