

A SURGEON IN ARMS

denly one morning someone spied out a couple of those fast, dangerous-looking torpedo boats which swung about, and crossed our bows, and thenceforth accompanied us like a pair of faithful bulldogs accompanying their master on horseback.

Though no one had expressed a word of fear of the submarines, and no person, man or woman, on board had seemed to worry in the least as to the possible dangers from torpedoes, it was noticeable at once that a pressure or tension had been withdrawn. In the smoking room the hum of voices rose to a much higher pitch than it had attained during the previous twenty-four hours of the voyage, during which we had felt that a danger might lurk unseen about us. The gayety on deck became appreciably more merry. These torpedo boats accompanied us till we reached the safety of the harbor; and as we once again placed our feet upon the soil we felt that in war as in peace the end of a voyage is often the most welcome part of it.

But was it the end of the voyage? Ah, no, it was but the beginning; because for the men