USE JAMAICA ORANGES TO MUTUAL ADVANTAGE OF CANADA AND WEST INDIES

Canadians have become so accustomed to buying oranges highly colored that they have overlooked the main essential values of the orange. Table Talkers who have visited orange growing districts know that the fruit on the trees is a different color to that when purchased in the stores, they also know that it is recognized by experienced fruit men that the fewer times any fruit is handled the better for the fruit; also that the nearer it can be sold to the consumer in its natural state the better.

Jamaica oranges, some of which are now available in the shops, are yellow or primrose in color, no matter at what stage of ripeness or even past maturity the fruit is still a yellow or primrose color. Canadians who visit Jamaica return enthused over the sweet oranges. In the larger hotels in Jamaica oranges are peeled before being put on the table, they are served on a fork because they are so juicy it is almost imposible to eat them without staining one's clothes no matter how large a serviette is used. Most people you meet on the boats returning from Jamaica say they are never going to buy any but Jamaica oranges, but when they see the color of those offered in our shops they hesitate, not realizing that it is not necessary for an orange to be highly colored to be sweet and good eating.

Ninety per cent of the oranges consumed in Canada today are, it is estimated, consumed in juice form. At the present time Jamaica oranges are the only oranges grown in the British Empire available in the Canadian markets.

The shippers of a famous Jamaican brand buy all their supplies in Canada, the shook for the cases, the wrappers for the fruit, the labels for the outside of the cases, are all shipped from Canada to Jamaica by Canadian National Steamships, and are brought back to Halifax by the same way, they are then hauled inland by Canadian railways, therefore on those oranges selling at this season of the year in between 70 and 80 per cent of the retail price paid by the consumer remains in Canada, said F. E. Holloway, imported, yesterday.

Canadians are looking for West Indian trade. Is there any better way of building up our own Canadian business than by trading with countries that trade with us? We do not know of any oranges shipped into Canada from any other country that one dollar is spent in Canada for supplies. The Island of Jamaica alone will produce over three-quarters of a million boxes of fruit which is about one-third of our requirements.

"If we support this industry, Jamaica, one of our best customers, will increase rapidly and so assure us of all the oranges we need at reasonable prices. Why let our money go out to other countries where we will never see it again? Why not buy products where the majority of the money stays in Canada? We all know that three of our largest industries and railways need our loyal support," Mr. Holloway asserted, and then told of ordering a further six million paper wrappers from one concern in Montreal, already having a greater number on order. "I demanded that these be in Jamaica by January 15. The gentleman to whom I was speaking replied: 'We will do our utmost, we will keep the machines and people working day and night, we are even working late Christmas Eve; we are forced by law to close down on Christmas Day, we, however, to make good will get, if not all, ninety per cent. of the order filled by January 15'."

These remarks were as music to his ears, "just imagine," he said, "if all the oranges sold in Canada were wrapped in Canadian paper, packed in Canadian boxes, labelled with Canadian labels, transported by Canadian steamships, and hauled on hundreds per cent Canadian railways!"

The oranges packed in Canadian cartonn and wrappers are packed in a modern packing house equipped with all the latest and uptodate machinery: every orange is handled carefully by one or more experts, so that every cull or orange with defects is thrown out.

The Jamaica Citrus Association is doing research work in cultivating new varieties, practically every variety of orange known is now being tested in its nurseries. Already it has hundreds of thousands of trees which will start bearing fruit in three or four years' time. They are doing their very best to grow the varieties most desirable for the Canadian market.—Ann Adam.

Ripley pictures a woman who cured herself of a long illness by relaxing her tongue and keeping silent. So if your wife isn't feeling well—?

LUCKIEST GIRL IN LONDON MAY BE PLAYWRIGHT OR JUST A SHOP GIRL

London, Feb. 3—The luckiest girl in London works in a shop on the Tottenham Court Road. She buys pictures and prints for her department and at Christmas she takes charge of the special toys which well-to-do parents buy for their children.

And while she is working quietly at the job she was glad to get a few years ago, she is receiving a large income each week from the most successful play in London, "Autumn Crocus," which she wrote in her spare hours and which was produced last winter and promises to run for many months more in London and in the provinces, where another company is just starting.

"You see," she explained ,when I found her at a businesslike desk among her pictures, "it would be foolish to give up my post here just because I have had a succes with one play. I am going to wait till I have written another and see if that will please the public also. Then I will know that I really can write plays and I will devote my time to them."

Like Any Shop Assistant

Her name is Dorothy Smith and she looks like any London shop assistant at first glance in her plain black frock, with her hair bobbed and her skin of the pallor which days spent in large shops generally produces, but her eyes are particularly large and intelligent, her voice is very soft and her smile sympathetic and pleasing.

"Autumn Crocus" was written after a trip to the Tyro land tells the story of a delated romance between a little English school teacher and the proprietor of a Tyrolean hotel. It is simple, sentimental, yet full of humor and with an amusing set of characters in its tourists who are staying at the hotel.

