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## GEORGIA'S FAREWELL BANQUET TO THE BRITISH COMMAND.

In the minds of all those who had the fortune to be present at the banquet given by the Georgian Government to the British Command in Tiflis, September 5 will remain a red-letter day. Most of us already knew the traditional hospitality of the Georgians. We partook of it at the Georgian Club.

Everything was perfect. Even the weather which had been a little doubtful and a little showery cleared up entirely so that there was no unwelcome damper from the skies.

One can only write of the whole evening in superlatives. There was the carpeted reception room with walls adorned with native rugs and hand-made coloured cloths: the bowls of asters and roses: the long cool dining gallery: the dinner and the wine and the coffee—and more flowers: the speeches so apt and so well phrased as to be history-making in themselves: the music and the dancing—and above all the kindness of our hosts.

Unfortunately, President Jordania was unable to attend on account of illness, but Mr. Gegetchkori ably took his place. It is impossible to mention "all those present", but *inter alia* there were General Cory and Mr. Wardrop, Generals Beach, Brough and Montague-Bates, President Ussubekov of Azerbaidjan, the Lord Mayor of Tiflis, General Gedewanov and many other Georgian generals and officers and representative public men, many British officers,—and, of course, Mr. Ghambashidze, who spoke Georgian and English alternately and who acted as a sort of special guardian angel, guide and friend to all who could not speak his native tongue.

Mr. Gegetchkori in an opening speech referred to the old Georgian custom of appointing a "toast-master" at each dinner. He then asked Mr. Ghambashidze to act as such—appointing him, as the latter said, as "Dictator of the table".

In proposing the toast of Great Britain, Mr. Gegetchkori said that, speaking in the name of the Georgian Government and the Georgian

people, he sincerely regretted that the British troops were leaving Georgia at this stage of the country's history—at a time when Georgia was consolidating her independence. One happy phrase of Mr. Gegetchkori's that was applauded was when in referring to the benefits conferred by Europeans he added, "We also can call ourselves Europeans".

### General Cory's Speech.

In his reply, General Cory said that after spending four very interesting and eventful months in Georgia, he, like every British officer, would carry away with him the impression of a beautiful country—of a fine country in every respect. Georgian people, said General Cory, were virile and happy-minded. Georgia was a country of its own. Moreover, Georgia had come through the greatest war in the history of the world with more to its credit than many another larger and more organised country. Georgia was a country of great mountains and beautiful valleys—"A country with a future—of that I am sure".

"I ask you to see in us", said General Cory, "a people who came here in some considerable force—as an army—to help to establish peace. We came with no ulterior motives. We did not come in order to get anything out of you".

This last fact was appreciated by all present and General Cory's speech, which was particularly good and particularly happily expressed, was warmly applauded.

The Lord Mayor of Tiflis said that there was an old Georgian saying that the best thing that can happen is not the dinner nor the jollification at the arrival, but the farewell, which was proof that Georgians had learn how to appreciate the British while they have been here. In the name of Tiflis—"the large capital of a small state"—the Lord Mayor expressed his thanks to the British, assuring them that they and the Tiflis towns folk parted as the best of friends.

General Zakariadze referred to the marvellous achievements of the British army in the war and described the British as the classic protectors of small nationalities. His speech was a generous tribute to Great Britain and to her fighting men.

Mr. Ghambashidze, who had translated all the Georgian speeches into English and the English speeches into Georgian, himself proposed the health of Mr. Wardrop, the Chief British Commissioner in Trans-Caucasia. "It is very for us to say good-bye to our British friends," said Mr. Ghambashidze. "We would rather say 'au revoir'. At this historical hour, when the British complete their evacuation, only consolation we have is the arrival of the Chief British Commissioner in Trans-Caucasia—that distinguished scholar and friend of all the Trans-Caucasian peoples—Mr. Oliver Wardrop. Our neighbours envy us by saying that Mr. Wardrop is a particular friend of Georgia. We are certainly proud to say that he is—but he is not an impartial one. He is a broad-minded man and therefore he will be a friend to all three states of Trans-Caucasia alike. One thing I am sure of is that he will be just and considerate—and this is all we Georgians want".

Mr. Wardrop's health was drunk and he was loudly and sincerely acclaimed.

