

You always know what's going on inside o' me, don't you, Mother?

MRS. WHITE. Ought to, after thirty years, John.  
*(She goes to the dresser, and busies herself wiping tumblers on the tray there.)*

*(He rises, goes to the fireplace and lights his pipe.)*

HERBERT *(down c.)*. And it's not such a bad place, Dad, after all. One of the few old-fashioned houses left near London. None o' your stucco villas. Home-like, I call it. And so do you, or you wouldn't ha' bought it. *(He rolls a cigarette.)*

MR. WHITE *(R., growling)*. Nice job I made o' that, too! With two hundred pounds owin' on it.

HERBERT *(on the back of a chair, c.)*. Why, I shall work that off in no time, Dad. Matter o' three years, with the rise promised me.

MR. WHITE. If you don't get married.

HERBERT. Not me. Not that sort.

MRS. WHITE. I wish you would, Herbert. A good, steady lad——

*(She brings the tray with a bottle of whisky, glasses, a lemon, spoons, buns, and a knife to the table.)*

HERBERT. Lots o' time, Mother. Sufficient for the day—as the sayin' goes. Just now my dynamos don't leave me any time for love-making. Jealous, they are, I tell you!

MR. WHITE *(chuckling)*. I lay awake o' night often, and think: If Herbert took a nap, and let his what-d'you-call-ums—dynamos, run down, all Fulham would be in darkness. Lord! what a joke! *(He goes R.C.)*

HERBERT. Joke! And me with the sack! Pretty idea of a joke you've got, I don't think.

*(A knock is heard at the outer door.)*

MRS. WHITE. Hark!

*(The knock is repeated, louder.)*