When a certain play agent in London received the manuscript of "Autumn Crocus" he promptly sent it to Basil Dean, the producer, and it was accepted at once. But who was the C. L. Anthony who had written it? No one knew till after the first night, which was a triumph for Miss Smith, Mr. Dean, and the company. Then C. L. Anthony was revealed as Dorothy Smith, head of the picture department at Heal's on the Tottenham Court Road.

"I took the name C. L. Anthony because Anthony is my favorite name for a man," said Miss Smith, "and C. L. because they came first into my mind and I sent the play out with small hope of placing it. I had written one before and nobody wanted that."

Not First Try

There is no effort to pretend that "Autumn Crocus" was a first attempt on Miss Smith's part. "I have always tried to write plays since I was a little girl" she said. "I come of a family very fond of the theater' and of reading plays and I had read most of Shaw when I was very young. Then I went to the Tree Dramatic School and on the stage, where I played small parts for seven years. I had not give up the stage. It gave me up. I found it harder and harder to get anything to do and realized that at best I was only working a small part of the year. So I took this post here and I like it immensely and I am keeping it till I see if my success is real or just a great piece of luck."

Miss Smith was living in a bedsiting room when she wrote her play. Now she has a charming apartment in a quiet old-world part of London, with a sitting room like a Whistler study in gray, black and white. The walls are white. The furniture polished jet black with gray upholstery and curtains and a touch of steel in a modernist table on which she keeps a vase of lilies. Her study is in green and gold and blue and soft red, for she believes writers should work in colorful rooms.

And, sensible woman, she has a telephone extension in her bathroom because, as she says, "It seems to me that getting into one's bath is a signal to the telephone to ring noisily and what can a woman living all alone do but jump out and answer it most uncomfortably? Now, as a matter of fact, it does not seem to ring at that time as often as it did before I was prepared for it!"

"Yes, I am lucky," she admits with a smile, "but I have worked hard, you know, and I am working hard now at the shop and at the new play which is going to decide my career in life."

THE OLD CLUB TABLE IS NOW GLORIFIED—THE PLAN WAS BORN AMONG GOOD FELLOWS

(New York Sun)

The numerous luncheon clubs which have sprung up in recent years around town, and particularly downtown, are dealing a hard blow to the restaurants which, before the war, made a specialty of catering to business men.

Hardly a skyscraper has been erected within the last ten years without a floor, or at least part of a floor, being devoted to some organization the main purpose of which is to provide a gathering place, at the luncheon hour, for business men whose offices are situated in the buliding itself or nearby.

These clubs are the outgrowth of the old club table plan, so popular a few years ago in restaurants in the business sections of the city. No one but the regular "members" were admitted to the table—that being the sole reason for the use of the word "club," the idea being that congenial company would always be available to lonesome eaters. At the club table they met their friends or business associates, in whose company time passed quickly and the luncheon hour was agreeably spent.

But the club table idea has not disappeared, despite the advent of the luncheon club, and some restaurants boast of tables where the same men have been meeting at the midady hour every day—except Sundays and holidays—for a great number of years.

The record is claimed for a table in a Newark restaurant, where the same men have been eating lunch for over twenty years. Not one of the group is far beyond fifty today, but when they first met and decided to lunch together little did they thing that twenty years later they would still be gathering at the same place. Their lives at the time were still before them and although time and fortune have fared kindly with most of them, all have known and watched the trials and tribulations of the other as the years went by.

Although their walks in life have kept them widely apart in most other ways—as no two members of the group are engaged in the same profession or calling—they know of one another's successes and failures; of their vicissitudes, both public and private; of their homes and family conditions. The leader—if any member of the group may be entitled to that name—is a well-known architect, who has the distinction of having been one of the first to join, with over twenty-five years of constant attendance. Each year of the last fifteen has included a trip abroad, involving a temporary absence from the table, but each voyage has brought him back with a new supply of anecdotes or impressions to relate.

Other members include a physician, a real estate man, an insurance agent, the two heads of an important public utility, an attorney, a Standard Oil man, the head of an important concern and several other business men, each one a leader in his respective field.

The bonds which unite these men, through the simple fact that they have had lunch together for all these years, is stronger than many family ties; those who have "lasted," thereby proving their mettle and showing that they could stand the test, will continue to lunch together for many years to come and their friendship is something to be valued very highly.

Study the man into whose company you are thrown. Maybe he doesn't like to be "entertained."

Your average college freshman is quite confident that he could run the government better than those who are doing it. And the sad part is, he probably could.

Some Hot Biscuits Tod.

n delicious biscuits this way. Sift together twice, 2 cups 2 tspns baking powder, 1 tspn salt. Cream 1 tbspn each of ter and mix with the dry ingredients, using the tips of your d ½ cup each of milk and of water, mixing with knife until very soft dough. Pat out lightly on mixing l ¾-inch thick. Cut out and bake in hot oven inutes.

biscuits—made with Purity Flour—will keep moist several days and may be re-heated without getting dry.

DELICIOUS SAUSAGE ROLLS—can be made from the above dough, but use half the shortening. Roll to about ¼-in. thick, cover sausages and bake 25 minutes, or until brown, in hot oven (450°).

MEAT PIE COVERINGS using same dough are extra tasty.

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