

an' tells me what the Country's thinkin'. I come in 'ere after a day that's enough to turn the 'air of a 'earse-'orse grey, an' I'm told about my pals bein' casualtied; an' to top it all I gets a letter from 'ome—"why don't you do somethin'? Why don't you get up an' go for 'em?" Ar-r-rh!!'

'Ome,' remarked the Limber Gunner. "'Ome don't know nuthin' about it.'

'They don't,' agreed the Signaller. 'But what I wants to know—an' there's a many 'ere like me—is why don't somebody let 'em know about it; let 'em really know.'