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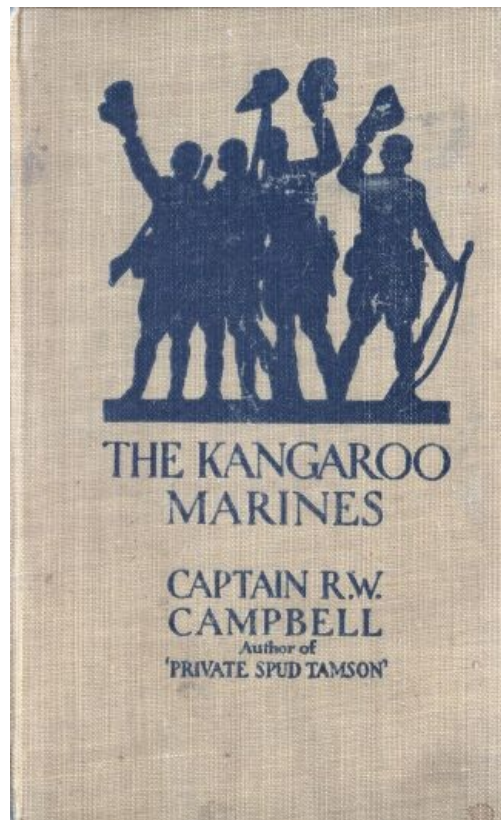
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# The Kangaroo Marines

By  
CAPT. R. W. CAMPBELL

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**DEDICATED  
TO THE  
CONQUERORS OF ANZAC  
AND THE  
MANY KIND FRIENDS I MET  
IN  
AUSTRALASIA, EGYPT, AND THE DARDANELLES**

**PREFACE**

I am not an Australasian, I am a Scot. Therefore, I hold no special brief for the folks down under. But I am an Imperialist—one filled with admiration for our overseas Dominions and the self-sacrifice of our colonial cousins. They have played the game. They have astonished the world. They have even exceeded our own expectations. Let us not stint our praise. Let us write deep in the annals of our literature and military history this supreme devotion, this noble heroism. And in the greater Councils of Empire let us see to it that these sons of the Motherland have a say in settling affairs.

And I can claim at least the right to write about our gallant Australasians. I have lived in Australia and New Zealand. I have served on a Sydney paper and with the New Zealand *Herald*. I have met every Premier (Federal and otherwise), from "Andrew" Fisher to "Bill" Massey. And, during my stay, I made it my duty to study the Citizen Army—a National Service organisation.

This was before the war. And this army was founded by "K" and the Governments of Australia and New Zealand. Did they see ahead? One is almost tempted to think so. In any case, the possession of a General Staff and the framework of a National Army ensured the rapid mobilisation of a voluntary force to assist the Motherland. This force was armed, clothed, equipped and staffed from the existing military organisations in Australia and New Zealand. You have heard of their courage at Anzac; you have read of how many have died.

Anzac is the cope-stone of Imperialism. It is the grim expression of a faith that is everlasting, of a love that shall endure the shocks of years, and all the cunning devilry of such as the Barbarous Huns. Hence this little book. It is an inspiration of the Dardanelles, where I met many of our Australasian friends. It is not an official history. I have, in my own way, endeavoured to picture what like these warring Bohemians are. The cloak of fiction has here and there been wound round temperamental things as well as around some glorious facts.

I hope I shall please all and offend none.

R. W. CAMPBELL, *Capt.*  
*October, 1915.*

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# THE KANGAROO MARINES

## CHAPTER I

### A NOTABLE QUARTETTE

WANTED.—One Thousand cheerful toughs to enlist for the period of the war in the Kangaroo Marines. Boosers, scrimshankers and loonies barred. Gents with big waists and little hearts are warned off. Sharpshooters on the wallaby, able to live on condensed air and boiled snakes, are cordially invited. No parson's references are required. Jackaroos, cattlemen, rouseabouts, shearers—every sort of handy-man welcome. Pay, 6s. per day, and all the "jewels" in the Sultan's harem.

This is to be the crack corps of the Australian Force.

Hurry up and join.

(Signed) SAM KILLEM, *Lt. Col. Commanding.*

This alluring advertisement appeared on the front page of *The Bushmen's Weekly*, a Sydney production, renowned for its wit and originality. It was designed to tickle the sides of the horny-handed men of the Bush, and to rope in the best of them. For these men of the Never-Never Land are soldiers born and heroes in the toughest job. They think deep and know the way of things. If they appear wild and uncouth, they carry beneath that scrubby exterior the will of men and the open heart of the child.

Moreover, they love the Motherland. This was specially true of the four who tenanted a little shanty on the sheep station of "Old Graham," one of the wealthiest men in Australia. The quartette consisted of Bill Buster, a typical Cornstalk with a nut-brown face, twinkling eyes and a spice of the devil and the Lord in his soul. Next came Claud Dufair, a handsome remittance man with an eye-glass and a drawl. This fellow had personality. He insisted on wearing a white collar and using kid gloves when doing anything, from dung lifting to sheep shearing. Paddy Doolan was the third member. He was an Irishman by birth, but Australian by adoption. He had been in the Bush since he was a kid. A kind soul was Paddy, with the usual weakness—the craving for the "cratur." Fourth, and by no means least, was Sandy Brown, a Glasgow stoker, who had skipped away in a tramp from the Broomielaw because of another fellow's wife.

A mixed bunch, these four, you will agree. All with a history, part of it bad, but the main part certainly good. It takes a good heart to be a Bushman. Work is hard, the heat is trying, pleasures few, and the chances of wealth are only meagre. But the Australian Bush has a lure of its own. It calls the bravest and the best. It calls and holds the men primed for adventure, unafraid of death, and full of that innate charm and gallantry which is always the particular prerogative of the wanderer. No questions are asked in this land. A man's soul is never probed, nor is he expected

to reveal his birth, or the cause of his being there. It is the place to hide a broken heart or mend an erring past. But it is only a place for men. And this quartette was full of the war. They were itching to fight. This advertisement, therefore, cheered their hearts and clinched their hopes.

"Well, boys," said Bill, "this is our call. We'd better join."

"Hear, hear!" remarked the others. That was all. They immediately packed their swag for the road. That afternoon they received their pay from the squatter. While Buster, Brown, and Doolan said good-bye to the master and mistress on the veranda, Claud was kissing Sybil, the charming daughter of the house, a tender farewell. For Sybil Graham loved the "English Johnny," as her friends called Claud. Her love was returned—not in the way he had treated some women in England, but with that reverence which is born out of true affection. This Englishman, despite his faults, had a veneration for the straightforward type which can be found in the Australian squatter's home.

"Come on, Claud—here's the coach," yelled Bill from the veranda. They embraced once more, then stepped out of doors.

"Good-bye, boys—God bless you!" said old Graham with a husky throat.

"Good-bye—Good-bye!" said his wife, with tears in her eyes, while Sybil had only strength to wave her arm to the fast disappearing figure of Claud as he drove with his friends to the railway station twenty miles beyond.

"You're queer lookin', Claud," said Sandy, as they went down the road.

"Shut up!" interjected Bill, who, like all Bushmen, had a true respect for the sentiment inspired by the dangers of war. However, the sadness of parting was soon forgotten. They were, also, cheered to see, coming over the plains, little groups of cookies, shearers and others, bent on their own errand.

"Sakes alive! where's all you mad fellows goin'?" inquired the wizened old stationmaster.

"Berlin," said Bill.

"Ach sure, stationmaster, we're goin' to kiss the little darlins in the Sultan's harem."

"Well, hurry up, boys; the train's ready."

With a wild whoop fifty of them dashed for tickets, some "tucker," and a bottle or two of Scotch. Into the train they jumped, and in a jiffy were rolling over the line to Sydney. Song and story helped to cheer the long and somewhat tiring journey. During a sort of lull in the proceedings Claud looked up and said: "Here, Bill, can't you recite us some of that impromptu sort of doggerel that you get into the Sydney weeklies now and then."

"Well—yes," said Bill, rising and clearing his throat.

"Order, order! ye sheep-eatin' blackguards," shouted Paddy, hitting a table with his riding-whip. The gathering ceased their chatter, and Bill rhymed out:

"We're the Kangaroo Marines,  
We're not Lager-fed machines,  
But Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains.  
We can ride, and we can cook,  
Ay, in shooting know our book,  
We're out to wipe off Kaiser Billy's stains.

"We're not trim—and not polite,  
And, perchance, get on the skite—  
We're Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains.  
Yet though we can't salute,  
We can bayonet and can boot  
The wily, wily Turk from our domains.

"So when we ride away,  
Off hats and shout 'Hooray'  
For Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains.  
And, parsons, say your prayers  
That we may pass "Upstairs"  
Should a nasty little bullet hit our veins.

"Now, boys, stand up and sing  
God save our good old King,  
And Bushmen, Bushmen, Bushmen from the plains."

"Good, Bill, good!" shouted Claud, gripping the rough rhymster by the hand.

"Hear, hear!" shouted the crowd.

"Rot! D—— rotten jingo slush! What the hades has the King done for you and me?" roared a red-faced passenger at the other end of the car. This was none other than Bill Neverwork, secretary of the Weary Willies' Union and Socialist M.P. for the town of Wearyville.

"Go an' boil yer old fat 'ead!" said Bill, calmly lighting his pipe.

"Ye turnip-faced spalpeen, oi'll cut yer dirty thrapple wid my gully knife."

"Rot!"

"You beastly fellow!" said Claud, giving him a scornful look.

But this Socialist gentleman was not to be denied. He would speak. "Listen, boys," he roared above the din.

"All right, father—we'll listen," said Bill, giving the others a nod. Peace reigned, then Neverwork commenced.

"Boys, you've been fooled. Why should you fight for Hengland——"

"Britain, please—I'm a Scot," interjected Sandy.

"Well, what has Britain done for Australia? We don't want Hengland to hinterfere with our business and get hour boys killed. We've enough work 'ere to do. This is the working man's paradise. And we can make it a sight bigger paradise. We want more men like me."

"Ave a banana," chirped Bill.

"Yes, mates; we want Socialism. We're going to get a Republic. We'll cut the painter. Curse England!"

"Britain, auld cock!" interjected Sandy again.

"Curse Britain—and you, ye porridge-faced hemigrant! It's the hemigrants that spoil this country. Kick them out, I say. Australia for Australians. That's my motto, mates. I know what I'm talking about. I'm Bill Neverwork——"

"B.F. for Wearyville," interjected Bill as he got up. "And now, you puddin'-headed red flagger, if you'll sit down, I'll have a cut in." The bucolic M.P. collapsed in his seat, wiping the perspiration off his beetled brow with the aid of a navy's red handkerchief.

"Now, boys, you know me."

"Good old Bill—give it him!"

"This gent, what is called M.P., is a worm. I'm a Union man—we're all Union men. Andy Fisher's a Union man, and so is Pearce, the chap that's defending Australia. But there's Union men and Union men. They're mainly good, but some are bad. That's one of the bad ones there. His name is Neverwork, and he never worked in his life. He's a blowhard, a gasbagger, a balloon full of curses and twaddle. This bloke thinks we're fools. He's kidded his Union on that he's a smart fellow—a sort of High Priest of Salvation. He's talked himself into a job, and he's drawing about five hundred a year out of another fellow's pockets. He's called a Socialist to-day, but he'd call himself a Jew, a nigger, a polecat to-morrow, if, by doing that, he'd get a hundred more. In short, mates, he's a politician—you know what that means. Now, Andy Fisher and Pearce don't shout like this thing here. They're men, they're Australians. They want us to fight side by side with the boys from the old country. That's why we're here. And we'll fight, and so much for a fat-headed M.P. that couldn't write his own name ten years ago. This chap's an insult to Australia."

"Hear, hear!" chorused all the Bushmen volunteers.

"Listen, boys! Listen!" roared the M.P. above the din; but they simply howled him down. In the middle of this row Claud rose up, and putting up his hand, asked for order. Again silence reigned.

"Well, gentlemen—I mean, boys," said Claud, fumbling with his eyeglass, "I wish to make a motion——"

"You're a new chum—sit down," roared Neverwork.

"And that's why I want to speak," said Claud, in such a quiet, cynical way that the M.P. almost choked. "I'm a new chum—yes. And I am, also, one of the boys. I'm in the Shearers' Union, too. I have been treated well here—don't cher know, and here are my good friends. And we're all going to fight, for what——"

"For financiers and Jews," roared the M.P.

"No, my apoplectic friend! We're going to fight for Australia—not Britain—and we're going to fight to prevent fools like you handing this land over to German or Yellow men. It's the proper

thing, don't cher know. Now, gentlemen——"

"Not so much of the gentlemen," shouted Neverwork.

"My dear friend, you were not included in the term. I am addressing these gentlemen from the Bush. You're too beastly dirty and lazy to be a Bushman," said Claud, adjusting his eyeglass and surveying the squat figure of the M.P. as if he were examining a maggot.

"My motion, boys, is simply this, that we stop the train by pulling the communication cord, and hold the driver up for ten minutes. Meantime, we might seize our political gasbag, secure him with a few bits of rope, hoist him out of the carriage, and tie him up to one of the signal posts, leaving a suitable inscription attached to his corporation, so that all the world shall know what a delightful idiot this gentleman—I mean politician—is."

"Carried, be jabers!" roared Paddy Doolan, pulling the communication cord, while Bill, Sandy and some more, seized the Socialist. He kicked, cursed, bit, screamed and wriggled, but to no purpose. As the train slowed down, Bill jumped out, and, running along to the driver, held him up with a masonic wink and a Scotch refreshment. The trussed form of the M.P. was then carried out of the train. He was still cursing. But the Bushmen quietly tied him to a signal post. This completed, Claud pinned a great white sheet of paper with an inscription on it.

"Good-bye, old cock," shouted the Bushmen, jumping into the train again. The whistle blew, and as the train went slowly past the enraged captive, the eyes of all read the notice fixed to his waist:

**"THIS IS NOT AN AUSTRALIAN,  
HE'S A D—— FOOL.  
(Signed) KANGAROO MARINES."**

## **CHAPTER II**

### **MELBOURNE VERSUS SYDNEY**

Sam Killeem, Commanding Officer of the Kangaroo Marines, sat in his Recruiting Office chewing a cigar in the usual Australian style. Now and again he looked at his recruiting figures and smiled. "Five hundred men in three days," he mused. "Not bad for you, Sam; and good stuff at that"—for Sam was a judge of men. He was a squatter and as rich as Croesus. His big, bony frame spoke of strength, while his eye and face told the tale of shrewdness and resource. He was forty, and successful. Three hundred miles of land was chartered as his own. His sheep were counted in thousands, and his brand as familiar as a postage stamp. Yet, in all his struggles for success, Sam had found time to be a patriot. He had served as a Tommy in the African War, and since then had commanded a corps of mounted men in the back of beyond. He was the fairest yet fiercest, the most faithful and fearless man in the force. A man who disobeyed his orders always received a knock-out blow, for Sam boxed like a pro. and hit like a hammer.

"Some more recruits, sir," said his sergeant-major, opening the door.

"Right, Jones; show them in."

The door closed on the now famous quartette—Claud, Bill, Paddy, and Sandy. They were still in their rough bush-whacking clothes, while their eyes told the tale of a merry night before.

"Well, boys—glad to see you."

"We've met before, Sam," said Bill.

"Guess we have, but cut out the 'Sam,' click your heels together, say 'sir,' when you answer, and salute when you meet me. I'm bossing this show. And we can't have sheep-shearing familiarities—understand!"

"Bit sudden like!" smiled Bill, trying to comply.

"Not so sudden as death, or a shrapnel. Now, to business. You fellows look fit. What's your names?"

"Bill Buster's mine."

"Age?"

"About thirty—that's near enough."

"Religion?"

"Ain't got any."

"That means you're officially C. of E."

"What's that, Sam—eh—sir?"

"Church of England—they father queer birds like you."

"Now, your father and mother?"

"None."

"How's that?"

"I was found as a kid on the Woolamaloo Road, with a newspaper for a bellyband and a rubber tit in my mouth. The old woman who found me said I dropped from heaven."

"The other's the most likely place. Now, sign."

"Right! Next."

Paddy Doolan described himself as an Irishman, born in Kerry, and an egg-merchant by trade.

"Your religion?" asked Sam.

"Sure, I'm a Catholic."

"When were you at Confession last?"

"It's a long time now, yer riverance; but if yis'll lend me a pound I'll have something worth confessing by early Mass to-morrow."

"*Your* name, now?"

"Sandy Brown."

"Where from?"

"Glesca, sir."

"Where's Glesca?"

"The place whaur they mak' gunboats an' bailies."

"Trade?"

"Coal merchant—I mean stoker."

"Married?"

"Often."

A few more questions settled Sandy. Then Claud came forward, adjusting his eyeglass.

"Better take that window out of your face, young fellow. What's your name?"

"Claud Dufair."

"Father?"

"Lord Dufair."

"You're the goods, young fellow. Now, do you think you can stand up to me for five rounds?"

"Boxing's a beastly bore, sir; but I would have a go—certainly."

"Right! I'll make you corporal. We've need of your brains. By the way, why did you leave home—women and wine, eh?"

"Well—yes, sir."

"Human failing—we're all like that," soliloquised Sam, who had been one of the lads in his day. "Now, boys, about turn, and off for your uniform—good day."

