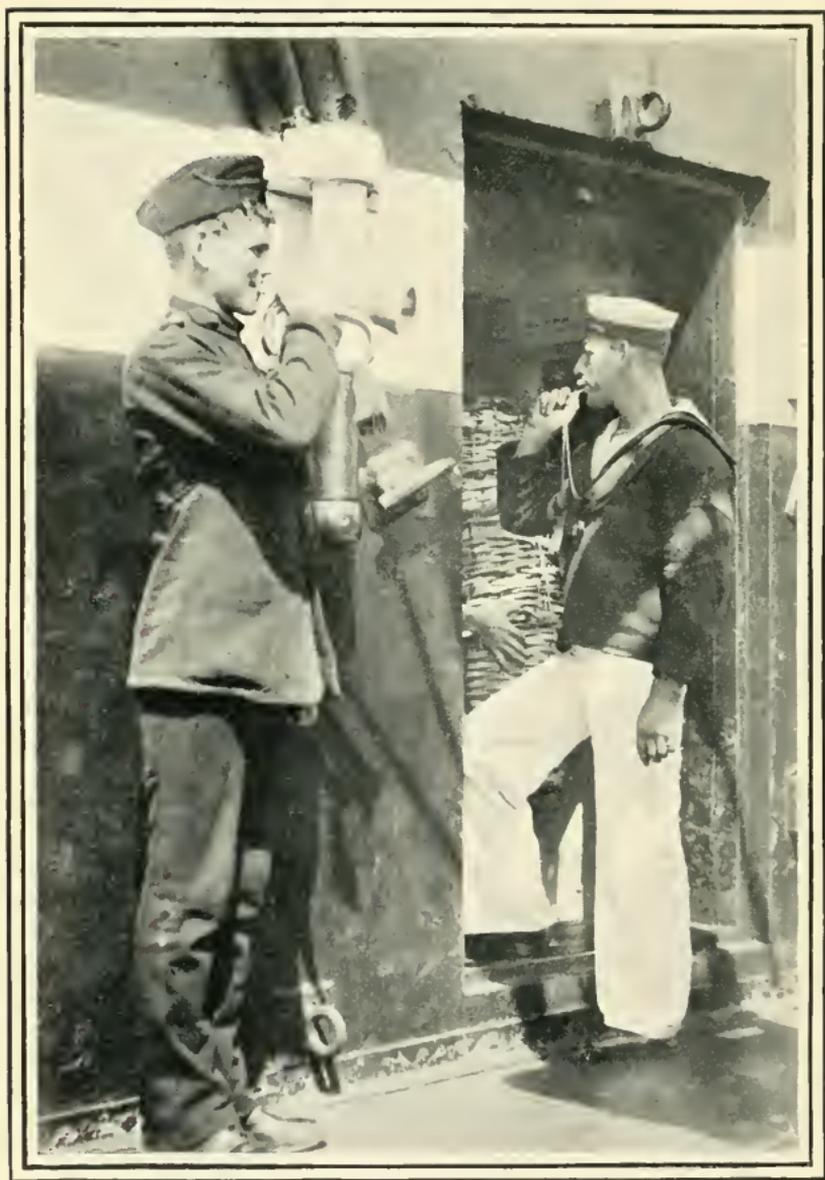


How Our Navy is Run





Welcome signals. Jack and Joe calling the bluejackets and marines to dinner (p. 285).

[Frontispiece.]

How Our Navy is Run

A Description of Life in the
King's Fleet

By

Archibald S. Hurd

Author of

“The British Fleet: Is it Sufficient and Efficient?”

With an Introduction by

Rear-Admiral

Lord Charles Beresford, C.B.

With 33 Illustrations

London

C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

Henrietta Street

1902



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Preface

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IN these days when so much interest is taken in those who guard our shores, protect our very daily bread as it is borne over the ocean from far distant lands, and safeguard the oversea empire—India and the numerous colonies, big and small—there is, I hope, little explanation necessary to justify a modest volume on “How our Navy is Run.”

There are many books describing the King's fleet, its strength, the types of ships which are ever patrolling the world's ocean highways, and of the manner in which these wonderful fighting machines are constructed. Historians have traced its story back to the birth of British sea power in the days of King Alfred, and chronicled its glorious triumphs and, less numerous far, its humiliations.

But how much is known of the life which

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Preface

officers and men lead afloat? My endeavour has been to mirror, however inadequately and imperfectly, the conditions under which they pass their lives—their duties, privileges, customs, and amusements—while at the same time mentioning some of the anomalies which are inevitable in a service with so venerable a past, and so firm an attachment to its traditions. Sailors in the British Fleet are a class apart; they are often misunderstood, they receive too little credit for the splendid spirit in which they conform to an existence which banishes them from all the joys of home for long periods, and the highly technical character of their training and duties is not fully appreciated.

These chapters deal with naval life in many of its most interesting phases: the daily round on board ship; how the vessels are prepared for action and an enemy would be tackled; the mystery of a blue-jacket's wardrobe, which he carries on his back like a snail, is revealed; some facts are given with reference to Jack's food and his remarkable meal-hours; some particulars

Preface

there are also of the means by which discipline is enforced. The story is told of the methods by which British ships are kept "spick and span," not by any means entirely at the national expense; of the manner in which Christmas is celebrated; and the ceremonies which are observed when a man-of-war crosses the Equator.

My thanks are due to Lord Charles Beresford for kindly contributing an Introduction, which cannot fail to be read with the liveliest interest, and to several officers, notably one who prefers to be known under the pseudonym "Thadeus Nos," and Mr. T. Holman, R.N.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

Introduction

BY REAR-ADMIRAL LORD CHARLES BERESFORD, C.B.

THIS Introduction is in no way intended as a review of the author's work, but simply to call attention to the immense utility of publications that give the community a chance of knowing more intimately matters concerning the life and duties of those who form the ships' companies of the British Fleet.

The author has grouped together a number of chapters containing facts, some partially known, some not known at all, but all interesting as illustrating the dress, drills, duties, and daily life of the various ratings that make up the crew of a modern man-of-war.

The characteristics of British men-of-war's men (which term includes all ratings) are well known to their countrymen. Splendid courage in critical moments, readiness of resource, individuality, a loyal sense of duty, combined with a chivalrous idea of honour and a cheery de-

Introduction

meanour under all circumstances, have endeared the men-of-war's men to their compatriots.

The men of the fleet have never been found wanting when told off for duty either ashore or afloat. They have earned for themselves the soubriquet of "The Handy Man."

The country does not appreciate the fact that the Royal Navy is always on active service. The only difference apparent between peace and war is exemplified when the guns belch forth their hurricane of shot and shell. In peace, the target fired at does not reply; in war, the target fired at replies with vigorous counterblows, and perhaps with terrible effect. A ship in commission has nothing to do, if war is declared, except to clear for action and pommel the enemy whenever and wherever he may be found. The strain upon officers and men is naturally greater, but ordinary every-day life and duties are the same as in peace.

The more the public are instructed by being able to peruse a vast mass of information such as the author has presented, the more possible it will be to improve the comfort as well as the efficiency of those serving in the fleet.

There are many improvements to be made

Introduction

before it can honestly be said that the country gives fleet-men their fair due. Perhaps the most important is that connected with the rations. The times for meals, the quantity provided (the quality is good enough), and the variations of diet are not suitable to modern requirements, and the British ration does not compare favourably with that of other nations, particularly the French and American, or even with the best lines in the British Mercantile Marine.

The question of promotion to commissions from the ranks is also a subject to be taken in hand. The more the public knows about the navy the more certain it is that comfort and efficiency will be increased. The fleet would never have arrived at its present strength if the question had been left to authority. It was public opinion that compelled authority to awake, and find out if the Empire had a fleet sufficient for its needs.

The ships' companies referred to in this book are excellent, perhaps young as a whole, but history shows that the map of the world, when altered, was altered by young men.

The "lower deck" is good enough, but no

Introduction

fleet will be able to fight successfully, no matter how good its personnel, unless all the details inseparable from proper organisation for war in these modern days are perfect and complete.

In many details such organisation is non-existent. The British Fleet has done much both to make and to hold the British Empire, and is mainly responsible for its present powerful and honourable position among the nations of the earth.

Write books, ye authors, and help the country to insist that the comfort and efficiency of the fleet shall be commensurate with its great and historic associations!

CHARLES BERESFORD.

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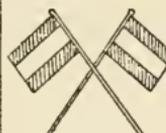
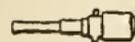
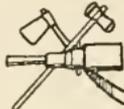
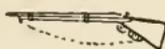
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GUNNERY.	SIGNALS.		Other Ratings.
 Gunnery Instructor.	 Signalling Instructor.	 Gymnastic Instruct'r. Engineer Dept.	 Chief Petty Officer Seaman Class <i>not being a Seaman Ght.</i>
 S. G. T.	 Qualified Signalman.	 Chief Stoker and Stoker Mechanic.	NOP Naval Police
 S.G. 1st Class.	 Signalman & Signal Boy.	 Stoker.	 Civil Branch.
 S.G. 2nd Class and acting S.G.	Shooting Badges.  1st. Class Shot.	ARTIFICERS.  Chief and other Torpedo Artificers.	 Sick Berth Staff.
TORPEDO.	 2nd. Class Shot.	 Armourers of all classes.	
 Torpedo Instructor.	 3rd. Class Shot.	 All other Artificers.	Note:- For certain ratings, Stars are added to these badges.
 Leading Torpedo Man.			

SOME ROYAL NAVY BADGES

HOISTING THE PENNANT

How Our Navy is Run

HOISTING THE PENNANT

“CAPTAIN the Hon. George Granville, to his Majesty’s ship, *India*, on commissioning March 3, 1901.” In this wise does the Admiralty announce that the majestic warship which has been swinging at her anchor off Portsmouth dockyard, a great silent, uninhabited, floating fortress, is to be transformed into a thing of life for dealing out death to the country’s foes. The official announcement appears a fortnight or three weeks in advance, and by nine o’clock on the eventful morning this gallant officer makes his way to the dockyard, and boards the ship he is proud to have the privilege of commanding. She is a ship of 14,200 tons displacement, her engines representing the energy of 125,000 able-bodied men. A sea-fortress with a population of nearly 1000

How our Navy is Run

souls, and representing not far short of a million sterling, she is to be in the charge of the smart, well-set-up officer with the four gold lace stripes, and a curl thrown in, on his sleeves, who approaches her, conscious that he is her Emperor, Lord Mayor, Dictator, what you will—master almost absolute. As he approaches, the boatswain's mate gets ready to pipe his captain on board. The captain's reputation for spotless cleanliness has already become known to the crew, the boatswain's mate has been at the trouble to give the final polish to his silver chain, while his whistle, which glistens in the morning sun, gives out a loud blast to warn all hands that the captain is coming on board. The crew have mustered on the quarter-deck, and the officers stand at the gangway, the commander, the captain's right hand, near the side, in readiness to receive the officer who is to make or mar the happiness of the little floating kingdom for the next three years. As the last stroke of nine o'clock is heard, the white ensign, with the red St. George's Cross, and the Union Jack in the upper canton, is hoisted up the ensign staff, the Union Jack at the bows, and the sister emblem of naval life, the

Hoisting! the Pennant

long pennant—having a St. George's Cross on a white field in the upper part, and with a white fly—flutters from the masthead. Meantime the captain's clerk produces from an envelope an official document which he hands to the captain. With all due solemnity this officer reads in loud, resonant tones: "I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty," &c., &c. In short, it is his command to commission the ship, and though the recital of the terms of the commission is not a new experience to the audience, no captain can take over the command of so fine a ship as H.M.S. *India*, without some sense of emotion. It must be added that it is not the invariable rule for captains to read their commissions; in fact the formality is often omitted.

