

# THE

# GEORGIAN MAIL

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## LENIN'S BLOODY DESPOTISM.

A CITY ENSLAVED.

### TERRIBLE FLIGHT OF PETROGRAD.

(From The Times correspondent.)

HELSINGFORS, JULY.

I have seen a man who is not a man but an image of decrepitude. He was a Russian of one of the smartest regiments, who fought with the British Army in France, where he commanded a howitzer brigade at Béthune. Now he would not be recognized by his best friends. He is aged by 20 years, a bent and shuffling figure, starved, his flesh worn from his bones, his hands transparent, his skull showing through his skin, and only the eye remains clear and determined.

Three days ago he left Petrograd, where he has lived throughout the Bolshevik terror, being engaged in a special mission. Finally he was denounced and escaped through a window, actually while the Reds were entering his flat to arrest him. I thought before this that it would be impossible for anything to produce on me such a vivid impression after my own escape, but here the tragedy of Petrograd is depicted and concentrated in one single witness. This is his message, brought from the city of death.

The eleventh hour has struck. Petrograd must be taken immediately. The organizations at Petrograd and Moscow which my informant represents regard General Mannerheim as Europe's sentinel against Bolshevism, and believe that only he can take Petrograd. If General Mannerheim leads the Finnish Army in the relief of the capital now he will be greeted with flowers; if he delays a month, with curses, because flesh and blood cannot hold out longer. In the event of no attack being made on Petrograd desperate disorders will break out, and they will probably fail on account of lack of arms; the last remnant of the educated people of Russia will perish in a sea of blood, and Russia will cease to exist.

In Petrograd the population is not above half a million, and the women now outnumber the men by three to one owing to scarcity. There are from 65 to 85 executions daily, including many Sisters of Mercy suspected of pro-British sympathies. My informant knows of one case, a girl seven years

old, who was shot as a spy because she asked where she could find a certain soldier. Besides the executions of Russians several foreigners have also been shot.

#### Officers exterminated.

Commissary Troyanovsky publicly stated that the question of the Russian officers is already settled, since they were partly neutralized (*i. e.*, killed), partly isolated (*i. e.*, thrown into prison). There only remain a few serving with the Bolsheviks. The Commissary of Munitions, Platonoff, himself boasted that he had passed all night pistolling the "White Guard *canaille*".

The despotism of the Bolshevik oligarchy becomes daily more cynical. Thus, while last week bread in Petrograd touched 130 roubles a pound, Red Army men now receive a milk ration, though milk absolutely does not exist for the civil population. Trotsky on going to the front takes with him trainloads of sweets and bread to supplement the persuasions of his oratory. While Trotsky, guarded by picked Praetorians, is everywhere busy, posing as a student of Peter the Great's tactics, Lenin is completely secluded and visible only to higher officials, adored by beves of female admirers as the bloody Communist Lama.

Legal, technical, and medical provision for the workmen is completely neglected, the machinery is not inspected and accidents are not reported, there being one doctor for perhaps eight factories, with the result that the total number of skilled workmen in Petrograd is reduced to 12,000. Special Bolshevik gendarmes overawe the factories. Soviet elections are not only reduced to a farce but to an open unreality. Candidates are authoritatively proposed and declared elected without a shadow of pretence of cooperation by the electors. Especially horrible conditions obtain for men in the heavy motor-car service, who are forced to work like slaves, arrested and sometimes shot on account of breakdowns and delays.

The condition of the rural population is equally critical. Owing to the complete lack of doctors and medicines,

epidemics, principally typhus, rage unchecked. In some villages the population is completely exterminated, only the dogs remaining alive. At the end of last winter all the stations on the Voronezh, Kursk, Orel, Tula, and Moscow railway lines were encumbered with corpses of persons who had died in the trains, the bodies being heaved out at the first halt and left lying. Only when they began to decompose on the frost breaking was any trouble taken to remove them.

My informant asserts that three German trade commissions were shortly expected when he left Petrograd, nominally to arrange the barter of goods, but in reality with the object of negotiating a so-called Northern Alliance between Germany and Russia, later taking in Sweden and Finland. Unless Petrograd is taken before the endurance of the educated classes is wholly worn out the Alliance will undoubtedly become a fact, and the remnant of the *intelligentsia*, who now accuse the Allies of responsibility for their misery, will welcome German assistance and domination.