"Good day, sir," replied the four, attempting to salute.

"Good lads—good lads!" muttered Sam to himself as they stumbled through the door.

Three days afterwards Sam had his thousand men. He quartered them in tents, selected some old soldiers for instructors, and commenced to train for war. Sergeant-Major Jones, an ex-Imperial Army man, was the terror of the show. This warrant officer realised what he was up against—a thousand rebels against convention, hypocrisies, and shams. They called a spade a spade. "Red tape" they cursed, and stupid officialdom they loathed. They were freemen, Bohemians of the plains. In the Bush they had learned to fight, cook, scheme, and generally look after themselves. Pioneers of the toughest kind. The type that has made our Empire what it is to-day. In drink they were like savages, ready to shoot the men they hated, ready to give a drunken embrace to the men they liked and respected.

And few of them were fools. Many could rip off Shakespeare by the yard; others could recite, in a feeling way, the best of Byron, Tennyson, Kipling, and Burns. The lonely plains and self-communion had given each a soul. Indeed, they were the oddest bunch of daring, devilry, romance, and villainy that had ever gathered for war. For such men there is only one type of leader, that is—the gentleman. Not the gentleman who says, "Please," like a drawing-room lady; but the gentleman who says, "Come on, boys—here's a job," in a kindly, but firm manner, with that touch of authority in the words which spells the master and the man, and reveals to the skunk that if he refuses a great fist will crack right under his chin and lay him out. Sergeant-Major Jones was, therefore, the gentleman required. He represented the finest virtues of the British N.C.O.—a class which has made the British Army what it is to-day, and a class meanly paid and shockingly neglected by the Governments of the past.

Sergeant-Major Jones had a breast of medals. He knew his job. Now that was important to these Australians. Australians are always up against what they call "the imported man." But if the imported man is what they call "a good fellow," and knows his job better than they do, they are fair enough to shake him by the hand and call him "friend." And the sergeant-major knew that he had to find an opportunity in the first week to show that he *was* the sergeant-major and that they were there to be disciplined. The opportunity came on the third day. A weak-looking sergeant, with a shrill, piping voice, was moving a squad up and down.

"Left—rights-left— Stop your talking, Private Grouse," he shouted to a tall, burly-built and dour-looking man in his squad.

"Wot the deuce are you chippin' at?"

"Hold your tongue."

"Swank," replied the insolent man.

Sergeant-Major Jones heard him. "Halt!" he bellowed to the squad.

"Now, young fellow, what do you mean?"

"Just 'aving a little lark, major," he answered casually.

"Stand to attention, and 'sir' me when you speak."

"You'll make us laugh," said the man in a familiar way. The other Bushmen craned their necks. They were interested. They knew that Grouse had gone over the score, and they waited to see the stuff that the sergeant-major was made of. It was, in fact, the psychological moment which makes or mars the reputation of a sergeant-major in such a corps. The sergeant-major knew it.

"Look here, young man, I make great allowance for inexperience, for none of you have been soldiers before, but I make no allowance for insolence. Take off your coat."

"What!"

"Take off your coat," said the sergeant-major with emphasis, at the same time throwing off his own. The man followed suit.

"Now step out here, and we'll decide who's going to run this show."

Then the unexpected happened. The man shoved out his hand. "Shake, sir; you're a good fellow. I'm afeard of no man, but I won't fight you, for I'm in the wrong."

"Well, you're a man, anyway," said Jones, shaking him cordially by the hand, while the whole squad gave out a thrilling cheer.

Colonel Sam Killeam had watched it all from the corner of the parade ground. For him it was an anxious moment. He was a broad-minded Australian who realised the need of experienced Britishers like Jones for the training of his men. But he was also aware of the national prejudice against the imported man. If Jones had adopted the usual way in the British regiment, that is, clapping the offender in the guard room and formally charging him with "insubordination in the ranks," Sam knew that his prestige as a sergeant-major would have dropped fifty per cent. However, he was well pleased to see him handle the man in the Australian manner.

"Made good that time, Jones," said the colonel with a dry grin as the sergeant-major came



forward.

"That's the only way with these men, sir."

"Glad you know it. By the way, I know that man. He half killed one of the Mounted Police two years ago. He's three-quarters blackguard and one-quarter of a good fellow; but we'll make a man of him. Put him in orders to-night for the lance stripe. I always believe in making N.C.O.'s out of these rascals."

"Splendid idea, sir," said the sergeant-major, saluting and falling out.

Next day Lance-Corporal Grouse commenced a new career—that of a gallant soldier and an Australian gentleman.

Another interesting incident occurred during the training. Side by side with the Kangaroo Marines lay the Melbourne Nuts, a battalion of superior persons. You see, the Kangaroo Marines were nominally a Sydney crowd. Therefore the Melbourne boys showered on them all the envy which Melbourne has for Sydney. To understand this point thoroughly you must have lived in Australia. Between Melbourne and Sydney there exists a feud as fierce as an Italian vendetta. This animosity crystallises the more general hatred of the respective States—Victoria and New South Wales. Both sides think they are the Lord's Anointed. A Governor-General in any speech must be careful to whitewash both States with the same degree of eyewash. Friendships, fortunes, and reputations have been lost in this really amusing controversy. Indeed, they are like the farmers of Kerry—they go to law if a hen roosts for a second in the enemy's barnyard.

Picture the scene then—two corps side by side, and imagine the language. The first trouble arose through a pioneer of the Kangaroos dropping a shovelful of dirt in the lines of the Melbourne men. The offender was Bill Buster.

"Get out of this, ye Sydney rattlesnake," chirped a youth, looking out of his tent.

"Worm!" exclaimed Bill contemptuously.

"Ye dirty-necked beachcomber, I'll split yer pumpkin head."

"Take that," shouted Bill, throwing a shovelful of manure into the tent of his aggressor. Honour, of course, had to be satisfied after that. The Melbourne man got a broken nose, and Bill had two lovely black eyes.

Both regiments decided to have revenge, and, for that purpose, secret meetings were called. The Melbourne boys decided to leave their affairs in the hands of Happy Harry, a local comedian. He was given liberty to spend anything up to twenty pounds on a scheme of revenge. In the case of the Kangaroos it was decided by ballot that Bill would plan out something to stagger the Melbourne crowd. Meantime, armed neutrality reigned; yet the air seemed charged with the spirit of friction and the feeling of secret preparation. Remarkable to relate, both schemes panned out on the morning of the same day. The Melbourne Nuts woke up to see, in great, black, varnished letters, across their huge dining-tent, the following:

**MELBOURNE  
IS A  
ONE-EYED TOWN  
FULL OF  
SNIVELLING SNOBS,  
PAWNSHOPS, AND GROG SALOONS.**

This was a good stroke for the Sydney men, but the Melbourne men had, also, a neat revenge. That morning, an old broken-down donkey was found wandering in the Kangaroos' lines, with placards flapping at his sides, on which the Sydney men saw:

**THIS IS THE FATHER  
OF SYDNEY AND  
THE KANGAROO MARINES.**

The battle of wits was a drawn affair. But, that night, more trouble ensued. While the famous quartette were casually strolling through the town a Melbourne man jostled Sandy.

"Wha are ye pushin'?" he inquired.

"I'll push yer face for you—you bag of haggis," replied the cool Melbourne lad.

"Ye daur meddle wi' me," said Sandy, leering at him, for he had tasted deep of the national fluid. "Hit me!" he roared, baring his chest towards his aggressor. "Ma fit is on ma native heath, an' ma name's M'Greegor," continued the fierce, red-whiskered Scot.

"Here's one for you, M'Greegor!" And the Melbourne man let fly. Poor Sandy, he buckled up and fell gasping to the ground. Bill now set to, but in a minute he, Claud, and Paddy were

surrounded by a gang of Melbourne hands.

"Ye miserable spalpeens," said Paddy, laying to with a great big stick, and between times whipping the treasures from the pockets of fallen men. Claud had his monocle smashed and his nose burst, while poor old Bill was severely winded just as reinforcements arrived from the Kangaroos. It was a bloody combat. Indeed, it might have been a serious riot had Sam Killem not doubled up a company with buckets of water to throw over the antagonists.

Then the bugle call to assembly ended the first and last fight between these two corps. Afterwards they were loyal friends, and, in action, died nobly side by side.

### CHAPTER III

#### THE LAND OF SIN

Egypt is the land of heroes and engineers—also the land of mystery, the abode of intrigue, the cockpit of puerile nationalism, and the soul of all things topsy-turvy and contrary. It is a land for a brave soldier, a skilful engineer, or the tourist in search of Rameses' shin-bones.

It is a country wet with British blood and paved with British gold. The noblest things in Egypt are British; the vilest are the products of aliens who have dodged justice and cleanness through the vagaries of "The Capitulations" (an international treaty which makes John Bull pay for the privilege of entertaining alien murderers, white slavers, forgers, assassins, corrupt financiers, and legal twisters). But it is a land worth holding, not so much for any riches it may possess, but for the Suez Canal, which links us to our Indian Empire.

The Egyptians, on the whole, are an industrious and harmless people. For centuries they have been slaves to Greeks, Romans, Persians, Turks, and Crusaders from every land. They have been doomed to serve because of their inability to lead and control. They are content to serve so long as justice reigns. Egypt to-day is better governed, more prosperous, happier than it has ever been in its history. Cromer, Kitchener, the Tommy, the Engineer, and the men of the "Egyptian Civil" have given their noblest efforts to crush corruption, to kill decay, to make the native full-fed and serene.

Discontent in Egypt is the work of a few who have cast off their native garments, donned the clothes of the Westerner, and acquired a smattering of things. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. These young *effendis* are the fools who would step where angels fear to tread. These malcontents spurred and led Arabi Pasha (a true patriot) to his doom. The self-same type have recently sent a Khedive into shame and exile. These so-called "Nationalists" were the willing tools of German and Austrian agents who aimed at capturing Egypt and dominating the route to India. Before the war there was a German spy in every town from Alexandria to Khartoum. These spies even supped at the table of the late Khedive. While they went their way they smiled and called us fools. Eagerly they lived for the day when Enver Pasha (the well-paid Moslem adventurer) would lead his deluded Turks against the British host.

The great dream of the Khedive, his Nationalists and German agents failed because of the courage and shrewdness of "K" and his men. While the world waited for the Holy War and the fall of Egypt, the great Australian host was quietly landing on Egypt's shores. In this army were such men as the Kangaroo Marines—fearless, tireless, and ready for adventure. The tramp, tramp of their feet made traitors shiver and flee; their physique, their chins, their corded arms spread over the Delta and the desert a sense of might and courage.

"There can be no rebellion. The Australians are too big, too strong. Allah is against us," said the wise men in the little hamlets by the Nile.

"These are white men—not black," muttered an *effendi* to his friend, as the Australians marched through intriguing Cairo. Like many Egyptians, he had imagined Australians to be of a nigger mould.

"Yes, infidels and sons of dogs," growled a priestly fanatic.

"What men—what guns—Allah preserve us!" said many more who had talked revolution for a while. This, truly, was a bloodless climax to the schemes of Germany, Turkey, and the Khedive.

Along the sun-baked road to Mena marched the Australians. They were treading a road made by a great Khedive for the Empress Eugenie to see the Pyramids in comfort. When they halted they were beneath the shade of the historic piles of stones. Napoleon's soldiers had been there, so had Gordon's and Kitchener's heroes. Now these sons of the Motherland found themselves at the beginning of another historic mission.

"There's been a lot of overtime on that job," said Bill Buster to his pals when nearing the

Pyramids.

"Wha built them?" inquired Sandy of Claud.

"Rameses built one."

"What for?"

"To keep his fellows from getting tired."

"Sure now," said Paddy, "there's a dog wid a woman's head."

"That's a Sphinx," remarked Claud with a smile.

These ancient things and the general surroundings made all open their eyes in wonder, and feel that there were more things on earth than their own little cabbage patch.

They settled down quickly, and having received an enormous haul of cash in the form of arrears of pay, the Kangaroo Marines and every other corps set out on donkeys, motor-cars, cabs, camels and carts to see the sights of Cairo.

"Gee whiz! this is some town," said Bill, on reaching the gay and dazzling city. The wide streets, oriental buildings, the weird bazaars, gaily-lit cafés, and veiled women, amazed these simple Bushmen. It was like "The Arabian Nights," wonderful, alluring, seductive and strange. All were gripped by the subtle atmosphere of things. Their blood tingled with the sensuous aroma of the East. Cheap wine in the cafés of the Greeks let the devil loose, and so they fell an easy prey to the lures of the bold and handsome wantons of Cairo. Thus many were duped and robbed.

Australians when wronged must have revenge. An eye for an eye is the law of the bush. The revenge came in an unexpected way. In one of the streets where the wantons live an injustice had been done to one of the boys. The exact reason was never told. But Cairo was soon alarmed by the shrieks of women, the shouts of fire, and the galloping of mounted police. Through the glare and smoke could be seen a little army of men wreaking revenge. Windows were being smashed, a piano was crashed from above to the ground, doors were torn down, crockery clattered into the street.

"Allah! Allah! Save us, save us! The mad Australians! The mad Australians!" cried the cowardly *effendis* as they fled.

"Help! Help!" screamed the wantons, as they ran like maddened hares. But the wrecking went on, despite the charging pickets and hoarse commands from officers and police.

"Here's the fire brigade, boys, capture them," yelled a great hulking fellow. And they did. With a wild haloo, they captured the engines, cut the pipes, and terrified the poor gippy firemen out of their lives. It was an ugly time. And the riot was only quelled by armed pickets sent from other corps.

"It's a great pity we interfered at all," said a Cairo dignitary that night.

"Why?" inquired his friend.

"They would have burned the whole dirty place down, and that would have been the greatest blessing to Cairo."

"Then you don't blame them?"

"No. I think Cairo has been cursed with the vilest creatures God ever made. Yes, I admit, the Capitulations have hitherto tied our hands. Thank Heaven Egypt is now a Protectorate. We can clean out these filthy dens after the war."

"Yes, it is a queer hole, but East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet," chipped in another member of the club. "It's a wonder they didn't kill that fellow Hassein."

"Who's he?"

"A rotter who dresses as a woman and runs a crowd of white slaves. And, by Jove! he looks like a woman too—all scented and faked."

"Oh, he's a law-abiding merchant of sin," said a gippy officer. "There's a worse person than he here."

"Who's that?"

"Madame Mysterious, who owns dozens of these low shows in Cairo."

"Isn't that the woman who used to buy and sell wives to the rich *effendis* and gippy *pashas*?"

"The same. That old Pasha down near Alex is one of her patrons. He's a proper old rascal. Do you know that he has got women in his harem who have been educated in some of our greatest

schools in England?"

"Not English women, surely?"

"No. Gippy girls, daughters of rich fellows."

"And why shouldn't he?" interjected an old gippy warrior who defended the customs of the East. "We have no right to force our Western morals down an Oriental's throat. It is easy to be a moralist in a freezing climate like ours. The snow makes for virtue; the sun always warps morality. The harem is as ancient as the sun. And the harem will remain. It's no good of you fellows hoping to alter it. And, after all, the Oriental is, at least, honest. He has a harem, the world knows he has a harem. He is not ashamed of the fact. But what of our Mayfair bloods, who have their secret 'wives,' and who hunt everybody else's wife. The Oriental is straight about it—we Westerners are hypocritical."

"I offer no defence of the harem," said a doctor, "but I've found it a mighty interesting place when visiting there in a professional capacity. Do you fellows know that I have met some of the most intellectual women there. Strange to say, they like the life. And, after all, they are well cared for. They have money—heaps of it—beautiful clothes, lovely rooms, servants, carriages, and motors. They see everything, they do almost everything, and since the revolution in Turkey they have had greater freedom. Why, they travel abroad now without their eunuchs. What more does a woman want? Money, clothes and comfort are everything to an Easterner. In my humble opinion there is no virtue in an eastern climate. There can never be."

"We've got off the track altogether," said the father of this discussion. "I am liberal-minded so far as the Egyptians are concerned. In their own way they are virtuous. And I agree that it is ridiculous to suggest that we should interfere with any of their social or religious arrangements. But this riot has again proved to us that Cairo is a pretty rotten show. We ought to clean it up, and we shall do so after the war. It will pay us. Let us make Cairo a cleaner and more charming place. It means health and business to the community. Why should Cairo be the cesspool of European iniquity? Personally, as I said before, I'm very sorry the Australians did not burn the whole of that rotten quarter down."

## CHAPTER IV

### TREASURE TROVE

"Look here, men," said Colonel Killen, "I want to talk to you about some interesting things, especially your conduct towards Mohammedans. First of all, Doolan, tell me what a Mohammedan means?"

"Sure, sir, it manes a nigger who jabbers 'Allah' when yis put a bayonet in his guts."

"Not exactly; but what would you shout if you got a bayonet in your tummy."

"A gill of the best, sir."

"Well, now, a Mohammedan's a sort of eastern fanatic who thinks he'll get a 'corner lot' in Paradise if he reads the Koran and dies on the edge of your bayonets. Mecca is his holy shrine, and the old Sultan acts as a sort of elder or high priest who takes up the collections. We meet 'em ourselves—religious beggars who're always passing round the hat for ninepence to make up another shilling. Religion is always an expensive business, except in Scotland, where you get free seats to support the Kirk and Government. Isn't that so, Brown?"

