

If Peace Conference Sat. Now, The Result Would Be Different

British Statesman's View on International Situation—More London Gossip About Wedding of Prince of Wales—News Topics in Empire Metropolis.

(From our Own Correspondent.)
London, October 21.—If the Peace Conference sat again now in the same circumstances as before, but with the experience of today, the result would be vastly different.

These words were used in my hearing today by a distinguished statesman, and they convey a tragedy of historical misadventure. At Versailles we stood loyally beside our French Allies, even against our own inclinations and our own hopes, and the result was a peace so hopelessly at variance with American idealism that President Wilson, it is said, carried back with him to America the receipt bill for Europe's war debts to the United States, which he tucked in his pocket to Paris. Since the British premier's prestige was lowered by the superior sagacity which French diplomacy claims to have exercised over the Russo-Polish affair, the French press has been nagging incessantly at the Entente. Most people, unless they see the Paris newspapers, can have no idea of the extent and acidity of the attack. It is a sad commentary on international relations and the League of Nations. But the only result must be to strengthen the influence of those who held that our only policy is to freeze on to an Anglo-Saxon concordat. Who would have suspected that less than two years after the last shot in the great war our relations with France would be almost worse than just after Fashoda?

An Oxford Man.

Mixed sentiments will be aroused by an influentially signed "letter of reconciliation" addressed from Oxford University to the professors of the German universities. This missive expresses "heartfelt sorrow and regret" for the breach in friendly intercourse, attributes "the embitterment of animosities" to "the impulse of loyal patriotism," and pleads for "that amicable reunion which civilization demands." Of course this appeal will be regarded by many as the triumph of intelligent forbearance over ignorant prejudice. Still many more will look upon it as another proof of Oxford's serene academic detachment from the realities of life.

Everybody knows how formidable was the role played by the German university professors in scheming for the war in the evil fortunes of the world. They were the laziest apostles of Bernbardism in its worst forms, and they

preached the devilish gospel of ruthless Kultur. They have never pretended to be sorry for anything except Germany's defeat. That Oxford should have hastened to extend to these Kulturists of Krupp philosophy the right hand of academic fellowship is at all events courageous. One can imagine it having disastrous effects on Oxford. The common people will not admire this "Oxford manner."

Divorce Made Harder.

Solicitors are freely expressing the opinion that the increased activities of the king's proctor, who today intervenes to prevent as many as twenty-nine decrees from being made absolute, will inevitably hasten the introduction of some sort of divorce reform. It must be remembered that in almost every case which the king's proctor is successful in preventing the decree absolute being pronounced, there has been some kind of perjury, and experienced solicitors who would never contemplate a case where there is a suggestion of collusion say quite frankly that in 70 per cent of undetected cases the petitioner commits perjury to get free.

A point, too, that has to be remembered, is that when a petitioner has been successful in obtaining a decree nisi and is subsequently prevented from obtaining his decree absolute, by the intervention of the king's proctor, neither petitioner nor respondent can subsequently obtain a divorce unless, which very rarely happens, the court, for some special reason, at a later hearing decides to exercise its discretion. The king's proctor is in effect the head of an enormous detective agency that is costing the country a big bill every year, and one that is separately inquired into, but, in fact, the vast majority of inquiries which culminate, as in 22 cases today in court intervention, are the outcome of anonymous letters which pour into the new offices in Clement's Inn every day.

Flying Detectives.

I am informed by Scotland Yard that a small number of the prominent detectives are to be initiated into the mysteries of flying, and that one or two aeroplanes are to be placed at their disposal to assist in the capture of fugitives from justice.

In addition, effective arrangements

have now been completed for attaching a detector to each aeroplane in the country, so that "wanted" persons who seek to escape from the country by means of the flying machine will find it very difficult. Only a day or two ago a man wanted for extensive frauds was stopped at Croydon Aerodrome just as he was on the point of embarking for Paris, having chartered a special machine to do the journey regardless of cost.