#### Russia's only hope.

In his opinion it is improbable that General Denikin will take Moscow and Petrograd without help from the North, while the Koltchak front is weakened by 2,500 millions of roubles sent by the Bolsheviks for propaganda and the murder of officers. He affirms that the sole possibility of saving Russia from complete ruin is by the capture of Petrograd by the Finns, when a concerted rising would take place in the chief centres and destroy Bolshevik power at a single blow.

My informant described in detail the desperate condition of the working men of Petrograd. The only logical deduction from the treatment offered to them is that the Bolsheviks are determined to exterminate the Russian working class as they have practically exterminated the educated people, first by provoking revolts in the large factories, their agents being known to receive up to 700,000 roubles for agitation, secondly, by forming numerous so-called police, revolutionary, and requisitional detachments, which they send into the country, where they are killed by the hostile population; thirdly, by sending into the Army all who do not work for defence; fourthly, by forcing them to work regularly overtime by refusing the means of subsistence in case of refusal, thus enormously increasing the death-rate owing to exhaustion and lung

disease contracted in the badly-lit, unventilated buildings, which, moreover, are not heated in winter. Their nominal wages are 4,000 to 5,000 roubles monthly and the nominal working day eight hours, but in reality 10 or 12 owing to compulsory overtime in spite of all protest. The men are so tired and starved, however, that the work done is inconsiderable.

Every detail of the Bolshevik forces' dispositions on the Finnish front is known, and the situation would offer far smaller military difficulties than is commonly supposed. The situation only requires a decision on the part of the Allies. For these reasons the Bolsheviks have offered 500,000 roubles for General Mannerheim's head, and are sending out agitators to France and England furnished with millions.

"You have left Russia to perish", say the inhabitants of Petrograd, "now Bolshevism will overrun your lands and you will perish too. Only then will the Germans reorganize Russia and become the strongest Power in the world. The most serious phase of the war is now beginning; unless you rescue Petrograd you are already beaten. The twelfth hour is approaching".

#### A Posthumous Air V. C.

The Victoria Cross has been awarded to the late Acting Major Edward Mancock, D. S. O., M. C., 85th Squadron Royal Air Force, "in recognition of bravery of the first order in aerial combat." Major Mancock was awarded the M. C. and bar in 1917, and the D. S. O., with first and second bars, in 1918, for air fighting in France and Flanders.

The total number of machines definitely accounted for by Major Mancock up to the date of his death in France (26th July, 1918) was fifty.

#### Crisis in the Azerbaidjan Government.

According to the latest news, the crisis in the Azerbaidjan Government has been satisfactorily settled. Mr. Ussoubekoff's Cabinet remains in power.

M. Otto Grimlund, editor of the Swedish Bolshevik newspaper *Politiken*, has been sentenced to six months' imprisonment for abusive articles published against General Mannerheim, during the latter's visit to Stockholm.

# EDITORIAL.

## Allied High Commissioner.

Colonel William Haskell, the Allied High Commissioner appointed by the Peace Conference representing Great Britain, the United States, France and Italy, has arrived in Tiflis, where he will reside during his stay in Trans-Caucasia. His chief mission is to report to the Peace Conference about actualities in Trans-Caucasia and to throw a better light on local affairs. This is the first serious step taken by the Peace Conference with regard to getting in touch with the Trans-Caucasian states. The British military occupation accomplished wonders in the way of keeping peace in the country and it was unfair to burden Great Britain with all these tasks without the Peace Conference sending some of its emissaries for investigation.

## Need for Political Mission.

The absence of a political mission representing the Allies has been felt very strongly and we hope that this problem will now be solved and that the Trans-Caucasian states will receive their hearing. The mission of Colonel Haskell gives the opportunity to America to have a better insight into the affairs of the middle east where the British have done such excellent work in the rôle of arbitrator between the various nations. This new mission, moreover, throws the light of interest on the Caucasian states on the peace of which the peace of Europe largely depends in future.