"Jist in the Auld Kirk, sir, but I belang tae the Wee Frees."

"Who are the Wee Frees?"

"The Wee Frees were started by a lot o' Hielan-men oot o' a job."

"What were they after?"

"Deevideends, sir."

The Colonel grinned. Continuing, he said, "Now, men, these Mohammedans are very touchy. You've got to be careful how you treat them. For example, their headgear is sacred. Don't touch it. And when you get a little of home-brewed Scotch into you, don't knock their head-dress off. They'll probably knife you. It isn't a pleasant thing to get a rusty blade stuck into your kidneys. Bad for the health, I assure you."

"Tell me something else you must not do?" inquired the Colonel, assuming the rôle of

regimental schoolmaster.

"They hate pigs, sir," said Sandy Brown. "When I wis a stoker on a ship gaun East I flung a bit o' fried pork at a coolie. He nearly knocked ma lichts oot wi' a big hammer."

"Yes, pigs are regarded by these fellows as unclean beasts. To offer them pork is, as Brown says, a great insult, so be careful of that. Another important point is his carpet. This is sacred. He kneels on that and offers up his prayers to Allah. When you walk into his house, don't wipe your feet and spit on it. Give him a chance to remove it. Can anyone tell me what those buildings in Cairo are with the big domes on them?"

"Harems," piped Bill.

"Chapels," said Doolan.

"No, they are called mosques, or temples. Watch what you do there. Mohammedans always take off their shoes before entering. Inside is holy ground. If you go into them you must put a pair of shoes over your boots. These are kept for the purpose. Of course, don't walk away with the shoes, or there will be trouble. I have, also, a list here of other things regarded as sacred either in the town or country.

"Trees with rags tied to them.

"Tombs.

"Graveyards.

"Deserted mosques.

"Stones with inscriptions on them.

"Fountains, and

"Isolated clumps of trees on hill tops.

"Be careful, now, of all these things. They look nothing to you, but they are very important to them. You see, we are all Christians—or supposed to be—and a Christian is regarded by them as an infidel and son of a dog.

"Next thing is the ladies. We all love the ladies. What do you know about them?" said the Colonel, suddenly pointing to a grinning youth.

"And very nice too, sir," replied this youngster.

"If it wasn't for their veils," said another.

"Sure, sor, they've always a big, fat nigger trotting after them," remarked Doolan.

"Yes, Doolan, and be very careful of the big fellow behind. He's what is called a eunuch—a sort of guardian. If you give these ladies the 'glad eye,' or attempt to touch them, he'll probably slit your throat with a razor. These women are veiled to all men except their husbands and nearest relations. Many of them are harem women. Out here, a native can have two or three wives and as many concubines as he likes. For example, the late Khedive had about a hundred women in his harem, and they say the Sultan of Turkey has over five hundred. Some of these women are very beautiful, others are quite ugly. I heard of one man who followed a veiled lady for about three miles, thinking she was some wonderful Circassian beauty. He managed to talk to her too, but when she lifted her veil he was dumbstruck. Instead of being young and charming, she was old, haggard, toothless and revolting. All is not gold that glitters, and beauty is not always found beneath the veil.

"Yes, that reminds me, I've been hearing of one or two queer things which they say our fellows have been doing. In a certain part of Cairo the ladies of the harems frequently ride in carriages, taking the evening air. They often drive alone and use their eyes in the most inviting way. Some of our boys have jumped into the carriages and had a most pleasant and interesting drive with these ladies. That's risky, men; don't do it. It may come off ninety-nine times out of a hundred, but on the hundredth occasion it may end in a knife and a bullet. And quite right too. We have no right to interfere with the preserves of an Egyptian Pasha. Now I think that is all I have to say to you just now. Fall out, please."

When the Colonel had departed, the men formed up into little groups and discussed some of the points that had been raised.

"Old Sam's pulling our leg a bit about these holy places. I ain't had any bother, and I've found it quite a paying game digging up these old niggers' bones. Look here, boys, this is what I've found," said Sambo, a big-boned bushman from Queensland, showing Bill and his cronies a handful of old coins, rings and a bracelet.

"Some curios!" said Bill.

"Worth money, too," remarked Sandy.

"Where did you get them?" asked Claud, his interest roused in these wonderful old jewels of the East.

"Down in the Dead City on the other side of Cairo—behind the Citadel. I dig them up at nights. I can give you a cargo of shin bones and skulls if you want them."

"Is it safe?"

"I reckon so. You see, a lot of these are ancient graves. Nobody has a claim on them, so we can jump them."

"Do you want some partners?" asked Claud.

"Yes, a few of us could get something. I've had my eye on an old tomb there for some time."

"What about to-night?"

"That will do. Bring your entrenching tools in a parcel, nobody sees them. We can get an old cab or motor to go in."

"Right-ho!" agreed Claud, who also arranged with Paddy, Bill and Sandy to form part of the exploring squad. This digging for ancient treasures in the graves of the dead is an old game in Egypt. It is comparatively safe where there are no natives with an interest in the business. And it is really remarkable what interesting finds are made. Rings, bangles, necklaces, brassware, beads, and jewels are often found in these old graveyards.

The route to this particular place lay through Cairo. It was already dark when they started on a rattling old motor-car. Down the Mena Road they were whirled into the dazzling streets. The traffic sent the car slower through a long, narrow native quarter. This was lined with dirty shops, selling everything, from mouldy Turkish delight to poisonous-looking firewater called native wine. At the door of these places the proud owners lounged on chairs or squatted on the ground, haggling and dealing with the *fellah* (the peasant Egyptian, and the finest type in Egypt). In Egypt everybody is in business. You can find merchants dealing in broken bottles, merchants in discarded "fags," merchants in the manure from the streets, merchants in rags and bones, egg shells and cabbage stalks. They'll do anything but work. Work to an Easterner is designed for women and oxen.

Leaving the lighted streets behind, the motor at length turned round into a long, darkened road.

"This is the show," said Sambo, pointing to a wide field of little domes, tombs, and broken-down buildings just visible in the murky light.

"It's a gey queer place," said Sandy, with a tremor in his voice.

"It is, and there's sure to be ghosts in this ould world?" muttered Mick, crossing himself.

"There's diamonds, too—and tons of gold," remarked Claud.

"Paddy, you'll be a rich man after to-night," laughed Sambo.

"If I'm not a dead wan," said the Irishman, who, for the moment had become seized with a dread of the supernatural.

"Well, boys, here we are!" exclaimed the leader of the party as they neared a dark bend of the road. "Jump out!" The car was backed out of sight, and the driver told to wait.

"This way," and into the darkness plunged the Queenslander. They followed close at his heels, stumbling over graves, stones and old enclosures.

"What's that?" screamed Paddy, as he kicked a white-looking thing at his feet.

"It's a skull, man," said Sandy, picking up the bleached headpiece of an ancient.

"Mother of Jasus, preserve us," murmured the Irishman, crossing himself again.

"Now, boys, here we are. Get out your tools and start digging. Here's a little torch to use, now and again, to see what you've got. You fellows can pan out this show here, I'm going over a bit to do some prospecting."

"Right you are, I'll run this bit of the business," said Claud, as the Queenslander went off into the darkness. For a long time they picked and shovelled out the soft brown earth.

"What's this?" whispered Sandy, holding something in his hand. Claud switched the light on.

"It's a shin bone."

"Here's the goods," shouted Bill, holding up a bracelet crusted with earth and mildew.

"It's gold, too," said Claud, fingering it.

"And here's some quids," Paddy said, spreading some coins out in his hand.

"Coppers, you mean."

Resuming their task, they soon collected skulls, shin bones, thigh bones, some old brassware, a ring, some coppers, and many other things of an Eastern kind.

"Wonderful! Wonderful!" soliloquised Claud, as he occasionally surveyed the finds with the aid of his monocle and flash lamp. But the greatest find was a large brass urn of beautiful workmanship.

"Looks like old Rameses' whisky jar," said Bill, turning the urn round under the light of the lamp.

Things were really going well till the Irishman happened to look up. His eyes at once caught a moving spectre of white advancing slowly towards them.

"Holy Mary, there's a ghost," said he, crossing himself and gripping Claud by the arm. They all looked up, and, sure enough, there was something white and weird moving slowly across the plain of the dead. Their eyes riveted on it. Paddy muttered a prayer; Bill eloquently wondered what the white thing was; Sandy, remarkably cool, picked up the bracelet, coins and other trinkets and placed them in his pocket. He did this, as he explained afterwards, "in case the ghost wid get them."

"It's mighty funny," muttered Claud, frequently adjusting his eyeglass to see the dread apparition more clearly.

"It's a ghost, boys, I tell ye. My ould father has seen them when he lived in Kerry. Heaven preserve us!" he ejaculated, crossing himself for about the fiftieth time.

"Ghost or no ghost, Paddy Doolan, I'm going after it," Bill said. Quietly picking up his tool, he walked forward to the weird, white thing still advancing. He reached it, then turned with it towards the crouching grave wreckers. Halting about ten yards from them, Bill shouted, "Paddy Doolan."

"Yis, Bill," was the timorous reply.

"It's an Irish ghost—a Kerry one."

"What is it?" said Claud, rising and shaking off the supernatural fear which had held him for a moment.

"It's a white donkey on the loose," answered Bill, bursting into laughter. Paddy recovered instantly and joined with the others in the admiration of the innocent ass which had strayed from its usual haunts. After sniffing its new-found friends, the donkey let out a terrible bray, flung up its heels and departed into the night.

They recommenced their digging operations; so engrossed were they with their discoveries that they did not hear the approach of some chattering natives. These dusky gents were within fifty yards of them when Bill whispered, "Keep still—lie down." They obeyed, and lying flat on the ground saw some Arabs go by. They could just see their figures against the sky, and had time to note that they carried shovels.

"On the same game," whispered Bill.

"Yes," said Claud, "I believe they make a speciality of digging up these dead folks. Glad they weren't Kerry ghosts, anyway."

"Be aisy, boys, you'll meet a ghost yet before ye die."

The work was resumed once more. About 2 A.M., when all thought they had had enough of this body-snatching, they were startled with the cry of, "Help, boys! Help! They're killing me."

"By Jove! That's the Queenslander. These niggers are at him. Come on, boys," shouted Claud, lifting his entrenching tool and running towards the place from whence came the cry for help.

"Help! Help!" rang out the cry again, this time it was more muffled and weak.

"Where are you, Sambo?"

"In here," came a faint reply.

The sound came from a square building, the door of which was open. Claud dashed in, flashing his light as he went. Turning a corner, he was amazed by a strange and striking spectacle.

Sambo lay struggling and kicking surrounded by four great hulking Arabs, who had been beating, kicking and biting him in a furious struggle. The faces of all were bleeding and bruised, and blood was splashed over the white sort of overall that the natives wear. To the left of Sambo Claud saw an open tomb. Inside he could just see a kind of coffin arrangement, and on the ground, near at hand, the most varied collection of brass and other beautiful Eastern wares. This was the cause of the bother.

Crack! went Claud's fist into the eyes of the nearest Arab.

"Take that, ye son of a sea cook," chimed in Bill, giving another the knock-out blow.

"Here's one from Paddy Doolan," shouted the Hibernian as he, too, hit his man. The fourth one was dealt with by Claud. With shrieks and yells of "Allah, Allah!" the Arabs turned, and, jumping a low wall, fled off into the night. Sambo was at once released. Meantime, Sandy, as the unofficial cashier of the expedition, made an inventory of the treasure trove. It appears that Sambo had scented out in a strange way a very ancient and dilapidated tomb, which these Arab robbers had intended to despoil at the same time.

"Here, boys," said Sandy, "it's time we were hame. I've had enough o' skulls, shin banes and brass beer bottles."

"An' I've had enough of ghosts," growled Paddy, as they staggered down the road with their load of curios. The car whisked them back to Mena Camp again. Stealthily creeping through the lines, they arrived at their tents. All crept to bed, weary and wiser men. Claud was the last one to fall asleep. He was thinking of Sybil, the girl from the Bush. At last Morpheus claimed him. As he was slipping away into the dreamy unknown he heard Doolan muttering, "Ghosts! Be Jasus! Ghosts!"

## CHAPTER V

### SYBIL, THE SQUATTER'S GIRL

"By Jove! What a stunning girl. She's a peach!" whispered a Yeomanry subaltern to his Australian friend as a beautiful girl entered the spacious dining-room of Shepherd's Hotel in Cairo.

"Why, that's Sybil Graham—haven't seen her since she was a kid. My word, she is a beauty now," said the Australian officer.

"Who is she?"

"One of our squatter's girls. That's her father and mother with her. They've got miles of land, plenty of sheep and heaps of tin. He'll be a lucky fellow who gets her."

"You know, old chap, I never thought you produced women like that in Australia. No offence, you know. What I really mean is that the sun, the want of what we call society, and the lack of cultured institutions such as we have at home, must be a great handicap in bringing up a girl."

"Young man, you're talking through your hat," was the blunt reply. "We have ladies in Australia just as we have at home. And can you guess what we haven't got?"

"No."

"Snobs! No time for all your damned conventions—'At Home' scandals and Society calls. These girls of the bush are natural, jolly, unconventional, but not loose. So far and no farther is their attitude to mankind. And they've got an independence of character which knocks you fellows sick when you meet them. They don't want any of these insidious palavers and hollow attentions, and they'll tell a man pretty quick what they think. My word! can't they choke a Johnny off."

"But, my dear fellow, all my friends who have visited Australia say they haven't got manners, and all have a cockney twang. When they open their mouths they always spoil the picture."

"I expect your friends have been dealing with the Pitt Street toughs or Manly larrikins. By the way you speak, I don't suppose they have ever been in the bush or visited some of our squatters' homes. Do you know that some of these squatters are descendants of some of the finest families in England. Apart from that, you will find better ladies on a squatter's veranda than you will in Park Lane. I have been in London, young fellow; in fact, I'm English, although I've been a long time in Australia. So don't say I'm biased. But I am speaking from an intimate knowledge of the people—not from a superficial glance which a hen-brained tourist gets. It isn't affectation,



trinkets, dresses and a Society drawl that makes a lady. That's your standard. Society at home—at least, in certain circles, is the most hollow and unhappy creation I know. Everyone is in it, because they've got to be, but every real white man or woman knows that it's the rottenest show on earth. We don't stand for all that sort of thing out there. They accept folks for what they are worth—I mean, if a person is decent, law-abiding, cheerful and ambitious, the door of the Premier, squatter and merchant is open to him."

"Look here, old chap, you can't chuck convention overboard entirely; it's impossible."

"Rot! You speak as if Australia was a primitive land, without schools and culture. You're entirely mistaken. We can educate and create a most charming and distinctive type. I grant you that some of our people may be narrow-visioned and have one-eyed views. I admit you will find a few folks who think Britain is a land of peers, publicans and paupers. But haven't you got in Britain the same narrow folks, the same crude, ill-informed men and women who ignorantly air their views to the disgust of every Colonial?"

"Yes, there's something in that, I agree. We have got them, but I've heard Australian officers talk as if Australia was the only place on God's earth," the subaltern ejaculated a little warmly.

"You condemn a nation for a few. Young man, you haven't travelled far enough. And you make me tired to hear you talk in that way. You're a nice fellow spoiled, I reckon. Why, where I live there's dozens of English public school men working as cockies and jackaroos. They wouldn't go back home if you paid them. They like the life. Everybody makes them at home, and many of them have married our Australian girls. These women can milk, bake, ride, drive, sew and rear the most charming children. And they can meet you in a drawing-room with a natural grace that is their own. Intellectually, too, they are pleasant to meet, for the loneliness has given them time to think and read. Look at that girl there, doesn't she look a lady?"

"Yes."

"Isn't she absolutely perfect?"

"Well, yes."

"Does her dress fit?"

"Decidedly."

"Do you think her table manners are awkward?"

"No."

"Isn't there something easy and natural, no false pose, a sort of innate grace of mind and body?"

"Certainly, but is this not some strange exception, just as you find in many parts?"

"No, my boy. You still seem to be unconvinced. Hang it all, there's only one way to convince you. As they are rising from the table now, get up and I'll introduce you."

"Hallo, Sybil, how are you?" said the Australian officer going forward.

"What—Jack Gordon!" she said, shaking hands. "I haven't seen you since I was at school."

"How do, Jack?" said old Graham, in his blunt way. Then Mrs. Graham accorded him the same warm welcome.

"Let me introduce Lieutenant Gore-Jones of the Yeomanry. Take him in hand, Sybil. He's a good fellow spoiled."

"All right, Jack," said Sybil, smiling, and stepping towards the wide veranda with her new-found friend. Gordon remained behind with the parents to talk of old times.

"This *is* a pleasure," said Jones as they sat down. "I never thought of meeting such a charming person from down under."

Sybil frowned a little, then looking straight into his eyes said, "I don't like honey, Mr. Jones, it's too sweet, and sweet things are often sickly."

"I—I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, blushing a little.

"I'm afraid you expected to meet an aborigine, didn't you?" she said more kindly, remembering the cue she had received from Jack Gordon.

"Not exactly—I'm afraid I have not met any Australians except the troops."

"And what do you think of them? I'm rather interested, and like other people's views."

"You're not super-sensitive, I hope," he remarked, "because some of your fellows seem to be

awfully touchy."

