

ing down to my civilian intellect — “sez ‘come on and be mod’rate them as can, an’ I’ll see that your Orf’cer Commandin’ ’elps you;’ up gets the Blue Lights and sez: “Strewth! the Commander in Chief is aidin’ an’ abettin’ the Devil an’ all ’is Angels. You *can’t* be mod’rate,” sez the Blue Lights, an’ that’s what makes ’em feel ’oly. Garrn! It’s settin’ ’emselves up for bein’ better men than them as commands ’em, an’ puttin’ difficulties all roun’ an’ about. That’s a bloomin’ Blue Light all over, that is. What I sez is give the mod’rate lay a chance. I s’pose there’s room even for Blue Lights an’ men without aprins in this ’ere big Army. Let the Blue Lights take off their aprins an’ ’elp the mod’rate men if they ain’t too proud. I ain’t above goin’ out on pass with a Blue Light if ’e sez I’m a man, an’ not an — untrustable Devil always a-hankerin’ after lush. But *contrariwise*” — Gunner Barnabas stopped.

“Contrariwise how?” said I.

“If I was ’Im as lives over yonder, an’ you was me, an’ you wouldn’t take the mod’rate lay, an’ was a-comin’ on the books and otherwise a-misconductin’ of yourself, I would say: ‘Gunner Barnabas,’ I would say, an’ by that I would be understood to be addressin’ everybody with a uniform, ‘you are a incorrigable in-tox-i-cator’” — Barnabas sat up, folded his arms, and assumed an air of ultra-judicial ferocity — “‘reported to me as such by your Orf’cer Commandin’. Very good, Gunner Barnabas,’ I would say. ‘I cannot, knowin’ what I do o’ the likes of you, subjergate your indecent cravin’ for lush; but I will edgercate you to hold your liquor without offence to them as is your friends an’ companions, an’