## Appreciation of British.

Georgians are all concerned at the approaching departure of the British. The old misunderstandings have been cleared away, thanks to the Georgian government having closed down some of the newspapers that carried on a consistent propaganda against the British. Many of the *provocateurs* have also been muzzled. These agitators did their best to sow the seeds of discord—the heritage of German propaganda. But all that is changed now. The people have a real appreciation of the excellent work done by the British in Trans-Caucasia. They have great admiration for the British soldier and for his exemplary behaviour, and they have a real sorrow at the prospect of the British evacuation. They still will not believe that the British are really going. They declare they will stay—the wish being father to the thought.

## A Contrast.

There is peace in Georgia. The comparison of Tiflis today with the conditions prevailing in the Russian cities under Bolshevism is a very striking one. We publish today a report regarding the Petrograd of today. It is a tragic story. Petrograd is a city of famine; it is a city of death. The chaos is indescribable. There is no law; there is no order. There is a reign of terror. Yet here in Tiflis Bolshevism has been suppressed. From time to time the Bolshevik agents have tried to plunge Georgia into chaos and anarchy. There are still agents working secretly, but the Georgian authorities are rounding them up. The Georgians have no use for Bolshevism. In Georgia there will never be a state of affairs so shockingly bad as that in which Russia finds herself today.

## Hunting Bolsheviks.

We met a wonderfully interesting man the other day, of whom we hope to write at greater length in a future number. His task at present is to arrest Bolshevik agents and agitators. The day we met him he had just rounded up ten. Not a bad bag for one day. He is carrying on each day with success. By the way, this action on the part of the Georgian Government against the Bolsheviks is particularly interesting as the Georgian Government is a socialist one. Some people are so apt to confuse socialism with Bolshevism. Bolshevism is not and never has been socialism. It is simply anarchy and terrorism. It is a system that has ruined workmen and peasants and *bourgeoisie* alike.

## The Wily Chauffeur.

This is the story of a very clever chauffeur and of his cunning. We were motoring in a Georgian car driven by a Georgian driver. Suddenly we had a puncture. The car stopped by the pavement's edge and the chauffeur got down from his seat and surveyed the wheel leisurely. Then he lit a cigarette and crouched down to look under the car. A small boy stopped and crouched down to see what the driver was looking at. Then two men crossed the road and also looked. The driver smoked. More people stopped. All looked. In two minutes there was a little crowd of seven men, five boys, two old women and some babies. They gathered round the car.

## Many Hands.

"We must mend this tyre", said the chauffeur. "You'll find a spanner in the tool-box", said he. A small boy rushed to get it. "Now, let's get the wheel off altogether", said the driver. The men in the little crowd struggled with each other to be the first to help him. They unscrewed the wheel, while the chauffeur smoked another cigarette.

## Mind versus Matter.

To be brief, the tyre was taken off; another tube was put in; and the wheel was placed on the automobile again—and the chauffeur did absolutely nothing except superintend. "Now, let's pump it up", he said. The men and the boys pumped for all they were worth. The hardest work the chauffeur did was to hit the tyre occasionally with a hammer to see if it were firm enough. When it had been wellpumped, we climbed into our seats and the driver took his seat also. The starting crank, it appeared, was somewhat difficult to manipulate. "Let's push it along", shouted the driver, referring to the car. So all the men and all the boys got behind the car and pushed it for twenty yards until the engine started and we shot off at a great pace. A tired, perspiring crowd of hard-worked men and boys remained behind. The driver smoked. He ought to have a diplomatic job.

S. L.

## Census in Germany: a Draastic Tax Expedient.

Paris.—A census will be taken in Germany on November 8.

In order to control the proposed tax on property, the German Government intends to call in all the paper money, to be stamped within a certain period, after which all unstamped notes will be invalid. This will be done in order to ensure that the cash property of every citizen is exactly controlled.

## General Cory's last visit.

Prior to his departure for London General Cory paid a final visit to the members of the Azerbaijan Government. General Cory exchanged mutual greetings with the Ministers of the Azerbaijan Republic and expressed his satisfaction regarding the order he witnessed in the Azerbaijan Republic.

A wireless message from Petrograd reports that while the Patriarch Tichon was leaving the Cathedral after service an attempt on his life was made by a peasant woman, by name Pelagea Gussieva, who was arrested.

## France to Buy the U. S. War Stocks.

The French Press confirms the news given by the *Chicago Tribune* to the effect that the French Government has decided upon the purchase of all surplus American war stocks. The price is still being discussed.

