

SHUCKBRUGH. — An' the more you lie the more you want to lie. That's human natur'.

CHUMER. — It's rare good — for the henemy. I'm lyin' 'ere where this pipe is; Shukky's there by the 'bacey-paper; 'Ook is there be'ind the pewter, an' the rest of us all over the place crawlin' on our bellies an' poppin' at the smoke in front. Old Pompey, arf a mile be'ind, sez, "The battalion will now attack." Little Mildred squeaks out, "Charge!" Shukky an' me, an' you, an' 'im, picks ourselves out o' the dirt, an' charges. But 'ow the *dooce* can you charge from skirmishin' order? That's wot I want to know. There ain't no touch — there ain't no *chello*; an' the minut' the charge is over, you've got to play at bein' a bloomin' field-rat all over again.

GENERAL CHORUS. — Bray-vo, Chew! Go it, Sir Garnet! Two pints and a hopper for Chew! *Kernel* Chew!

HOOKEY (*who has possessed himself of the paper*). — Well, the Prooshians ain't goin' to have any more o' that. There ain't goin' to be no more battalion-drill — so this bloke says. On'y just the comp'ny handed over to the comp'ny orf'cer to do wot 'e likes with.

SHUCKBRUGH. — Gawd 'elp E Comp'ny if they do that to us!

CHUMER (*hotly*). — You're bloomin' pious all of a sudden. Wot's wrong with Little Mildred, I'd like to know?

SHUCKBRUGH. — Little Mildred's all right. It's his bloomin' dandified Skipper — it's Collar an' Cuffs — it's Ho de Kolone — it's Squeaky Jim that I'm set against.

CHUMER. — Well. Ho de Kolone is goin' 'Ome, an'