At once every one comes to salute, and the captain graciously acknowledges the reverence that is shown to his high office. He is then introduced by the commander to each officer in turn, and, this formality over, Captain Granville addresses the ship's company thus:—

"Officers and men of the *India*. You and I are going to be shipmates for three years, probably more. We've all got to pull together to

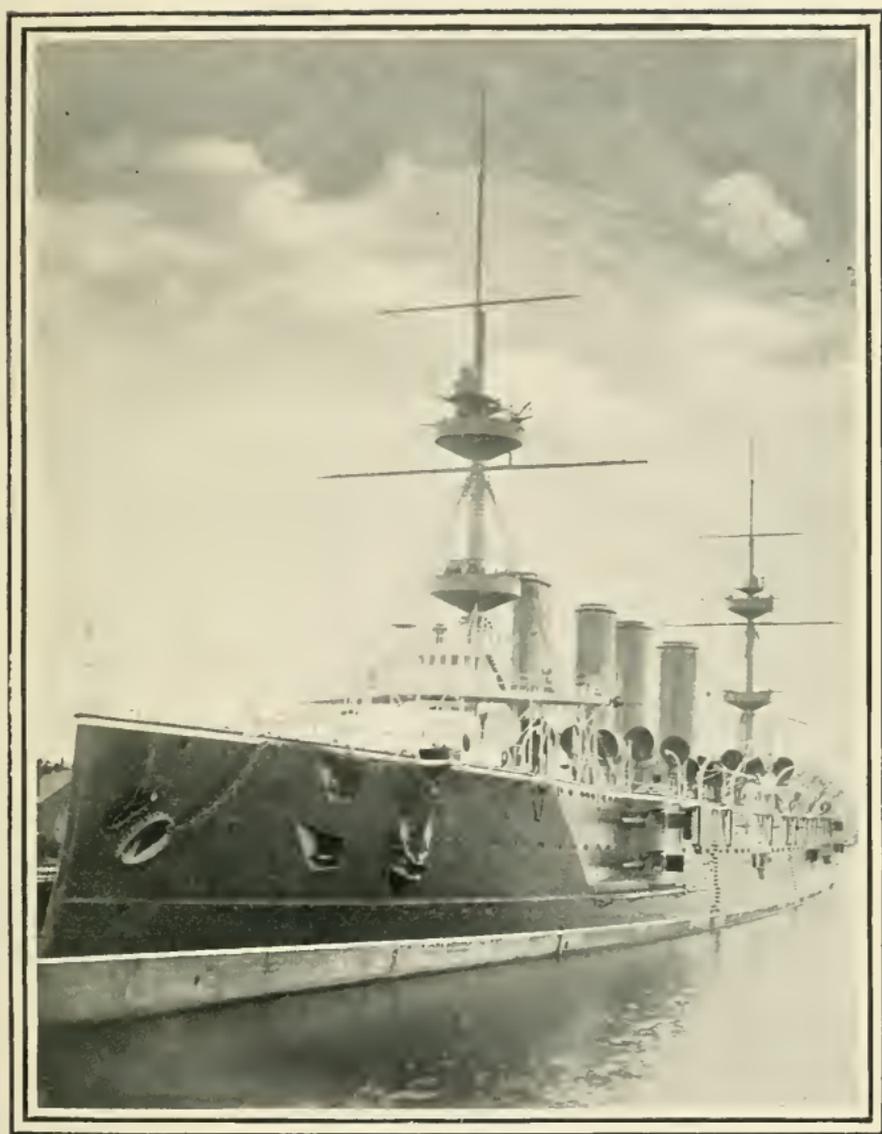
How our Navy is Run

make the *India* the smartest ship on the station. If you work as hard as you can you won't see much of me ; but," he adds sternly, "if there 'is any slackness, then I am afraid we shall have to make ourselves more intimately acquainted. Commander Wright and I are old shipmates, and I have sailed with several of the other officers. We have as fine a set of officers as ever trod a ship's deck, and it rests with you, men, to make the *India* the envy of the fleet, and the happiest ship in the service."

All is immediately orderly confusion, with less order than confusion to the eyes of a landsman, and the first drill of the commission begins.

Captains differ ; some address the crew, some, perhaps the majority, dispense with the speech-making ; but we are dealing with a model ship and a model commanding officer, such as the one who recently held sway over one of the battleships of the Channel Squadron.

Thus does a modern leviathan take on life, but behind all this formality lies a great deal of organisation and hard work. For many days dockyard workmen have been putting the



His Majesty's first-class cruiser "Terrible" the day before she hoisted the pennant for service on the Channel Station.

Hoisting the Pennant

finishing touches to the ship, while at the naval depot blue-jackets, many of them specialists in gunnery, torpedoes, or signalling, have been selected to make up the crew, and if the local resources have been unequal to the task, word will have been sent to Devonport and Chatham for additional men. These will have been brought round to Portsmouth by rail or by sea, all the baggage of each man in a single white bag, for Jack does not carry round the world with him an extensive wardrobe. All this is in pleasant contrast to the old days, when a ship was handed over to her captain little more than a hull, and he had to arrange for her rigging and equipment, and had to enlist his crew as best he could, and as a last resort have recourse to the press-gang, dreaded in all ports. This was a slow and tedious method, occupying many months, but now the ship is fitted out in a dockyard, and the crew rapidly made up on paper at the depots.

Then comes the task of the commander, and probably the first and gunnery lieutenants and other officers, in mapping out the organisation of this floating war palace. This is no

How our Navy is Run

simple matter, and a day or two before the date for commissioning they proceed on board, and hold conference with the engineer and warrant officers as to the design of the ship, and the disposition of the crowd of seamen, stokers, engine-room officers, cooks, naval artisans, marines, and other ratings. Each one of these must know on the morning exactly where to put his baggage, and where he will have his first meal, otherwise there might be much unnecessary confusion. Consequently, in and out and all about the great ship the officers wander, taking in all her features.

From the depot, which supplies the crew, there will have come a list of the men with their ratings—ordinary seaman, seaman-gunner, first-class stoker, or whatever may be each man's special line. With this list the work of organisation is seriously taken in hand, with the assistance of the master-at-arms, the head of the ship's police and a person of no mean importance. The whole life of a ship depends on what is known as the "watch-bill," whereby the men are divided up into two bodies called watches—the port (the left-hand side of the ship) and the starboard (the right-hand side)

Hoisting the Pennant

—and every man has a number allotted to him, those of the port watch having even numbers, and their shipmates of the starboard the odd numbers. The watches are further subdivided for convenience in working the ship—in manning the boats, working the guns, and “messing,” as seamen call their meals.

This watch-bill is the foundation of the organization of a warship, and the first work of the commander and his colleagues is to take as many cards as there are men, and to each man assign a number corresponding to the exact place where he will stow his belongings, sleep, move, and have his being. In this way the watch-bill is made. From the “quarter-bill,” supplied by the gunnery establishments of the port to which the vessel belongs, the gunnery lieutenants and other officers ascertain the distribution of the men for working the guns and other duties, so that every man may know his exact place in every evolution. All such stations or duties as “fire quarters,” “general quarters,” “man and arm boats,” “out torpedo nets” and others, which will be referred to in detail in subsequent chapters, are made out on a broad basis which is applicable to all ships,

How our Navy is Run

dependent of course on their varying size, structure, and armament, and the number of the crew. It is only by organising the ship on a definite system that the performance of the multifarious duties can be insured, drills carried out properly, and meals served regularly, and all in perfect order, and with a smartness that to a landsman is subject of wonder. The result of all these careful arrangements is that early on the commissioning morning everything has been foreseen to make the ship ready to be commissioned.

When the formality of commissioning is over, the captain generally retires to his cabin and deals with the enormous correspondence which is attendant on a ship's commissioning. In the meantime the commander has got the master-at-arms and his minions, the ship's police, gathered round tables on which are stowed the men's cards. The process of telling off men, giving out cards, and adjusting the watch-bill at the same time, is long and tedious, and may take anything from an hour to two hours, or more. It stands to reason that there are numerous mistakes to be rectified, a man's name to correct, or ratings may have been wrongly



Field service uniform of a bluejacket—blue serge with brown accoutrements and leggings.

Hoisting the Pennant

described, or a change may have taken place at the last moment, or the commander may lose his temper and the master-at-arms his head.

While all these arrangements are being made many other officers are standing about on the quarter-deck or elsewhere, some looking very *gauche* and unhappy ; perhaps an acquaintance may be discovered, in which case conversation relieves the monotony. However, the wine man eventually arrives on board with samples, and the good-fellowship glass cheers and thaws the ordinary Englishman's awkward reserve.

When the commander has finished telling off the men, he pipes them to sling hammocks and stow their bags. This generally takes up to about noon, when the sailor is piped to his first meal on board his new ship. Sometimes during the morning the captain with the heads of the departments will go round the whole ship, so that he may become thoroughly acquainted with its topography. After dinner it is possible hands may go to "fire quarters" or "general quarters," but the latter is not an invariable rule. It often happens that after the pennant is up, the powers that be begin worrying the captain

How our Navy is Run

to get steam up and leave port, in which case these drills have to make way for provisioning, coaling, taking in ammunition, &c.

The first few days on board a newly commissioned warship are very useful. It is astonishing how soon officers and men "shake down," as it is called, and there is nothing that promotes this process better than the drills and the hard work that are necessary to fit the ship to go to sea. A newly commissioned ship may appear to a landsman all that an officer can desire. But ask her captain. He will tell you of paint that does not look sufficiently fresh, of brasswork that needs a great deal of elbow grease and brick dust; while other officers and warrant-officers—the latter glorified blue-jackets, the backbone of the navy according to Lord Charles Beresford—are head over heels in business. There are stores, provisions, water, small-arms ammunition, and a hundred and one other things to be got on board, and probably also the ship will have to be coaled. Other men will be occupied in the shell rooms, and the engineers and their staff will be busy to distraction overhauling the ship's machinery, while the doctor will cast a keen eye over the sick-bay, as the

Hoisting the Pennant

hospital on board is called, and the gunnery officer will have his time fully filled up seeing that the guns are in good order; the navigating officer will test all his instruments, and the lieutenant borne specially for torpedo duties will busy himself, and many seamen specially trained for the work, in preparing his devilish weapons for early practice at sea.