"Many Australians are; I'm not, now go on."

"Well, I like your men for their wonderful physique. They are as tough as the oldest soldiers. But they're not very respectful, you know. I mean, they don't salute; they stalk past with an air of equality and even contempt. That's a bad sign in a soldier."

"Yes?" said Sybil, daintily lighting a neat cigarette and settling down in her cosy chair.

"The officers, I hear, are excellent leaders, but, somehow, they don't quite look the part—sort of mixed, don't you know. Somehow, their build and clothes don't give them that distinctive touch which is the hall-mark of the British officer. I suppose it's really a question of breeding. They say in England it takes five generations to turn out a gentleman. Americans seem the same as Australians. In fact, I've read that all young and democratic countries are alike. Don't misunderstand me, I'm not saying they are *not* gentlemen. The life, I suppose, knocks off the fine points."

"I see," said Sybil, turning her face towards him. "Then your conception of a leader is a thin-waisted, well-corseted man, all hair wash and side—a most perfect and arrogant dandy. I can't believe that the tailor, manicurist and barber produce the leader. And you say that our boys have not the fine touch about them. Do you think that really counts in war? I think a Tommy wants a man to lead him whether he looks a Caesar or Bill Sikes. You really infer that the Australian blood is coarse and unrefined. Is that so, Mr. Jones?"

"Not exactly. But look over there. See these two Australian officers. They seem ungainly in their clothes, and, apparently, feel awkward and ill at ease in this show. They don't respect the polite conventions of Society, and would turn the place into a sort of cowboy saloon if left alone."

"What nonsense, Mr. Jones. And if I didn't feel that there was a hope of you knowing us better, I would leave you. What I think you are suffering from is the conservatism of the Britisher, a truly appalling defect, as well as a lack of perception. I grant you that our Australian tailors are absolutely the limit in turning out a man. Still, I believe a man can die as gallantly in a flour sack as in a Bond Street khaki suit. You say they seem ill at ease, and don't lounge in their chairs as if to the manner born. You don't realise that these men are men of action. Their life is spent in a hustling way. They are workers, not idlers. Anything suggestive of luxurious ease is interpreted by them as effeminate."

Her companion made as though to speak. But the girl went on:

"Now, look here, Mr. Jones, I'll lay an even bet with you that they'll ride, jump and slice the lemon better than any of your troops in Cairo. They're practical people, not dreamers who worry about etiquette and the fine points. Now just you take a good look at their faces. You'll note that they're bronzed, strong, with a cleft in the chin, and a jaw-bone which speaks volumes. In fact, their whole make-up suggests a sort of rude strength, which can face the rough and tumble of life. They get that from their fathers, who, like my dear old dad, were the pioneers of Australia. These men landed poor and had to fight drought, aborigines, bushrangers, misfortune after misfortune. They were up against it all the time. They built their houses from the trees, dug their wells, fenced their land, scraped their pennies to get the shillings to buy their stock. In the midst of success, disease often struck them bare. Yet they stuck to it. Gradually the hard times passed away, and to-day many are wealthy. My dad is one. I'm not proud of his money, but I am proud of the grit and courage that has made him rich. These are just the qualities that the soldier must have."

"Oh, certainly," interjected Jones, fascinated by the radiant glow on the animated features of this most charming girl. His logic was being battered to death. He felt his position weakening. It began to dawn on him that he was a conservative Britisher, who had simply been uttering the parrot talk of hide-bound Tories. "You know, Miss Graham, you're beginning to make me feel that I should go to Australia."

"If we were there now I would just whisk you away in my car and show you the Bush. I do love to convince people, especially folks from the old land. Then, Mr. Jones, you would see how free, how charming life is in the Bush. We have all got beautiful homes, plenty of horses, motors, even electric light on some of the stations. In fact, I know of one old squatter who can produce a butler and footmen in breeches. You can have joy rides on motors, picnics miles from civilisation, and dances with the jolliest band of girls and boys I've seen. Everything is natural, all is delightful. I love Australia. I'm awfully proud of it. And I'm proud of those boys over there and all the others who have come to help the old land. Don't judge them by trivial things, Mr. Jones. If they're unconventional, and not good at saluting, they'll stick to any man who can lead them through. In fact, they can fight just as the Tommies did at Waterloo and Mons."

"Well," said Jones with a gasp, "you're an absolute revelation. I have never quite met your type before."

"I'm different—Australian, eh?"

"And very nice too. That's honey, as you call it. But I have said it and you needn't protest," he

said with boyish enthusiasm. "Do you think the girls would be kind to me if I went to Australia?"

"They'd spoil you; they spoil all Englishmen."

"Why?"

"Because they like them. They don't pick holes in them as you pick holes in us."

"I'm sorry, really I'm sorry. I had no intention to offend."

"You're a good fellow spoiled, as Jack Gordon said."

"Thanks," said Mr. Jones, secretly pleased.

"You know, Mr. Jones, I know a most charming Englishman. He was our Jackaroo. A public school man, he landed at our door and asked for a job. He had a glass eye and insisted on wearing that and a white indiarubber collar when working round the show. They ragged him, but he stood it all. When they went too far he simply took off his jacket and punched them soft. No matter what dirty job he got, he did it and never whined. He had no airs, and never trumpeted his family lineage or his school. He was just a dear, lovable English gentleman, who'd been a bit foolish at home. He is here in the Australian contingent; in fact, he's coming to see me to-night. Ah! here he is," she gleefully exclaimed, as a tall, well-built soldier, with a monocle, casually stepped on to the veranda. "Come and be introduced?"

"What! To a Tommy," said the surprised subaltern.

"Yes—and a *gentleman*," Sybil emphasised.

"Hallo, dear boy!"

"Well, Sybil, what a surprise when I got your wire."

"Let me introduce Mr. Jones of the Yeomanry—Private Dufair."

Claud solemnly saluted. There was a twinkle in his eye as the surprised subaltern started back, exclaiming, "What—Claud Dufair? You were at Rugby with me!"

"The same, sir," said Claud, standing rigidly to attention, full of suppressed mirth.

"Well, shake, old boy! How the devil are you? And, Tommy or no Tommy, you must have a bottle of fizz with me to-morrow night. Now, I'm not going to spoil sport. I've had an awful wiggling from Miss Graham."

"My fiancée," interjected Claud.

"Lucky dog—put me down as your next-of-kin when you make your will. Good night."

"Good night," said the happy couple, passing on to the shade of the palms, where they renewed that love which is mightier than the sword.

## CHAPTER VI

### THE WISDOM OF "K"

It was a sweltering heat—a day to drink squash and be on a cool veranda. But war has no respect for feelings or conditions, so the Australian, New Zealander, and Lancashire men had to hoof it across the sun-baked desert. The troops were divided into three columns, each striking for a different point. They were bent on a combined scheme in which the "General Idea," "Special Idea," and other vague military terms figured large.

"Ain't the heat hellish? My nose is feeling like a banana, and my shirt's glued to my back! Wish I had joined the Camel Corps or Donkey Brigade. Gravel crushing's no good to me," growled Bill, changing his rifle for the hundredth time.

"We're suffering for the sins of our predecessors," remarked Claud, shifting his eyeglass to look at the Pyramids.

"How's that?"

"In South Africa the Australians went any old way. They fought well, but, as Roberts said, they lacked discipline. That's why you and I are here. They're going to grind the insubordination out of us. They'll march us and sweat us to death. 'Trouble maketh a strong man, Pain maketh a

true man,' so some old wag has said."

"Wish ould Kitchener had me thirst, an' this ould pack on his back," growled Doolan.

"Ay, an' these damnt moskeetes are ay chowin' ma face off," said Sandy.

"Couldn't we have been trained in Australia instead of this confounded hole?" added Bill, who was in a nasty mood that day.

"Too many pubs, too many ma's, and too many politicians about for that," Claud answered. "Besides, Kitchener's a smart fellow. He knows his job. We're here to keep these bally niggers in order, and, at the same time, train for war. You can't push it on to 'K'; he's too mighty quick for you an' me."

"But when the blazes are we goin' to the war? I'm thirstin' to cut some fellow's throat, but all I gets is march and sweat—sweat and march—and fourteen days C.B. if I look sideways at these officer blokes. No good to me, boys. I'm here for killin', not for road punchin'. I've got a head like a barrel and feet like boiled tomatoes."

"Ye shouldna' drink beer," piped Sandy.

"Wot should I drink then?"

"Proosic acid," Doolan muttered, giving Claud a nudge.

"You've got a bad liver to-day, Bill. I think you've been drinking the Gippies' firewater. I thought the old parson had got you to sign the pledge."

"Who could sign the pledge in an 'ole like this? It's sand and flies, flies and sand, C.B., bully beef, jam, and No. 9 pills. Wot a life!" concluded Bill, relapsing into silence. They left him alone. It was Bill's "off day." He would come round again.

Bill's attitude at that period of the war represented the feelings of many a Tommy in the Australian and New Zealand forces. These men, accustomed to the life of freedom, action, and the daily use of initiative, cursed the seemingly endless days of drill, shooting, marching, manoeuvring, with the firm discipline and immediate punishment when rules were ignored. Eight long months of this was their lot, and during that time there seemed little prospect of their seeing war. It was a hard test.

To them it seemed a cruel test. The younger and more inexperienced thought it useless and a waste of time, but the officers understood the reason why. It was Kitchener's way. "K" knew that these men were the finest fighters in the world. But to get the fullest value for their courage he realised that training and discipline, discipline, discipline was absolutely essential. Every officer of the General Staff expected them to curse and kick. The Staff also assumed that, in the end, the Australians' true sense of justice would compel them to admit that all this "suffering" would make them infinitely superior to any Australian units which had hitherto shared in fighting for the Motherland. This is exactly what did occur. Kitchener was, therefore, right! Kitchener is always right.

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The Australian column had reached its rendezvous. While the men were resting, General Fearless, the Australian G.O.C., was issuing his orders to the Brigade Commanders.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the General Idea is that the Red Force, composed of the Lancashire Division, holds the ridge of sand hills which dominate the road to Cairo. We, who represent the Blue Force, have orders to make a reconnaissance in force. That means that we must so manoeuvre our units as to draw the enemy's fire, and, if possible, reveal his position, his strength, and the weakest point in his line. This, let me tell you, is not exactly an offensive movement. It is a drawing game. That must be distinctly understood. Of course, in such a reconnaissance, if a G.O.C. saw something which *would* justify his assuming a vigorous offensive, then the game might develop into a general action. That, however, is a matter for me, not for an individual brigadier. Now, to-day, I want the Bushmen's Brigade to cover our advance, the remaining brigades will act as in my operation orders. Remember, too, gentlemen, that units must keep up communication. Don't let the show develop into a sort of Donnybrook, where each little unit is fighting for its own band. That is all—fall out, please."

The Brigadiers saluted, and returned to their units. The scheme was again explained. Ten minutes afterwards the brigades moved into position. The Bushmen's Brigade took post away in front; in the centre of this front line was the Kangaroo Marines. Covering the whole advance was a screen of men, and in front of the screen, little patrols with scouts ahead. When all were in the position the G.O.C. signalled "Advance." An army on the move is a fascinating sight. It is like an octopus—the main body with a thousand tendrils, or arms, thrown out. These recoil as they touch the enemy, telling the brain that danger is near.

In selecting the Bushmen's Brigade for the advanced guard, the G.O.C. was right. They were born scouts, especially the Kangaroo Marines. These valiants wriggled, crawled, and occasionally doubled across the burning sands. It was hard work—mighty hard work—but they didn't mind.

They were doing something useful, and as long as a Bushman is doing that he is all alive and interested.

Bang! went a rifle ahead of them. Bang! Bang! Bang! went the reply. The fight had commenced. Bill, who was in command of Doolan and Sandy, was right ahead. Claud was away on his right with another little squad. But it was Bill's keen eyes which had first seen little groups of the enemy ahead. One little group, grown tired of waiting, was snoozing peacefully on a sandy hollow. Bill and his cronies crept on their stomachs towards them. Nearer they drew, then, with a yell, leaped down on them.

"Hands up, boys; we've got you."

"Who are ye kiddin'?" said a Lancashire lad, jumping up with his pals.

"There's no kiddin' about this business," said Bill. "Chuck them rifles over here."

"All right, lad; thou can 'ave 'em—give us a fag," said the leader, glad to be out of the hurly-burly.

They were sent to the rear.

Meantime, the firing had become stronger. Away ahead, Bill's party saw a long line of men lying about on a ridge of sand. They were firing furiously at the advancing scouts.

"I reckon that's a patrol. We'd better scatter them," ordered Bill, going forward in the most brazen manner to capture about twenty men. According to the rules of war this was impossible. Hence the sudden appearance of a "Brass Hat" with a white band on his arm.

"Here—you!" he shouted to Bill and his men.

"Well, matey—what's wrong?"

"You're out of action—clear out," said the officer, a little annoyed at the term "matey."

"Hands up," said Bill, shoving in a round of blank and presenting his rifle at the man on the horse.

"Confound your cheek—how dare you——"

"No lip, old cock. Get off that gee-gee."

"Don't you know who I am? I'm Colonel Redtabs——"

"And I'm Bill Buster, boss of this scoutin' show. You can't fool me—I'm an Australian."

"Hang it all! Don't you know I'm an umpire?"

"Look here, this ain't a cricket match. Get off, or I'll blow you off," said Bill, fingering his trigger. The old colonel, realising that he was dealing with a too zealous scout, unacquainted with the rules of mimic warfare, jumped off his horse.

"Now, Sandy, get on that horse."

"What?" said Sandy, a little confused.

"Get on that horse or I'll blow you *on*," ordered Bill, somewhat annoyed at the waste of time.

Sandy jumped up.

"Now, take this bloke back to Colonel Killeem. Tell him he's a poor fellow wot's wrong in his head, an' thinks he's at a cricket match."

The captured umpire, who was a sportsman with a real sense of humour, laughed heartily as he was led away.

"Knew he was mad," commented Bill, as he watched him go. "Now, Paddy, that patrol has scooted; let's get after them."

The attack was now well into the first stage. The scouts of the Lancashires were fighting a running action with the scouts and patrols of the Australians. From knoll to knoll they were pressed, both sides skilfully using every fold in the ground. Bill, by this time, had increased his army to about twenty men. Using the most original adjectives and assuming a superior air, he ordered his command about like some old fire-eating colonel. His vigorous pursuit kept the enemy busy, but eventually they pulled him up in front of a roughly-made sangar. This was a strong detached post thrown out in front of the outpost line. The defenders gave his little army a fierce fusillade of blank.

"That's up *you*, Buffalo Bill," said the mischievous Doolan.

"Silence in the ranks," roared Bill, who was taking himself very seriously. He carefully surveyed the position, which held fifty men. They were not to be moved, that was evident. Bill determined to do so.

"Fix bayonets!" he shouted.

"Ain't allowed," said a stripling at his side.

"Fix bayonets!" he ordered again.

"I tell you it ain't allowed at these sham shows. Colonel's orders."

"Look 'ere, you take Bill Buster's orders, or you'll get a thick ear." That settled the matter.

"Charge!" roared the leader, jumping up and leading the twenty full-blooded desperadoes up to the redoubt.

"Halt, you fellows! Halt!" roared a Lancashire subaltern, jumping up. "Are you off your bally heads?"

"'Ere, mate, you're supposed to be dead," said Bill, panting and blowing, but holding a bayonet at his chest. The remainder of his party were, meantime, tickling the fast retreating Lancashire lads with the points of their bayonets.

"Don't you know who I am?" said the indignant subaltern.

"Look 'ere, young fellow, you're supposed to be dead."

"How dare you—I'm an officer!"

"I'm Bill Buster. Now will you lie down an' kid you're dead. That's wot you've got to do at these shows."

"Don't be a bally ass!"

"All right, cocky; hand me that sword."

As Bill's bayonet looked rather unpleasant, the officer complied. Then Bill sat down. Pulling a black stump of a pencil out of his pocket, he proceeded to write a dispatch. It was as follows:

"DEAR CURNEL,—Paddy Doolan an' I, with twenty boys, just captured enemy's position. Enemy running like blazes. The officer bloke refuses to be dead. I'm sending him to you. We're just goin' off to try an' capture a general.—Yours,

"BILL BUSTER."

"P.S.—Did you get that mad fellow wot thinks we're playin' cricket? Pore chap!"

This letter and the prisoner were dispatched under escort to Colonel Killem in rear. Bill again proceeded to join the long line of scouts which now faced the outposts of the enemy. This was the second stage of the attack. The "screen" now came up and thickened the Australian line. Many officers came with it, so Bill, without protest, vacated the post of "general."

"Bang, bang, bang!" went the rifles. "Z-r-r-p-rip-rip!" went the machine-guns, while the sullen boom of the field artillery in rear indicated that matters were becoming interesting.

"Advance by rushes," ordered the senior Australian officer in the front line.

"Why don't you let us give 'em the bayonet?" muttered Bill, disagreeing with the tactics of his superior.

"Shut up," ordered an old sergeant.

"All right, funny-face."

"Consider yourself a prisoner," was the final word of the N.C.O. as they went forward on the rush. Bill wished for more than a round of blank.

Section after section took up a new line. Then the rushes started again. All the time the rifles were spitting out their fire. They reached within fifty yards of the outpost line. As this was simply a protective screen, and not the line of resistance, the enemy's outpost companies commenced to fade away systematically in the direction of their main body.

