

A SURGEON IN ARMS

long rows of men trudging along with packs of supplies. They loom up suddenly before you; or, perchance, a column of the ever-useful packmules pass, patiently carrying their burdens overland. And often by day one comes across the body of a mule that was given rest from its weary toil by a German bullet, at which times one cannot but wonder if in a happier land the patient, plodding, much-abused packmule is given his just meed of appreciation and kindness.

When someone pays the price of his recklessness in going overland, the price is most often exacted by a bullet. What insidious little things bullets are! They sneak in and hit you without forewarning you in any way, and they may hit so hard that you do not know you are hit even then. Most men out there have more respect for them than for shells, for often you have time to "duck" against the side of a trench and so partly dodge a heavy shell.

But you can't dodge a bullet. It gives you a most uncanny feeling to be taking a short cut overland, and suddenly to hear a