

MRS. WHITE. Mean to say he's beaten you at last?

HERBERT. Lor, no! Why, he's overlooked——

MR. WHITE (*very excited*). I see it! Lemme have that back!

HERBERT. Not much. Rules of the game!

MR. WHITE (*disgusted*). I don't hold with them scientific rules. You turn what ought to be an innocent relaxation——

MRS. WHITE. Don't talk so much, Father. You put him off——

HERBERT (*laughing*). Not he!

MR. WHITE (*trying to distract his attention*). Hark at the wind.

HERBERT (*dryly*). Ah! I'm listening. Check.

MR. WHITE (*still trying to distract him*). I should hardly think Sergeant-Major Morris'd come to-night.

HERBERT. Mate. (*He rises and goes up L.*)

MR. WHITE (*with an outbreak of disgust and sweeping the chessmen off the board*). That's the worst of living so far out. Your friends can't come for a quiet chat, and you addle your brains over a confounded——

HERBERT. Now, Father! Morris'll turn up all right.

MR. WHITE (*still in a temper*). Lovers' Lane, Fulham! Ho! Of all the beastly, slushy, out-o'-the-way places to live in——! Pathway's a bog, and the road's a torrent.

(*To MRS. WHITE, who has risen, and is at his side.*)

What's the County Council thinking of, that's what I want to know? Because this is the only house in the road it doesn't matter if nobody can get near it, I s'pose.

MRS. WHITE. Never mind, dear. Perhaps you'll win to-morrow. (*She moves to the back of the table.*)

MR. WHITE. Perhaps I'll—perhaps I'll——! What d'you mean? (*He bursts out laughing.*) There!