Other speeches were made by Generals Beach, Crough and Montague-Bates: by General Gedewanov: and by the Georgian Mussulman leader, Mehmed Bey Abashidze. Toasts were drunk to King George, to Georgia, and to Azerbaidjan. We sang the British National anthem and "He's a jolly good fellow"—referring to each Georgian present, and the our hosts sang, the famous Georgian toasting song, "Mraval Jamier" ("Long Life").

During dinner an orchestra and a military band played alternately to us and Georgian soldiers and countrymen gave us an excellent demonstration of their various national dances, to the accompaniment of native instruments. And finally we all danced—so infectious were the music and these pectacles of the others' dancing. It was all so friendly: all so informal.

And so (as Pepsy would say) to bed. Sadder, of course, because a

very excellent and memorable evening was at an end.—but wiser. Georgians and British had really learnt to know each other.

### The Work of the Conference: Japanese Delegates' Optimism.

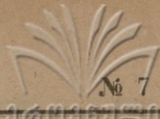
Paris.—Before leaving Paris Baron Makino, who succeeded Marquis Saionji as head of the Japanese delegation, made the following statement: "I feel proud to have taken part in the labours of the Conference with the most eminent among the world's statesmen, and in the drafting of this treaty of unprecedented importance. We have tried to lay the basis of a just and lasting peace and the basis of a new world order. Now the period of realisation begins. The problems that will have to be solved are sure to be just as arduous as those we had to examine, and their solution will demand much pains and patience. But I may say that the Conference has greatly helped to make the people know each other better. Never before had the representatives of so many nations been in such close contact, nor had had the opportunity of exchanging their views so freely. The nations have come to understand each other better and this is perhaps the noblest task the Conference has accomplished. Thus have been laid the foundations of a close solidarity and of an increased regard which are the real basis of the League of Nations, and the guarantee of a lasting peace.

### Greek Officers for Trial.

ATHENS, Aug. 4.

The preliminary examination of the charges against the former Chiefs of Staff, ex-General Dousmanis and Colonel Metaxas, having been concluded, the examining magistrate recommends their committal for trial by Court-martial.

The indictment framed against these two officers, and against Colonels Exadactylos and Strategos as accessories, comprises various counts—namely, that they tried by violent means to bring about a revolution, that they surrendered Fort Rupel and Kavala to the Germano-Bulgars after deliberate understandings with them, that they armed citizens for civil war, delivered to Germano-Bulgarian agents State secrets, and destroyed staff archives in order to conceal their guilt.



## EDITORIAL.

### The British Evacuation.

The British troops have left Tiflis, but we are remaining behind. We are in no mood to joke, but nevertheless we say that the departure of the British is a new arrival in the history of Georgia. For the first time since Georgia declared her independence she is left to herself. No foreign power is necessary. Georgia must now steer her course for herself.

### Provoking Rumours.

For some time past numerous agitators have prophesied the most alarming events. The departure of the British from Azerbaidjan, they said, would mean an immediate massacre of the Armenians. The departure of the British from Georgia, they said, would result in instant chaos and bloodshed. These *provocateurs* also said that the Volunteer army would occupy Baku within a week, and Tiflis within ten days. And so on, and so forth.

### Baku Today.

We have just returned from Baku. We know that several families left Baku at the time the British did in fear of some dreadful events. Well, then, we went through to Baku to see what was happening. We say emphatically and sincerely that never have we seen such order and discipline in Baku as there is today. The town is absolutely orderly. For the first time for over two years the tramway cars are running in the streets. There is iron discipline in the army and in the police. We went for a walk with an Azerbaidjan officer. Every soldier we passed saluted him: so did every junior officer. We went through the town with Captain Gudiev, the governor of Baku. Police and soldiers alike saluted stiffly as he passed. Azerbaidjan has realised that without discipline an army simply cannot be. There is discipline. There is a young and enthusiastic army. And therefore there is hope for the future.

### Rara Avis.

It is only a matter of days since the British left Baku, and yet a British uniform in the streets of the town is already something strange. As we passed through the streets and along the boulevard people turned to gaze at us. "Englishman?" we heard on all sides. One small Tartar spoke to us in Russian. "The English have arrived?" he asked. We answered in our best Russian,

"Yes, I have arrived." "Oh, go to the devil!" he exclaimed. "You are Russian! I thought you were an Englishman!"