"Prepare to charge," ordered the officer.

"With bayonets?" queried Bill.

"No," he snapped.

"Wot's a bloomin' bayonet for?" asked Bill when the officer was out of hearing.

"For openin' jam tins, ye fathead," said Paddy.

"Charge!" The long line rose like one man. With a great cheer they swept away the remnants of the outpost companies and occupied the ridge. This gave the Australians a complete view of the main position. Both flanks rested on impassable obstacles. The front was secured by imaginary entanglements, backed up by a series of trenches and an array of Maxims and guns. This was the information required by the Australian G.O.C. The reconnaissance had served its purpose. The "Assembly" was sounded, and the field day seemed done.

But war is full of surprises, and it is the surprises which make or mar a general's name. While General Fearless and his force were rallying for lunch all were suddenly surprised by a fearful roll of musketry on the right.

"By gad, sir—we're trapped!" said the Chief of Staff, jumping up. "Shall I order the brigades to form to the right, and meet this attack?"

"No," said Fearless, coolly eating his sandwich. "Get me some information."

"But they may decimate us in the meantime, sir."

"Get me information, please," was the quiet and more firm command.

Two aides-de-camp were sent at the gallop towards the mysterious force which had suddenly appeared and was furiously firing blank. They found the New Zealanders pressing on in three separate lines towards them.

"It's a proper trap," said one of the gallopers. "And look to our rear. There's more there. This flank business is a feint. They're trying to smash us behind, and they're 'cute enough not to fire a shot from that direction. Say, Brown, gallop back and tell the general, and I'll try and bluff this front line here." Away went the messenger while the other young staff officer galloped into the front line of New Zealanders.

"The New Zealanders will cease fire," said the daring galloper. His staff cap commanded the respect of an innocent subaltern. He blew his whistle. More whistles were heard. In two minutes all was comparatively still.

"You will commence firing again in fifteen minutes. Pass it along." Down the line went the false order. Smiling inwardly, the shrewd aide-de-camp galloped away. Meantime the Australian G.O.C. had acted vigorously. Throwing out two regiments to hold the feinting force on his right, he then turned the other brigades about. These were deployed at the double, sent forward with a rush, and, in three minutes, dug shelter trenches in the sand. They were ordered to keep low until the main body of the New Zealanders pressed the attack well home. It was an exciting moment. And the Maorilanders expected an easy win. On they came in their long skirmishing lines. At last they were within fifty yards of the hidden Australians.

"Rapid fire!"

Bang! Zrrrp—Boom! Boom! Boom! crashed rifles, Maxims, and guns. The New Zealanders were startled. Before they had recovered from their surprise, Fearless ordered the "Charge!" Like deerhounds, his men rose up and dashed pell-mell into the panic-stricken host. There was a shock, a wavering, and then a pell-mell rush to the rear. The Australians had won. They had *not* been surprised.

"Cease fire! Sound the 'Officers' Call,'" ordered the chief umpire, galloping up. From far and near came the leaders to the pow-wow.

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"Well, gentlemen," said the umpire (the Commander-in-Chief), "I've seen much to-day. There has been little to deplore and a great deal to commend. Throughout the whole show there has been shown skill, enthusiasm, and dash. Leadership was good, communication fair, and nothing very rash was done. Your eight months' training has improved you beyond recognition.

"To-day I tested our Australian friends. I planned to trick them, to throw them into confusion, and to cause a general panic by a sudden onslaught while they were resting and apparently finished for the day. The trap failed because General Fearless was cool and appreciated the situation. That, to me, is an important point. The surprises of war are the things which make us or break us. Surprises in South Africa smashed more reputations than anything else. It is perfectly easy at manoeuvres to carry out a scheme laid down. It is not easy suddenly to meet a dramatic development or side issue.

"Now for another point. Our colonial friends still suffer from an abundance of vitality and the too daring use of the initiative. That is a good fault, and yet a bad one. In guerilla warfare it

would be a tremendous asset. In a concerted scheme it might prove disastrous. No matter how daring and clever the individual soldier or officer, if he forgets that there are men, sections, regiments, and brigades to his right or left—if he fails to appreciate the full value of co-ordination and co-operation, he is a danger to himself and his force. Of course, gentlemen, I fully appreciate that this charming recklessness of our overseas cousins is due to temperament, not to intent or a desire to be big at the expense of their fellows. That is why we have trained you so hard. Without any desire to give offence, I say boldly that the Australians and New Zealanders are an infinitely better trained, better disciplined, and, therefore, a more useful body of men than was sent by these Dominions to South Africa.

"It has been a very long, weary road, gentlemen. Your men, I am sure, have cursed me often. But grouching is the privilege of the soldier. Indeed, I always suspect the man who doesn't grouse. He is either too meek, or else he is like a Quaker—far too respectable. And this great camp of ours would, indeed, be dull without the original adjectives of our Australasians.

"That is all, gentlemen, except this—and it is important—in a few weeks you will be in active service. We expect great things of the Australasians, the Twenty-ninth Division, and our Lancashire men; and I know that we shall receive of your best. Good-day, gentlemen." And off rode the handsome courtier and soldier with a rousing cheer ringing in his ears. There's nothing like brains; and there's a great deal in tact. Ask a colonial.

## CHAPTER VII

### THE LANDING

A great convoy of transports, guarded by destroyers, ploughed silently through the waters which lap the European side of the Gallipoli Peninsula. The ships had the Australian force on board, and the destroyers were there to assist them in one of the most daring missions in modern war.

All lights were out and strict silence was observed. Each man had, therefore, time to commune with the spirits of those nine thousand miles away. It was not a time for the buffoon; they were faced with all the dread perils of war.

Nearer and nearer the ships drew to their objective. At last they reached the point assigned them by the Staff. A quiet signal was given. Destroyers, pinnaces, and row boats were placed at the sides of the transports, rough gangways thrown out, and the command to move quietly was passed along. Noiselessly they stepped from the transports; but all the while there was an electric-like feeling around the heart—that peculiar something which only the soldier knows. However, there wasn't time to romance or moralise. War rules out sentiment and fears. There was a job to be done.

When each boat was packed with its human freight, the gangways were slipped, cables thrown off, and all were quietly towed to the shore. It was still dark—one hour, in fact, before the dawn. When close inshore, the hand of Providence proved kind. This took the form of a strong current—so strong, in fact, that it pressed the boats away from the point previously assigned for the landing and washed them into a safer part for the historic encounter.

That current saved thousands of Australian lives; indeed, it may have ensured the success of the mission. Had the Australians landed at the point decided on, it is doubtful whether the landing would have been so thoroughly effective as it proved on the other beach.

"Not much doing—eh?" said Colonel Killem to his adjutant as he peered through the darkness to the shore. Indeed, it seemed that the enemy had left this shore unguarded. But the Turks are wily soldiers. They allowed the boats to near the shore, then opened up a murderous rifle and machine-gun fire.

"Gad! Boys, I'm hit!" said a subaltern, falling, his blood spurting in a stream all over his clothes.

"So'm I!" said another youngster with a ping in his arm.

"Holy Father, preserve us!" muttered Doolan, crossing himself, as they grated on the shore.

"Jump, boys, jump!" shouted the colonel. There was no need to tell them, no need to show the lead. They leaped pluckily from their boats and dashed up the beach. There was a pause while a few collected.

Then, seeing the Turks firing furiously from a trench ahead, somebody yelled out, "Charge!" A cheer electrified the chilling dawn as they rushed on. Some were killed; some fell, wounded, on the way; the others pressed forward, their faces grim, their eyes alert, and the muscles of their



arms all taut with the fierce gripping of the rifles in their hands. It was their first charge; but they did it like the veterans of Corunna and Waterloo.

"Allah! Allah!" shouted the Turks as they neared the trenches.

"Too late, old cock," said Bill, plunging his bayonet home.

"That's one for Paddy Doolan."

"Help, Paddy; this big deevil's got me," yelled Sandy, who had been struck by a Turk. Crash went the Irishman's butt on the Turk's skull, and he fell back dead. Sandy's wound was dressed, and he was sent to the rear. Meantime some supports had come up.

Seeing the Turks fleeing into another trench some fifty yards up the slope, the colonel ordered them to charge again. The Australians' blood was up. They had seen red and had felt success. They wanted more. Throwing off their cumbersome packs, they charged forward again.

"They've got me," shouted an officer, throwing up his arms and letting out the awful shriek of death. But this withering fire did not appal these young Australians. The sight of their comrades, dead and wounded, roused them more. Revenge set their faces hard, and with many a fierce and terrible oath they leaped into the second trench.

"The Australians will retire," said an officer, jumping in front of the attacking line.

"Who said so?" asked Colonel Killem, looking at the man.

"I say so. I'm one of zee Staff."

"You damned German!" shouted the colonel, shooting him dead. The game which had been so well played in France did not come off.

The remnants of the Turks were bayoneted and butted to death; but the main body were fleeing up the hill.

"Rapid fire!" roared the colonel; but the eager men were already after the enemy with the bayonet. Up the steep, steep sides of the cliff they clambered and stumbled. It was more like a race for a prize than a juggle with death. Occasionally the morning light showed the red blood on the bayonets and hands of the charging men.

These blood-stained, panting soldiers terrified the Turks at the top of the hill. Their tactics had surprised them. They had looked for the usual musketry assault; instead, they had received the chilling steel. And the bayonet on a cold morning is a sight that sickens the best. Furiously they pumped another dose of lead into the gallant Australians. More fell dead, others dropped wounded, blood spattered the grass, and above the din of musketry and guns could be heard the cries of:

"Bearers—stretcher bearers!"

"Water, for God's sake!"

"Send up the doctor."

"I'm done, boys—I'm d-o-n-e!"

The units, by this time, had become mixed. Many officers had been killed. There was that confusion which is found in all attacks. Still, all these men knew that "forward—forward" was the game. The roughest and most daring took charge of little groups, and, with these, they cheered, cursed, and leaped into the trench at the edge of the green plateau. Again, the main body had fled, leaving the more weary and stubborn to defend the hill.

"Kill the beggars!"

"Plug his bread-basket!"

These were some of the things that were shouted, for all soldiers, in a charge, curse like Marlborough's troops did in Flanders.

A charge seems a terrible thing when reading of it at one's fireside. Folks shiver and ask, "How can they do it? Don't they feel afraid?" They may at the outset; but the noise, the swing, the officers' inspiration, the sight of blood and a fleeing foe damp down the sensitiveness of culture and recreate the primitive lust to kill.

For the moment the man is a savage; Nature blinds him to the perils of wounds and death. Duty steels him harder still, and pride of race tells him that he must do as his fathers did—die like a gentleman and a soldier.

The success of the first troops inspired the following reserves. They all wanted to emulate the Kangaroo Marines and other dashing corps. Without waiting for their complete units, these little

groups crawled, floundered, and wriggled their way up the gully on to the hill. It was now daylight. As they gained the summit the Turks greeted them with terrific bursts of shrapnel and common shell. The crack, the white puff of smoke, then the scattering balls of lead did not dismay these warriors.

It roused their curiosity, and, like schoolboys, some stopped to see the fun of the show. Cover they disdained. They were too proud to duck and hide in a hole or trench. This was the recklessness for which they had to pay. Yet it was useful. It taught them that to take advantage of all cover was the modern soldier's game.

"Extend, boys, extend!" roared an officer as the reserves came up. They ran out and tried to make a long, rough line. They could see the fleeing Turks, and behind them the Kangaroo Marines and other members of the first landing force. Ahead was a little valley and then a slope. This was commanded by the Turks.

"Come on, boys," shouted an officer.

Little groups, under subalterns, N.C.O.'s, or privates with the leader's instinct, dashed towards this hill. More were killed, more wounded on the way; but, undaunted, they pushed on. Up the slopes crawled, clambered, and cursed the dashing infantry. They reached their objective, and, again, the Turks had gone.

"My God—what a sight!" said Claud, looking behind. The ground was dotted with dead and dying. Wounded men crawled and limped to the rear, their clothes soaked in blood. Men with limbs shattered to pulp lay moaning and pleading for death. Others, slightly wounded, poured water down the parched throats of the suffering. It was a shambles. It was war.

Yet the touch of mercy and humanity was not absent. Doctors and bearers, disdaining death, tended the wounded and dying. Under a ruthless fire orderlies carried the sufferers down to the beach below. Many were killed at the job. Nobly they stuck to it. The heroism of these Red Cross men is one of the finest things in the Gaba Tepe show.

The attack had now developed into a galloping pursuit. Turks were demoralised, and after them went the Australians like whippets on the course. There was no regular line. Little units were here and there. It was the day for the born leader. Having no precise information as to where the pursuit should end and a defensive line made, many pushed right on with a courage that was amazing.

One group was caught in a gully and decimated; others, who pushed almost across the Peninsula, were either killed, wounded, or captured. The remainder, realising the need of consolidating into a general line, came back to the main body. With their entrenching tools they dug holes in the ground, and from behind these little mounds of earth they kept up a steady fire. Without rations, without water—and, at times, without ammunition—they patiently hung on.

All this, too, in a sweltering heat and in the centre of a terrific bombardment. It was the greatest trial any force could have experienced. The Australians exceeded all expectations.

"They're coming back again," said an officer late that afternoon.

Sure enough, there was the Turkish host. Rapid fire wiped many out; still on they came right up to the line. The Australians charged. And all day it was charge and counter-charge. Officers have seldom displayed the tenacity and courage of these Australians' leaders. They played the game as well as the scions of Eton and other historic schools. And then God, in His mercy, sent down the fall of night. This hid the shambles, gave ease to the wounded and dying, and allowed the living to snatch a drink and bite.

But none were idle. On their knees, on their backs, on their sides, they had to dig in, for the fire was still deadly and many were being killed and wounded. The sailors worked like Trojans, bringing rations, ammunition, and reserves ashore. Thanks to them, the gunners, and the untiring zeal of the Staff, the line next day was fairly well established.

The landing was complete; they had achieved what the Germans had advertised as the impossible. Australians have, therefore, every right to feel proud. And all Britishers ought to feel proud of them too.

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"Well, boys—how's things?" asked Colonel Killem, one day, when visiting his men in the trenches.

"A1 at Lloyd's, colonel. But I reckon we ought to pull old Johnny Turk's leg."

"How?"

"Play tricks on him. Give a cheer an' kid we're going to charge. They'll fire every bally round they've got."

"Good idea, Buster—good idea! We'll do that to-night."

About 8 P.M. that night the whole front line fixed bayonets and showed them above the parapet. At a given signal all let out a ringing cheer. The poor old Turks got into an awful stew. Machine-guns, field-guns, and rifles opened up a terrific fire. They kept it up for over half an hour, firing thousands of rounds.

"Another cheer, boys," ordered the colonel.

"Bang! Bang! Bang!" went the Turks again. The ruse was a splendid one. But the wily Turk tumbled to the game at last.

"We'll need to get something new, boys; that game's played out," said the colonel next day.

After consulting his men they hit on another scheme. About twenty men were ordered to fix bayonets and continually pass along the line, allowing their bayonets to show above the parapet as they marched along.

On reaching the end they pulled their rifles down and crept back to where they had started from. Again they marched along, showing their bayonets, as before. The old Turks simply saw this constant stream of bayonets. They concluded that the Australians were massing for the attack. The Turks lined their trenches and opened up another furious fusillade, supported by machine-guns and shrapnel. Thousands of rounds were expended before they realised that they had been fooled once more.

There was a lull next day, so Bill and his friends shaved off their whiskers and had a bath in a cupful of water. Claud cleaned his eyeglass, and Paddy went in search of a glass of rum from some of the sailors. Sandy, then on light duty, opened up a business as a curio agent. He swapped Turkish rifles, bullet clips, and other things for pieces of bread, a tin of jam, a tasty Maconochie, and some tea. This was a godsend to his famished pals in the trenches. Bill also wrote a letter home to Mrs. McGinnes, his old Sydney landlady and financier:

"DEAR OLD SPORT,—Hope's your well. I'm well, but the Turks ain't well. Reckon we've killed millions of 'em. Ain't got the V.C. yet. There's a shipload comin' next week for The Kangaroo Boys. You can 'ave mine for a brooch. Likin' the life fine here—except the bullets. They generally kills a feller wot ain't careful. There ain't no undertakers out here. When we wants a new kit we generally borrows the clothes an' boots of a dead feller. We live in little 'oles jist like rabbits, an' the old Turks keep throwin' nasty things called bombs. They ain't nice—one blew a feller's head off last night. Pore chap, an' he had such a nice pair of trousers—I've got 'em on now. The snipers are nasty fellers, 'demned annoyin',' as my ole friend Claud says. One keeps hittin' my loop-'ole, but I'm going to 'ave the dirty ole rascal's blood to-night. Now, ta ta, old girl. Love to the children.—Your ole friend,

"BILL BUSTER.

"P.S.—Lend me a quid. What a thirst I've got. We can generally buy rum from the sailors. Make it two quid an' I'll send you a lot of kurios.

"P.P.S.—I needs tobacco—couple of pounds 'll do. An' throw in some cigarettes. Wot a life!

"P.P.P.S.—x x x x x x x. These are for you—don't tell yer hubby. Bye-bye."

That night Claud spotted Bill crawling out of the trenches.

