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THE GEORGIAN MAIL

Edited by SCOTLAND LIDDELL.

ONE ENORMOUS POGROM.

"KILL THE JEWS AND SAVE RUSSIA".

UKRAINE ANARCHY.

(From the "Times" correspondent).

WARSAW, July 28.

Terrible stories are reaching Warsaw of the state of anarchy beyond the Polish lines in Volhynia. Atrocities are taking place there which equal the worst of the Reign of Terror in Moscow and Petrograd. After careful analysis of a number of different narratives I have arrived at the following conclusion about the state of affairs which exists in Volhynia and Podolia, the country between the Dnieper and the Dniester.

Ruthless warfare is being carried on between two sorts of Bolsheviks. In the large towns, such as Kieff, are in the hands of the Commissaries of the Soviet Government of Moscow. Most of them are Jews. Their Bolshevism takes the form of requisitioning everything and everybody in the name of the community. For example, on Sunday, July 6, St. Alexander's Church at Kieff was raided during Mass by an armed force led by two Commissaries. The service was stopped, and after men and women had been separated, the whole congregation was made to strip to see if they had anything of value on them which was worth requisitioning. At the same time a large number of suitable persons were picked out for forced labour on public works.

Such methods as these applied in the villages for the requisition of foodstuffs have brought about a sort of counter-revolution among the peasants to resist the exactions of the Communist Commissaries. The peasants have formed themselves into bands to protect themselves. The leaders of these bands are a number of ruffians most of whom were formerly members of Trotsky's propagandist army. They are men of the type of "Peter the Painter," of Sidney-street fame, cut-throats from the dregs of the population. They call themselves internationalists, but they own no allegiance to the Moscow Government, and each works for himself.

Peasants' hatred of Jews.

They have taken advantage of the Ukrainian peasants' hatred for the

Jews, and Jewish Commissaries in particular, to make war on them with the help of the armed bands they have raised, since the Jews are the only people left in the country who possess anything. Property-owning classes, bourgeoisie and intelligensia have all disappeared; they have either been murdered, or have fled the country, or are hiding disguised in the towns. Alone the Jews, who either as Commissaries of the people or as profiteers have filled their pockets since the Revolution, are left to be robbed. Hence Sokolovski, Makhno, Zeleny, and the other cut-throat adventurers who lead these bands are conducting one enormous pogrom throughout the Ukraine.

Their men carry badges with the inscription "Kill the Jews and save Russia." The bands usually have their headquarters in one of the small towns, where they constitute the army of the local republic, of which the particular brigand who leads them is the president. They range from gangs of two hundred or so, armed with pikes made of butchers' knives lashed to the ends of poles, up to large forces of several thousands well equipped with rifles and machine-guns.

Unexampled massacres of the Jews have been taking place. I give the following figures with reserve; they are no doubt exaggerated, but I believe that to say that thousands of Jews have been killed is to put the matter mildly:—1,200 Jews are stated to have been murdered at Shitomir by Sokolovski's band; 600 at Koziatyn by Simoshenko's band; 900 at Felsztyn; 2,000 at Pastoff, Radomysl, and Berditcheff.

These are merely instances out of a long list which could be compiled of places where wholesale massacres of Jews have taken place. Sometimes they have been rounded up in the main street of the town and fire opened with machine-guns from one end; sometimes they have been burnt alive. A favourite game appears to have been to place a number of Jews in a line and see how many could be killed with one bullet. Six or seven is stated to be the "record."

An appeal to Poland.

Owing to the drain caused by the operations against Koltchak and Denikin no regular Soviet troops are available to cope with these bands, but regiments of young Jews have been formed to protect the Jewish population. This irregular warfare between two different brands of Bolsheviks is being carried on with the utmost cruelty and barbarity, to the ruin of the countryside. A deputation arrived in Warsaw last week representing Poles, Ruthenes, and Czechs from the region about Rovno, to beg for an advance of Polish troops to put an end to this state of anarchy. President Pilsudski told them that Polish action depended on the Entente. The Czech members of the delegation have now gone to Prague to enlist the interest of the Czecho-Slovak Government.

There is a Polish population of something like 14 per cent. in Volhynia, and Warsaw is full of Polish refugees who have left relations and fellow-countrymen hiding in Kieff or elsewhere. The Polish army could probably have captured Kieff and be in touch with Denikin by the end of September if they were assured of the necessary supplies by the Entente.