### Dead Bolsheviks.

On September 5 three prominent Bolshevik leaders in Baku—Gogoberidze, the President of the Workmen's Conference, Aliev, Commissar of the Lenkoran Bolsheviks, and Mussavi were in a restaurant in Baku. There entered a young Mussulman engineer, Seidbekov. The Bolsheviks made wild speeches to him, prophesying the hanging of the Azerbaidjan ministers, etc and insulting him in various ways. One of them threatened him with a revolver. Seidbekov thereupon promptly shot all three. The first named is not yet dead but he is at death's door. The other two are dead. The workmen wanted to hold a great demonstration at their funeral on Sunday, but Captain Gudiev refused to allow them to do so. He told them that they must go directly to the cemetery and that any deviation from the route he gave them would result in the funeral of not two Bolsheviks but possibly very many more. The funeral therefore passed off without any demonstration and there were no riots or strikes such as were to be expected from the Bolsheviks. On the contrary, they realise that they have met their master in Baku and they are behaving themselves accordingly.

### Dead Soldiers.

A very different funeral took place in Baku on Monday. Nine local soldiers who were killed in the fighting against the Bolsheviks in Lenkoran were given a public funeral. It was a most impressive sight. The nine coffins were carried by townsmen. Guards of honour lined the streets and several thousand Azerbaidjan soldiers marched in the procession with reversed rifles. Great crowds of people were present in every street through which the cortege passed. The nine men were the first Baku soldiers to fall in actual fighting since the independence of Azerbaidjan was declared.

### Tiflis Today.

The British troops have gone and Tiflis is carrying on in the same way. The rumours of probable dreadful happenings have been proved to be false. The town is peaceful and quiet. It will remain so. There is no fear of anything to the contrary. Much has happened in the past nine

months. There is no longer the same unrest and anxiety. We know that Tiflis and all Georgia will go peacefully on their way and the Georgians will take advantage of the opportunity that is now theirs of showing the whole world that they are capable of self-government. The future of Georgia depends very largely on the Georgians themselves. The fate of the Georgians is in their own hands.

### The Farewell Dinner.

In another column we refer to the farewell dinner given by the Georgian Government to General Cory and the officers of the British Command in Tiflis. It was an excellent evening. Everyone was delighted with the kindness and hospitality of our hosts. The only comment one can make is to say that it is a pity such a dinner did not take place six months ago. There would have been fewer misunderstandings than there have been. At this dinner we got to know ministers and officers as they are—and not as sometimes they have been said to be. We got to know each other better than we have ever done. Everyone regretted the unavoidable absence of President Jordania, but in Mr. Gegetchkori we had an excellent deputy. Mr. Ghambashidze did wonders in the way of translating the Georgian speeches into English and the English speeches into Georgian.

### General Cory's Departure.

On Saturday, September 6, General Cory left Tiflis for Batoum. Many prominent Georgian officers and diplomatic and other representatives assembled at the Tiflis station to bid the General and his staff farewell. A large room at the station had been beautifully decorated with flowers—indeed it was a floral bower so profuse were the bouquets and garlands. After farewell speeches had been made and farewell toasts drunk (our good friend, Mr. Ghambashidze, being against a sort of local providence) General Cory inspected the Georgian Guard of Honour which was lined up on the Platform. Then there was an impressive scene. The Georgian military band played the British National Anthem while General Cory at the door of his carriage stood at the salute, as did every officer present. There was a warmth and sincerity in the whole proceedings that visibly affected the General, whose train steamed slowly out of the station while the large crowd which had assembled cheered long and loudly.

S. L.

### NATIVE RIGHTS IN FORMER GERMAN COLONIES.

#### Suggested Form of Mandate.

A draft Colonial Mandate has been presented by the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society to the Allied Commission on Mandates. The society states that it has observed with regret that no provision has been made to carry out Mr. Lloyd George's promise that before a decision as to the political future of the late German colonies is reached steps should be taken to ascertain as far as practicable the opinions of the "chiefs and councils who are competent to speak for their tribes and members".

From the draft mandate, which is a lengthy document, we make the following extracts:—

All local revenue shall be devoted to local expenditure.