"Where are you going, you silly ass?"

"Who's silly?" said Bill, looking back at his friend in the trench.

Ping! went a bullet from the sniper. It went right through his trousers, but missed his leg.

"It's that feller I'm after."

Before Claud could detain him he disappeared. Dropping on to his knees, he crawled for some distance, then lay flat.

Ping went the sniper's bullet again. He saw the flash. This incidentally revealed the position of the Turk. Fixing his bayonet, Bill made a wide detour, At last he arrived in rear of his object.

Ping! went the rifle again. So intent was the sniper on his job that he did not hear the crawling man behind. Like a snake, Bill wriggled along. He finished up ten yards behind his man. This sniper had killed and wounded thirty men in two days. He did not deserve a quick dispatch, and Bill had no intention of giving him that. With a bound, he jumped on him, and pinned him right through the shoulders with his bayonet.

"Allah! Allah!" shrieked the man, in the most dreadful pain.

"Old Allah ain't no good to you now. Get up!" And he was lifted up with the bayonet.

When he rose from the ground Bill found he had a green bush tied all round him. His face and hands were afterwards found to be painted green. All this the Turks had acquired from their German masters.

"Now, old cock, run!" said Bill, pushing the man in front.

Screaming with pain the sniper was pushed at the double right up to the Australian trench.

"What's all that row there?" roared the Colonel.

"Jest been catchin' a sniper, Colonel," answered Bill, throwing his man off the bayonet into the trench. He dropped dead at the Colonel's feet.

"A good death for him, too," said Sam, thinking of the fine fellows this man had killed and wounded. A sniper, let it be known, does not play the clean game of war, and any punishment is justifiable.

Bill had given him his deserts.

## CHAPTER VIII

### "HELL-FIRE POST"

*"Bullets here, bullets there,  
Bullets, bullets everywhere."*

Such is trench life. Death at every corner, death at every moment of the day. Bullets plunk against the parapet with a monotonous regularity; others crack in the air like a whip, while some whiz past the ear like a great queen bee. At odd intervals a dose of shrapnel heightens the nerves, and now and again a high-explosive comes down with a shuddering boom!

A trench isn't the place for a lady, it isn't the place for a mild-mannered curate. It's the place for blunt, hard and active men. In fact, the nearer man is to the brute creation the better he is at this game. The highly strung, carefully fed, hot-house plant, such as a mamma's darling, hasn't a look in. He finds it a beastly bore, and longs for the drawing-room cushions and afternoon tea. Trench life reveals the best and shows the worst. A man's nature stands out like a statue. For trench life a man needs the stomach of a horse, the strength of a lion, and the nerves of a navvy. Any man can do a bayonet charge; any man can shoot down the charging host; but it takes a braver man to live in a trench month after month. His nostrils are filled with the stench of the fallen, for his parapet is frequently built up with the dead. His tea is made with water polluted with germs, the bully beef stew is generally soaked in dust and sand.

And the flies! They're worse than all, the pestilential breed! Flies kill more men than bullets. Flies were surely invented by some ancient Hun.

Trench life in France is a picnic compared with the Dardanelles. In France, one *can* get soft bread, fresh coffee and yesterday's *Times*. But, in the Dardanelles it is biscuits and bully, bully and biscuits—without the news of Pollokshields and Mayfair. Yet, despite the severity of things, the Australasians were ever serene. To them it was a sporting game. They had been used to boiling their own billy cans; used to looking for firewood; used to making a shanty wherein to lay their heads. Where the Cockney might die from heat and thirst, the Australasian can thrive like a Zulu or aborigine. City bred troops demand an organisation of things; Australasian troops organise things for themselves. And where our friends of The Kangaroo Marines were certainly demanded all their cunning and courage. It was called "Hell-Fire Post." This was on the left of the Australian line, within thirty yards of the Turks. The post had developed from a thin line of holes into a strong redoubt. Many had died, more had been wounded in defending this place, but it was worth it. This was the key of the whole line. That was why The Kangaroo Marines were there. When they took it over, they found the parapets thin and bullets coming in all round.

"Hot shop, by Jove!" said Claud, adjusting his monocle to look through an aperture.

Crack! came a bullet, just missing his head.

"Better take that window out of yer face," said Bill.

"Why?"

"Them ole snipers thinks yer a general."

"My dear fellow, you're a positive bore—now, lend me a hand." And Claud, despite the whizzing bullets, filled more sandbags and shoved them up with a shovel. Bill helped him to make a V-shaped aperture. This work was continued all along the line. But all the sandbags and crack shots could not keep the rifle fire down. To move a hand or head above the level of the ground meant a wound.

"This won't do," said the Colonel, as he made his morning visit on his hands and knees.

"It's like a penny shooting show, Colonel," said Bill.

"Why?"

"Me an' the boys are doin' running man for them fellers over there. They chip bits on yer head, an' bits on yer chest. It ain't comfortable. It ain't war."

"It's sudden daith," chipped in Sandy Brown.

"All right, boys, I'll send up something to-day. Cheer up, you'll soon be at Manly amongst the girls," and off went Killem on his rounds. That afternoon a dozen big iron plates came up. These were square with a hole in the centre. This hole was covered by a little iron door, which could be lifted at will. Bill and his pals seized one and commenced to fix it in position. Under a hail of lead they worked sweating, grousing and cursing all the time. At last it was fixed and ready for business.

"This is my shot," said Bill, taking hold of his rifle. Slowly he opened the door, then peeped through.

"I see one, boys!"

"Where?" they whispered.

"Behind some bags. Gosh, ain't he ugly. He's got a face like a black puddin', and the eyes of a snake. He ain't a bit of Turkish delight, anyhow, I wouldn't like to lick his old face. Wheesht, boys, he's goin' to shoot."

"At you?"

"No! Some fathead down the line. But I'll get the one-eyed Moslem blighter," muttered Bill, taking careful aim.

"Mind yis don't hit the ould fellow up in the moon," said Paddy just as Bill let go.

"Ye spud-faced Paddy. Ye—ye—ye——" blurted out Bill, throwing down his gun in anger.

"Missed, be Jasus—yis couldn't hit the town of Sydney at a hundred yards. Paddy Doolan's the man for that job." He seized the rifle, but just as he was going to open the little iron door there was a rattle of bullets all over the plate.

"Down, boys, down," he shouted.

"It's a beastly Maxim," said Claud, looking up. And a Maxim it was. In ten minutes the so-called armoured plate was riddled. This was the experience with nearly all the other plates—one of the many annoying problems of war. However, the new plates were doubled and bolted. Then they were covered with sandbags and erected so as not to be too obvious on the parapet. This scheme defied the sniper and the Maxim, and, in this way, the Turks' fire was subdued. This was important. In trench warfare the enemy must be terrorised. Not a head must be allowed to bob up, not a rifle and eye seen. Snipers must be hunted to death and given such a hefty and quick dispatch as to intimidate their successors. Water parties and ration parties have to be set on the run; reinforcements spotted and scattered; officers, too, must be kept in their place—below the parapet, if not below the sod. All of this means that the enemy gets demoralised and sickened. And when he has had a month or two of this gentle treatment he is easily dealt with when the time comes for an offensive and bayonet charge.

Of course, the Turks did not let the Australasians have it entirely their own way. When sniping and rifle fire became too dangerous, they resorted to the bomb. The bomb isn't a respectable thing. It sometimes takes your head off, and frequently punctures the system in rather an ugly manner. When a bomb hits, you know it. It is something like a railway engine striking a match-box. These Turkish bomb-throwers had some idea of making a sort of Irish slew out of their opponents' bodies. They bombed *and* bombed *and* bombed. Now, this wasn't at all polite, and it was most uncomfortable, especially when sitting down to a stolen Maconochie—an appetising dish. These bombs burst the parapets, ripped up the sandbags, and knocked men's brains into other men's eyes. Most annoying! One morning a bomb just missed Bill's head.

"What the—who the—why the—— These blamed ole Turks think my head's a coconut," said Bill.

"I hope they'll never hit your head," remarked Claud.

"Why?"

"It's too full——"

"Of water," interjected Paddy.

"Yes, there *would* be a flood," concluded Claud, as he lit his pipe. Just then an order was sent down to pass all empty jam tins to the rear.

"Wot's the jam tins for?"

"Fly traps," said Paddy.

"Spect we'll have to dig the lead out of the dead men's bodies next," grouched Bill, as he went down the trenches to collect the fly-covered jam tins. These were sent down to the beach in bags, causing many a grouse on the way. Rumour had it that some Jew had made a contract for the empty tins, another yarn was that they were for growing flowers round the General's dug-out. But mysterious and resourceful are the ways of the General Staff! These jam tins were redelivered to The Kangaroo Marines next day in the shape of bombs.

"Well I'm jiggered!" said Bill. "First they puts jam in tins, next they puts bombs in them."

"And then they'll shove you in them," interjected Claud.

"What for?"

"Prime Australian beef, fresh tinned, straight from the Dardanelles. That would look well on a label."

"Yis couldn't do that with Bill," said Paddy.

"Why?"

"He's a bit high——"

Bang! came a Turkish bomb at that moment, scattering the group into their shelters below the parapets.

"Ye dirty, mouldy-faced sons of dog-eatin', blue-nosed spalpeens—Oi'll bomb yis," roared Paddy, gripping a jam tin and lighting the fuse.

Bang! it went. Bang! Bang! Bang! went more.

"*Some* jam," said Bill, as he watched through the periscope. And then they heard moaning, shrieks, and shouts of "Allah, Allah."

"More jam," ordered Bill. And more jam they received. It wasn't sweet, and certainly unpalatable. And it didn't stick. Tins labelled "Apricot," "Marmalade," "Black Currant," and "Raspberry," went hurtling through the air, then burst in a very nasty way above the poor old Turks' trenches. This battle of jam bombs made the Turks much more respectful for a time. Indeed, one of the officers, who must have been a sportsman, flung over a note, on which was written:

"DEAR AUSTRALIANS,—We like jam—in fact, we could do with a tin of it, but not that dam—jam—jammy stuff you were putting over last night.—Yours fraternally,

"YUSSEF BEY."

"By Jove! He's a sport—let's chuck him a tin," said Claud. And over it went. The Turks scattered and waited, but there was no explosion. With a smile the Turkish officer picked up the tin. Unfastening a note tied round it, he read:

"DEAR YUSSEF,—This is the *real* stuff. By the way, you were at Rugby with me. Shall be sorry to kill you.—Yours, etc.,

"CLAUD DUFAIR."

Plunk! came a stone into the Australian lines; round it was fixed a note:

"DEAR CLAUD,—Many thanks—it was a god-send. Fancy you being here. I thought you would have been guarding the Marys and Mauds of London from the Zepps. Congrats! Of course, I shall be sorry to kill *you*.—Yours, etc.,

"YUSSEF BEY.

"*P.S.*—There will be no firing to-day—go to bed."

And there was no firing. This Turkish officer, like every other Turkish soldier, was a gentleman.

It is remarkable how circumstances produce the inventor. At Hell-Fire Post the men found that the ordinary square periscope was almost useless. Every time one went up, bang went a Turk's rifle, and the periscope was blown to smithereens. Indeed, The Kangaroos lost nearly all their periscopes in the first few days. Now this was awkward. Periscopes are life-savers, for the periscope prevents a man pushing his head above the parapet to see if Johnny Turk is coming over to say "Good morning." Something had to be done, so the famous quartette began to cudgel their brains.

"I've got it," said Claud, picking up a walking-stick.

"Got what," inquired Bill.

"An idea—you watch." Taking a penknife out of his pocket, he deftly and quickly cut away the inner portion of the stick. This kept him busy for a couple of hours. When finished, he took a little pocket mirror out of his haversack.

"Too big," said Bill.

"No, it isn't," answered Claud, slipping a diamond ring off his finger. He scratched the mirror, then cut two pieces out of it. These he fixed into the walking-stick. "There you are now—a brand new periscope." And it proved just the thing. The field of vision was quite good. Being small it did not attract attention. The result of this discovery was that every officer's stick was immediately commandeered, and with the aid of Claud's ring and other people's mirrors, a good supply of periscopes were made.

"You think you're smart fellers, I suppose," said Bill, his envy roused by this success. "But I'll show you fellers something in a day or two."

"What is it?"

"'Wait and see,' as old Asquith says." For the next few days Bill was seen in close communion with a fellow Australian. They went about the trenches picking up bits of wood, nails, mirrors, and other odds and ends. These were carried into the little hole of the inventive genius, and there all gradually saw the growth of a wonderful invention. It wasn't Bill's idea exactly. He was simply the managing director, who stimulated curiosity, and fetched the mysterious genius the necessary supplies of material. Anyone who ventured too near the sacred sanctum was told to "hop it."

"What's that ould rascal doin'?" Paddy remarked one day.

"A bomb-thrower," said Sandy.

"Barbed wire burster," suggested Claud.

"No, it ain't," interjected Bill, who happened to come along at the time.

"What is it, then?"

"It's a man-killer. You can sit down in yer bed and kill all the ole Turks in front. They can't see who's killin' them."

"When do you try it?"

"To-day." And he did. That afternoon the inventor allowed Bill to have the trial shot. The instrument, in brief, was a periscope rifle. With the aid of an ordinary rifle, mirrors and wood fixed up in a rough, but ingenious way, there had been produced a killing instrument, which allowed the user to see and to kill without being seen. This was a godsend, for many of the casualties at this post were due to men aiming through the loopholes or over the parapet.

"Here goes," said Bill, fixing the rifle in position.

"See anything?"

"Yes, a big feller. I'll get him in his ole fat head." Slowly and steadily he took aim, then bang went his rifle.

"Got him! Got him! Right in his coconut," shouted Bill with a grim delight.

The invention was hailed as a great success, and the inventor complimented all round. His orders were many, and his instrument soon became general throughout the whole line. Indeed, it was owing to this wonderful invention that the rifle fire of the Turks was again subdued to a remarkable extent.

Other remarkable things were invented by these resourceful fellows. The General Staff also supplied them with new machines of war. One of the finest was the Japanese bomb-thrower, an instrument which threw a great, big bomb like a well-filled melon. This went tumbling over and over, like an acrobat doing a somersault, then burst in the most startling way. The explosion was terrific and destruction amazing. Parapets, trenches, men and Maxims were all destroyed if near the point of contact. "*Some* bomb!" as the boys said.

In this sort of warfare it is always the progressive and alert man who wins. It is useless sitting down and grousing. Every means, every trick is justifiable so long as the methods are fair and according to the rules of war. When the history of this war is written special attention ought to be devoted to the many devices which have been employed by the soldier. For example, the Turks opposite to The Kangaroos were always sapping towards the Australasian lines. This was a nuisance. The constant pick! pick! pick! upset everybody. Night after night these Turkish moles had to be bombed away. One evening a sapping party recommenced operations quite near to Claud and his friends.

"At it again," Bill remarked.

"Yes, they're a beastly nuisance, I'll have to worry them a bit," said Claud, picking up a little paper bag. He fixed a piece of thin white string round it, then jumped over the parapet. It was quite dark, so he was perfectly safe. Crawling on his hands and knees, he at last reached within ten yards of the sapping Turks. For a few minutes he lay still. His eyes got used to the darkness, enabling him to get a glimpse of the diggers. Pulling out the paper bag, he threw it smartly towards the hole. It burst on the edge of the parapet and the contents scattered all round. Claud waited.

Aitchoo! went one.

Aitchoo! went another.

Aitchoo! went a third.

Aitchoo! Aitchoo! Aitchoo! sneezed all the Turks between their oriental grunts and curses.

Claud burst out laughing and so gave himself away. A head popped out of the hole. Claud was seen. Down it went, and up came a rifle, but before the Turk could fire, Claud, who had a couple of bombs prepared, flung them into the hole. There was a loud bang! bang! followed by a series of shouts, shrieks and moans. The sapping party fled for their lives. This was as Claud desired, so he quietly crawled back to his trench.

"Got 'em that time, Dufair," said an officer as he tumbled in.

"Yes, sir."

"By the way, what was all the sneezing about?"

"A little trick, sir," laughed Claud.

"Was it snuff you chucked at them?"

"No, common or garden pepper, issued with the rations."

"Good," said the officer pursuing his rounds.

Now it was on this same evening that Paddy Doolan roused the whole regiment to a state of alarm. He was on sentry go on the extreme left of his regiment's line. Being dark, Paddy began to feel the effects of things supernatural. Every sound, every moving leaf or blade was a Turk. He had fired at a few nothings, and during a spell of silence he was amazed to hear on his left a chattering in a strange tongue.

"Turks, be Jasus, they're in our trenches. Mother of Mary, preserve us," said Paddy, crossing himself. He listened again. They were chanting a weird dirge. It was something between a Highland lament and a Hindoo snake song. Paddy was amazed. Life seemed to be a shorter affair, and he pictured himself lying dead on the parapet with his throat cut. His teeth were chattering, and his nerves on the run. At last he managed to bellow out, "Stand to!" The half-sleeping men jumped to their rifles and waited below the parapet.

"What's up, Doolan?" said the officer on reaching them.

"Turks in our trenches, sor. Heaven preserve us."



"Where?"

"There, sor! There, sor! Listen to them."

The officer listened. He heard the weird chanting. It wasn't English, it didn't seem Turkish. What on earth was it, he wondered. At last he made up his mind.