A conference has been sitting in London on the development of civil aviation. A good deal of space has been given to it in the papers, and there has been much discussion as to how to popularize the habitual use of aeroplanes for transit. What the reason is I do not know, but in spite of the speed, comfort and safety of ordinary aeroplane transit, still appears to remain very strong. When one considers the time saved, the shake hands with the driver when you arrive at Euston or Paddington, the methods on which air transport are conducted give you just the same impression of normality and reliability as you get in traveling by train. It will really be a great misfortune if people do not wake up to that fact.

The Prince.

The papers in London are beginning to talk about the marriage of the Prince of Wales, to which I referred last week. It is already everywhere taken for granted that he will marry somebody of English descent. It is a minor, though interesting fact that the first day he went out walking in London he took the trouble to go all the way up to Mayfair to shake hands with that important person, the royal hairdresser. I know this because the expert in question was so pleased about it that he told everybody who went into the shop.

Those who have met the Prince of Wales since his return assert that the physical change in His Royal Highness is most noticeable. His features, out of sympathy with the sea life and the open-air experience "down under," and is now no longer a slim strapping. His face and figure are both stouter and firmer, and he is emphatically more the grown man than he was when a charming boyish figure of real life romance, London saw him ride through the streets after the war at the head of the Guards' Division. The prince will never be other than a slightly built, of course in this respect resembling his father, rather than his grandfather, King Edward, who was of prodigious girth. As he appears now, however, slightly sunburned after his voyage, clear-eyed and of lightly athletic build, with just the ideal cavalry captain figure, and with his ingenious air of smiling shyness, the prince realizes the expectations of even the most exacting onlookers. That he is unregimented glad to be back in town, where he resumes with added zest his jolly bachelor ménage and those intimate friendships made during his Oxford and

army days, is certain. The prince is just at that charming age when the joie de vivre is most irresistible. He enjoyed his tour, and realized its big responsibilities, but is glad to be back again.

Sibelius to Visit London.

The Queen's Hall Symphony concerts on Saturday afternoons during the coming season will provide an opportunity for some of the modern composers to produce their larger works under their own direction and an interesting name one notices in the programmes is that of Jean Sibelius, a famous Finnish composer. He is to conduct a new symphony which he has written and which it is said has never yet been heard. Sibelius is better known in this country as the composer of the popular "Valse Triste," and from the incidental music he wrote to the opera "Kullamea" and his patriotic tone poem "Finlandia," is frequently heard at orchestral concerts. During the war Sibelius suffered like so many more of the bourgeoisie and was even condemned by the Finnish Red Guards to be shot. He was imprisoned in his beautiful home at Helsingfors but was allowed to leave owing to the clemency of a "Red" minister, who, as an amateur composer, reviewed the great composer as a "brother artist."

Last season an earlier symphony by Sibelius was produced at the Queen's Hall and all were struck with the sombre tones employed by the composer. It will be interesting therefore to see whether the new work will typify Finland's release at long last from oppression or whether Sibelius, writing under the strain of the war, continues with his somewhat melancholy harmonies.

Parliament Again.

The House of Commons reassembled for the autumn session this week amidst sufficiently thrilling circumstances. The day before, a remarkable procession of some 15,000 workless ex-service men paraded on the Embankment and marched to Downing street in good order. Accompanying them were the mayors of those London boroughs which now have a labor majority. While these gentlemen waited on the prime minister at No. 10 Downing street to demand for the unemployed either work or sustenance, a Bolshevik element, largely composed of nondescript foreigners, involved the demonstrators in riotous collisions with the police. Finally Whitehall had to be cleared by an extra ten shillings a week. With a guarantee on

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the question of regular employment, the government will insist on ex-service men being allowed to assist in building those houses demanded equally by the homeless and the workless in this country. Also we are to have great schemes of arterial road-making round our great cities. As to the colliers, though the prime minister stood firm to his guns—more pay if you will, but increased output, too—the situation appears to be hopeful. But you never can tell.

The Royal "Life Intimate."

I have had advance intelligence of a book that ought to prove really piquant, if the writing is courageous and not mere royal fulsome compliments enmeshed of truth. The Baroness Vaughan is at work on "Leopold II—King and Husband." This lady was the wife of "Spadehead," as boulevards loved to call the late King of the Belgians. She is often described as his morgantic widow, but this is inaccurate. The king married her according to the full rights of the Catholic church, and, although she was not "recognised" as queen, that was by her own wish. At present she is residing on the Riviera. She is by birth a French lady.