The stocks constitute an immense supply of the most diverse articles from food, clothing and machinery to hospital trains and include about 50,000 lorries and 50,000 motor cars.

Although the price has not yet been made officially known, it is said that it will be less than 60 million pounds sterling—the sum which, according to official documents, represents the value of the American stocks now in France.

These war stocks will be liquidated in the same manner as the French war stocks, i. e. by auction, right of priority being granted to the public services, to the reconstruction of the liberated provinces and to the Co-operative Societies.

## Cotton-Growing Within the Empire: A Sudan Development.

The second reading of the Sudan Government Loan Bill was moved in the House of Commons by Mr. Cecil Harmsworth, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. He explained that the object of the bill was to enable the Sudan to raise a loan to proceed with various works and railway construction. The main area concerned was 300,000 acres at the confluence of the White and Blue Niles.

The Sudan Government had been experimenting for years in the cultivation of cotton with promising results and it was most important to develop as fast as possible all areas within the Empire capable of growing cotton.

Mr. Harmsworth said: "Measures are being taken that the resources of the British Empire may be employed to the full advantage. There is no reason why the Lancashire cotton industry should be dependent on foreign countries for its supply of raw material. If cotton-growing were properly developed in the Sudan and other parts of British Africa, the Empire could provide all the cotton which the Lancashire mills require."

## The Greek Mission in Armenia.

The Greek Mission Extraordinary has arrived at Erivan. The Mission paid a visit to the Armenian Parliament where it received an ovation from the members of Parliament.

An oil company has purchased land adjacent to Las Palmas harbour, Canary Isles, with the object of constructing an oil reservoir, and has sent there an oil tank steamer, for supplying oil-tuel ships.

# IS LONDON A PAGAN CITY?

FOLLIES IN WHICH THE REAL COCKNEY HAS NO PART.

By Thomas Burke.

(Few writers know their London better than Mr. Burke, the brilliant young author of "Out and About", "Nights in Town", etc.).

Poor old London! Somebody is always backbiting it. Years ago it was the Modern Babylon. More recently it was denounced as staid and puritanical.

Now, some loud-mouthed provincial has just slanged it as "pagan", basing his indictment, I suppose, on newspaper stories of night clubs and jazz dances.

When will these alien critics realise that there is more of London than Piccadilly and Bond-street?

London is a city of some nine million souls. Of these, perhaps a few hundred only lend themselves to bizarre fashions and exotic forms of entertainment. Yet the whole nine million are condemned for the effervescence of the overwelthy and the chicken-brained.

Just as the evil reputation of Paris was born and bred by English and American visitors, so jazz-dancing, bare-back frocks and gambling rooms are mainly supported by the country folk with too much time and money who are overcrowding London and setting the pace in foolish frolics.

Great rivers often carry glistening scum on their surface, yet the body of their waters remains clear and untainted. A city lives, not by its radiant minority, but by its millions of quiet, obscure and clean-minded citizens, whose daily lives are so wanting in colour that they fail to strike the cursory eye.

You don't see little Mrs. Robinson, of Crouch End, going to the Electric Pavilion in a bare-back dress. She had never heard of "pipe parties" until the newspapers told her about them.

She couldn't jazz if she tried, her limbs could not respond to the call of the negroid Bacchus. But she does like to read about these things, and the Press therefore finds it worth while to shed its limelight on the paint and the powder for Mrs. Robinson's delight, and to ignore her own tranquil movements.

You have only to stand at London Bridge at nine o'clock in the morning and review the daily flood of black-coated citizens, to realise what a contradiction in terms is the phrase "Pagan London". The pipes of Pan may be blown in Streatham and Ealing and Ilford; but the average citizen goes about his daily work undisturbed; he has no time for them.

When one remembers that London is not one city, but twenty cities, one sees how bright and clear is its 'scutcheon against those of Glasgow, Hanley, Portsmouth, Nottingham, and other overcrowded industrial towns.

Not that the Londoner is lacking in blood or virility. We know what he is on the playingfield and on the battlefield. But his sense of civic dignity and personal behaviour is strong enough to restrain him from foolish demonstration. His little bursts of gaiety, take the form of a dinner in Soho and a visit to a music-hall.