The Mandatory Power undertakes to enforce the absolute prohibition of the sale, gift, or transfer, or introduction into this territory of slaves, including the system of "pawning" persons and of adoption in circumstances analogous to enslaving. The prohibition of compulsory labour shall be absolute, except for purely native purposes of public utility.

The supply of spirituous liquors, the sale of opium and intoxicating drink of a strength exceeding 2 per cent. of alcohol shall be prohibited.

Native armed forces shall not be organized or maintained except such as are necessary for the preservation of the public peace.

The commerce and navigation of all nations while engaged in lawful enterprises shall enjoy equal treatment.

The Mandatory Power undertakes to maintain complete freedom of conscience and religious toleration, together with the free and outward exercise of all forms of worship.

The Mandatory Power agrees to recognize that the mandated areas are generally unsuited to European colonization and undertakes, therefore, to declare that all lands not already alienated by regular title shall be declared native lands and that according to native law and custom the ownership is incapable of alienation.

Adequate provision shall be made for consultation with the natives either through their recognized chiefs or otherwise in all matters of legislation affecting them. The purpose should be kept in view of securing for the natives full citizenship in the mandated area.

It is suggested that members of the Mandatory Commission should be chosen not only for their knowledge of Colonial questions, but also for their known sympathies with the progressive aspirations of the native races. The advisability of including an African in the personnel of the Mandatory Commission is submitted.

# PETROGRAD UNDER THE TERROR.

## STARVING AND COWED.

### A FIRST-HAND ACCOUNT.

The following altogether trustworthy account of life in Petrograd to-day is by a much-respected Russian officer, who was compelled to serve with the Bolsheviks, and who escaped as recently as July 10.

(From a "Times" Correspondent recently in Petrograd.)

LONDON, August.

Less than four weeks ago I was in Petrograd bound to the pitiless machine of Bolshevism, and, although nominally a free citizen in a free Republic, yet in fact a slave in every way worse off than the bondman of Rome. To-day a stranger in a strange land I feel at last what it is like to breathe the air of freedom.

So little is known of what is happening in Bolshevik Russia to-day that it may be useful and timely if I jot down a few of my impressions. Perhaps it is difficult after so many months of suffering even to pretend to be impartial. To my mind it is inconceivable for any sane man—whatever his station in life—to escape from the remorseless iron hand of Bolshevism without a deep hatred for Leninism. Nevertheless, I will only write of what I have myself seen in Petrograd, and will attempt to give a faithful objective picture of conditions—one cannot write life—in the dead city to-day.

I left Petrograd at midnight on July 10, but I am not at liberty to disclose my means of departure. To get away from Soviet Russia is almost impossible, and I do not wish to close an avenue of escape that may mean liberty for some other person daring enough to take risks and fortunate enough to overcome them. Although I left on the 10th, I actually have news of Petrograd up to midnight on the 18th, when a trusted friend sent me a letter which found its way over the frontier.

#### Silent Streets.

The first thing that strikes the observer who enters Petrograd is the mournful solemnity of the streets. It is like walking through some long disused and greatly neglected cemetery. The streets at all times of the day are very, very quiet, while one can walk for hours in the evening without meeting a single soul.

My main impression of London is its exuberant vitality. The place seems to be bubbling over with noisy, gesticulating, very cheerful people all of whom seem to be terribly fat. It is impossible to find in Petrograd a man or woman with even an ounce of fat. It is a city of living skeletons. Protracted starvation has ended in the skin shrivelling up and everybody looking exceedingly old and tired. In the streets there is little traffic of any sort. Every now and then a tramway car stumbles along. The trams run very irregularly

till 6 o'clock, but are more than sufficient to meet the demand, since the fare now is 1½ rouble (nominally 3s.) for any distance. The old tramway queues and struggles for a place have long ago become a memory. For one thing there are few who have strength or energy enough to struggle for anything, and the predominant feeling in the minds of the inhabitants is to conserve strength as much as possible.

The streets are indescribably dirty. For a long time there has been no attempt at cleaning, the scavenging of the city being left to the sun, rain, and wind. Nauseous pools and rubbish heaps are to be found at every corner, while in not a few streets grass is to be seen growing not only on the pavements but in the middle of the street.