Drilling, working, and playing, Jack does not find time hang on his hands in these first few days, and within a fortnight or three weeks from the morning when she is commissioned, the great ship will steam majestically to Spithead, and carry out a trial of her machinery in the Solent for a period of four hours. If this test proves that she is efficient, her fate is sealed. The Commander-in-chief of the port having learnt from the captain that all is well on board, he inspects the ship, and the date is fixed for her departure and conveyed to all interested by means of the notice-board. After "evening quarters," that is shortly before four on the previous afternoon, the watch or both watches are piped "Prepare ship for sea." Certain seamen will go aloft and cover the graceful tapering spars of the leviathan with white covers; others will be

How our Navy is Run

employed at hoisting in boats not required for sea, and securing the life-boats. Another party of men, in charge of the first lieutenant and boatswain, will reeve anchor gear and prepare the fo'c'stle for weighing the anchors. Should the ship happen to be moored (*i.e.* with both anchors down and swivel on), it is probable that the swivel will be taken off, one anchor weighed and "catted," whilst the cable will be shortened in on the riding anchor. In the meantime all is worry and bustle in the engine-room. Steam must be raised about 2 A.M. next morning, according to orders, and therefore preparations must be made for lighting the boiler furnaces, and for warming the engines through before starting them. After the upper deck is ready, leave is piped for one of the watches, and many sailors are able to go ashore, being specially warned by the ship's police that the ship is under sailing orders. After this warning, should a man break his leave, serious punishment awaits him.

Next morning at an early hour the final preparations begin. Engineer officers go round and try all sorts and conditions of engines, telegraphs, tell-tales, sirens, and whistles, and other



Commissioning morning at a dockyard. The crew and their baggage ready to go on board a man-of-war. [p. 41.

Hoisting the Pennant

contrivances. The carpenter takes the draught of water, the gunner examines the life-buoys, and the final touch is given to every arrangement. Eventually, the chief engineer sends up to ask the officer of the watch if he can try the engines, which permission being given, the engines are set going. The last boat is hoisted, with much noise by the officer of watch and the pipes of boatswain's mates. The commander reports all officers and men on board to the captain, and the officers' call is sounded. "Clear lower deck," "Up anchor"—the guard call is heard; a band having by this time been provided by the officers, with the assistance of an Admiralty grant, which is quite inadequate, it plays appropriate tunes. "Permission to proceed in execution of previous orders," is hoisted at the main masthead, and on receipt of an affirmative reply from the port admiral, the anchor having been weighed, the telegraphs are rung "half speed" ahead. A churning of watery foam at the stern gradually subsides into a subdued succession of confused whirlpools. Thus does the good ship *India* leave for service on some foreign station, and Jack and his officers go out into exile for three long

How our Navy is Run

years for the sake of their king, and of the great world-wide Empire and British commerce, that calls for protection.

Appended is a copy of the "commission," sent to a captain from the Admiralty when he is appointed to a ship.

“By Command of the Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, &c. -

“TO CAPTAIN, THE HON. GEORGE GRANVILLE.

“The Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty hereby appoint you captain of her Majesty’s ship, *India*, in command, and direct you to repair on board that ship at Portsmouth.

“Your appointment is to take effect from March 3, 1901.

“You are to acknowledge the receipt of this appointment, and forthwith present your letter to the Commander-in-chief at Portsmouth.

“By Order of their lordships,

“EVAN MACGREGOR.

“ADMIRALTY,

“Feb. 20th, 1901.”

TACKLING AN ENEMY

TACKLING AN ENEMY

“GENERAL QUARTERS!” There is a commotion as each man takes his allotted place under his particular officer. A few minutes of exciting bustle without confusion occur, no pantomimic encounters between men getting in each other’s way, but a deft readjustment on a set plan preparing the ship to receive the more or less polite attentions of an imaginary enemy. It is merely a drill, but every officer and man stands at his post in dead earnest, as though grim war were really imminent and the honour of the flag were in the balance.

Often in times of stress, when we are passing through a crisis, some foreign journal will announce to its readers that certain British warships, at Malta or Gibraltar, at Hong Kong or elsewhere, have been cleared for action, and the men have been ordered to rest by night at their guns ready for the order to fire the first shot. Sometimes such statements have firm

How our Navy is Run

foundation in fact, but as a rule the foreigner merely misunderstands what is going on, and mistakes an earnestly performed drill for the real thing. Week after week the order for "general quarters" is sounded on board our warships, and the best guarantee that the British tax-payer has of the real efficiency of the fleet, is the fact that officers and men spend their days in time of peace in preparing for the thunder-clap of war.

Under ordinary circumstances, when peacefully patrolling some highway of commerce, a battleship of our times appeals but feebly to the little of the poet that is in each of us. But even those old sailors who still pin their faith to ships of wood, with great spreads of canvas to entrap every passing breeze, admit that a modern armoured leviathan has a rude gaunt beauty of its own, a beauty born of strength. It has few features that please the eye of the artist, who desires the appearance of sheer masterfulness to be relieved by the ever-changing form of bellying sail, with the nimble sailors aloft manipulating the canvas.

In an essentially fighting service as is the Royal Navy, the great object to be kept ever present

Tackling an Enemy

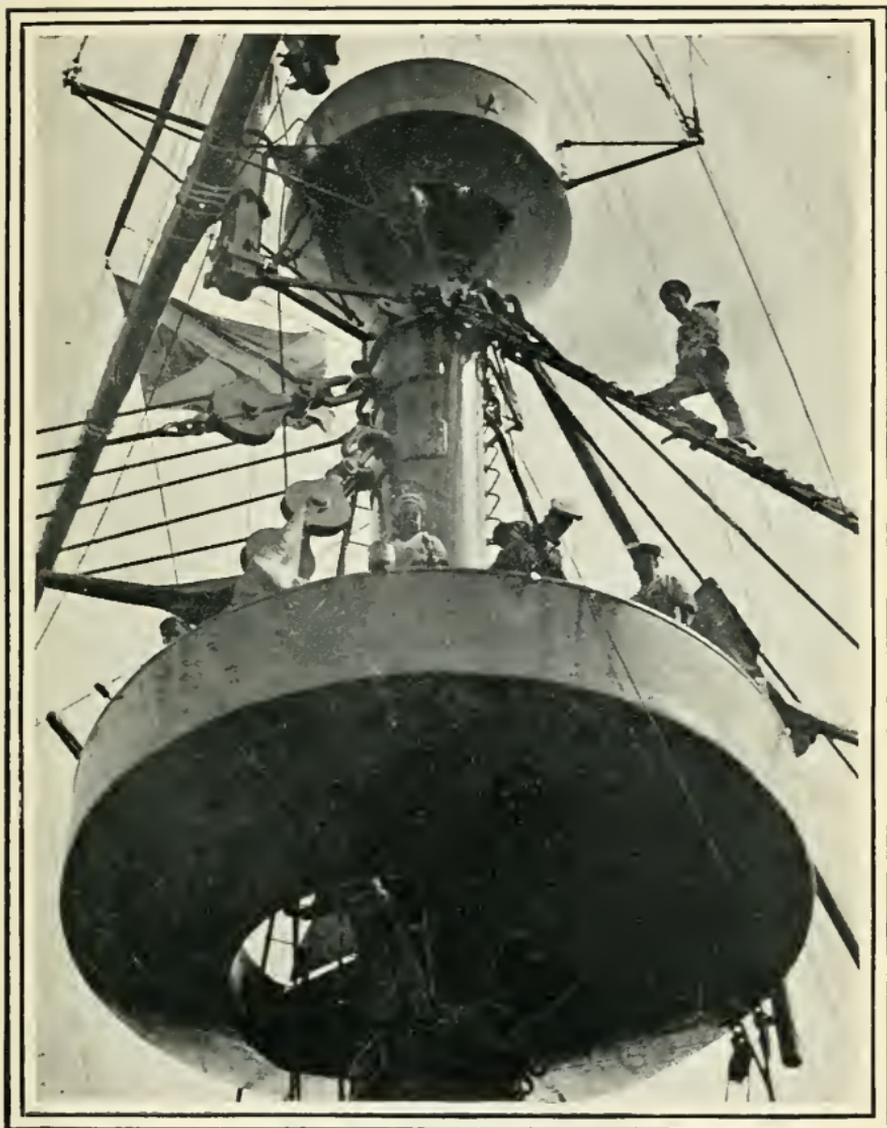
is the possibility of war. It is the duty of every naval officer and man to remember that the day may come when the steel tentacles of Great Britain, which reach to the uttermost parts of this earth, will be called upon to carry death and destruction into the enemy's fleets. When the war trump is sounded and the might of Great Britain defied, it is the boast of the officers and men of the Royal Navy that they will be ready to avenge the insult to the flag, and to sweep the enemy off the face of the waters as their forefathers did before them. In order to attain the object in view, it is necessary to be continuously exercising the part in order to become proficient in the whole. In other words, naval life to-day is one big drill, which goes on for ever. Since the reality cannot be indulged in, those exercises which most nearly approach the real are the ones most often performed and executed.

A modern armoured ship is a thing quite distinct from the sailing line-of-battleship of the old days. It is true that they both float, but they float differently. The ship of steel, with her bilge keels, appears absolutely to ride the waves with a steady ease, whereas the old ship

How our Navy is Run

danced and curtsied. It is, perhaps, an acquired taste that enables one to see beauty in a mastodon of the navy of to-day when peacefully disposed, but under no circumstances could any one be brought to admit that there is any beauty in a battleship as it goes into action.

Such a ship as the 13,000 ton *Canopus* is neither a thing of beauty nor a joy for ever when she strips to the waist, otherwise the water-line, like a prize fighter in readiness for his antagonist. Some months ago, when the outlook was overcast by rumours of European interference in South Africa, the Channel Squadron was on the Irish coast waiting for orders to proceed to Gibraltar, and the admiral's signal ran like lightning from ship to ship: "Prepare for war." A landsman might have jumped to the conclusion that Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson apprehended that his splendid fleet might be attacked at any moment, but, as a matter of fact, this was merely the ordinary drill of a man-of-war, which is practised continually, so that when "the real thing" comes every one of the seven or eight hundred officers and men may know what he has to do, and



The fighting-top of a battleship. The men reach the platform through an aperture so small that very stout men cannot pass through it.