The expediency of giving the Poles a free hand toward the East may be questioned, but they are the only people who are in a position to reduce this particular corner of Russia to order. They know the country and could give it peace and a rudimentary organization if nothing else. The only alternative to a Polish occupation is ruin and anarchy there until Denikin is strong enough to extend his sphere of occupation westwards.

U. S. Army's 2,500,000 Books.

The War Camp Community Service and the American Library Association announce that 2,500,000 books collected for American camps and hospitals will be given to French and Belgian educational and civic institutions. A certain number of volumes will go to the University of Louvain, and to Robert College, Constantinople.

"The Kaiser is bearing his burden, but the Lord will lead him out of the dark valley."—The ex-Empress of Germany, in a letter to the vicar of Christchurch, Wilhelmshöhe.

FRENCH FIGHT AGAINST PROFITEERS.

Official posters for honest traders.

M. Noulens, the new Food Minister, has evolved a scheme for checking the shameless food profiteering which promises some hope that the rise in prices will be kept within economic limits.

Throughout the whole country food committees will be formed consisting of a representative of the Food Minister, one representative each of the producers and wholesale and retail dealers, and three delegates from the Consumers' League. Each week this committee, acting on data supplied by the Food Controller, will fix normal prices of the main foodstuffs. These prices will be published weekly, and those tradesmen who agree to abide by them will be given a special poster which will be an official guarantee to the public that they will get fair dealing.

The advantages of such a system are that the public will be able at once to distinguish between the honest trader and the profiteer, and that the local courts will have a sure guide in their dealings with complaints of the excessive prices.

250 Miles of War Medal Ribbon.

The War Office announces that the British War Medal ribbon may now be worn by all who are entitled to it. As these, including women, number approximately 8,000,000, 250 miles of ribbon will be required.

Marne Memorial.

As a lasting memorial to those who fell in the Battle of the Marne, and as a thanksgiving for the victory, a chapel is to be built at Dormans, on the bank of the river, on a height overlooking the fields where the battle which decided the fate of France, and of the world, was fought out.

The site was chosen by Marshal Foch, who stated that it was at that exact spot that the German offensive was broken and the invading wave hurled back.

A message from Irkutsk reports the arrival of an Italian military mission, the members of which will reside in different towns in Siberia.

EDITORIAL.

A Tragedy in Three Acts.

Local journalism has its romance. Likewise its comedy. Also, alas! its tragedy. The true story we are going to tell you now comes under the heading of Tragic Comedy. But we label it Tragedy just the same. It is about the closing down of the "Tiflis Gazette" and the holiday we have enjoyed in consequence. Not altogether a holiday, you must know... but no matter.

Act 1.

We published a paragraph in the "Tiflis Gazette" which was perfectly true but indiscreet. So we were penalised for a few days. Our printing office—which is not really ours at all, but merely a place where we have the paper printed each day, the proprietor being paid by us for his work—was shut and we proceeded to await the day when we could publish our paper again. This day came, and an official went to the printing works to remove the seals. We, meanwhile, commenced to write an editorial for the next day's number.

Curtain.

Act 2.

You will never guess the horrible tragedy that followed. When the Georgian officials went to arrange the re-opening of the printing works they found two thousand Bolshevik booklets!! So although the "Tiflis Gazette" was free to come out whenever it liked, the printing works were very properly closed and the proprietor was arrested. *Not* the proprietor or even the poor editor of the "T. G.", you must understand, but the proprietor of the printing works where we paid to have our paper printed. This man was as much a fool as a knave, for he had printed the name of his works and the address on each Bolshevik booklet for all the world to see. Stupidity is certainly a crime... So here was the position—We could publish the "T. G.", but we had no printing works in which to have it printed. That is the end of Act 2.

Curtain.

Act 3.

We begged that part of the printing office should be given to us in order that we could have our paper printed. Mr. Tchintchinadze, the assistant Minister of the Interior, kindly arranged to have this done. Meanwhile, we wrote a fresh editorial. So the new position was that the ban on the "T. G." had been removed

and part of the printing works was going to be opened. But when all this had been accomplished, the workmen had been arrested for their share in the Bolshevik printing! That, so far, is the end of the tragedy. There is only one other possible combination. That is that when the paper is allowed to be printed, when the printing office is open again, when the workmen are released—we ourselves, unfortunate editor that we are, may be hanged in Erivan Square.

