

with directions for making soldier's shirts, caps, and mufflers, etc., proof against vermin. There is a considerable amount of testimony as to the efficacy of steeping under-garments intended for soldiers in a strong solution of Lysol. Practical tests were carried out some little time ago by the bacteriologist attached to the Robert Walton Goelet Research Fund, Hôpital Militaire, V.R., 76, with the object of rendering clothes antiseptic, and thus lessening the infection to an open wound. The experiment proved that the use of a Cresylic preparation, such as Lysol, was to be highly recommended. Copies of the leaflet can be had free from F.E.B.W., 33, Old Devonshire Road, Balham, S.W.

### BOOK OF THE WEEK.

#### "TROOPER BLUEGUM AT THE DARDANELLES."\*

The Author's Preface tells us that Trooper Bluegum is a native of Sydney—a trained journalist who gave up a literary position to enlist as a trooper and serve at the front. "It was just before Christmas, close on five months after war was declared, that the Expeditionary Force sailed from Sydney. Nearly the whole of Trooper Bluegum's descriptions of the operations in the Anzac sphere were written in dug-outs in the intervals of the fighting, often with shells screaming overhead, shrapnel bursting, and bullets flying around him.

"While, in its inception and progress, this greatest breach of the world's peace has exhibited a section of mankind as hardly at all removed from fiends incarnate, it has also shown men inspired by the highest virtues and striving for the loftiest ideals; and it has produced women only a little lower than the angels. Thus we seem to see in all its naked deformity, as well as in its majesty and beauty, the very soul of nations."

Trooper Bluegum starts his narration from the moment when he underwent the riding test prior to being drafted into the Australian Light Horse. He successfully passed the test, took the oath, and became "a soldier of the King."

"It was not ours to go with the first lot of heroes to take part in the Great War. Most of us had waited till the Germans got within cannon shot of Paris; then we 'butted in.'

"We of the Light Horse started with many things in our favour. We reckoned we could ride as well as, if not better than, any body of men in the world, for we could ride almost as soon as we could walk." In Egypt, though the boys were "spoiling for a fight," he allows that they much enjoyed their sojourn there.

"Oh, those Egyptian nights! Fine and fair, clear and cloudless, with the moon pure silver. The huge date palms stand out sharply from a star-spangled sky that somehow has a tint of green in its blue. I will never forget those

Egyptian nights . . . and one girl of girls, . . . We danced. Her blue eyes laughed into mine . . . And the world has never been the same since."

In spite of these delights, when the announcement came that the Light Horse were to make ready, you could have heard the cheering miles away. "The residents of Maladi, when they heard it, thought that peace had been declared. It was a wrench to leave our horses behind us, the dear old horses we had petted and loved; but when we saw our fellows coming back with their wounds upon them—when we listened to their wonderful landing in Gallipoli, and of the wild charge they made up the frowning hill, all of us to a man begged to be sent to the front as infantry!"

The graphic though lighthearted descriptions of that awful landing are typical of that cheerful and splendid body of our overseas men. "'Bah!' he exclaimed, as he lit his cigarette, 'the Turks can't shoot for nuts! But the German machine guns are the devil, and the shrapnel is no picnic.' His arm was in a sling and his leg was bandaged from hip to ankle, but he was proud as Punch and as chirpy as a gamecock. 'Say, what do you think of 'Big Lizzie'? asked another blood-bespattered Cornstork. 'Ain't she the dizzy limit?' This was the affectionate way the fellows alluded to the super-Dreadnought, *Queen Elizabeth*." The word to evacuate fell upon these brave men like a bomb, but they knew how to obey orders. "The only kick was for the honour for being the last to leave. It didn't seem right to clear out and leave Australia's dead behind us. Some of the boys voiced the thought of many, 'Tread softly and don't let them hear us deserting them!'" The story of that great get-away is told with brevity and force. "As we swing away our last thought is not concerned with the bitterness of defeat; we think of our comrades quietly sleeping on Anzac. They showed the world that Australians could live and die like Britishers."

This chronicle of deathless heroism needs no comment to recommend it. Those who fail to read it will miss an inspiration. H. H.

### WORD FOR THE WEEK.

When night falls dark we creep  
In silence to our dead;  
We dig a few feet deep  
And leave them there to sleep—  
But blood at night is red,  
Yes, even at night,  
And a dead man's face is white.  
And I dry my hands, that are also trained to kill,  
And I look at the stars—for the stars are beautiful still.

By Leslie Coulson.

### COMING EVENTS.

December 15th.—Society for the State Registration of Trained Nurses. Meeting Executive Committee. 431, Oxford Street, London, W. 4 p.m.

\* By Oliver Hogue. Melrose, London.

*previous page*

*next page*