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will do it all the better because he has practised it over and over again.

The main point that an admiral in these days of high explosive shells has to remember is, that quite as great loss of life is caused by fire as by the enemy's shells, and that the latter, when they fail to kill any one directly, will often cause such a conflagration as will severely tax the resources of the crew, and call men away from their guns, and thus for a time leave some weapons insufficiently served. In the war between China and Japan, and more recently in the Spanish-American war, the damage caused by fires was terrible. The Americans have taken the lesson to heart, and are building practically all their warships with fittings of non-inflammable wood, and the British Admiralty intends to follow their example. Many of the fittings in the new battleships and cruisers, which in the old days would have been of ordinary wood, are of non-inflammable material.

The warships at present in commission, however, have a great quantity of beautiful joinery and fittings to adorn them, and when war occurs this will be the first anxiety of the captain of each ship. His immediate thought, when he

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learns that he may shortly engage the enemy, will be how much of the inflammable material in the ship can be thrown overboard. Consequently, this emergency is prepared for in time of peace. When the signal is made, "Prepare for war," all the woodwork in the vessel that is movable is marked "overboard," and everything else likely to feed a fire, unless it is indispensable to the proper working of the ship, is put on the forecastle ready to be cast into the water. Wire ladders take the place of all the ordinary wooden ones, increased support is provided for the yards, the derricks for boats are securely lashed-in, and men aloft busy themselves seeing that all is as secure as it can be made. Meantime, down below, other seamen are engaged roofing-in the upper deck with what is known as "splinter netting," that is netting which will prevent burning splinters of wood from falling from above on to the men engaged below. Everything above and below is so safely fastened that the risk of danger is reduced to a minimum, and from end to end of the decks all is left clear for the stern work of war, while the decks themselves are flooded with water so as to prevent fires such as proved so disastrous

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to the Spanish ships. Fire hoses remain rigged ready for any emergency.

These are merely the preliminary operations, and as soon as they are finished the real work goes ahead. Men move almost as by clock-work to their appointed places, some by the guns, others to feed them with ammunition, others again cover the hatches; other men go up aloft to man the small quick-firing guns in the fighting-tops, other men are below ready to close the doors from one compartment to another in case one of the enemy's shells "gets home." Yet more men are in the bowels of the ship getting up steam, for a ship of war always goes into action with a full head of steam, so as to be ready to respond at a moment's notice to the captain's demand shouted down the voice-tube from the conning-tower: "Full speed ahead," or "Full speed astern," whichever manœuvre may be the one for the moment.

There are no men in the modern ship of war whose part is more heroic than the artificers and stokers, and their highly trained officers in the engine-rooms and stokeholds, and executive officers and seamen in the magazines, torpedo flats, and shell-rooms, and other parts of the

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bowels of a ship. When the excitement of battle and the moving scene on every hand are putting fire into their companions at the guns, these men are forced to remain below—below even the waterline, of course—sometimes working, sometimes merely on the *qui vive*. Well they know that events which they cannot see, and can hardly guess at amid the roar of battle, may suddenly cause the ship to heel over or make a great plunge forward into the waters upon which it has hitherto ridden so majestically.

Few laymen can imagine the noise of battle when modern ships are engaged in combat. It is ear-splitting and terrible, and only men who are well trained, as is the case with British seamen, will be able to stand the awful strain on the nerves and senses for any length of time. Apart from the roar of battle, there are heart-rending sights to meet the eye in every direction. When it is remembered that the battleship *Canopus*, which has already been referred to, can fire from her guns seven tons of shot and shell per minute, and that she may in war be pitted against another ship hurling out death and desolation at the same rate, it will be understood what awful engines of destruction

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are our thirty odd battleships already in commission, which are the envy of the world. Besides these there are the reserves and two hundred cruisers and gunboats and sloops, most of them of modern construction, all able to give a relatively good account of themselves.

In actual warfare the conning-tower is the brain of the ship, and there during this weekly exercise the captain stands in a circle of armour from six inches to twelve inches thick, and with a canopy of steel. Before him are a variety of speaking tubes, telephones, bells, and nautical instruments communicating with every part of the ship, and a series of little shutters enabling him to look out on the scene around him. As soon as "General quarters" begin, reports commence to come in to him showing that the ship is ready. He knows that all the men are by their guns, being drilled, and learning all about the use of their weapons by day or by night; that the torpedoes are receiving attention; that stokers are doing their duty as firemen; that in the "flats" the doctors are busy explaining to their staffs how to treat the wounded, while a stretcher party is carrying from his post of duty some man who is sup-

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posed to have been wounded; and that elsewhere other activities are going forward.

In the neighbourhood of the magazines and shell-rooms men are busy over their duties, one man standing sentinel by each of the water-tight doors, which have, of course, been closed; while other men are engaged in sending up ammunition to the guns. The drill is continually varied so as to provide practice for meeting every contingency. It is this change of drill which renders Jack so well able to meet a sudden call or to cope with an unexpected event.

Another series of exercises follows the bugle-call, "Prepare to ram," a drill which is becoming, if it has not already become, obsolete. The ship is steering dead on to an enemy. All the guns possible are trained on the bow, every man lies down or takes shelter, and at a signal the quick-firing guns belch forth their full weight of metal, while other guns are ready to give the enemy a parting salvo if the ram, probably of not less than 30 tons of solid steel, has missed its mark.

It is impossible to trace the practice in detail, it is so varied and so complicated; but reference

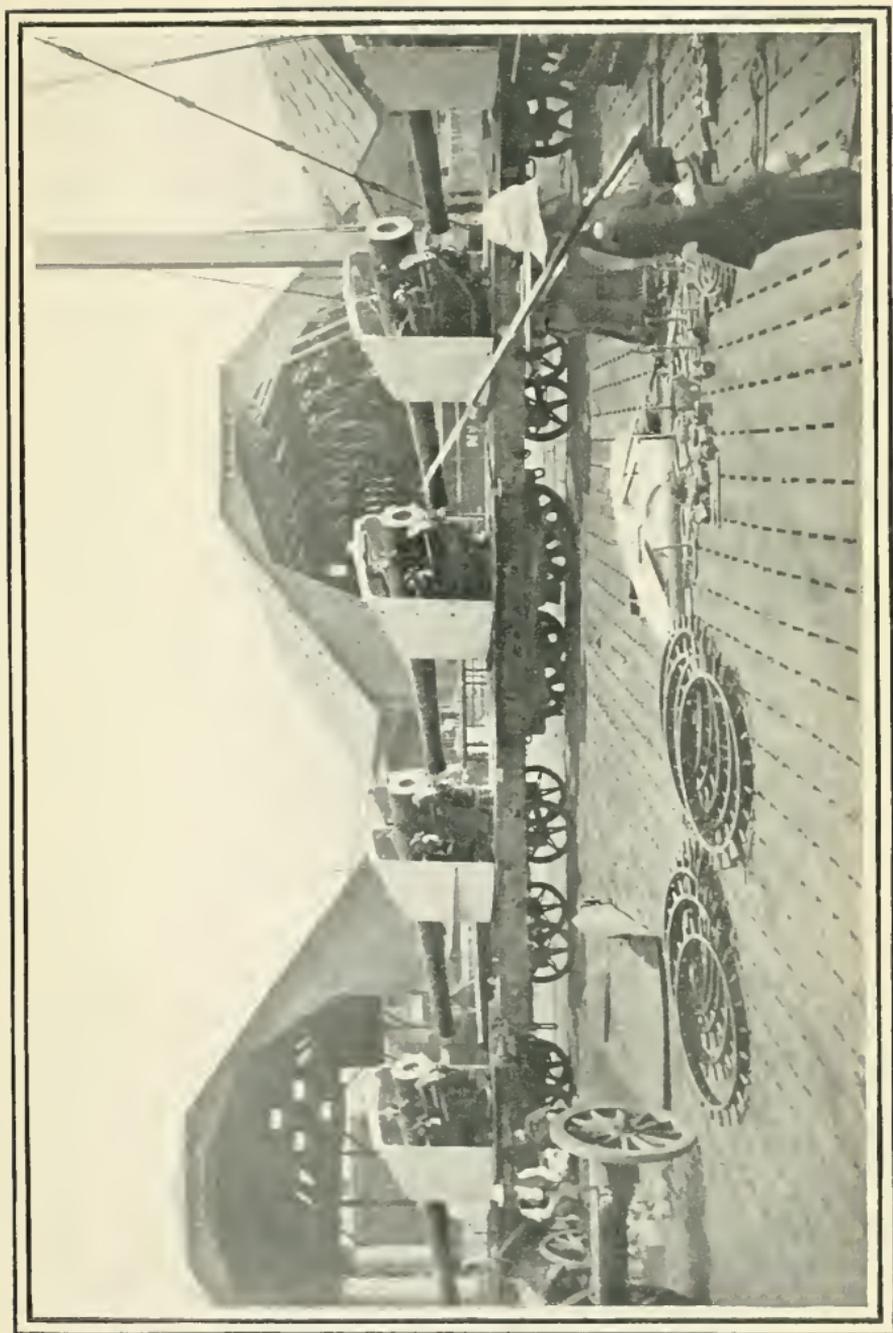
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must be made to the order: "Upper deck quarters, out collision mats." The supposition is that one of the enemy's projectiles has made a hole in the ship's side. A modern battleship is composed of scores of compartments shut off by water-tight doors, numbering 250 to over 300, which in action would be kept closed as much as possible. Hence, when a hole is made in the ship's side below the water-line, the compartment struck is liable to be flooded. At once, when the order is given, men are in readiness to place over the hole a collision mat, which the action of the sea assists to hold close to the hole, while the engines are ready to pump the water out of the compartment. This is the theory; but whether in actual warfare the water-tight doors and the collision mats will fulfil their purpose, who can say? All these expedients, even the ships themselves, are experiments. All that naval architects and officers can tell us is that our fighting machines and their marvellous appliances are the result of their most careful thought, and in their belief the best in the world.

Of course we have had no actual proof as

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to the results in real warfare of all this training. It is satisfactory, however, to know that as a fighter Jack upheld his character so splendidly during the siege of Ladysmith, and throughout the earlier part of the South African campaign; as in China, Egypt, Ashanti and elsewhere. His nickname of "the handy man" is only too well-merited, and, as has been told over and over again, the beleaguered Natal town owed its salvation to the naval brigade and naval guns which had proceeded across country from Durban. Although none of our blue-jackets have had an opportunity of engaging in a sea battle, naval detachments have many times, during the past ten years or so, distinguished themselves in land fighting. Not a campaign or punitive expedition has been undertaken on the West Coast of Africa but Jack has been well to the fore. He seems to have the happy knack of adapting himself to varied circumstances in perhaps a greater degree than his comrade of the Army, and it is for this reason that he is so often selected for the work of chastising a coast tribe or a chief of the interior of the Dark Continent.