Georgia v. Bolshevism.

We have written humorously of this, but, seriously speaking, we cannot but applaud the firm action the Georgian Government is taking against the Bolsheviks—the enemies not only of Georgia and true democracy but also of all civilisation. Bolshevism is a foul cancer that eats into a state. No half measures are required. The growth must be cut out altogether. And that is what the Georgian Government is determined to do. They will have no Bolsheviks here. They will tolerate Bolshevism in no form. They will wage ceaseless war against the bloodthirsty pests who have done so much to retard the progress of the world.

The British Evacuation.

The British troops have already evacuated Baku and the evacuation of Tiflis is commencing. There is no outward sign of mourning. Summer frocks and coloured uniforms give no air of sadness. But in their hearts the people are genuinely sorry that we are going. They have gone through so much the past two years. The Russian break-down and the Russian break-up: Bolshevism at their doors: a Turkish invasion and a German occupation: the arrival of the British: the reported coming of the Italians; the Italian decision not to come and the hopes that after all the British would stay. Even as we write, the man-in-the-street still refuses to believe that we will go away.

Baby Republics.

"We are only baby republics here!", he says. "We are not more than a year old. We cannot walk. We can only crawl. And, of course, we need a nurse. We need someone to help us to stand alone: someone to teach us to walk—to show us our steps. Yet the nurse is going away. No other nurse is coming to take her place. We cry... Perhaps Great Britain will hear us."

A New World Atlas.

We have just read an advertisement of a new Harmsworth publication—"Harmsworth's New Atlas". "All the world", runs the notice, "re-mapped and pictured". Incidentally, the advertisement says that the new work will include 400 Maps, plans and charts, 4,000 Pictures, 40,000 Towns and the names of 400,000 Places on the map. There is a curious look about these figures: but as no one will ever take the trouble to count the maps, pictures, towns and places for himself they can be given as they are with impunity. Why spoll an arresting advertisement by mentioning that there are really 483 Maps, etc., 3987 Pictures, 40,985 Towns and 399,134 Places?

New Frontiers.

The war has certainly changed the map of the world. Old boundaries have been altered: states have been cut up or added: new republics have been formed. There is certainly need for a new atlas. But let it be a reasonable one. Let it be proportional. The other day we looked up Georgia in the New Encyclopaedia. This is what we found: Georgia, a state in the south of North America receives 69 lines. And Georgia in Trans-Caucasia has these lines devoted to it. So that a state in the U. S. receives 23 times as much mention as an ancient kingdom—one of the most ancient in the world, for this Georgia goes back to Biblical times. "Oh, but this Georgia is not so well known", you will perhaps say. Then let us answer, "All the more reason that we should be able to read as much about it as we possibly can."

Fresh Air Fund.

We have been unable to publish our list of contributions to the above charity owing to the temporary closing-down of the "Tiflis Gazette". We announce herewith, with thanks, that up to now we have received fourteen pounds ten shillings. We hope other subscriptions will come to us soon.

Brick-bats.

In an earlier paragraph we mentioned one of the tragedies of local journalism. There are others. One has just been handed to us even as we were writing this editorial. It is an anonymous note written in rather a childish hand. "By publishing the *Georgian Mail*", it says, "you have sold the proud spirit of an Englishman to a damned nation which in the past applauded the Germans. With this you have proved that you

are not only a Little Scott but a very, very big scot." Let us explain that "Little Scott" is probably an attempt to mispronounce our name so as to make a joke; and that the word "scot" in Russian means "beast."

"Our Admirers."

The note is signed "A group of admirers of the *Tiflis Gazette*". So we are damned with faint praise! Now that we have given this anonymous note the publicity it does not deserve, we shall be glad if the same "group" will be good enough to write and tell us their nationality. The note was written in Russian but there is something very Hunnish about it. It smacks of the Boche. But what has the Hun here got to grouse about? When we see him in the Georgian Club with his best gift—and his little dagger at his side, although we personally have to leave our stick at the door—we see that he is having a very good time. No wonder that he does not want to go home.

Anti—?

You can see the tragedy for yourselves. We have been accused during the past few months of being,

Anti-Georgian
Anti-Armenian
Anti-Russian
Anti-Jew
Spy of Denikin and
Counter-revolutionary

and now we are told we have sold the proud spirit of an Englishman! Being Scots (spelt with an S at both ends!) we almost find it in our heart to weep.

