

My cot was next to "Jumbo's" in the hospital. I heard the Doctor say that he was blind, both eyes gone; and his hands smashed. That night they changed his nurse. I could not get a proper look at her, but I could hear her voice—and, it sounded so sweet after the rough ones I had been used to. I heard Jumbo ask the nurse to cover his arm up, for it was cold.—Then all at once the nurse cried out his proper name, and then began to sob as she knelt by his cot. She must have recognised the tatoo marks on his arm.

"Nora! Nora!" gasped "Jumbo" as he heard that voice that had often cheered him. "Is that you?" "Yes, dear," she answered. "I'm Nora, your wife."..... And you are my hero. Oh!"

Then I could hear her kissin' his poor, battered face.

"Nora," asked "Jumbo" at last, "how did you get here?" She told him how she found out that he had joined a contingent. So she followed as nurse. She wanted to prove her faithfulness to him.

"Dick," she is said at last. "Do you know who that man is that you so gallantly saved? He is the man you saw kissing me that sad night in our cottage..... And he is my brother." "Nora," he said faintly, "I cannot see your bonny face; but say you forgive me for being a brute."

"And did he live?" "Yes..... Look out. Slide for the shadows. Here comes the visitin' rounds."

We have received a specimen of the "Allies Pocket Case" with which our comrades have been provided at the front. It contains two small pockets in which one can place stamps, notes &c, and also a place to hold a post card picture of one's best girl or favourite bull-dog, according to the taste of the soldier. It contains in addition a prayer, a hymn, and a patriotic song—surely three necessary adjuncts in a soldier's life in the trenches of Europe.

G.P.O. Cashier (to lady drawing £15 order on her husband's pay roll), "How will you have it, Mad m, gold or notes?"

Mrs Musket. "Oh, all gold please—if you have it."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Wireless.—We understand that much talent has been unearthed during the clearing operations—Why not let everybody enjoy the good work? Let's have some for the next issue. We are trying to send for it in time for this number.

We have read a copy of *Casey Court Circular*, a sheet published by a section (let us hope a small one) of the First Expeditionary Force.—The crudity and general beastliness of its humour hasn't even the virtue of originality.

A. P. E. S. I. M. I. S. T.—We have sent your copy to be translated. You are on the right road to make us like yourself—pessimists.

"Love and War."—Why not call your story "Love or War"? The terms are synonymous. Push it on to the *War Cry*.

Uncle Pfenig.—You state in the opening spasms of your alleged storyette that you had great expectations—they didn't happen.

Consistent Reader writes that the PULL THRO' is not as funny as it used to be. We reply, "It never was."

Anxious Enquirer.—The word you require is "hibernate"; but we do not think it would be in the best taste, nor would the Battery appreciate it as part of their "Good Show," if you applied it to one Bombardier Duck, well known to Transport and Wireless people.

Bandage.—Don't be jealous if he has managed to get away with it. Wish him what he deserves—the pretty DEAR.

Fitz—L. We like it. Keep it up. Let the good work proceed. (We can't publish it for obvious reasons.)

"When the Boys come marching Home."—You start well; but surely Niobe, the Queen of the Sob Squad assisted your finish. Its like nothing on earth. Why "grimy individuals covered with dirt"?—Don't be silly!

Dando.—We can get this first hand without the bother of reading it, at any canteen by buying a 3rd drink. Moisten the hands and start afresh.

Corp. Quinell.—9. 10. UMA. "The Lost chord"—Snapped and killed a policeman.—You're

about the worst occurrence (as a poet) that ever did.

Ron.—Try to forget it.—We can't.

CNB of TRIAD "fame"?—Thanks so much for your scathing criticisms. We couldn't read them, but we guessed what you meant.

"Tipp."—Your idea is a good one: why not bring out a local form something like—"It's a long, long way to sweet Noumea"? The French "Piupius" are now singing, "C'est loin d'ici a Tipperary."

