

# The editor's letter bag

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danger. This element is ever present. Its causes are to be found at every turn of the road. A most distinct assertion of coming troubles is heard from Sofia. The Bulgarian Premier, M. Stamboliski, informs us of a "general 'mix-up' before long. Russia is persistently preparing it." "The Soviets," he says, "will not abandon us. We shall plunge into the mix-up too, and something is sure to come out of it!"

On this side of Europe, happily, the situation appears to present a more reassuring aspect. Some newspapers go so far as to predict a brighter financial outlook for Great Britain, as the rich markets of the Empire are thrown open to the motherland, and slump losses are made good.

It is to be hoped that nothing untoward will come in the way to hinder progress towards recovery, and that all danger rumours will prove baseless.

One thing, we know, is that all the roads of this world are paved with good intentions.

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The best intentions are like the rays of light striking a prism. As they do so they get decomposed, diverted and changed into all the prismatic colours. Thus the best intentions or thoughts are broken up on meeting some material object.

The real difficulty lies in producing the contrary effect, that is, to unite the diverse thoughts for the accomplishment of one single purpose, and when that purpose aims at reaching a solid basis for a universal peace, one can only wish the problem to reach a practical solution.

This difficulty was realized the other day by the Prime Ministers who met in London to settle the conditions for Germany's moratorium, and who had to abandon their task of producing the ray of light that was to help Europe to see its own way through the darkness.

"Man always desires to help his fellow man, and is always helping his fellow man, passing on God's ideas which give him joy and happiness," says Mr. F. L. Rawson in the *exposé* of his new monthly *The Bulletin*, which is about to be published.

A fine thought applied as an antidote to, or a neutralization of, mental waves for evil. Were all men imbued with such intentions, all worldly troubles would soon vanish. It is like M. Coué's "We are getting better and better," the mental effect of which cannot be denied.

When Mr. Rawson says, "there is no mortal mind," he is telling a great truth, because the mind, in order to create the potentiality of the force of "our existence," must be of the very opposite nature and properties of matter. Therefore, if matter be possessed of the property of being transformed from one state into another, mind must be, on the contrary, unalterable. Is it not obvious that, if there were no mind, there would be no thinking men, and that the mind must be the primary cause of man's existence, and that in man mind erected its own demonstrative agent? Likewise may one ask: "Which one was made to fit the conditions of the other—the electric motor, or electricity?"

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Never mind if one part of the people of the world agonises so long as some other people can shine—no doubt with the best of intentions. Really, the "shiners" are more entitled to pity than blame. They cannot even attend to themselves. There is a grand concentration of them this week—*la grande semaine*—at Deauville. Deauville used to be a small seaside resort and has become the most fashionable meeting place, because Deauville caters for every pleasure, and, says the *Weekly Dispatch*:—

"It is a place for freak fashions: The writer has seen staid old men walking with Persian cats on a lead along the

promenade. Women never wear stockings either on the beach or in the casino. They bathe in the sea clad in striped yellow and black costumes, looking like so many zebras; most of the women wear hand-embroidered bathing caps of vivid colours. Bathers come down to the beach in huge cars; sometimes they ride to the dressing-rooms on horseback.

"Most parties are accompanied by Alsatian wolfhounds—the great vogue of the Continent just now—while a well-known leader of society has taught her pet monkey to ride on the back of one of her hounds as she goes to the beach for her morning bathe.

"Wealth shouts at you on every hand. It seems parsimonious to question bills. The writer once saw a rich American drop five 100-franc "chips" (£10) to the floor. It is expressly forbidden to stoop to retrieve fallen money yourself, and a velvet-coated valet rushed forward for the five blue pieces. He tendered them on a salver, but the American refused to take them.

"Another rich young ruler used to buy a Corona cigar worth 12 francs with a 100-franc "chip" every evening and direct the bar tender to keep the change."

But Deauville is not the spot where millionaires and others display before the eyes of the world the evidence of their opulence:—

"Jewelled gowns introduced to London by the wives of American millionaires are the envy and talk of all the Englishwomen who have seen them. Their cost and beauty are subjects of discussion everywhere," says the "Daily Express."

"An unjewelled costume by a Parisian dictator of women's fashions may easily cost £1,000, but add to that a wealth of real jewels as part of the dress ornamentation, and the cost of the gown runs into staggering figures.

"A statuesque blonde had diamonds and platinum massed on her costume of white, with centre stones several carats in weight, and another woman wore a pearl-decorated gown. Both women, in addition, wore priceless necklaces, bracelets and rings.

"If the jewels are real," said a woman dress expert, "those costumes must represent £100,000."

"I can assure you," said the husband of one of the women, "that the jewels are not only real; but of the finest quality."

But are these rich people really happy? They may believe so, but I don't think so. One would have to read *les dessous* to know the truth. The man—rich or poor—who has done a hard day's work alone can feel what *real* happiness is.

#### THE EDITOR'S LETTER BAG.

B. H.—We are obliged for P.O. Your previous subscription lapsed with No. 60 (29th July) and your present remittance will carry you to No. 86 (six months).

L. S.—Sorry to hear that Dame Fortune has temporarily deserted you; we will keep your name on the mailing list for the next six months and hope that better times are in store for you.

AGENT wanted by large Swiss Exporters of Gruyère cheese; must be fully conversant with the English market; firm's representative will be in London early in September.—Reply to "Gruyère," c/o. *Swiss Observer*, 21, Garlick Hill, E.C. 4. 64-5.

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