S. L.

Turkish War Office Resignations.

The dismissal of Tevzi Pasha, Under-secretary at the Turkish War Office, and Djavad Pasha, Chief of the General Staff, which was reported some time ago—soon to be denied in rather equivocal terms, is now stated to have been definitely decided upon. The *Peygam* which gives this information, states that the dismissing of these two high officials of the War Office is due to the "indulgence which they have shown—one might even say, the mistakes which they have made"—with regard to the movement of the so-called National Organisation.

The German aerial post traffic has been suspended owing to lack of supplies, especially petrol.

Douai and Cambrai have been decorated with the Legion of Honour in recognition of the conduct of their citizens during the war.



BOLSHEVISM OR DEMOCRACY.

(From "The Times".)

The Germans are busily and fully planning the restoration of economic relations with Russia, the friends of Bolshevism discovered that its economic system is a strong argument for another chance. They are following the lead of Lenin, the stained autocrat, who demands that the whole Russian people hang their necks to his personal will. He guides them to the goal of universal revolution, is forced to that certain derogations from the Soviet doctrine have been shown him by the hard facts of what has brought starvation upon the people and he is good enough to let them and his colleagues understand the "great impatience" of those who have suffered hunger. In private circles in Europe it is reported that he has determined to sanction the trade in food and in some commodities. That seems likely for the Bolshevist system is opposed to the first instincts of human nature in even the most primitive of societies that it has had to compromise with them all along. The Russian cooperative societies have failed with success, and the membership of these societies number many millions in thirty-three provinces alone, with a population of 78,000,000, not more than 57,000,000 were served by these bodies in January, 1918. There is one "derogation" from the Bolshevist faith. The illegal persistence of private trading was another "derogation" from the Bolshevist faith. Private traders were robbed and persecuted, the only result of confiscation and nationalization was to send prices up, and those who escaped compensated themselves for the risks of their calling by charging their charges, just as under usury laws charge higher interest than when such laws are in force. They made fabulous profits from the public, and now, after the Bolshevism has graciously allowed what it cannot prevent. Yet the demonstration of the impotence of Bolshevism is afforded by the peasant nationalization of private property. The *Novaia Jizn*, published by the authorization of the Bolshevists for a still more heterodox journal in Russia, it very truly observes, "without foreign capital, and without this capital it advocates the famous decree purporting to cancel out Russia's foreign debt, and to attempt to come to an understanding with the national creditors." "Derogations" from the system are considerable. To the plain lesson to be drawn from them seems to be that the system has deluged Russia with blood and failed even in its own sphere of economics; that it is

tottering to its fall, and that now is the time for the friends of the Russian people to give it the last vigorous shove which will bring the rotten fabric to the ground. Bolshevism, Lenin admits, has not given Russia that "government of the people for the people" which is the essence of true democracy. It has not brought her nearer to "the ordered and stable government of free men" or to the "ordered peace" which President Wilson has so earnestly demanded for her. It is, on the face of it, an insuperable obstacle to her attainment of these blessings. It must be judged by its fruits. They are anarchy, famine, bankruptcy, tyranny, and murder. We must go back to the high feats of Collet d'Herbois and Fouché at Lyons, of Carrier at Nantes, or of Le Bon at Arras, to parallel the hideous massacres which Lenin's and Trotsky's Chinese and Lettish mercenaries have perpetrated. For the "nationalization of women" there is happily no parallel. That is a bestial infamy unique in history. But the system has its friends and its emissaries in many lands, with plenty of money to lavish on propaganda. They enlarge upon the "derogations". Then they ingeniously suggest that the system is in so parlous a state that, if only we do not interfere, it will presently die of its own rottenness. In the name of freedom, of democracy, and of humanity they adjure us to let Russia go on stewing in Bolshevist juice. They predict that she will recover after an indefinite period of further misery and degradation without our aid. They assure us that if we will but stand by and look on as she struggles with her tyrants, she will be eternally grateful to us. All we have to do is to be sure that we recall the British Tanks as well as the British soldiers, and discontinue aid of any sort to the Russians who have risen against Bolshevism. On the other hand, if we persist in helping them, we shall merely strengthen the hands of Lenin—in fact, he would have disappeared long since, had we not aided Koltchak and Denikin. President Wilson once remarked that the treatment of Russia by her sister nations would be "the acid test" of their sympathy. The Russian question is the "acid test" of many things besides. We notice, for instance, that among those who are now imploring us to leave Lenin and his confederates unmolested are many who implored us as earnestly not to meddle in the war, but to trade impartially with Germany and with her enemies. They were unblushingly pro-German then; and, since the effect of their present counsel would infallibly be to give Germany political and economic control over Russia, they are, albeit more subtly, pro-German now.