Shunter.—Yes, you did well to volunteer to remain: as you say, you may yet be made station-master, as well as cleaner.

Bootmaker. No!—We can't bring ourselves to believe that Mr. Joseph Carter has nearly obtained a commission. Of course, one never knows what the big "boot" may produce, after recent happenings.

BATTERY BALLADS.

(Adapted, with pleasant recollections of one Dampier of *Dandies* fame. It may be sung to the tune of "Jones, of the Lancers"—but don't bother.)

We come from New Zealand,
New Zealand we come from,
To slosh up the Germans and what not!
We fight like the devil,
We do—on the level—
But picquets and lock-ins—Well what rot!
We come from New Zealand—
Well, rather!
By gad! We're the pick of the lot.
The Johnnies who grumble
Are not meek or humble—
Deserve to be poisoned, eh, what!
By gad! you should see us at shooting.
What? Beat us! Oh, don't be absurd!
By gad! Were the gunners—the drivers—
the stunners—
Forget it—yes, mark it—my word!

We all dance like fairies
And Amys and Marys
To dance with us always endeavour
By gad! we can prance, too—
But don't get a chance to.
Some "kid" and canoodle, however.
We're all waiting here for the troopship
To take us to our little girls.
Lord knows when it's sailing,
But list, hear us railing.
We want to be back with the pearls.
So come on you ancient sharpshooters,
And give us a spell from the heat.
We want to get busy
With Mabel and Lizzie—
I'd like to—you'd like to—cold feet.

All troops are required to stamp their letters, even if your friends do not collect stamps, they may be useful to the postman.

Mr. Dooley on "War."

A few of the many funny things he has to say in the January number of *Hearst's Magazine*.

THERE'S no doubt about it, war's a gr-eat thing f'r th' wurruld, an' this shindig is wan iv th' most gl'orious wars in histhry. Iv coorse, there may have been more ath-ractive wars before there was anny histhry, but it don't stand to raison that haythen an' onidjicated people cud slam each other as hard as us heirs to all th' ages, as Hogan calls us. But what's sup-risin' to me is that none iv th' boys who ar-re runnin' this magnificent affray that's doin' so much f'r th' wurruld is willin' to take th' blame f'r it.

"Whin ye thry to find out who desarves th' honor, so that a wreath may be placed around his neck, they all pass it up to th' other fellow. Th' German Imp'r'or blames it on th' Rooshyan Czar, and th' Rooshyan Czar blames it on Francis J. Hapsburg, an' that binivulent dishpot says 'twas caused be th' treachery iv Parfijious Album, which is th' proud title be which England has always been known to her great allies. Ye'd think 'twas some horrible crime instead iv a blessin' that had been committed. I don't undherstand it. If I was as proud iv th' war as me fri'nd Imp'r'or Willum is, I wudden't be ashamed to come out an' say I done it. Ye bet I wudden't. Its carry'n' modesty too far to pretind ye knew nawthin' about it, an' give all th' credit to ye'er inimies. But, instid iv steppin' to th' futlights in th' westhren theaytre iv war at th' call iv 'Author!' this shy potintate says: "This onspheakable athrocety that will carry th' binitids iv German civilization to th' inds iv th' art an' put in th' place iv th' Parthynon (if I get th' name iv that mis'rable room right) a sootable struature iv iron an' reinforced concrete with a heroic, that is, life-size, statoo iv mesilf in gun metal on top—this dhreadful blessin' in disguise, I say can't be blamed onto me be histhry." An' all th' kings an' imp'r'ors an' diplomats ar-re sayin' th' same

thing, on'y they're winkin' over their shoulders an' wishperin': 'Between Thug an' Thug, I done it, but I don't want to say so out loud. There might be some widows an' orphans listenin'.'