A scene at Portsmouth Dockyard. Guns ready to be mounted on a new cruiser.

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Such is a bare outline of the warlike duties which the officers and men of the British fleet are continually carrying out, whether the orders of the Admiralty have taken them to the ends of the earth's great expanses of waters, or they are serving in the Channel or Mediterranean Squadrons.

But what will real war be like? What will happen when two ships meet and engage? These are questions to which no definite answers can be given. Every vessel is an experiment, untried and untriable until the day dawns for it to be put to the final terrible task for which it has been created. But there is room for prophecy, and an officer of the navy has set out in the following pages his ideas as to what an engagement between two men-of-war will be like; and he describes how the drills that are continually being practised are arranged so as to increase the fighting efficiency of every man in the fleet. He writes:—

In order to attempt to describe a naval action it is necessary to touch briefly on the minor parts which go to make up the whole. It stands to reason that a man cannot become a good rifle-shot unless he has been first taught

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to handle a rifle and to a certain extent to understand its mechanism. The same may be said of every other weapon used in naval warfare. In order to bring about the desired result it is essential that every unit shall have some training in the use of the weapons which he will eventually use, either for practice or in grim earnest. In every ship there is always a fair percentage of young men, either seamen or stokers, whose warlike knowledge is slight. These have to be instructed as soon as possible in order that they may become fighting factors in the fighting force to which they belong. Consequently they are at once placed in what is known as the "Training Class." Here they begin by learning how to handle and use the rifle and sword bayonet, the pistol and cutlass, the small machine and quick-firing guns; and that is as much as the stoker learns. But the blue-jacket goes further and is initiated into the mysteries of the heavier guns, including turret and barbette drill, and last but not least the use and power of the deadly torpedo. Having learnt how to handle the weapons, they are then taught how to fire them. Since it is not always convenient to

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take the class ashore for rifle practice, a sort of shooting gallery is rigged up on board, generally on the fo'c'stle, where Morris tube firing is carried out. This practice will teach a man to look along sights and take aim, but it will not of necessity teach him to fire well when using ball cartridge. It frequently happens that a man makes excellent shooting with the Morris tube, but cannot even get on the target when at the rifle butts. This is caused by nervousness brought on by the expected, or unexpected, "kick" of the rifle when using the heavier charge. Pistol firing is also taught when opportunity serves. A curious fact about these two practices is, that in the annual rifle and pistol practice, the highest scores are often obtained by stokers. Whether it is because their muscles are steadier owing to the heavy labour entailed by the use of the shovel or not, the fact remains.

When a squadron is in harbour for any length of time, battalions are landed, at least once a week, for drill. In order to bring the companies composing the battalions up to their required strength stokers are employed to fill vacancies, and excellent men in a company they are. At

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the same time as the battalions are landed, field-gun's crews take their guns ashore and are drilled in the various movements. Any one who has had the good fortune to see a naval field-gun's crew practising, either at the Agricultural Hall, or on Southsea Common, must have been struck with the rapidity and neatness with which every order is executed. It not unfrequently happens that a nasty accident occurs during these exercises, since if a man falls when the gun is turning or "taking ground" as the expression is, there is every probability that the whole gun's crew, gun and limber, will go over him.

In the old days, when the 9-pounder muzzle-loader was the biggest field-gun in the naval service, the most imposing part in the drill was what is known as "Dismount! Retire with the gear." Immediately the gun was lifted off the carriage and left lying on the ground, the wheels were taken off both the carriage and limber, and away went every man to the rear, some carrying ammunition-boxes, some running wheels with their hands on the axles, whilst others had drag-ropes, sights, lynch-pins, &c., &c. Next would come the sudden order "Remount."

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At once there was a race for the fallen gun. Along flew wheels at a terrific pace, gun-carriage was lifted up, wheels put on to it, and the limber and everything made ready for receiving the gun, which in the meantime had been lifted on to its muzzle, ready for the gun-carriage to be run under it so that it could be dropped into its bed. Nasty accidents occur during this drill. The gun being very heavy every one must work might and main to be first, and so in the excitement of the moment the gun occasionally slipped away from the men holding it, and fell over. The writer once saw the gun fall right across a man's stomach, and the injuries were so great that he died.

However, accidents do not always happen. The gun-carriage is run forward, the gun falls in its place, the trunnion-caps are secured, rear elevating screw pinned in, and the gun's crew close up ready for the next order; the whole evolution taking something less than two minutes, with a smart gun's crew. It is this very gun drill which stood our men in such good stead during the Boer war, and it also resulted in the sailor-man having the mournful and yet highest honour bestowed on him of dragging the late

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queen's gun-carriage to its last resting-place, when the horses became troublesome.

So much for small gun firing. Turning to the big weapons, of late it has become the practice in our squadrons to carry out very extensively what is known as "tube cannon" practice. Since heavy guns can only be fired twice a quarter (an allowance which is totally inadequate for the needs of the service) a substitute had to be found, so some one produced the "tube cannon." It consists of a tube running through the gun, and it fires usually a one-inch shot. The objection to this practice is the same as in the case of the "Morris tube." The man firing has not got the real article; the men loading are not loading with proper projectiles; and so when it comes to the ordinary practice under service conditions, it frequently occurs that the man firing forgets to have his electric circuit joined up, or else the numbers loading put in the cordite charge and no projectile, or *vice versâ*. What this practice does is to teach "captains" of guns how to keep their sights on the target in bad weather, and how to judge distance and speed, but beyond that it is of comparatively little use. What is needed is that the Government should

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increase the practice allowance for men-of-war. Once a year prize-firing with heavy guns is carried out, and it is then that the efficiency of individual ships and men is tested.

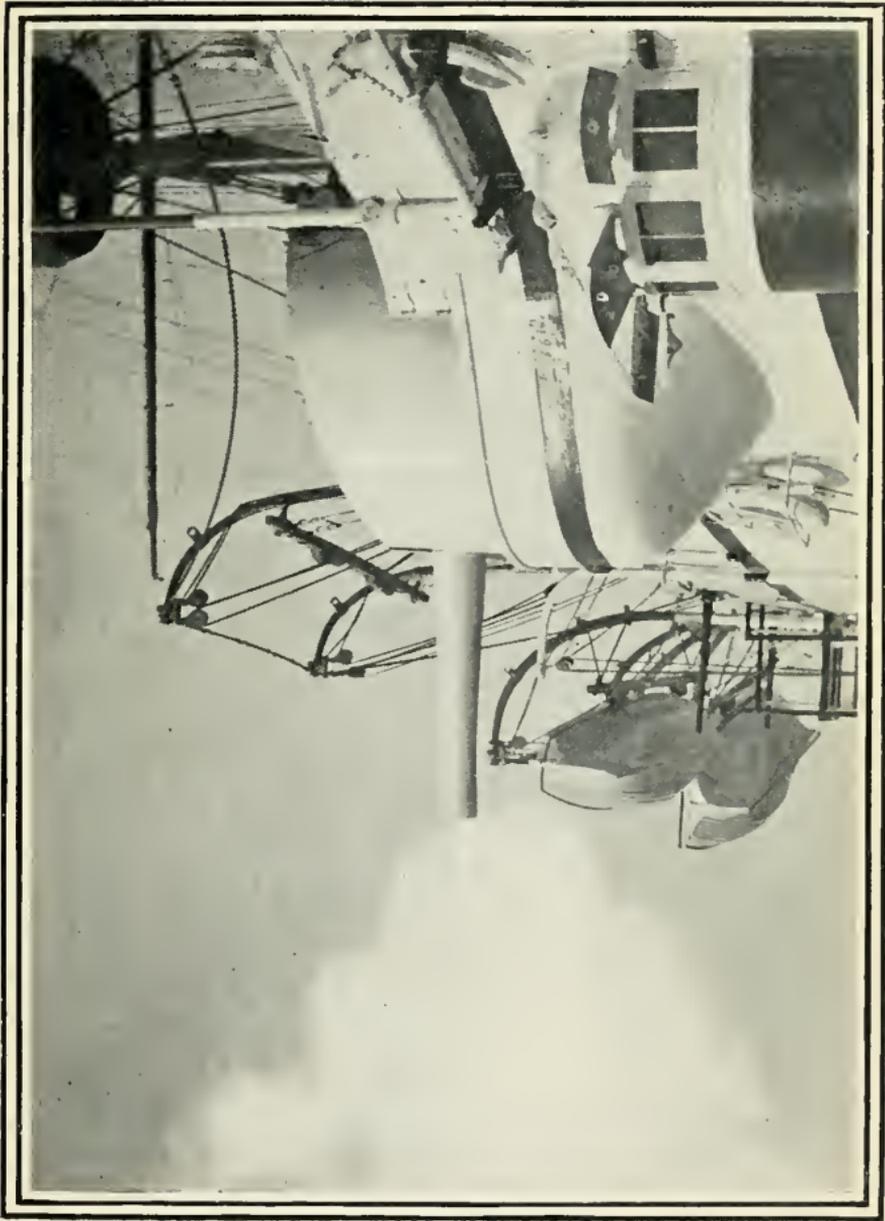
With regard to torpedo practice, that is carried out by men specially trained in the working of torpedoes. Torpedo drill is performed in harbour, when the ship is at rest, and also at sea under way. Owing to the latest improvements, the submerged tube, &c., the torpedo instruction of the Royal Navy leaves nothing to be desired. The great objection to running torpedoes at sea is the possibility and liability of their getting lost. In such complicated and delicate machinery it frequently happens that something goes wrong with the works, causing the torpedo to what is technically known as "dip," and if the water be very deep the chances of its being found are reduced to a minimum, and as each torpedo costs £300, or more, the loss is serious.

Having dealt with the parts in detail, we will now turn to the whole. We will suppose we are on board a first-class cruiser, which has been sent out to protect an important trade route, and that soon after leaving port, she hears from

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a passing ship that an enemy's cruiser is in the vicinity. It may be supposed that the enemy's position is known, and that the captain of the ship expects to pick her up soon after daylight, when he will, if possible, engage and sink her.

Immediately the captain receives the information he sends for the commander, chief engineer, doctor, paymaster, gunnery and torpedo lieutenants, and the navigator. With these officers he may hold a consultation as to ways and means. To the commander he would leave the "clearing of the ship for action," on a plan decided upon long before. The chief engineer he would consult as to steam, and his arrangements down below. With the doctor he would discuss arrangements for the care of the wounded. The paymaster would have orders to serve out sufficient food to be cooked for perhaps forty-eight hours, so that no fires need be kept going in the galleys. With the gunnery and torpedo officers he would make arrangements with regard to the enemy's vital parts, the best part to fire at, and the best time, under varying circumstances, to discharge a torpedo. Naturally all these points would have been made clear some time before the ship left



A casemate gun firing.