Capturer of Kut to be Tried.

It is announced that the Turkish Court Martial will shortly commence the trial of Halil Pasha, who was in command of the 6th Army on the Mesopotamian front during the war and captured Kut. Halil Pasha is one of the Turkish war heroes, one of his chief titles to glory being the fact that he is the uncle of Enver Pasha. The following are some of the crimes and misdemeanours imputed to him: the extorting, by flogging and torture of large sums of money in banknotes and turning them by the same means into gold; the drowning of thirteen persons; causing the death of many Armenians and Jews by employing them on hard labour; occasioning the death of 60,000 people by not distributing to them the foodstuffs that had been requisitioned for their use; sentencing a sergeant-major to be shot without trial; causing the death of many Armenians who had been deported to Mossul by ordering them to be deported still further.

Canteen profits.

The British Government have approved an organisation for the disposal of the canteen profits which have accumulated during the war. The sums are considerable, and will be devoted to the following objects: The benefit of disabled and discharged officers, N. C. O., s, and men; widows, children, and orphans of deceased officers, N. C. O., s and men; the benefit of serving and recreation benefit for ex-officers, N. C. O., s, and men; the benefit of serving officers, N. C. O., s and men as regards recreation. General Sir Julian Byng, who is leaving the Army for this purpose, has been appointed chairman of the board of management, and the executive committee will include representatives of all ranks of serving and ex-serving officers and men and women.

Tin-Hats for Sale.

London.—Although the Army allowed demobilised soldiers to retain their steel helmets, there is a large surplus, and the Government Disposal Board is now seeking a market for many thousands of tin-hats.

At the erstwhile German University of Dorpat, which has been taken over by the Esthonian Government, the lectures, says the German wireless, are being given in Russian, owing to there being not enough Professors with a knowledge of Esthonian.

An Auguste Rodin museum was opened in the former Paris residence of the famous sculptor, by the French Minister of Public Instruction.

FRENCH TREASON TRIAL.

Widow's passionate denunciation.

The trial of the man Richard, charged with having caused the arrest and execution of M. Jacquet at Lille during the German occupation, has begun in Paris.

Dr. Huchard, an Auxiliary Army doctor, gave evidence before the court-martial that he was one of a party of French soldiers arrested through Richard's treachery at the Hôtel Mesen, Antwerp, in July, 1915. There was a moving scene in court when Mme. Jacquet entered, dressed in deep mourning.

The first time I saw Richard (she said) was when he was introduced by a friend to solicit help from our Committee (to help Allied soldiers in hiding to escape through the German lines). The second time was on the day my husband was arrested. Standing behind the curtain in my window, I saw him pacing the street in front of our house. A moment afterwards the German detectives Schmitt and Meyer entered and searched our house. A few days later I was called by Schmitt, who said to me. "Richard is the man who betrayed M. Jacquet", and he showed me a dossier, on the margin of which was written "Louis Richard, Lance-Corporal, of Rennes".

The third time I saw Richard was on the day of my husband's condemnation. He was standing beside the detective Meyer and was on excellent terms with him. The fourth time I saw Richard was when, after the execution of my husband, Schmitt had me called to hand me various papers. Richard was standing near at a table—it was in the Hôtel Royal. Schmitt pointed him out to me with the words, "That is the man who gave M. Jacquet away." I asked Schmitt. "What will be done to this man after the war?" Schmitt replied, "If he only depended on me I should hand him over at once, but for the moment he is useful to us".

Then, amid deep silence, Mme. Jacquet stretched out her arms and exclaimed, "Richard is a coward. You coward, you have caused the father of five children to be shot! Confess your cowardice!" Turning towards the Court, she cried "Justice!" Then, in a final burst of indignation, she swung round on Richard. "You wretch! My poor husband did his duty, but you haven't done yours".