Novelist is Grocer.

The expense of living is turning people to strange trades. I lunched today with a well known novelist and dramatic critic who has undertaken the adventure of running a grocer's shop. Not merely does he pay the rent and stock the shop, but he serves behind the counter himself and does it very well. The shop is round the corner next door, so to speak, from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who until the beginning of this grocer's business was the only eminent Londoner living on the south bank of the river. My friend is a little shy about it at the moment so I will not mention his name.

As far as I know there has only been one precedent to this adventure. There was, and indeed is, an eminent librarian, a man who was at the head of one of the greatest libraries in the world, who being annoyed by the fact, even before the war, that there were certain hours at which he could not be obtained, decided to take some licensed premises in order to be sure that he would always have a public house in a well known spot, which was called "The Three Legs of Man" after the initials of the Isle of Man, and there he dispensed beer to his



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How I Earn a Salary Without "Going to Work"

BY HELEN BLAKE

I am a married woman; we have two children and my husband is a salaried man. Five or six years ago his salary was sufficient for our needs. We could afford to spend a little on play and we regularly put money in the bank, too.

But remorselessly came the rising costs, and the shrinking dollar.

A year ago we were a distressed family. We positively could not make ends meet. Tom's clothes were positively shabby; so were mine. Everything the children wore were made-overs.

For my husband's salary was just a measly 10 per cent, more than it had been when the cost of things was lower and when a dollar was about twice as good as it is now.

Now things are different. We consider ourselves prosperous. Our bank account has grown again and is still growing. This summer we had a wonderful vacation. We had a cabin in the woods for two months; Tom Com-muted.

We all are wearing nice clothes. You should see the luxurious woolen things the kiddies have for the winter.

No, we didn't discover a gold mine, nor did Tom get a big raise. He didn't get a raise at all.

I, Helen Blake, have beat the cost of living! I have made the extra money to meet it! I make money with a wonderful little machine. Tom says that I knit dollar bills; he is right.

I have a position that brings me pay checks regularly. Sometimes I make as much as four dollars a day. This job of mine takes only my spare time. I still do all my own housework.

All this sounds as if I were one of those wonderful money-making, forceful business women, doesn't it? Well, I am not. In business ways I am not as adept as most of my women friends, and I certainly am not the "pushy" kind. An opportunity was handed me, and I took it. Let me tell you all about it, so you can make the same good money that I make in exactly the same way that I am making it.

The concern I work for knows the traditions and history of the knitting industry; they know that the best work is that which is done by well-paid and contented people in happy homes, who work when they feel like it, and who are not bothered by bosses, time clocks work hours and working rules. They believe in the independent employee. So they have thousands of women—and men, too—making socks for them in their own homes.

I make my socks (and my dollars) with the machine I mentioned above, the Auto Knitter, which is far better than a hundred hands, because it knits from 60 to 200 and more perfect, even stitches at every turn of the handle and makes a complete sock without removal from the machine.

The Auto Knitter paid for our two months' vacation in the woods and paid Tom's commutation, too. I took it with me and made socks all through the summer.

The company pays me a fixed and liberal wage rate for every dozen pairs of socks I make. They also replaced free the yarn I use. My position is permanent and I am protected by a contract which compels the company to take all the socks I make. On the other hand my contract allows me to be full mistress of my time. I can work as much as I please or as little as I please, full time or spare time.

And the Auto Knitter makes other things besides hosiery. It made beautiful woolen bathing suits for all of us last summer. It has made superior things for the coming winter, too; especially caps and mufflers for the children, and all at a very low cost.

Naturally, my neighbors see these things and naturally they want things just like them; and, of course, they want them from me. I am making these articles for my friends and getting excellent prices for my work.

This business has come and is coming to me regularly. I really have more than I can handle, even with my husband's and the children's help. The company lets me do this; it lets all its workers have their own home factory if they want to.

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