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harbour ; but it would still be as well to see that all orders were clearly understood, and that any difficulties were explained before it became too late for explanations and instructions.

The consultation over, the commander gives the order "Clear lower deck ; clear ship for action." At this order every man in the ship, not being actually employed on duty, tumbles up from below. Then is witnessed a scene of organised confusion. Every man being told off for his special duty immediately rushes to his allotted place, and woe betide the person who gets in his way ; whether it be officer or man he will probably go spinning. All useless wood-work, such as ladders, spare masts, carpenter's timber, lockers for wash-deck gear, &c., is quickly thrown overboard ; all stanchions and chains round the ship's side are taken down and stowed away ; fighting stays for the masts are set up and secured ; cat davits and boat davits (where possible) are laid down on their sides, so as not to mask gun-fire. The anchors are lashed and cables unbent and stowed in chain-lockers ; signalmen lead their signal halyards down below the upper deck, so as not to be too much exposed, and the steering is shifted

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from the fore bridge to the conning-tower. Below decks all the mess tables and stools are stowed away, the gun-room bathroom is turned into an operating room, likewise the sick bay forward, so that one doctor can be in the fore end of the ship, and another one aft. Down lower still, in the bowels of the ship, we find the torpedo crews, testing the torpedoes and tubes, over-hauling here, and repairing there, where necessary, whilst others will be testing the gun circuits on deck. The gunnery staff is clearing away magazines, preparing fuzes, and seeing shell are properly stowed and ready for use.

Down lower still, the chief engineer and his sweating assistants are busy raising steam for full speed, getting bunkers trimmed to the best possible advantage, testing all valves and working parts, screwing up here, and slacking off there; the steam-steering gear is thoroughly overhauled, the hand gear worked to see if everything is in proper order; and a party on deck try the telegraphs, which ring the orders to the engine-room from the conning-tower.

Let us now return to the upper deck. What a transformation from the spick and span cruiser

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of half-an-hour ago. The decks are covered with a mixture of whitewash and sand; all the boats are full of water, and roped round and round to diminish any chance of splintering. Hammocks are hung up round the ammunition hoists, torpedo nets are hung between, and over the guns are splinter nets. Buckets of water are to be seen everywhere, for drinking purposes, and also to quench small local fires. Hoses are rigged and run along the decks, so that the upper deck fire brigade, composed of stokers with an engineer officer in charge, can immediately put out what might become a serious conflagration.

When everything is ready and the officers concerned have reported to the captain, he gives the order, "Sound off general quarters." Immediately there is more bustle and flying to and fro, the guns are cleared away, ammunition whipped up, one projectile being placed in each gun, the magazine party open up magazines and send up ammunition; a certain number of rounds being stowed in the rear of each gun, ready for immediate use.

In the magazines and shell-rooms are placed buckets and tubs of water and oatmeal for

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drinking purposes when the action commences. The gun's crews are providing all necessary gear for the fighting of their guns, the sights being not the least important. The latest development in the way of sights for heavy guns is that known as the telescopic-sight. The advantage of this sight is that the object aimed at is brought nearer, and when once on the cross wires—which are on the object-glass—the gun may be fired with a certainty of a hit, if the distance given be correct.

As soon as all parts of the ship, magazines, shell-rooms, batteries, &c., are in every way ready for action—the officers in charge having reported by voice-tube to the captain in the conning-tower—a short preliminary drill is carried out, to see that all is in thorough working order. This drill finished, and darkness coming on, the ship's company is divided into their two watches, one watch lying on deck by the guns, whilst the other turns in for a short spell of sleep. Since it is possible the enemy may be picked up in the night, and secrecy of movement is a thing to be desired on our part, all lights are put out or masked in the ship. Should an attack take

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place during darkness, the men can still fire their guns, since each is fitted with night-sights, which are really small electric glow lamps, which light up the tangent and foresight of the gun.

However, no alarms occur during the night, and the ship's company get what rest is possible to men who have some reason to suppose this may be the last sleep of some of them in the land of the living.

About an hour, or an hour and a half, before daylight all hands are turned up, hammocks stowed, and breakfast is served out to the men, those at the guns being relieved by the men down below. As soon as breakfast is over the captain may call everybody aft and inform them of our mission, and remind them of the past glories of the British navy, at the same time telling them that he has every trust in them to keep the old flag from stain, and to fight for king and country as only British blue-jackets can and should fight. "General quarters" will then be again sounded off, and everything made ready for the coming struggle. Men are stripped to the waist; officers of quarters proceed to the various captains of

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guns and give them final instructions and advice; the commander, gunnery, and torpedo officers are going round to the various portions of the ship under their charge, in order to have a final assurance that all is well.

Dawn is just breaking! Anxiously the captain and navigating officer on the bridge scan the horizon—not a vessel in sight. At length the navigator volunteers to go aloft, and see if he can make anything out. This action is noticed by many on deck, and every neck is craned and eye fixed on the navigator as he climbs into the fore-top.

Suddenly he hails the fore-bridge, "Steamer right ahead." A sort of relieved sigh comes from the whole ship's company, and the tension is relaxed altogether when the next hail comes: "Enemy right ahead, sir, about six miles away."

The news spreads like wildfire, and the pent-up feelings of the last twenty hours find vent in a cheer which comes from all parts of the ship. Now at last they will have that "baptism of fire" which so many have wished for and may die for ere the sun again sets.

As soon as it is known for certain that the

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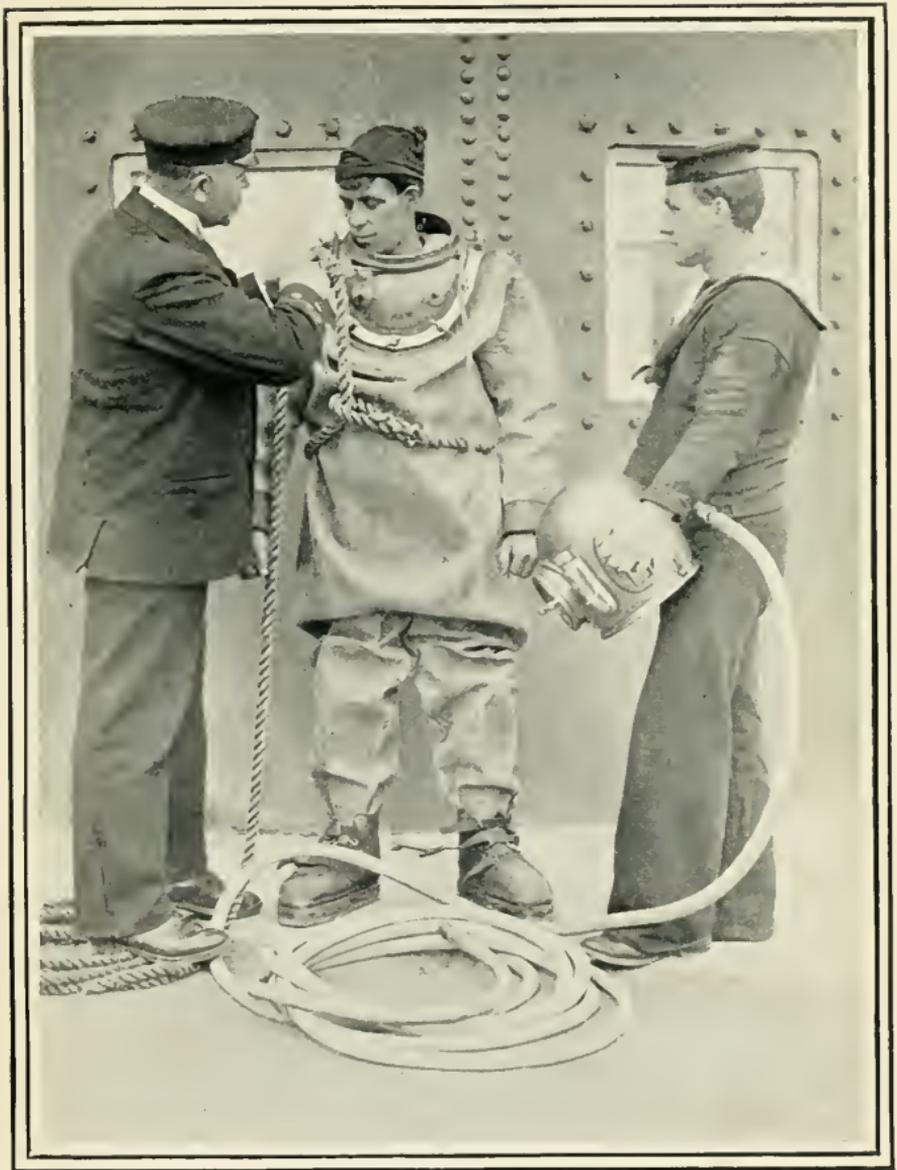
ship in sight is our antagonist, men are sent up aloft to secure the white ensign at all possible conspicuous places, so that if even one should get shot away, some may remain to show that a British cruiser will never haul down to a foreigner. "Full speed ahead" is rung down to the engine-room, and no sooner is the order given than the ship seems to jump ahead, as does a willing horse in answer to the spur. Straight through a fairly heavy head-sea goes the good ship, spray comes over all alike, but who cares for salt water when a fight is the goal in sight?

Soon the distance between the two vessels seems to have appreciably decreased, and the captain gives the order to the foremost 9.2 inch gun to open fire and see what the range is. There is a roar and a crash as the great 25-ton weapon speaks, away goes the projectile, to fall short some 2000 yards. The batteries on either side of the ship are ordered to "stand by" and fire at 4000 yards when the bugle "commence" sounds. Fuzes are adjusted, and everybody is on tiptoe of suppressed excitement. Those in the conning-tower—for the captain and navigator have left the bridge—see the

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enemy slew round and make as if to come towards us. Suddenly the bugle sings out for the port battery to open fire, the good ship turns a few points to starboard, and as soon as the officer of the port battery sees his men have their "sights on" and properly adjusted, he gives the order, "Port battery, commence." As one gun the whole five 6-inch guns of both upper deck and casemate answer the order, and notwithstanding the heavy roll on the ship, a fair number of shots seem to have taken effect.

Hardly has the sound of our guns died away when there is an answering roar from our opponent, but all shots fall short except one, which passes between our funnels. Thinking to give the starboard battery a chance, it is ordered to open fire, and the ship's course is altered consequently. If possible, the starboard battery seems to have got even better results, but the answering fire from the enemy is better, and a few casualties occur amongst the guns' crews, but these are immediately taken below by the stretcher party, whilst other numbers take the place of those rendered *hors de combat*.



A diver being dressed.