You will see him just now, at evenings, on the bowling-greens of the parks, if he be middle-aged, or on the tennis courts and allotments, if he be young.

When the bus strike was in progress he walked home quietly and agreed with his friends that it was a beastly nuisance. When the police strike came last year the traffic regulated itself in orderly fashion, and the crowd, like a class of children put on their honour to behave without supervision, accepted the situation and showed respect to London and to themselves.

The fact is, the average worthy Londoner knows nothing of the London that the stranger knows. When the visitor came to London years ago he wanted to see the Tower, St. Paul's, the Abbey, the Houses of Parliament, Buckingham Palace and the rest of the show places. I don't suppose one Cockney in a thousand has troubled to enter these places.

To-day the visitor from the provinces ignores the show places. He wants to go to the Piccadilly Hotel, to Murray's, to jazz teas, to fashion parades, to the latest revue, to see what he, poor fool, calls "a bit of life". Again, he has the advantage of the industrious Londoner, who knows that such things are to be seen, but, for many reasons—home ties, lack of means, or the day's work—has never seen them.

Real London life is to be found in the suburbs.

Let my provincial gentleman accept a challenge from me.

I will take him on a tour of London. And I will challenge him to find me paganism in Bowes Park, in Seven Kings, Rushey Green, Harringay, Southfields, Brondesbury, Anerley, Plaistow, or Stroud Green.

And if he fails he shall subscribe 50 pounds towards the renovation of our local tennis-court.

## Lenkoran.

After having deposed the Bolshevik Government Volunteer detachments under Colonel Ilyashevitch occupied the town of Lenkoran. Mussulman troops from Ramazan have camped outside the town. After negotiations with the representatives of the British Command and of the Azerbaijani Government, the people of Lenkoran agreed to submit to British rule.

## "Hilfepolizeimannschaft".

The plans for Germany's new police "home defence" organisation will be submitted to the approval of the Entente before they are put into execution.

As projected, Germany will have two forces for police duty. The first of these will be known as the *Hilfepolizeimannschaft* (Rescue Police Force), composed as far as possible of well-armed officers from the Army. The second will be called the *Einwohnerwehr* or "Home Guards".

9,000 of the former are proposed for Berlin alone, with other cities in proportion, and the rural districts will have smaller groups. They will control sanitary traffic, and do other similar police work. It can be seen that such a force would be capable later of forming a nucleus for an army, if so desired.

The second organisation or "Home Guards" will be composed of inhabitants who voluntarily enrol for service but they will not be kept up as regulars nor paid like the police. They will be called "emergencies". 150,000 have already enrolled at Berlin.

While the treaty forbids to Germany any army reorganisation or the continuance of any organisations which could be converted into an army, M. Noske, the German Minister of Defence, and military men claim that Germany's internal situation is so insecure that the reduction of her army to 100,000 by April next will leave her with insufficient protection. However, they will take the Entente's advice on the question.

## Mid-air Wedding.

A New York message gives an account of an air wedding held at the New York police athletic meeting. The ceremony was performed by a clergyman at a height of 2,000 feet, and witnessed by 1,000 people. The young couple ascended in one machine, the clergyman being a passenger in a second, from which, using the wireless telephone, he read the marriage service and heard the bride and bridegroom exchange vows.

The witnesses, best man, and bridesmaid remained on terra firma, where, together with a crowd which filled the grand stand, they heard every word of the service by megaphones attached to wireless telephone receivers.

## Conflicts between Armenians and Tartars.

According to the report published by the Armenian Intelligence Bureau the number of bloody encounters between Tartars and Armenians has been doubled of late. The scene of the fiercest struggles has been in the Sharturo—Darlagueze zone where villages change hands daily.

## Organising the World's Science in Brussels.

At the meeting of the Constituent Assembly of the International Council for Scientific Research at Brussels, among the decisions taken by the different sections, of the Council, mention should be made of the Astronomy section, which makes the Observatory of Uxel near Brussels the central bureau for astronomic telegrams, under the direction of M. Lecomte. The preliminary calculations will be made there and communicated afterwards to all astronomic stations in the world.

Paris will be the seat of the Chemistry section, of which M. Moureau, a member of the Institute of France and President of the International Confederation of Chemistry, will be the head.

