

better than settin' in a puddle with the rain pourin' down in buckets, and the natives takin' pot-shots at you.

MRS. WHITE. Didn't you have no umbrellas? (*She is at the corner below the fire, and kneels before it, stirs it, etc.*)

SERGEANT. Umbrell—? Ho! ho! That's good! Eh, White? That's good. Did ye hear what she said? Umbrellas!—And goloshes! and hot-water bottles!—Ho, yes! No offence, marm, but it's easy to see you was never a soldier.

HERBERT (*rather hurt*). Mother spoke out o' kindness, sir.

SERGEANT. And well I know it; and no offence intended. No, marm, 'ardship, 'ardship is the soldier's lot. Starvation, fever, and get yourself shot. That's a bit o' my own.

MRS. WHITE. You don't look to've taken much harm (~~except~~)—(*She indicates his empty sleeve. She takes the kettle to the table, then returns to the fire.*)

SERGEANT (*showing a medal hidden under his coat*). And that I got this for. No, marm. Tough. Thomas Morris is tough.

(MR. WHITE *is holding a glass of grog under the SERGEANT'S nose.*)

And sober. What's this now?

MR. WHITE. Put your nose in it; you'll see.

SERGEANT. Whisky? And hot? And sugar? And a slice o' lemon? No. I said I'd never—but seein' the sort o' night. Well! (*Waving the glass at them.*) Here's another thousand a year!

MR. WHITE (*sits R. of the table, also with a glass*). Same to you, and many of 'em.

SERGEANT (*to HERBERT, who has no glass*). What? Not you?

HERBERT (*laughing and sitting across his chair, c.*). Oh! 'tish't for want of being sociable. But my work don't go with it. Not if 'twas ever so little. I've

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