"Here, six of you fix bayonets, follow me," and down the communication trench he crouched and crawled towards the left. They now neared the weird chanting noise. The officer cocked his revolver and whispered back, "Get ready, boys." Then, dashing round a bend, he burst on to a dark-skinned group.

"Hands up!" he shouted.

"What's up, boss?" said a smiling dusky gent in khaki, with a New Zealand badge on his shoulder.

"Who the deuce are you?"

"Maoris, boss, Maoris."

"Hang it all, I thought you were Turks. Good night."

"Good night, boss," shouted the laughing Maoris—the finest dark-skinned gentlemen in the world.

## CHAPTER IX

### A BRAVE NEW ZEALANDER

There's a difference between the New Zealander and Australian, and the difference is this: when an Australian says "Home," he means Australia; when a New Zealander says "Home," he means the Old Country. The sense of nationality is deep in the Australian's soul; the sense of dependence and kinship is wrapped round the New Zealander's heart. Australia is the older Dominion, and the Australian, like the Canadian, is keen on running his own affairs. New Zealand is younger; many of its first settlers are still alive, so their eyes and their children's eyes are always turned to the land called "Home."

Fifty years hence the New Zealander will be like the Australian—a keen exponent of nationhood and all that that means. But, understand, when I speak of nationhood as applied to the Australian and New Zealander, I mean pride of race, pride of dominion, pride of achievement, and the ability to be a partner in the great Empire that is ours. Our forefathers resented this attitude of our colonial cousins. For that reason we lost the American colonies. That lesson was good. We now realise that it is good business to let such as the Australian and New Zealander manage their own affairs. It saves us worry, it saves expense, it breeds a distinct type—a type conscious of their ability, but aware of the need of co-operation and co-ordination in Imperial defence and Imperial trade. Wise men ask no more.

Now in affairs of war there is also a difference between the New Zealander and Australian. The Australian resembles the Irishman—daring, desperate, and frequently reckless; the New Zealander resembles the Scot—equally daring, equally determined, but more canny and cautious. In brief, the New Zealander is more ready to weigh the issues and count the cost. Both types are necessary in war; both are extremely useful. Now I have reached my tale.

The General Staff had heard that the Turks were concentrating men and munitions for a great attack. Information was scarce; information was imperative, for on information the modern general depends. And this information had to come from the very centre of the Turkish defence. It was the hour for a man, and that man had to be found. That was the problem which faced the Chief of Staff. He knew that almost every officer would volunteer. He thought of many Australians; but no, their reckless bravery might wreck his schemes. And then he pictured in his eye the New Zealanders he knew. One by one they passed in review. At last he recalled "Tony," a young subaltern from Hawkes Bay. He was a graduate of an Auckland school—a strong, well-built, swarthy youth, with that coolness, daring, and acumen necessary for the job. "Yes, he'll do," muttered the Chief as he rang up the New Zealand Dragoons.

"Send Lieutenant Tony Brown to headquarters at once."

"Very good, sir," answered an orderly. In two hours Tony entered the dug-out and saluted.

"I've a job for you, Mr. Brown. It might mean your death; it might mean the D.S.O. Are you on?"

"I'm on, sir; but please explain."

"Get one of the Navy boats. Go up the coast for two miles. Land and get across into the Turkish camp. Find out the strength of these reinforcements, the guns, the ammunition, food and water supplies, and, more important, the probable date, if not the hour, of this big attack. I'll give you two days to do it. If you're not back on the third day I'll count you as dead. Understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, my lad. Here's an order to the commander of the torpedo boat at the beach. Make your own arrangements. Good luck to you," concluded the Chief, shaking him by the hand. And out went Tony on his job. It was a tough proposition for a youngster to tackle, yet he deemed it an honour. And there was no time for delay. He secured the services of two Maoris because of their strength and swarthy complexion. Turkish uniforms would make them "Turks," if need be.

The commander of the destroyer gave him a boat. This was loaded up with water, biscuits, some Turkish uniforms, and rifles, with other necessaries for the job. At night they pulled out. It was quite dark, so all was favourable at the outset. For hours the Maoris seemed to row, their only guide being the stars and dark coast-line. And then came the first peep of dawn.

"Come on, you fellows; get into these things," said the subaltern, pointing to the Turkish clothes. He did likewise. The disguise was perfect. They looked thoroughly respectable members of the Sultan's community.

"Ease in now, boys," ordered Tony as the light grew better. Gently they pulled to the shore.

"That place will do," muttered the observant sub, looking towards a shingly sort of beach beneath some cliffs. The boat grated on the pebbles. They had arrived on their daring mission.

"Now, look here, you boys; you've got to loaf round here for two days. Hide the boat and get into a dug-out. Keep a look-out for me. If I don't come back at the end of the second day, go back and tell them I've gone to Kingdom Come. Understand?"

"All right, boss," said the elder of the Maoris, a full corporal. And off went Tony. He climbed up the cliffs and found himself on a scrubby sort of soil dotted here and there with stunted trees. Away to his right he could just discern the Turkish defences, while immediately in front lay some scattered redoubts of the flanking outposts of the enemy. In the distance was a high, grassy knoll—a perfect place for observing things. He made for it, avoiding contact with some straggling Turkish soldiers on the way. By the way, it is really remarkable how one can walk through an enemy's lines when dressed in their uniform; but it takes a stout heart to do it.

Tony reached the foot of the knoll and commenced to ascend. Just as he reached the top he was startled by a Turk who cried out a greeting. He mumbled something in a boorish style and dropped down in a friendly way beside his man. Before the old Turk realised what was happening he lay dead with a revolver bullet in his brains.

"Phew! What a noise!" muttered Tony as he looked at his victim and then all round the hill to see if the noise had alarmed the land. Luck favoured him. A random shot is nothing in war. Finding a hole near by, he dumped the body in, then covered it over with grass. This done, he whipped out his glasses and commenced to study things. Away in front he could see the convoys slowly moving past. There were guns, ammunition wagons, water-carts, ration wagons, and streams of men. This was not the usual reliefs and supplies. There was something doing. The troops were new, their equipment was good, their bearing fresh and alert. All this was very interesting; but Tony was not near enough to get what he wanted. He decided to walk right through the lines. Leaving his rifle and placing his revolver and glasses in the Turkish haversack, he set off. He was soon one of the many straggling Turkish troops on various errands. They hailed him in their oriental way, but Tony simply grunted in reply.

That is a way of the East, so all went well. At last the daring officer was close behind the Turkish lines. He stumbled on the batteries well placed and well hid. Stacks of shells lay to hand in preparation for their attack. In another part he located a searchlight, and down in a little gully he found a forward base for gun and rifle ammunition. This was a sound discovery. He memorised the spot and tried to locate it on the map. Passing on, he came to a field hospital. This was being cleared, for wagons were taking the wounded men away to the ships which lay in the offing. When a hospital is being cleared, look out for a fight. A soldier understands what it means.

Tony finally arrived in a sort of rest camp. It was alive with men—fresh ones from Constantinople. There were plenty of German officers, too, also some sailors with *Goeben* and *Breslau* on their caps. He wondered what the sailors were there for. They seemed to be camped round an artillery park. He solved it; they were serving the guns. Down the lines he stumbled, grunting like an old horse, and, occasionally, sitting down to view the scene. They had plenty of biscuits, and even such luxuries as coffee, bread, and water melons. No signs of starvation or lack of supplies. That was an important point. Tony was doing well. His scheme was succeeding beyond his dreams. Indeed, he was beginning to feel quite cocky, till, on looking round, he found a swarthy little fellow behind him. He was being followed. Something gripped his heart. He had shot his bolt. Still he did not lose his head. This little man must be led on a little farther. Tony retraced his steps. The man followed him. He sat down; the Turk also sat down. This was

unnerving, and the young sub. almost shouted in anger and agony. Rising again, he went on, striking into the open and less populated part. And, all the while, the officer wondered how he was going to deal with his sleuth-hound. He could not shoot him there.

At last his eye caught sight of the little knoll where his dead Turk lay buried. Good! He would lead him up there. He plodded on, and, behind him, stalked the patient-looking Turk. Oh! the agony of those moments. It was like a knife sinking by degrees into the human heart. It was the hour for nerve, coolness and caution. Tony reached the top of the hill. With a sigh he sat down, pulled out his pipe and commenced to smoke. The Turk also sat down, but at the foot of the hill. He too started to smoke. His face had the sense of ease, his eyes a humorous gleam. He, apparently, was in no hurry. What the devil did he mean? Tony wondered, and wondered. This torture was insufferable; so insufferable that the subaltern waved his arm, signalling the Turk to come up beside him. He obeyed. As he reached the top he took off his cap and said, "Good days, Mr. Ingleesman."

"Who's English?" said Tony, smiling at his own audacity and apparent admission.

"You very Inglees—you smokit pipe, your boots, your walk. I plenty savvy," he said, tapping his head. "I no seely Turk. Me Syrian."

"What the devil are you doing here?"

"They maket me fight. I no' wants fight. Me Christian. I likes Inglees."

"But what are you following me for?"

"Well—monees—backsheesh. Me poor man."

"How did you spot me?"

"You droppit this when you down there," said the Syrian, pulling an identity disc out of his pocket. This was stamped, "Lieut. Tony Brown, New Zealand Dragoons." The subaltern paled as he looked at this damning proof. He must have dropped it when fumbling with his pockets in the camp below.

He inwardly cursed his stupidity.

"Have a cigarette?" said he, offering a Virginian to his new-found friend.

"Oh, wery nice—wery Inglees *too*," said the Syrian, looking at the inscription: "Three Castles. W. D. & H. O. Wills." "No maket these in Stamboul—eh?"

"Not till we get there," said Tony with a yawn, at the same time measuring the distance between his man and debating whether it would be better to kill him or capture him and then take him back in the boat.

Meanwhile the Syrian was smoking airily, almost casually. He was a born scoundrel. Intrigue was his game. This Syrian had Mammon all over his body and soul. Good gold could buy him any time.

"You spy?" he said, looking up at Tony in a casual yet cunning way. The word "spy" was a dagger into the subaltern's nerves and heart. It left him breathless for a moment. Recovering his wits, he airily answered, "Well——"

"Me poor man—me tell you things. How much?"

"Fifty pounds—eh?"

"One hundreds—it worth it—good beesness. Me plenty savvy—me know."

"What?"

"Plentee news 'bout guns, men and—beeg attacks——"

"Oh!" said Tony, startled out of his casual way. The Syrian smiled. He had divined his quest.

"Tell me then."

"Monees," said the Syrian, holding out his hand. The ways of the East are, at least, direct.

"There you are," said the subaltern, handing him ten crisp Bank of England notes. He had come prepared for this contingency.

"When is the attack, now?"

"Friday mornings early."

"The exact time I want."

"Half past fours."

"How do you know?"

"I orderleys and interpreeters to arteelery's staff."

"Oh! Now, isn't there a battery down there?" said Tony, pointing to a piece of rising ground which he had passed over.

"No—one batterees there," said the Syrian, directing his eyes to the exact place where Tony had discovered the first battery.

"Good!" muttered the New Zealander. He knew he was telling the truth. Pulling out a pocket-book, he made a rough sketch of the ground round about, and then cross-examined the Syrian. Batteries, magazines, stores, trenches, headquarters, beaches, water and food supplies were all duly noted and placed on the map. Tony Brown, at one scoop, had entered the highest realms of the Intelligence Service. It was dusk when he had finished.

"Me go now," said the Syrian, rising.

"No you won't. You'll come with me and guide the way."

"But I geeves you informations, what more?"

"Look here, old cock, I believe you, but you're a Syrian."

"Syrian good man," protested the informer.

"Sometimes. Hands up!" said Tony, cocking his revolver suddenly.

"No' keels me—no' keels me!"

"I won't if you keep quiet. Now, push ahead—that way," said Tony, directing him on the return route. The Syrian cursed and mumbled in his own fiery way as he stumbled down the hill. He was annoyed.

"Here—look at this," said Tony, calling him back. The New Zealander bent down, and, uncovering the body of the dead Turk, showed it to him.

"Uh!" shuddered the man.

"Now, keep quiet," ordered the officer, pushing him down the hill. Stealthily they went, avoiding dug-outs, tents, and other hives of the Turkish army. For hours they seemed to walk. Something was wrong.

"Stop!" said Tony suddenly. Instinct suggested danger. He had been led astray. Pulling out a compass, he fixed it. The direction was wrong. This Syrian was playing his own game. He wanted another hundred pounds for this officer's body. It was worth more than that to the Turkish army. And he knew it. War breeds parasites and rogues.

"You scoundrel!" said Tony, springing at the Syrian's throat. The latter fought, kicked, and bit like a tiger. To have shot him would have been madness, for they were now back in the centre of the Turkish lines. Placing his great hands round the man's throat, Tony slowly choked him into a state of collapse. Another knock on his head with the butt of the revolver placed him in such a condition that he would be unable to recollect his thoughts for many days. That was all the subaltern desired. He left him. Taking a compass bearing again, he struck out towards the beach. Luck favoured him almost till the end. As he neared the top of the cliff which guarded the beach his foot slipped, and he fell into a dug-out, right on the top of three Turkish soldiers. Curses were mixed with shouts of "Allah!" Then questions were asked. But Tony could answer none. A little flashlamp next shone in his face. He was discovered.

"Inglees! Inglees!" exclaimed a Turk. The other two started and chattered volubly. One lifted a rifle to finish him off, but the man with the lamp stopped him. He knew his job. He wanted to know what this man was doing there. Tony was searched, and the map discovered secreted down the leg of his stocking. His heart quailed. He seemed doomed. He had been so near success; now he seemed so far. He inwardly shuddered at the prospect ahead. It would be death, and death of a cruel and unrefined kind. Oh, the mental horror of that moment. It was worse than a bayonet in the stomach, and that is bad enough. He longed for death—death, sure and sharp. But it did not come. He was seized and bound, then thrown into a corner to await the dawn, when this coast patrol would take him back to the Turkish lines. His cords cut into his hands and legs; his tongue was parched; his heart beating at the coming of the dawn.

Still, the light of day brought a certain physical and mental relief. He was given a drink; his cords were cut, and he was pushed out into the open and marched off to the Turkish lines. He stumbled along, in pain and confused. But deliverance was at hand.

True to their trust, his faithful Maoris were on the watch. One lay on top of the cliffs as a guard for the boat hidden away in the cove below; the other was a thousand yards ahead, directly

in front of the line of march which two out of the three Turkish soldiers were taking him. This Maori's eyes were alert. A glance made him understand it all. Filling his magazine, he lay low. They were then six hundred yards away. Too far for a sure aim. He waited. Five hundred. Four hundred. Three hundred. Yes; that would do. He settled down and aimed.

Bang! The bullet told. The man on Tony's right dropped dead. The subaltern realised the cause. He let drive with his fist at the other man. The Turk stumbled back, recovered, then fled. But the Maori nipped him like a farmer does a running hare. He, too, fell dead. This was the one with the map which Tony had made. It was wrenched from his haversack.

"Near shave, boss," said the Maori corporal, running up.

"Yes; but come on." They ran towards the cliff.

Bang! went a rifle. The faithful Maori corporal dropped dead at his officer's feet. Tony looked to his front, and there was the third man of the Turkish patrol coolly aiming at him too. He ducked just as a rifle banged. For a minute he lay flat, and then a strange thing happened. The second Maori, on the top of the cliff, unable to sight his rifle at this assassin of his friend, was charging wildly down on the Turk with his bayonet fixed.

"Allah! Allah!" shouted the Turk as he turned about and threw up his arms. A moment later he was bayoneted to death.

Tony jumped up and ran on, for in the distance he saw other patrols running towards the scene. The surviving Maori followed him to the beach. The boat was launched, and they pulled out from the shore. Danger, however, was not passed. Turkish patrols had found them. Volley after volley rattled through the air. They splashed all round; some hit the boat, one struck Tony in the arm, two more pierced the oars. But out and out pulled the plucky pair till, at last, they were clear of the fire.

"Hot shop, boss," said the Maori.

"Yes, a bit too hot!" muttered Tony as he bandaged his bleeding arm.

That night the Chief of Staff received the information desired. And a few days later Lieut. Tony Brown added the letters "D.S.O." to his name. Everybody said, "Why?" But the Chief of Staff simply smiled and passed on.

## CHAPTER X

### VICTORY

Night was falling fast over the Australasian lines. The darkness was welcome, for it brought a certain rest and coolness to the thousands of sun-baked and weary men. For two days they had slaved like navvies—digging, sand-bagging, reorganising trenches, improving communications, and bringing up supplies, Maxims, and ammunition. It was not the usual thing. Indeed, it was most unusual. Only the Staff knew why, for this war has taught us that we must not advertise our coming events. Of course the Tommies grouched. They always do. It is the privilege of the soldier. And Bill Buster was not behind in this land of moaning.

"Thinks I'm an old mule. Me feet's skinned, me back's skinned, me heart's skinned carryin' them blessed boxes of crackers. Oh, why did I leave me little happy home?" he exclaimed, wiping the sweat off his sunburnt brow.

"Had to—ye frizzly-faced bushwhacker," said Paddy.

"All this means that there's something doing," remarked Claud, cleaning his monocle with a piece of rag.

"Ay, there's gaun tae be an attack. Say yer prayers the nicht, boys," added Sandy.