As to the Bibliography section, there is a suggestion to absorb the International Bibliography Institute into the Council for Scientific Research, and to create an international office of technical scientific documents in Brussels to replace the German pre-war organisation, which kept international science dependent upon Germany. (L. C.)

## New Armenian government.

At a sitting of the Armenian Parliament on August 10, Mr. A. I. Khatissov submitted a list of the new members of the Cabinet. Prime minister and Foreign Secretary—A. I. Khatissov; Minister of Interior and Justice—Abram Gulbandian; Minister of Finance and Food Controller—Sarkis Araratian; Minister of Labour and Poor Law—Avetick Saakian; Minister of Public Instruction—Nikol Agbalian; War Minister—General Araratov.

There were 37 votes in favour of the new Cabinet against 2.

Khatissov declared that the chief aim of the government would be to support and strengthen the independence of the Armenian Republic by every possible means.

## Colonel Haskell.

Colonel Haskell, Commissioner Extraordinary for the Allied Powers in Trans-Caucasia and Armenia has arrived at Tiflis. He has visited the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Gettchkhori, acting for the President of the Ministerial Cabinet and has had a long conversation with him.

By-elections have taken place for the Constituent Assembly on the borders of a district with a principally non-Georgian element (viz: Tartar and Armenian). A brilliant victory has been won in the elections by the Social-Democratic party which is as everybody knows the party in power at the present moment in Georgia.



## THE LATEST HUMOUR.

### Art in the Arctic.

To know that you can't draw and to be told so by your friends are two very different things. Honnell can't draw, but hates his inseparable Swan to tell him so. Honnell's sketches have hitherto been criticised only by people who also wanted their drawing flattered. Swan learned bluntness on the Yukon. So they are an odd pair to be chumming now in the Arctic circle. They are so friendly that they will tramp together for half a day and exchange scarcely so much as a grunt of conversation.

Swan, of course, feels quite at home in North Russia and smiles at the people who call it cold and its distances big. Honnell has lived in Edinburgh, so doesn't notice the temperature, though he misses the tramway system. Both can say about six words—the same—in Russian, and both have bought a pair of moccasins—Swan because he would like to.

Recently they set off together from Kola on the Murman Coast to try to find a village from which jolly little Laplanders and Laplanderesses come sliding and skidding to market behind their stout-hearted reindeer. They left all their picturesque Arctic gear behind them except their moccasins, Swan being one of those trying people who don't care how they look, if only they "mush" along fast enough. Their provisions consisted of a tin of bully and four edible tiles or army biscuits, with some margarine in a Y.M.C.A. envelope.

The story they told on their return—for they did return and in good time for dinner—was mostly Honnell's, but I must admit that Swan could not be got to refute it. As they approached the village—some huts on a white hillside above a frozen lake—a representative of the dog-colony came to meet them, waving his tail with an anticlockwise circular motion impossible to the dog of temperate zones. Having inspected them he escorted them on their way in a perfectly civilised and even courteous manner.

So far from being resisted, their entry was ignored save by the little fur-capped boys, who collected at their heels as if they had formed the vanguard of a circus, and the little brightly-kerchiefed girls, who bolted for cover. All the adult male inhabitants, fiercely-bearded little men like dolls done up in reindeer-skin from top to toe, appeared to be engrossed in the manufacture of sleighs, although the village was already littered and cluttered up with them; and all the ladies were indoors sewing reindeer-skin into trousers or making tea.

Having exchanged a noise like "Sdrastelnye" (which in these parts seems to mean "Bon jour") with everybody they saw, our two friends sat on

a log and rested, while Honnell set about sketching, as he calls it, the primitive wooden church. The little boys, of course, formed a sort of pyramid on his shoulders to watch. Whether because his fingers were cold and so not completely under his control, or because the vibrations of the human pyramid communicated to his pencil some lucky jerks, the marks Honnell committed to (or on) his note-book were such as supplied the simple children of the snow with a clue as to his intentions, and he was intensely gratified to hear one say to another, "Tserkof!"—knowing that noise to signify "church" in the local tongue.

Swan, perceiving the moral damage likely to be done to his friend by this flattering incident, sought to puncture Honnell's unhealthy pride by saying, "Plahō?" (or "bad") as a suggestion to the critics; but this only caused them to say repeatedly and with emphasis, "Dobra!"—which was one of Honnell's six words and means "good".

