

SUBMARINES

"Twenty-five time I 'ave insured, but not *this* time. . . . 'Ang it!'"

The trawlers lunged ahead toward the forlorn neutral. Our destroyer nipped past us with that high-shouldered, terrier-like pouncing action of the newer boats, and went ahead. A tramp in ballast, her propeller half out of water, threshed along through the sallow haze.

'Lord! What a shot!' somebody said enviously. The men on the little deck looked across at the slow-moving silhouette. One of them, a cigarette behind his ear, smiled at a companion.

Then we went down—not as they go when they are pressed (the record, I believe, is 50 feet in 50 seconds from top to bottom), but genteelly, to an orchestra of appropriate sounds, roarings, and blowings, and after the orders, which come from the commander alone, utter silence and peace.

'There's the bottom. We bumped at fifty—fifty-two,' he said.

'I didn't feel it.'

'We'll try again. Watch the gauge, and you'll see it flick a little.'

THE PRACTICE OF THE ART

It may have been so, but I was more interested in the faces, and above all the eyes, all down the