#### Women Police.

Occasionally a Soviet cart dragged along by cadaverous horses jolts along. These carts, as indeed all vehicular traffic, are stopped periodically by the town police, or rather militia. Two-thirds of this police force are made up of women wearing long blue coats and dresses with a badge on the right arm showing the letters "G. M." that is, *Gorodskaja Milizia* (municipal militia). These policewomen always patrol in couples. They carry loaded rifles and are very strict and well disciplined. However, as a rule they have very little to do. Street brawls are quite unknown, and the Commissaries are so efficient in clearing out valuables of every description during their unending perquisitions that there is little hope of profit for any individualistic private enterprise burglar.

All shops are shut. Until quite recently a certain amount of latitude was shown to the cooperatives, but even these have now shared the fate of other distributors, and the only place where anything can be obtained is from the Soviet stores. So thoroughly-going have the Soviets been in this respect that they have even succeeded in exterminating the "bagmen"—the privateers in foodstuffs who took incredible risks in order to be able to supply people with extra ration foods. The Soviets regarded these "speculators" as aids to the counter-revolutionaries, and dealt with them with unexampled severity. Now it is absolutely impossible for anybody outside of the Communists to obtain anything in the way of foodstuffs apart from the rations.

#### The Daily Ration.

In the past the population was divided into categories, the so-called *bourgeoisie*, who were in the fourth category, being on starvation rations which had to be eked out by purchases from the bagmen. To-day the categories have been done away with. There is only one ration and it is served out to men, women, and children alike. Food cards are necessary and these are only given to those who do some work; and as all work is under the control and for the benefit of the Soviets it follows that everybody in Petrograd to-day is compelled to do something or other to aid the Soviets. Naturally it goes very much against the grain to the old-time officer to fight against those who are striving to liberate Russia. It is an unending source of chagrin to the vast majority of the people of Petrograd that such activities as they are capable of have to be devoted to maintain the *régime* of Lenin, but the Soviets are in control of the food and this and the bayonet are their sole but sure means of retaining power in their hands.

The day's ration in Petrograd in July consisted of the following:—One plate of soup, consisting of hot water with a little fish in it; one-eighth of a pound of bread. The cost of this meal, which has to last all day, is Rs. 6. The food can be eaten in the Communist dining rooms, which are to be found all over the city or it can be taken home. It is very seldom, however, that anybody takes food home. There is such a scarcity of fuel in Petrograd that it would be almost impossible to rewarm the food, and half the satisfaction in eating is in the warmth obtained from the soup. It is for this reason that one puts up with the filth of the dining rooms and the disgusting behaviour of the Communists—it is bad, of course, but better than cold soup.

In the mornings a drink of some sort is made by stewing wild berries. For a long time now we have had no tea, coffee, or cocoa, and even the *Ersatz* foods were long ago consumed. Those who are very careful occasionally leave over a tiny morsel of bread so as to eat it in the morning and thus have a breakfast, but the majority just eat the one meal. Meat is quite unknown and sugar has also entirely disappeared.

Fortunately there is still some tobacco left. The ration is 100 cigarettes per adult a month, and the cost of these is 15 roubles (nominally 30s.). They are made of real tobacco. Occasionally extra cigarettes can be bought from private individuals who are non-smokers. The charge for these is 4s. each, and they are gladly bought at that price.

#### House Control.

Every house is still under the control of the house committee, and, as always, the *bourgeois* is excluded from

representation. In specially arranged decent house apartments from the ordinary inhabitants of the flats, you will find five or six Soviet officials quartered, not to mention a handful of strangers who are billeted on the occupiers. The occupiers of these flats, by the way, are compelled to pay rent to the house committees with unflinching punctuality, and the slightest delay results in the occupiers being thrown out into the street. In this respect the house committees are far more merciless than the old landlords. Cash down on the nail is their motto.

The house committee uses the rent received to pay for electric light and water, and the salaries of the house porters and others. As a rule, the rent is insufficient to meet these charges, but on the other hand, the services work so badly that they would be dear at any price.

The electric light, in particular, is very bad, and is cut off quite early in spite of the fact that summer time in Petrograd has been advanced by three hours.

The water supply varies, and while in some parts of the town there is little cause for complaint, both the districts of Vasilievsky Ostrov and the poor quarter of Petrogradsky Storona are very short of water and sometimes entirely deprived of it. One of the worst calamities is when a water pipe happens to burst, for there is literally no one to repair it.