"Thank God!" uttered Claud. "I'm sick of inaction. I don't mind death; but it's a beastly bore waiting to be killed. One can't quite regulate supplies. Now, if to-morrow was the day for our dispatch, we might have a beano out of our spare biscuits and Woodbines to-night."

"It ain't all beer and skittles, as you say," Bill said. "Next war I'm goin' to be a general or a Navy bloke. Them's the safe jobs. These ole Turks have a spite at me. Think I'm a sort o' runnin' man."

"Let them come!" Paddy exclaimed. "We'd bate the life out of thim. Teach thim manners, the dirty blaggards!"

"Don't be too cocky about that. We're only hanging on the edge of this cliff by the skin of our teeth. The German Staff say they'll push us into the sea, and you bet they'll have a good try."

"It's a soft snap, if they come. They can't beat us," interjected Bill, who had all the self-assurance of the Australian born.

"That's where our boys always err," answered Claud. "They underestimate the power of the enemy. That isn't the thing in war. It's all very well to be confident, but it's equally important to be prepared to the last cartridge and bomb. Pluck's a very good thing, but pluck without brains is as useless as an engine without coal. If these Turks make a big show, they'll give us a run for our money. Now I'm going to sleep."

Claud wrapped himself in his coat for a snooze. The others followed suit, little dreaming what the dawn would bring. While they slept, secure in their innocence of things, the General and Chief of Staff sat keen and anxious in their dug-outs; for the dawn was the time stated for the attack. Everything was prepared; still, they had all that mental worry which only an officer knows. They smoked and talked—and talked. While they passed these anxious hours their subordinate commanders were quietly filling up the reserve trenches with supporting troops. The gunners, too, were busy checking ranges and noting down the approximate position of the magazines and other stores as supplied by the map of Tony Brown. The doctors were also alive. They were clearing out the field hospitals preparatory to the gruesome slaughter ahead. Out at sea a flotilla of gunboats and destroyers had quietly arrived and were circling round, waiting for the coming fray. Everything had been thought of; everything was ready.

"It's getting light, sir," said the chief, looking out of his dug-out about 3.30 A.M.

"Very well; 'phone the brigadiers. Tell them to be prepared for the bombardment in accordance with our pow-wow of yesterday."

"Very good, sir." The 'phone transmitted the order and the chief sat down again.

Boom! echoed a gun in the Turkish line. A shell crashed right over the General's dug-out. Tony Brown's information was right. The battle had commenced. A sense of relief spread over the General's face. His suspense was at an end.

Boom! Boom! Boom! went the other guns. More shells, more splinters, and here and there the moan of a dying or wounded man. But this was only the preliminary business. In ten minutes every Turkish gun, from the giant howitzers to the more simple field pieces, were pounding shrapnel, common shell, and high explosives into the Australasian lines. There was no excitement; the men were used to the game. They crouched in holes or hard against the stony sides of the trenches. Still, the noise was deafening, and the gunners' aim was often good. Shells burst on the parapets and destroyed them, frequently killing or burying the men behind. Others burst above and sent their balls of death into the heads or backs of the crouching men. High explosives crashed with an unnerving boom in and around the trenches, pounding, killing, and maiming. Maxims rattled out a hail of lead, rifles squirted bullets into every corner where a living soul was likely to be found. There was no romance in this sort of business. It was butchery, blood, anguish, and death. Hell is the only word that fits such a bombardment. Those who read such things sit at home in tears and terror. Yet the men who live through them sit calm, even cool, and often in smiles.

"Bit hot," said Claud, looking at his hat, which had been pierced by a shrapnel bullet.

Bill ejaculated something unprintable and dropped a hot piece of shell he had intended to collar as a curio.

"I weesht I had a hauf o' whisky; this is a dry job," said Sandy, as he cuddled closer against the side of the trench.

"May ould Allah have mercy on yis when I get yis wid me can-opener!" muttered Paddy as he fingered his bayonet.

Boom! Boom! Boom! crashed three more shrapnels above them, scattering lead and iron in all directions. Old keys, brass fittings, nails, iron knobs and other things tumbled in, too.

"Queer shrapnel—eh?" said Claud, picking up one of these curios—and a sign that the Turks were surely scarce of the real stuff.

"Don't mind bullets," growled Bill; "but I objects to them chuckin' an ironmonger's shop at my ole head. It ain't nice——"

Boom! Boom! came two more.

"A miss!" said Sandy, signalling a "wash-out" with a shovel.

Boom! crashed another almost overhead. It was a narrow shave. Sandy, with that caution of his clan, resigned the post of marker. The gods were favouring this genial quartette, but in many parts of the line men lay dead, dying, and maimed. They bore their wounds with a wonderful

patience, and few complained. Comrades ripped out their field dressings and staunched the blood. Doctors, regardless of whizzing shells and bullets, crept from patient to patient. Stretcher-bearers manfully did their job. Over shell-swept zones they carried and pulled the wounded to succour and safety. Despite the danger, men even found time to note and praise the deeds of these Red Cross heroes. The name of the R.A.M.C. ought to be printed in letters of gold on the dome of St. Paul's. It is one reminiscent of heroism, faith, hope, and charity.

Now, during all this gun and rifle firing not a reply was sent. The Staff allowed the Turks to expend their shells and bullets. That is always good business in war. It adds to the enemy's problem of supply. This bombardment lasted for two hours. No doubt the Turks were well pleased. But immediately they ceased their fire there was a universal Boom! from the Australian lines. Battleships, cruisers, torpedo boats, howitzer batteries, field batteries, and Maxim guns sent back salvo after salvo of a deafening and devilish kind.

The unerring aim of our gunners paralysed, for a time, the initiative of the Turkish Staff. This tremendous reply was unexpected. And the British shells burst in their magazines, their supply depôts, their headquarters dug-outs in a startling way. Never was gunnery so deadly. Never was slaughter so sure. Regiments waiting *en masse* for the assault were torn and butchered. Trenches were burst and destroyed. It was death, desolation, and disaster of an unexpected and amazing kind. Such is the value of information in war. A good Intelligence Officer is equal to a complete division of all arms.

Yet this bombardment did not deter the Turkish assault. It had been arranged; it had to go on. When the British bombardment ceased, they leaped boldly from their trenches and came on *en masse*. A strange silence now pervaded the Australasian lines. Not a shot was heard. It was the calm before the storm. They allowed the Turks to advance. On they came, great, dark, strong-looking men. They shouted "Allah!" "Allah!" as they ran. This cry for "Allah" was a bad sign. The Turks expected "Allah" to do what they felt they had not the confidence to do themselves. Still, the German task-masters had given them a certain assurance by sending them forward elbow to elbow, line upon line.

In brief, this attack was meant as an overwhelming flood of bayonets upon the Australasians' lines. The Turkish Staff argued that, after all, these troops were only volunteers; they could not withstand a violent offensive movement. But they did; they even surprised their General and the Staff. And the ability to wait for a signal to shoot was in itself a sign of perfect control, excellent fire discipline.

The Turks were now close to the barbed wire entanglements. This was the moment desired. A whistle sounded in the lines.

Bang! Bang! Bang! Z-r-r-p! went thousands of rifles and dozens of machine-guns. Gad! How these Turks withered and fell. It was brutal, yet it was inspiring. Shrieks, curses, and groans were mixed with pitiful cries for "Allah!" "Allah!"

Bravely these Turkish soldiers died, and bravely the more fortunate came on. They tore through the barbed wire with a fiendish frenzy and leaped down on to parts of their enemy's lines. With that mad ferocity which only a Moslem fanatic can display, they plugged their bayonets into the first opposing man. Cold steel is hard to face. Few armies can face it. Only Russians, Britishers, and Japs are good at the game. And these sons of John Bull stood up to the test with a magnificent courage. They plunged, thrust, hacked, butted, cursed, and fumed in this awful combat. Civilisation had gone. Primitive lusts were triumphant. Blood flowed in streams, men fought with gaping wounds, dying men fell crying to Allah or to God according to their race and creed. There was no time to moralise on the hellish side of modern war. There was only time to fight or die.

And in this awful combat The Kangaroos had a terrible time. Their redoubt was invaded. Yet they did not yield. One great Turk charged down on Claud. Sandy parried the thrust, the Turk recovered and thrust again straight into poor Sandy's heart. He gasped, and fell lifeless at Bill's feet.

With maddened fury Bill crashed his butt down on the foeman's skull.

Another Turk almost pinned Colonel Killem, but Paddy dashed forward, struck up the bayonet, and killed the man with a blow.

"Thanks, Doolan, thanks!" shouted the Colonel as he turned to deal with another man. This gallant defence, combined with the deadly musketry on the less exposed parts of the line, completely smashed the first Turkish attack. The enemy withered away, their survivors and wounded creeping back into the shelter of their trenches.

"Don't fire, men! Don't fire at those poor devils," shouted the officers as they watched them limp away.

This was chivalry, and chivalry can always be found in a British heart.

"Thank God for a breath," said Claud, leaning wearily against the parapet. But the attack was not finished. The Turkish reserves were swarming up the gullies and through the communicating

lines. Lyddite, shrapnel, and Maxims tore great gaps in their ranks. Yet on they came. One regiment deployed from the top of a gully and made the charge.

"Rapid fire!" roared Killem. A terrific fusillade burst forth. The Turks fell in heaps, moaning, shrieking, and yelling. The sight was sickening. Heaps of dead and dying all around. But *again* the Turkish host came on. Two great columns of men burst out in front of the New Zealanders and The Kangaroos.

This was really the most critical moment of the day. Here entered the Drill Book maxim: "An attack should be met with a counter-attack." For this was to be the last and desperate throw of the Turkish Staff. If it broke the Australasian lines, the enemy would realise their boast of pushing them into the sea. The New Zealanders and Kangaroos appreciated the danger to the full. And so the command rang out: "Prepare to charge!" Every man placed his foot for the jump.

"Charge!"

Up leaped Killem and his willing men, and at their side charged the New Zealand boys. Grimly they gripped their rifles, bravely they ran and cheered. A charge is a thrilling and soul-inspiring affair. Danger and death pass away from the soldier's heart. He is alive, he is filled with the tingling blood and full of the traditions of his race. The Kangaroos met the Turkish host midway. A shock of men, a shock of arms, a blind confusion, a horrible fierceness and hacking of human flesh.

"Give it 'em, boys," roared Killem above the din. A Turkish officer heard him and aimed his revolver at Killem's head. But Doolan was there again. He pinned his man through the chest, and, with an oath, flung him off his bayonet—dead.

Claud got lost in the *mêlée*. He found himself surrounded. Bravely he fought, but a bayonet was stuck in his shoulder, and he fell into the struggling mass of wounded men. Bill, though wounded in the head, fought with the madness of a fiend. With Doolan, he kept close to the Colonel's heels, preserving the body and life of the bravest man in the Australasian force. In that awful hour Killem could often be heard shouting out, "Thanks, boys, thanks!"

At last tenacity and courage told. The Turks broke and fled, yelling in pain and fear. But the price of victory had indeed been costly. Still, it was worth it all. The position had been saved. Australasians had again written deep in the annals of war a story of valour as great as Corunna or Waterloo.

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"Paddy," shouted Bill as they jumped back into the trenches.

"Yis."

"Where's Claud?"

"He's hit," interjected a sergeant. "I saw him fall."

"What—dead?"

"Couldn't say." And the sergeant passed on. War does not allow of sentiment or lengthy harangues.

"Curse them!" said Bill, throwing down his rifle in anger. And then this great, strong man collapsed with grief. When a soldier weeps it is sad. This was but the climax of a highly nervous day. Bill's heart, like every bushman's heart, was full of that faith and devotion which passes all understanding. Claud was a pal whom he loved like a mother or a brother.

"D—— their bullets! I'm going back to get him," he muttered, preparing to jump out again.

"Paddy Doolan's wid you," said the Irishman. They both jumped out into the still bullet-swept zone.

"Come back, you fools," roared a sergeant.

There was no answer. Bill would not allow discipline or danger to interfere with the call of duty or friendship. On their hands and knees they crawled round the heaps of dead and dying.

"Here he is—here he is, poor boy! Poor boy!" said Paddy as he gazed at the pale, bloodless face of Claud below some battered Turks.

"He's livin', he's livin'. God be thanked!" mumbled the faithful Irishman as he crossed himself. Bending near, he pulled the listless form from under the dead weight of the men above. Claud groaned.

"That's a good sign, Paddy, eh?"

"Sure, an' he'll drink a glass wid us yet! But, Heavens! what a hole!" exclaimed the Irishman, looking at the gaping wound in Claud's shoulder.



"Get his dressing out," said Bill.

Paddy made to rip the dressing out of Claud's jacket. Alas! man proposes and the Turk disposes. A sniper's rifle pinged, and a bullet hit Paddy in the arm. It fell, shattered and useless.

"Back, Paddy—into the trenches for your life. I'll carry Claud."

The brave Irishman, realising he was now useless, reluctantly obeyed. Bill then heaved Claud over his shoulder and followed hard.

Bang! Bang! Bang! went the Turkish rifles. Claud was hit in the hand, and poor Bill struck in the leg and back; then he fell exhausted into the trench, the wounded Claud on top.

"Bravo! Buster—you're a white man, anyway," said the Colonel.

"A done man, Colonel," said Bill with a wan smile as he fainted away. His wounds and Claud's wounds were bound with the Colonel's own hand. Then commenced the weary procession through trench after trench to the hospital below. They were but two in a cavalcade of thousands. They passed from the zones of dead into the camp of tears and moaning. Men shattered and dying were there; others, more fortunate, wetted their lips and eased their way to God.

Poor Claud and Bill arrived, senseless, almost lifeless. But kind hands staunched their wounds, allayed their thirst, and carried them on board the ship for Alexandria. There they found the first taste of that gentle peace which is soothing to the heart of every nerve-racked soldier. Nourishment soon brought them round. And, strange to say, both returned from the land of wanderings to the delights of reality at the same time.

"Bill! Bill!" muttered Claud as he came round. "I'm here, ole sport," said Bill, holding out his pale, wan hand.

"Good! But where's Paddy?"

"Sure, an ould Paddy's here," roared Doolan from a berth on the other side of the deck.

"Thank God!" And Claud tumbled into a more natural sleep, refreshed with the thought that at least two out of his three friends still lived.

Sips of brandy, drops of milk, clean bandages, and willing Australian nurses soon brought the genial three round to a more normal state. And in speaking of Australian nurses, let me say that they are the finest girls in the hospital world. They may laugh, they may flirt, but they can work. They have no side and no false airs. They want to do their job in the quickest, kindest, quietest way that can be found.

---

The great ship slipped through the breakwater of Alexandria. Hundreds awaited her coming—nurses, doctors, and friends. Bill and Claud could not get up to view the scene. But Paddy watched it all. His eyes scanned the faces on shore. At last they rested on a familiar figure—a girl with a beautiful form, a charming but an anxious face. Yes, it was Sybil Graham. He slipped down to the ward below and stepped to Claud's bed.

"I've seen her, and doesn't she look swate?"

"Who?" said Claud in a knowing way.

"Sybil, ye fathead! And, mind ye, mine's a kiss for bringing the news."

"Right, old chap; and I'll see that you get it," said the now excited owner of this Australian girl's heart.

The boat was now alongside. Ropes were down and fixed. The shore gangway was up, and, in response to the somewhat wild and frantic shouts and grins of Paddy Doolan, Sybil Graham dashed up the steps three at a time.

"Oh, Paddy!" she said, with tears in her eyes. "Where is he?"

"This way, ye darlint." And down into the ward leaped the now madly excited Irishman. Sybil followed. As she reached the foot of the stairs she saw her lover. Nurses, doctors, and patients were then startled with a shriek of delight from a beautiful vision who pounced to a bed and smothered her hero with kisses. Bill and Paddy watched it all.

"Say, Miss Sybil, where do I come in?" said Bill with a sort of well-feigned growl.

"Surely! There's *one* for you, you dear, dear old bushman," she said, kissing his black-bearded lips.

"Here, Sybil, isn't it Paddy's turn now? He brought the news of you."

"Oh, you lovable Irish rogue—you're worth the kissing—you helped my boy to safety too." And

so Paddy received his dues.

"And now, miss," said a smiling nurse, "we're going to take those three lovers of yours to hospital in Cairo."

"How mean of you," said Sybil with a smile. "Of course, you can't prevent me from seeing them there?"

"Certainly not, my girl. That will be the biggest part of their cure."

"Oh, by the way, I've news for you, boys," said Sybil, turning again:

"Bill, you've got the V.C."

"Paddy, you've got the V.C."

"Claud, you've got a commission."

"And you—eh?" smiled Claud.

"Well—yes."

"And very nice too," whispered a doctor into the nurse's ear as the very happy girl went out.

## CHAPTER XI

### WHAT LADY READERS LIKE

*(Extract from Cairo Press)*

"At Shepheard's Hotel, Cairo, Lieutenant Claud Dufair, eldest son of Lord Dufair, to Sybil Graham, daughter of "Bob" Graham, of New South Wales. Private Bill Buster, V.C., and Private Doolan, V.C., acted as groomsmen. Colonel Killen, D.S.O., also attended the ceremony. The happy couple left for a three days' honeymoon, as Lieutenant Dufair is returning to the trenches."

\*\*\* END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE KANGAROO MARINES \*\*\*

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