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It is now seen that the enemy is making straight for us, but our captain, depending on the better shooting of his men, does not want to come to too close quarters, since he is unarmoured, whilst the enemy has a belt of considerable thickness; consequently, as the enemy comes down on our starboard hand the British ship sheers off to port, thus making the two vessels pass each other at from 4000 to 3000 yards apart. A continuous fusilade is kept up by the starboard battery, and as the guns' crews get hurt, the men on the port side move across the deck to support them and fill vacancies.

This move of the enemy is most fatal, since our firing is perfect, considering the heavy motion of the ship, whilst that of the enemy is erratic in the extreme. Before the two ships have well passed one another, it is seen that the enemy's fire is becoming weaker. Just as she passes abeam she fires a torpedo from her starboard tube; but the range is too great, whilst one of our lucky shots hits a loaded torpedo in her starboard after-tube, causing an awful explosion, and tearing a great hole in her side.

As the range increases, as if by common consent, each ship turns completely round and

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returns to the charge, thus bringing their port batteries into action. So fierce and continuous is our fire, that before the enemy has come abeam she gives in and hauls down her flag.

Mighty is the cheer on board the British cruiser, but the victory has been dearly bought. In the excitement of the action, few have taken note after the first few minutes of the casualties occurring around. Men lie in agony in either battery. At first the stretcher men were able to cope with the wounded, but after a time, and during the starboard battery's action, the slain and maimed increased rapidly, and those attending them were also placed out of action, so those who were hurt had to remain where they fell.

On looking over the ship it is found that structurally she has suffered but slightly, but the list of killed and wounded on the upper deck is seen to be about 60 per cent. Those men actually working under the armoured deck are, however, absolutely free from injuries. The captain has been unfortunately killed by a small shell getting into the conning-tower, together with the chief quartermaster, who was at the helm.

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As soon as the enemy struck, our one and only sound boat was lowered, and a lieutenant with an armed party went on board the foe's ship to take their formal surrender. The sight that met his gaze was appalling. Dead and dying filled the upper deck; there was hardly a single officer who was not wounded more or less seriously. The first lieutenant came forward and held out his sword, with tears in his eyes, saying, "Sir, my captain, commander, and three lieutenants are all killed, and over three hundred of my men. Sir, it is a terrible day for my country." Poor chap, it was not his fault that his government would not expend money to enable the men to learn to fire quickly and accurately.

So finishes my story of this fight. The enemy's cruiser was taken in tow, and both made a slow procession back to Plymouth.

LIFE ON BOARD A WARSHIP

LIFE ON BOARD A WARSHIP

JACK's day begins at four o'clock in the morning, when most properly regulated persons are very sensibly sound asleep. As a matter of fact, a warship is not a vessel in which naval officers and men prance up and down the world's seas, eating, drinking, and making merry, chewing tobacco, drinking grog, and telling lusty yarns smelling of the sea. Jack Tars do not languish in genteel indolence until the call comes to fight for the flag. An admiral remarked, not so long ago, that blue-jackets earned their pay like horses and spent it like asses. Apart from Jack's little failings ashore, it is a fact that there are few men of his class who lead such downright hard-working lives. Look at any naval veteran. If he has served as a seaman, he will have a face like a wizened apple, and his rheumatic and other pains are the legacies he has gained for his old age by standing ready in past years, in all climates, and

How our Navy is Run

all weathers, to right the wrongs of his queen and country. There are exceptions. Some men pass through the severe mill of naval service with slight effect, but the constant activity, the exposure in heat and cold, despite the generally healthy conditions of the life, often leave their story printed on face and hands and constitution. Old salts of the quarter-deck you may find, but those men who work amid the whirl of the machinery in the ship's bowels, with the temperature it may be at 130-140° Fahr., or in the stokeholds, what becomes of them in old age? At fifty most of them are worn out. Many leave their health, their sight, or possibly their hearing behind them in the engine-rooms, or stokeholds, and come ashore for the last time, old men in looks, though they have seen but fifty birthdays. But blue-jacket, stoker, engine-room artificer, or marine, they all love the sea and its life, though it is far from realising many landsmen's dreams of lazy days on the ocean, while the ship glides over gently rippling waters, and past strange romantic coasts.

Blue-jackets work as hard as horses, and they seldom know what it is to sleep more than four

Life on Board a Warship

hours at a stretch afloat. Stokers and others get a clear eight hours, as a rule; that is one of the compensations in their lives. "Idlers" such men used to be called as were not actual fighters, but the word was no real reproach, and has been superseded by the word "daymen." All the men in a warship labour in one way or another, and in time of war even paymasters are at the doctor's right hand.

Jack is forced to be an early riser, for the ship must be as clean as a Dutchman's house by eight o'clock, or there would be a hullabaloo that would not soon be forgotten. It has already been explained, that a ship's company is divided into watches when at sea. The precise time in harbour when the men are turned out of their hammocks to scrub and wash all the decks, except the mess-decks, depends upon the captain, if the ship is not at anchor with a squadron. The hour at sea is always four o'clock. At that hour punctually, the ever-restless boatswain's mate wanders round the mess-deck shrilly piping and shouting, "Starboard watch" (or Port, as the case may be), "and daymen, rouse out—rouse out. 'Eave out, 'eave out, 'eave out, show a leg, or a purser's

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stocking." In this connection it is interesting to note that purser was the old name for the ship's paymaster, from whom the men obtained the long blue stockings, which in cold weather they sometimes wear when asleep in their hammocks. Sometimes the call is varied. "Al—l hands. Al—l hands—lash up and stow" (shriller). "Rouse out! Rouse out! Al—l hands. Come on, show a leg, show a leg, show a leg." No man can shirk his duty to get up. Sickness and death are the only excuses to which attention is paid. Not many years ago, when the usual morning call was made on H.M.S. ———, one man, who always had a pallid, unnatural expression, failed to turn out. The ship's corporal shook him, but could not get any answer. Exasperated by the man's obstinacy, as he thought, he cut the hammock lashing at the foot, and out rolled the occupant on to the deck. With a shock the angry man then found that the sailor was sleeping the sleep from which no corporal on earth could wake him.

Soon all the hands are gathered on the upper deck scrubbing and washing it, while the so-called "daymen" are busy below, if the ship is in harbour, supplying the water.



The mess-deck of a warship, showing bluejackets at meal-time.

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At sea, in modern ships, the water is pumped by the fire-engine, and the daymen do not have to man the pumps for washing the decks. They have to do this, however, in harbour, when, as sometimes happens, there is no steam even in one boiler. Every man becomes for the time a deft housemaid. Dressed in his old blue serge working suit, Jack flies about the flooded deck in his bare feet, his trousers tucked up to his knees. While all this mess and commotion is going on above, the men of the other watch, who turned in at four o'clock, sleep below, but shortly after six o'clock it is their turn to respond to the call of the boatswain's mate, and lashing up their hammocks, to stow away all the night gear in readiness for the first meal of the day. Table and stools are placed out, and Jack's bedroom is transformed into his meal room. Between half-past six and seven breakfast is served, a simple meal of which more may be written. It is a meal only in a complimentary sense, and is quickly despatched. Within half-an-hour, or an hour—usually about eight o'clock—the bugle sounds to “quarters” and the work of cleaning is resumed; on this occasion the guns are taken in hand, and

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burnished until they meet with the approval of the gunnery lieutenant and gunner. Meantime the engineer staff are carrying out a similar task of cleanliness below for the benefit of the engines and boilers, for a modern ship has about two score of engines for propulsion, ventilation, steering, water distilling, boat and ammunition hoisting, and many other purposes, and there are eighteen or twenty, or more (some have thirty-six) boilers, if the vessel is fitted with the watertube type. When the guns have been made "beautiful as the morning," the decks where breakfast has been eaten are swept and tidied, and other finishing touches are put to the ship's toilet.

At eight o'clock in summer the colours are hoisted, and by nine everything is in apple-pie order and the men parade in divisions. In winter the colours are hoisted at nine o'clock, while each officer and man stands at the salute, facing aft. In foreign ports this ceremony always takes place at eight o'clock, and if there is a band, the British National Anthem is played. After the colours are up, the National Anthem of the country being visited is usually given. As a rule, between the

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orders "quarters, clean guns" and "clear up decks for division," the crew participate in one of their most cherished privileges—a "stand easy." The pipe is "stand easy and hands to clean." Half-an-hour is usually allowed for the blue-jacket to have his real breakfast, smoke his first pipe for the day, and change into the proper suit, whatever it may be, in accordance with orders. "Duty men" (*i.e.* men going on watch for the forenoon and duty boats' crews) "clean into the rig of the day," to use the sailor-like expression, at seven in the morning.

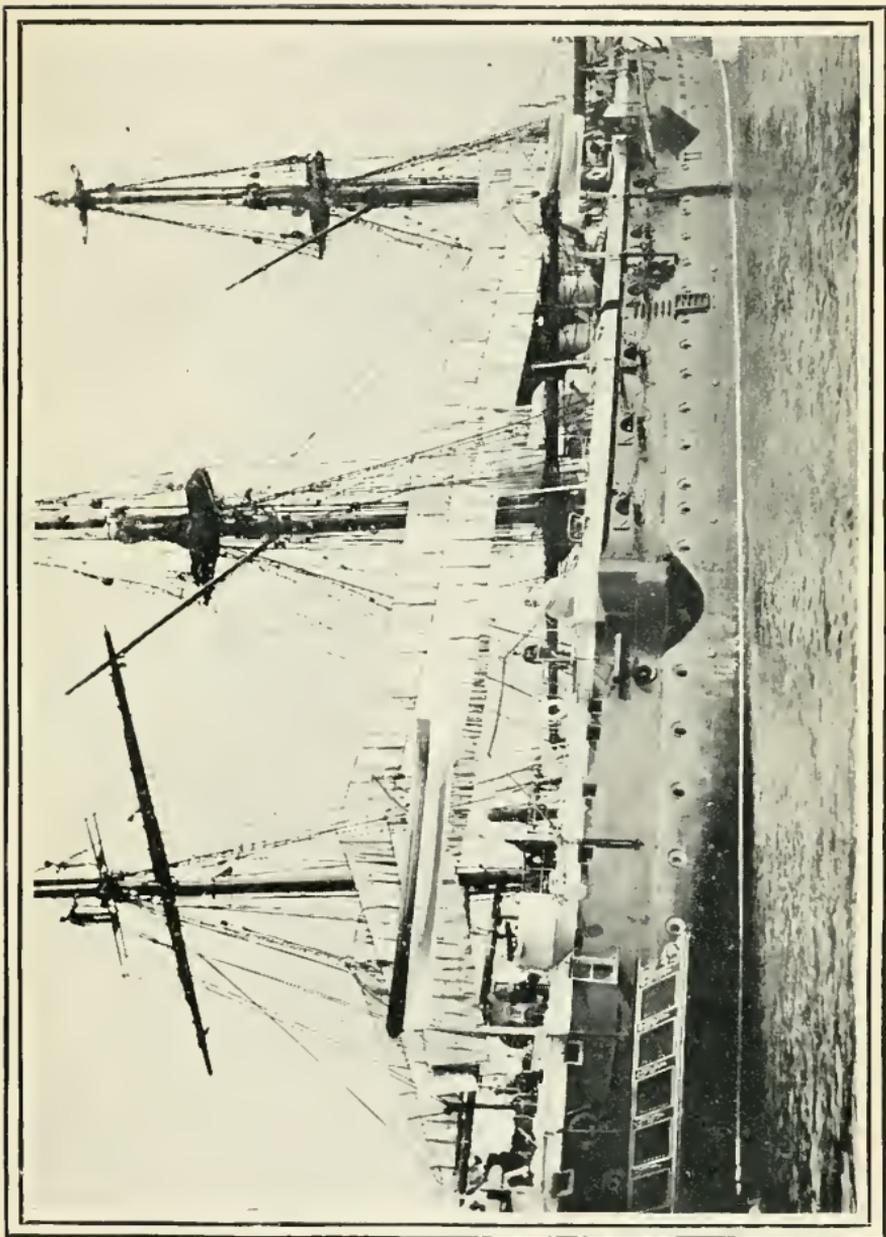
After the "stand easy" all hands muster and are inspected by the officers of their divisions, who seem to scrutinise every detail of the men's dress, and call over the coals every man who, having had time to tidy himself since he tidied the ship, is not smart in appearance. The tolling of a bell tells that the hour has come for prayers; the Roman Catholics fall out, and the other men are marched to the quarter-deck.

