

ON A TRANSPORT

by telling tales that they were supposed to have heard in confidence from the wireless operator, and which they would whisper into your ears in a supposedly friendly manner at any and every opportunity. They were tales to the effect that just ahead of us last night such-and-such a ship was torpedoed and sunk by the Germans with all on board, "and not a soul was saved." They would add that the Germans had a most intense desire to get our boat; why, it was common talk in New York, so a friend had written to them, that a sub would get us this trip; "as a matter of fact, sir, betting is five to one that they will sink us." What a ghastly sense of humor some of those stewards have!

However, the days slipped by, and no one seemed to be at all worrying as to his or her safety. The last couple of days out from England the guns, fore and aft, were gotten ready for business, in case the Hun dared to show the nose of his periscope in our neighborhood. Eyes looked in all directions searching for the tell-tale trail of a torpedo, and, though many were called out, few chose to materialize. Sud-