There is such a scarcity of fuel that permission has been given to break up all the old wooden houses. Special persons have been appointed for this purpose, and one of the perquisites of a Soviet official is a fixed allowance of rotten wood for fuel.

#### Regulation of Workshops.

All factories except those engaged in making munitions have been closed down, but there is a great deal of work to do in connexion with this in the workshops, and, of course, as might be imagined with a Communist Government, an amazing number of clerical posts. In fact it may be said with a great deal of truth that almost everybody in Petrograd who can write at all is a clerk in some Soviet administration or other.

There is a threefold form of control of workshops.—

1. Technical staffs consisting of the chief manager and his assistants.
2. Factory or Works Committee.
3. Communist (Political) Committee.

The Works Committee is elected by the workers who usually show a marked disinclination to elect Communists to represent them. It is also significant that as a rule the Workers' Committee usually works more harmoniously with the technical staffs than with the Political Committee.

The Commissary of, say, the artillery or civil engineering department appoints the chief manager, whose duty it is to select a staff, and it is he who



is responsible for all officials. In practice, however, it is the Political Committee which supervises everything going on at the works. Whenever the Politicals are dissatisfied with the technical manager they can always find a way of ridding themselves of him by accusing him of "sabotage".

One of the most trying difficulties facing the technical managers is favouritism. It is quite a common thing to have men coming to the works with notes from leading Commissaries ordering the manager to engage the man, although he may have no knowledge of the work that is being done. There is no help for it. The man has to be engaged and put on the salary list.

### The "Speeder Up".

It is the Political Committee which places a "supervisor" in each room in the factory or workshop. Not only is it the business of this supervisor to see that politically the atmosphere of the workroom is correct, but he also acts as "speeder-up" and to prevent counter-revolutionary shirking or sabotage. This speeding up is particularly cruel, having regard to the starvation diet, so that by the time a man has finished work he is physically incapable of doing anything but lying down to rest. The working hours are seven a day, and in most offices there is work on Sunday—usually from 12 to 4.

So far as raw material is concerned, there is practically none in existence in Bolshevik Russia. Here and there small scraps of material from the old Tsarist days are still to be found, but otherwise stocks are non-existent. For this reason it would be quite impossible for unscrupulous traders to do business with Bolshevik Russia on a system of barter, since the Soviets have literally nothing.

The one source of relief discovered so far by the Petrograd worker is intoxication. As alcohol is out of the question, substitutes are found in mixtures of gasoline, petrol, and ether. A mixture in which furniture polish played a leading part was a great favourite, but now there is no more furniture polish.

(To be continued).

### Monument to U. S. in France.

The first stone of the monument to be erected at the mouth of the Gironde to commemorate the intervention of the United States in the war, will be laid on September 6th, the date of La Fayette's birthday. After the laying of the first stone, a battleship will take the Allied authorities to Bordeaux, where a grand reception will be given, as it was from this town that La Fayette embarked for America.

Finland hopes to get a further loan of L5,000,000 from Great Britain.

### In Praise of Boxing.

A man's last line of defence is his fists. There is no sport, not even cricket, which is more essentially English than boxing. In the days of Rodney Stone—and there is no English schoolboy who does not know his story—boxing was the greatest of English pastimes. It is the same to-day. Wilde is a national hero because he has shown that, in the great sport which was ours and now is the property of the whole world, we can still produce a champion when it comes to a fight. When the Army was in France and Flanders it fought, as all the world knows, and it boxed. A division, a brigade, a battalion was no sooner out of the line, having fought with the inventions of man, than it began to fight with the gifts of Nature. In the little squares of shell-shattered villages platoon and company and battalion contests were held while the shells passed overhead unheeded. The city of Arras is but a shadowy frame of its former glory. For many long months she was wounded and bled by enemy shells. She saw the greatest fighting that there was in the successful attempt to deliver the world from her agony, and she saw also the troops of the Mother Country and her Imperial children tramp into her crumbling, sheltering bosom, and straightaway begin to fight among themselves. "The bruisers of England, men of tremendous renown". It was so in the days of the Regency, a time of a great national crisis; it was so in the days of a still greater crisis when the world was in danger of everlasting shame. That the popularity of boxing was increased enormously by the war may be accounted as a war benefit. There is no sport in the world which demands cleaner living. There is no more natural sport. Success at boxing depends on the man himself. Low cunning will not help him, but a quick, clear brain, a hard body, and perfect training will carry a man a long way. Weight is not everything, as the incomparable Wilde showed at Olympia when he gave Moore, his plucky opponent, nearly a stone in weight and gained a victory which will live as long as the great victories of Tom Cribb, Mendoza, and the mighty Belcher.