One of M. Jacquet's daughters also gave evidence, and she, too, before she left the Court hurled her maledictions at the wretched prisoner with the words, "You caused four innocent people to be shot. When will your turn come?"

It may be added that Richard is accused of many other similar acts of treachery. For only one period of the occupation there are in the dossier 85 letters of denunciation written by him.



THE LATEST HUMOUR.

The Happy Warrior.

Toby and I—both full lieutenants and ex-acting captains for various carefully tabulated periods in *The Gazette*—were “demobbed” at the same dispersal centre on the same day. We had never met before, but later we chanced to meet at the same counter at Cox’s. Here we asked the same questions about our gratuities and were driven away by the same clerk.

In addition we had both been wounded twice, and distinctly remembered the attractions of the same patient nurse at Wimereux. Our trials and sorrows drew us together, and we decided to rest on the East coast while the gratuities materialised.

I was senior by days, but I waived this point and we stayed at the same hotel on terms, to a mere civilian, of perfect equality.

For two days we bathed and fished in the most gorgeous of old clothes, and never talked about the War until all the profiteers had gone to bed.

On the third day came the sharp reminder that war and strife still stalk hand-in-hand through a stricken world.

We were smoking in front of the hotel and Toby had just completed his daily checking of the actual amount of his gratuity, when a motor drew up and an officer in full panoply—khaki touched with red—alighted.

There was a sharp clicking noise at my side as Toby came to attention; he then apologised, and I helped him to carry his right foot well away again.

But we both gazed spellbound at that sinister martial figure; all the dread horrors of war seemed to have surged back on our peaceful village.

“Has HINDENBURG broken his word to me?” Toby whispered tensely; while I made a rapid calculation of the distance to the Crystal Palace, which is my rejoicing centre.

“I don’t suppose they’ll pay one penny of gratuity until the second war is over”, Toby murmured in a voice that seemed to sorrow for England.

At this moment the officer asked me if I could direct him to one Ben Harris, proprietor of bathing-machines. Now Ben Harris is the man whose fishing-boat we had been using, a local celebrity of no mean order and a man reputed to be bad to beat in a business deal.

I pointed out the way with every respect, and then we slunk after him.

“He may be a disguised mine-layer”, said Toby as we approached the beach.

“I am not going to lose sight of him. For all we know we may be present at the making of history”.

Thus we came to assist at that interview and caught a glimpse of the innerworkings of the great silent

mechanism of administration during the transition period (November, 1918, until Heaven-knows-when).

“Good morning, Mr. Harris,” said the warrior with easy affability; “I’ve come to have a look at your bathing-machines.”

“Camouflage!” snorted Toby contemptuously. “He knows we’ve followed him”.

“You can’t deceive the Staff”, I replied with feeling as I recalled the incident of the Brigade-Major and a rather soft cap of mine in 1916.

But apparently old Ben could deceive the Staff all right. He took him round those four bathing-machines and showed him, with figures, the damage (repaired by himself and so no longer evident to the eye) which had been done by exuberant members of His Majesty’s Forces billeted in the village during the Great War (1914 to 1918). The figures and approximate dates were noted down, and the famous ex-sailor parted amicably.

After a bathe we returned to the hotel to find the officer resting in the smoking-room. We spoke to him—yes, he was quite approachable—and, there being no profiteer present, we talked a little of the Great War. He did not appear to have been in any part of the line that we knew; but he mentioned an anxious month that he had spent in the Inland Waterway Transport near St. Omer; and he recalled with great vividness an air-raid warning in distant Etaples when he was returning from conducting a draft in 1917.

Also he had found the Spring of 1918 desperately cold at Norwich, and doubted if he would care to live in the Eastern Counties.

“Are you getting demobbed soon?” Toby ventured to ask.

“I am in no hurry,” he replied, passing his hand wearily across his brow.

“But don’t you sometimes feel that you would like a rest after the strain?” I asked him.

“Yes, at times possibly one does feel like that; but there are compensations, you know.”

The warrior sighed and then smiled bravely as he went to the writing-table to make out his claim for travelling allowance.

“Punch”.

TO BE SOLD:

Two Persian carpets

7½×3½ and 8×5 archines.

Can be seen in the morning from 10 to 12 o’clock.

Address: Oudelnaya, 7.

