

SUBMARINES

rumbling beneath her, like an inverted thunderstorm, for fifteen minutes.

'All those tramps ought to be disarmed, and *we* ought to have all their guns,' said a voice out of a corner.

'What? Still worrying over your "mug"?' some one replied.

'He *was* a mug!' went on the man of one idea. 'If I'd had a couple of twelves even, I could have strafed him proper. I don't know whether I shall mutiny, or desert, or write to the First Sea Lord about it.'

'Strafe all Admiralty constructors to begin with. I could build a better boat with a 4-inch lathe and a sardine-tin than ——,' the speaker named her by letter and number.

'That's pure jealousy,' her commander explained to the company. 'Ever since I installed—ahem!—my patent electric wash-basin he's been intriguing' to get her. Why? We know he doesn't wash. He'd only use the basin to keep beer in.'

UNDERWATER WORKS

However often one meets it, as in this war one meets it at every turn, one never gets used to the Holy Spirit of Man at his job. The 'common sweeper,' growling over his mug of tea that there was 'nothing in sweepin',' and these idly chaffing