"Let no one sneer", says George Borrow in "Lavergro", "at the bruisers of England. What were the gladiators of Rome, or the bullfighters of Spain, in its palmiest days, compared with England's bruisers? Pity that ever corruption should have crept in amongst them". And there, as in the days of immortal Borrow, is the danger. Boxing is a clean sport. It must be kept clean. It was clean in France and in Flanders. Men fought for the honour and glory of their unit. They fought for the honour and glory of their countries at the Albert Hall last autumn. So long as the Empire boxes she will, when called upon, be able to fight.

"Times".

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

#### Fingers on the Feet.

An English gentleman used at one time to be thrown much in the society of foreigners whose mistakes in their efforts to speak English were as numerous as they were laughable. On one occasion a German said to him: "These boots are of much tightness they pain the fingers of my feet".

#### A Surprise for the Guest.

Scene: An evening reception.

A Dutchman, who has learnt (from his dictionary) that to squeeze and to press are synonymous terms, is anxious to hear a certain young lady sing some more songs. He therefore says to his hostess:

"Pray squeeze that young lady to sing again".

#### A Case of Genders.

An English gentleman was showing his French friend round his picture-gallery, and after they had spent some considerable time viewing the pictures the Frenchman turned to his host and said:

"I really must be going now. I have cockroached upon your time too much."

"Do not say 'cockroached'", said the Englishman, "the word you should have used is 'encroached'".

"Ah, now I remember!" replied the other. "It is 'hencroached', not 'cockroached'. How your genders do puzzle me!"

#### Careful What She Ate.

A German girl who was staying with some friends in London was offered one mealtime a dish which she had never tasted before. She refused to partake of it, and on being pressed, said:

"Thank you, but I only eat acquaintances!"

#### His Complaint.

A Frenchman was once visiting some English friends, and during his stay complained of not feeling very well. In answer to his host's inquiries regarding his complaint, he replied:

"I have a bad cow (cough) in my box (chest)".

#### The Sign of Age.

An Austrian was trying to procure an engagement in England, but after making a number of fruitless attempts, came to the conclusion that he was too young-looking.

One morning he appeared at the breakfast table in a very unshaven condition, and on being asked the reason for this he said:

"I leave increased my beard for to look more graver".

#### An Odd Request.

A German lady, who had not long been living in England, went to the butcher's one morning to give her orders. Sawbones was much astonished when she said:

"I want half a pork's leg and some veal's liver, please".

#### Not the Playhouse.

In a large City office some juniors were talking and fidgeting, much to the annoyance of the older clerks.

At last one of the latter, a foreigner, remarked:

"Stop dat noise, boys. Dis is not de playhouse. Dis is de workhouse".

#### Funnily Expressed.

A Flemish and an English lady were staying together in the same house. One day they were sitting together, and the conversation turned to the subject of hands, of which the English lady possessed a very pretty pair.

"Ah", said the Flemish lady, "my hands cannot compare with yours, my meat is old!"

#### Something to Fear.

The late M. Auguste Van Biene, the celebrated actor-musician, who toured the country for some years with *The Broken Melody*, told the following amusing story:

He had promised to appear in Vienna, but shortly before the date found that he would be unable to fulfil his engagement. The result was a telegram from Vienna—in English:

If you come not with *De Broken Melody* as you me contracted, will bring you action for breach of promise.

#### A Golfing Retort.

A member of a Green Committee after singing the praises of the course, for whose upkeep he was partially responsible, invited a friend to come and test the accuracy of his remarks. The invitation was accepted, and the host proceeded to put it across his guest good and proper. Local knowledge was peculiarly valuable at the scene of the match, and the possessor of it also had all the luck that was going. His opponent's half-crown was practically in his pocket when they came to the very short twelfth hole. "Now, this is a hole I particularly like", said he, as he strode triumphantly towards the tee to take the honour. "You need to play with your head". The other could stand it no longer. "Good Lord! man", he cried, "surely you're not going to take wood to it!"