

*with large hands, winsome features, slight, but by no means meagre, figure. She appears quite capable and alert, as if she had just come "on duty."*

HASZARD [*awaking*]. What time is it, nurse?

NURSE [*rising and looking at the clock*]. Half past nine. Did you sleep well?

HASZARD. My legs slept. Lift me up.

NURSE. But you can't walk.

HASZARD. I lift me up, I say. If I were on my feet, I could walk as well as you can.

NURSE. I shall try. Then you will be convinced. [*Attempts to raise him with much gentleness.*]

HASZARD. There, there. Let be. I am dead from the waist down. [*After an ominous pause.*—Yes-s.

NURSE. Are you comfortable again?

HASZARD. If I am uncomfortable, it is not your fault.

NURSE. It is the best I can do. I would gladly do more.

HASZARD. I am not blaming you. I have not had so much human kindness since I was a child. You are like a mother,—no task too high, none too menial.

NURSE. I am doing nothing more than my duty.

HASZARD. There you are again, talking about duty. When a man talks about his duty I know he is going to do something he wants to do.

NURSE [*sitting down*]. But I am a woman.

HASZARD. You are not a woman. You are a nurse.

NURSE. A man knows very little about a nurse or a woman either.