

know *Jemima*; an' *they* know *us*. "Come on," sez they. "Come on it is," sez we; an' we don' crawl on our bellies no more, but *comes* on. Old Pompey has given 'is orders an' we does 'em. Old Pompey can't cut in to with: "Wot the this an' that are you doin' there? Retire your men. Go to Blazes and cart cinders," an' such like. There's a deal in that there notion of independent commands.

CHUMER. — There is. It's 'ow it comes in action anywoys, if it isn't wot it comes on p'rade. But look 'ere, wot 'appens if you don't know your bloomin' orf'cer, an' 'e don't know ncr care a brass farden about you — like Squeakin' Jim?

HOOKEY. — Things 'appens, as a rule; an' then again they don't some'ow. There's a deal o' luck knockin' about the world, an' takin' one thing with another a fair shares o' that comes to the Army. 'Cordin' to this 'ere (*he thumps the paper*) we ain't got no weppings worth the name, an' we don't know 'ow to use 'em when we 'ave — I didn't mean your belt, Chew — we ain't got no orf'cers; we 'ave got bloomin' swipes for liquor.

CHUMER (*sotto voce*). — Yuss. Undred an' ten gallons beer made out of a heighty-four-gallon cask an' the strength kep' up with 'bacey. Yah! Go on, 'Ook.

HOOKEY. — We ain't got no drill, we ain't got no men, we ain't got no kit, nor yet no bullocks to carry it if we 'ad — where in the name o' fortune do all our bloomin' victories come from? It's a tail-upwards way o' workin'; but where *do* the victories come from?

SHUCKBRUGH (*recovering his pipe from Hookey's mouth*). — Ask Little Mildred — 'e carries the Colours. Chew, are you goin' to the bazaar?