Thus the mischief was done. Honnell returned to his billet a man changed and as it were possessed. To hear him talk now one would suppose culture had fled from the Temperate to the Arctic zone. Of the Lapps' habits and their houses he knows nothing, cares nothing; all his enthusiasm is reserved for the honesty and the innate artistic perception of their children. So seriously has he been affected by this unaided and impartial recognition of the subject of his drawing that some of us wonder if he will not settle down amongst those who alone understand and appreciate him. Returning home, what can he hope to be? At best a hero of the Relief Force. But in his Lapp village he could imagine himself an Artist.

«Punch».

81 st. Bde.

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Commencing August 25,  
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Civilians Admitted ONLY if

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## HUMOUR FROM U. S.

*The new Boy:* On the first day of school in an Ohio town the teacher of the first grade was securing the names of her pupils.

She came to one youngster whose father was noted for his profanity, and said: "What is your name?"

"Bobbie Hughes", was the reply.

"Do you know your a-b-c's?"

"Hell, no! I've only been here five minutes!" was the astonishing answer.—*Everybody's*.

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*Not His Own:* "From what you tell me, Sam, you have been a busy man all your life."

"Yes, sah; yes, sah."

"You've done a great deal in your time and day, Sam, I guess."

"Yes, sah. Dat is, I's done a good lot in mah day, but it was in de boss's time, sah."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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*Hubby Knows:* A traveller from the South Sea Islands says the women are very happy there because it costs them nothing for dress. If he means to imply by that that the less a woman wears the more money she saves, he must guess again. Experience shows that in this part of the world the less women wear the more it costs.—*New York Herald*.

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*Lost at Versailles:* Secretary of State Lansing slipped out of the council chamber and went souvenir hunting in the palace. Luck was with him, he said, for he found a remarkable piece of antique wall-paper.

Next day a frantic Japanese stenographer was looking for his shorthand notes.—*Harvard Lampoon*.

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*A. D. 1936:* A hushed and gloomy silence fell on the courtroom. The Special Juror had niled into the jury chair with a sealed verdict. The aged prisoner shifted uneasily in his chair beside his counsel.

Presently the judge emerged from her boudoir behind the bench and rapped for order. At her command the clerk read the verdict finding the prisoner guilty in manner and form as charged by the Public Inquisitor, and he was immediately ordered to stand up and receive the judgment of the court. Her Honor said:

"You have been found guilty by the Special Juror of the charge laid in the Complaint of the Public Inquisitor. Your specific crime was that of permitting tobacco to be grown on your lands, in violation of the fourth sub-division of section two of the Act of the Legislature of Kentucky, passed concurrently with an Act of Congress to enforce the provisions of the Twenty-third Amendment to the Constitution of the United States. Your defence,

that it was your son who planted the noxious weed for his personal use in gratifying a habit formed while in the service of the United States, in the Great War of 1918, had no weight with the Special Juror, and will not be considered by the court in passing sentence.

"You are therefore condemned to undergo imprisonment for a period of ten years, and in view of the gravity of the offence, your confinement will be in the Asylum for Inebriate Grape Juice Drinkers. The clerk will enter an order confiscating the lards of the defendant on which the tobacco was grown."

With a wild shriek of despair the prisoner fell into the arms of the sheriff, who carried him to the hoodlum aeroplane for transportation to the asylum.

### Little Willie's Gifts and Graces

Maximilian Harden in the *Zukunft*, in an article on the Crown Prince, says that he rides extremely well. Once, when asked about the future, he laughingly said: "In case of an accident, I can still become a horse-trainer, but how about papa?"

## TO BE SOLD:

A Testament of great historical Value, in Georgian, printed in Moscow in 1737.

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Mr. Bakradze, member of the Academy of Science, says in his book that the testament printed in Moscow in 1737 is a rare specimen. He has never come across another such book either in Russia or in the Caucasus. This testament was part of the dowry of the Tsarina Nina Georgievna and bears the following inscription of the Tsar George XII: "Let it be as a token of health to her. Amen. Kyrie Eleison". The text of the testament has the crest of the Tsars of Georgia.

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