AN ARABIAN NIGHT IN CONSTA

“I’ve noticed lately”, said Corporal Jones, “that after returning dusty from a long walk, you bivouac on my bed, especially if I foolishly leave cigarettes on my locker. Get off and brush the dust off on your own bed”.

“Oh, dear”, moaned the reclining figure, dismally, “he wants to cast me forth. He loves me no more. You wouldn’t be so rude if you knew what a rotten evening I’ve had”.

“Well, take your feet off my pillow and let’s hear about it. When you borrow my bed in future, lie the right way up. Compre?”

“I require your sympathy; bags of it. I want you to weep with me. Listen, dear Corporal. Early in the evening I was in a café near the Galata bridge, trying to bribe my thirst to lie down and behave itself. It was one of those places where Constantinople suppers can be obtained. You know the sort; every diner has before him about 56 of the proprietor’s little daughter’s teaset saucers, each containing one variety of known and unknown meat, fish or vegetable. The dishes required for a really good blow out would number something like 300, and would overflow into the street. The head waiter invited me to try my luck and see what tricks I could do with a platoon of saucers, but I gave him to understand that too much brain work was required for me to indulge in a supper of that kind. It appeared more intricate than a game of chess. Supposing I became confused and forgot what dish I had sampled last and broke the rules of Eastern etiquette by eating a section of sardine after mustard and cress; it would give the British Army a bad name. Besides, juggling’s one of the courses I haven’t been through. ‘No good, Johnny’, I said, pointing to a collection of doll’s-house crockery, ‘English mungey very good!’—patting the buckle of my belt. Of course I was only sticking up for the British on principle; he wasn’t to know anything about those rabbits. Well, I was just on the point of moving on, when a gloomy individual, a cross between a Bolshevik undertaker and the Battalion sanitary man, touched me on the arm and beckoned me outside.

“Now I always was fond of adventure and it happened to be a long time since I had one—the last occasion being when I took the wrong turning one night after a birthday party and got in the R. S. M.’s bed. So outside I went. I asked him to tell me everything and all would be well, but his English was very limited. He said, “very good” several times, and then, taking my arm, led me along the street. Visions of unearthing a gigantic conspiracy against the British Empire rose before me; or perhaps my new friend had obtained secret information concerning the next order in connection with the wearing of trousers without putties. Any way, whatever it was, it appeared to be a jolly long way off. I was so exhausted and dazed about half way through the journey that, I may exaggerate a trifle, but it seemed as if we went right across Constantinople then round the outskirts a few through every street that sported cobbles; up all the steep ones going uphill to get to the top of them again for the second time. Marvellous! I don’t know how it. I can’t remember him going down the Galata Tower nine times that was my impression. On occasions I was tempted to desert to fall out and come later on the ambulance wagon with my British blood (50 per cent.) kept me going. I could feel crop of blisters coming through my poor old feet, and my back felt like a stick of boiled meat. But I wasn’t the chap to do that because of sore feet, thereby the Old Country get a jolt in the even if she did make me pay for bell-tent I lost in Macedonia. “I thought, “old Applegarth taking me on a thousand-mile tour for the purpose of showing his canary. Great issues must be at stake.” So on I staggered, through vast tracts of open country, as just come to the conclusion that I had crossed Europe and mustering the Old Kent Road, where Fawkes gave signs of having been. He stopped at the door of those wooden houses built in boxes by a fretworker and held together with stamp edging string. They look fine when we entered. I fingered my trusty knife, and prepared to do duty. In the centre of a table was a thing hidden by a white cloth. I thrilled! My companion whipped sheet of paper. “Ha!” said names of England’s enemies. The champion long-distance runner Turkey merely wrote “50” figures upon it. “Piastres”, I cheerfully, “very good English” and with a magnificent gesture unveiled the heap on the table. Tins of bully beet and a tin of apple met my agonized heart contracted and split up. So this horrible miscreant had a good pair of ammunition boxes worn out and varicose veins raged, for the purpose of “flog” for 60 piastres bully to a British soldier. I took it by the sleeve and led him and collecting together my strength I placed his head in position, and let him have one on the ear. My word! surprised. It took several neat two Italian policemen and a British to impress upon him the fact now in full possession of a Turkish Mark VII., Army Pattern. I had done wrong; for how was he that I had once exchanged 48 tins of Smithfield and Argente packet of Red Hussars!”

“The Orient”