"An' here I was thinkin' there niver wud be another war worth goin' to see. Th' Dove iv Peace niver crowed so loud as he did on'y las' summer. I was sure Andrew Carnayge wud privint war, or Th' Hague conf'rence, or th' bankers or—if worst come to worst—th' socyalists wud step in an' f'r'bid it. Whin two imp'r'ors began makin' faces at each other I looked to see Andrew get between thim and an' say: 'Boys, boys, none iv that! Here's fifty million dollars f'r each iv ye. Now shake hands an' go buy ye'er-silves a couple iv liberies.' Thin there was Th' Hague Conf'rence. Th' idee was that whin an imp'r'or pulled off his coat an' started to climb over th' neighbor's fence, a polisman wud grab both comby-tants, take thim before th' coort, an' have thim put undher bonds to keep th' peace. If Th' Hague conf'rence cudden't do annything with these wild men, I was sure th' bankers wud refuse to supply th' change to carry on th' war. An', last iv all, th' consarvative capitalists iv the wur-ruld looked to th' socyalists to protect thim. Ivry year th' Fr-rinch an' German socyalists met together, went on furlough f'r'm th' ar-my, an' passed resolutions puttin' an' ind to war. Says Herr Fritz Bibbel, th' cilly-brated German socyalist leader iv th' Richtag: 'There niver will be another internaytional conflict. Us socyalists will sthop it with our mighty power,' says he. 'Thru' f'r ye, says Moosoo Looney Duplex th' champeen iv the proolootoorios iv Fr-rance, 'If th' tyrants thry to foorce us to slay our brothers we will call a sthrike. We will sind a walkin' dillygate around to th' war to whistle th' boys off the job,' he says. An' they kissed an' went home.

"Thin somethin' happened. I don't know what it was, an' be th' look iv things I niver will know. I can't get anny line f'r'm th' diply-natic corrsypodince because, Hinnissy, a Euro-peen dipplymat wud look down on Dock Cook as an awkwrd begginer in the pro-

fissyon. Thirty or forty years f'r'm now some ol' fellow will write a book tellin' how th' war ra-aly shtarted. Th' Fr-rinch ambassadure forged a tillygram, th' German ambassadure caught th' prime minister iv England with an ace in his sleeve, or th' Czar called up th' imp'r'or iv Austhree an' used such language to him that th' company threatened to take out th' tillyphone. Annyhow, in less than two hours' time there was star-rted what th' paapers called the gr-reatest war since th' Punic wars, which I do not recall. Th' King iv England ordered his fleet to desthroy th' German navy, an' removed with his fam'ly to the counthry. Th' Austhreens an' th' Rooshyans begun to capture and recapture manny gr-eat an' prosp'rous cities beginnin' with a Z in Poland. An' th' imp'r'or iv Germany put on one iv his sivinty-eight varieties iv uny-forms an' come out on th' front stoop iv th' palace an' says he: 'This is no ordhinry war. This is a fracas f'r humanity, f'r civilization, f'r culture, f'r ar-rt, f'r all that is beautiful in modern life,' he says. 'So,' says he, 'I intind,' he says, 'to tur-rn th' wurruld into a puddle iv blood, which,' he says, 'is my idee iv something pretty to look at,' he says.

"Well, thinks I to mesilf, now's th' time whin th' frinds iv peace will cut in an' break up th's rough proceedings.

"But, lo an' behold!

"I pick up th' pa-aper a nootral Eyetalian brings me ivry day f'r a thriflin' compensation, an' read,

"Mr. Andrew Canaygie, heavily disguised, be declinin' to be intherviewed, hurridly sailed f'r home to-day.' In th' nex. colyum I see that th' peace palace is closed, and there's a notice on th' dure that th' dillygates f'r'm England, Rooshya, Germany, Fr-rance. Austhree an' Japan has left to jine their reg-ments, an' th' dillygate f'r'm Bilgium has gone back to his native counthry to thry an' locate where his house used to be. A sojer with a round head dhrops in at th' bank an' empties th' cash dhrawer into his pocket."