

Digger: "But, lady; I——"

O.L.: "Mo-olly! Moll-ly! Here's your hero from the Air Force!"

(Molly, who has been hitting it up with a Pilot Officer named Jim, replies).

Molly: "Oh, Jim! You darling! I knew you would pluck up enough courage to come and call for me! I didn't expect you so soon, though."

Digger: "Excuse, me missus. I'd better go——"

O.L.: "My dear man! You can't go up to her yet—she's dressing! She won't be long, now."

Molly (from bedroom upstairs): "I say, Jim! Didn't you say you had night-flying on to-night? Or was that just an excuse to give me a pleasant surprise?"

O.L.: "Night-flying? Do you mean you fly in the dark? Oh! You must tell me all about it! How clever you are! What is it like? You must tell us after tea—and your experiences in the last war, too! You have been to the war, haven't you? I suppose you teach the young fellows what to do now—those wonderful boys—just left school and college—who risk their lives a thousand times, for the like of Molly and me!"

Molly: "I'm ready, now dear, and I'm wearing that jolly, uncrushable frock you admired so much the other night! Now, shut your eyes, boy, and I'll tell you when to open them."

Digger (in a desperate whisper): "Hell! What on earth shall I do?"

Molly: "Heavens! Auntie! Auntie! Who the dickens is this hard-bitten old imposter? Where on earth did you pick him up?"

O.L.: "He told me you were his Miss Tait!"

Digger: "You got me wrong, lady; I——"

Molly: "His 'Miss Tait!' I like his cheek! Why, I've never even seen the old reprobate before in my life!"

Digger: "It's all a mistake, lady. I——"

Molly: "I should jolly well think it is a mistake! You ought to be ashamed of yourself—a man of your age, taking advantage of an old lady and imposing on her like this!"

Digger: "I say, miss, give us a break, won't you? I've been trying to explain to your Aunt for the last hour, but I couldn't get a word in edgeways! She just rushed me off me bloomin' feet!"

Molly: "But didn't you tell her I was your 'Miss Tait'?"

Digger: "Don't rub it in, miss."

O.L.: "Come along, you two—tea's ready—and don't quarrel! I don't care tuppence if he is an imposter. He was a soldier in the last war—and he's in it again. I've a