On every warship, except little torpedo boats and torpedo boat destroyers, the day begins with prayers. These are said after divisions

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by the chaplain, or if the ship has no "Padré," as he is called, by the captain. His religious duties done, the morning's drills or exercises follow, according to a programme which will be explained subsequently.

These drills last until 11.30, when the ship is once more tidied and the chief executive officer—the commander or first lieutenant—serves out punishment to each delinquent; and from the lower regions ascend smells more or less savoury and more or less strong, according to the character of the day's dinner. Meantime on the bridge the navigating officer will be busy noting the position of the ship and the sun. At noon he gives his report to a messenger—quartermaster or boatswain's mate—who forthwith proceeds to the captain, who by this time will have disposed of the serious cases which will have been passed on to him. The captain is found at leisure. "Twelve o'clock, sir," the messenger exclaims, and indicates briefly the latitude of the vessel, and the ship's course and speed. On the captain signifying that he is satisfied and replying, "Thank you, make it so!" the sentry strikes eight bells, the boatswain's



Washing day on board one of His Majesty's ships. The clothes of the crew are seen hung out to dry.

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mate pipes for dinner, and in a moment the men are hard at work eating their dinners, for after such a morning's drill in fresh salt air who would not be a good trencherman? Half-an-hour suffices for the meal, and then under the eye of one of the warrant officers the grog is served out—what it really is, how it came to be so-called, and other details must be explained when the mysteries of Jack's food and drink—real mysteries—are revealed. Lanterns are lighted, and from them pipes are set smoking lustily, giving off an aroma that would paralyse a good many landsmen, for "ship's tobacco" is distinctly strong.

For a full forty minutes the men smoke and yarn and joke in groups, and then the midday "spell—oh" ends. At a quarter past one all is orderly commotion, decks are cleaned up once more, small arms are polished and burnished, and drill begins for one watch, and lasts until half-past three o'clock, while the other watch goes below, probably to sleep or to make or mend clothes. At half-past four all the ship will have been tidied, mess tables and stools will have been placed out, and the men sit down to their supper, and

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change into their night "rigs." Supper at 4.30, according to the Admiralty's regulations! This leisure time is usually seized by slaves of the weed for a smoke as well as for supper. In half-an-hour the signal is given, "Out pipes and clean up decks—all but the cooks for the rounds." The men then go to night quarters for inspection once more, and if the ship is at sea, guns are secured for the night. If in harbour boats are hoisted in, divisions are inspected, and at this time men who have permission go ashore for a little recreation leave, while their companions have the rest of the evening to themselves to smoke and talk, play cards or draughts, sing songs, dance, or prepare some theatricals, for Jack acts. Thus the men while away two hours or so of freedom. At half-past seven "Stand by hammocks" is the pipe, and all hands take down their hammocks and hang them up, and have an opportunity of eating their real supper, for which they pay themselves.

Then comes more smoking, and more yarning follows as a rule. At sea the men of the first watch (8 to 12 P.M.) are mustered aft by the midshipmen of the watch for their night duties.

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At 8.20 there is a final clean up of the decks, clothes bags are stowed away neatly. For this the cry once more is "Out pipes, clean out and stow away spit-kids," and ten minutes later the commander makes his inspection round. A short spell of leisure is again vouchsafed, and by ten o'clock the mess-deck is quiet in healthy slumber, save for occasional creakings of hammocks and fitful snores.

It remains to indicate the never-changing round of each successive day of the week, apart from the routine already referred to, and this may be done by giving a ship's calendar.

MONDAY.

Forenoon.—General drill. Prepare for action and place out the torpedo nets at the ship's sides to ward off an enemy's torpedoes.

Afternoon.—Gymnastics and small arms or other gunnery drill. At 6 P.M. wash clothes. Once a month, on a Monday, the bedding is thoroughly aired in the open.

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TUESDAY.

Forenoon.—Divisional drill. Torpedo running for practice.

Afternoon.—Gymnastics. Boat sailing. Small arms drill. Gun drill. Steamboats manned and manœuvred. Every other week, on Tuesday forenoon, hammocks have to be scrubbed.

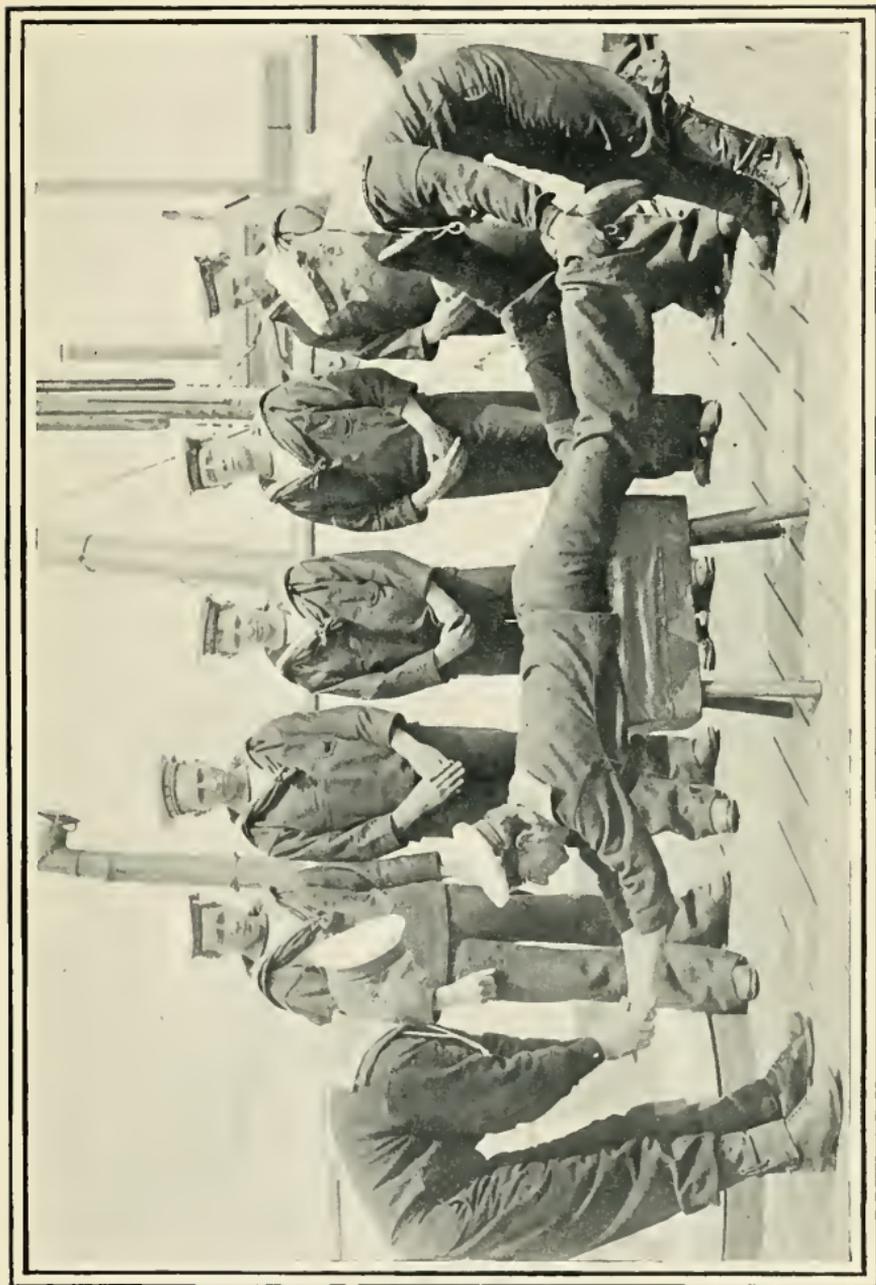
WEDNESDAY.

Forenoon.—Torpedo exercise, and nets against torpedo attack placed outside ship. Drill for marines and drill for seamen ashore, if possible, with field-guns.

Afternoon.—Cutlass exercises. Torpedo instruction with mines, electric cables, and torpedo work generally. Midshipmen and sailor boys drill with gun, small arm, and cutlasses.

THURSDAY.

Forenoon.—Parties of seamen and marines exercised as landing parties. Drill in passing ammunition from the shell-rooms and magazines up to the guns. Once a month, Thursday



A "dry" swimming class on board a warship. This is how Jack learns the movements of arms and legs.

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forenoon, the men muster by "open list" to verify their numbers; every two months their bedding is inspected, and every three months their clothes are inspected, and the articles of war, and returns of court-martials for the preceding quarter are read out.

Afternoon.—"Make and mend clothes," this is the time when Jack enjoys himself. It is his half-holiday, and if he is in harbour, tradesmen come aboard with their goods for sale, except in gunnery schools and general depots at home, when Saturday afternoon is allotted as this half-holiday.

FRIDAY.

Forenoon.—"General quarters," when the ship is prepared in every way as for action, and the men drilled in all their warlike duties.

Afternoon.—The ship's boats are "manned and armed" as though there were pirates or slave runners to be dealt with. There is also practice at laying out an anchor. Once a week "fire quarters" are held and all pumps tested. Every man stands to his station as though the ship were on fire.

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SATURDAY.

This is the day for cleaning up the ship in the most thorough way, and, if in harbour, men who have friends or families in the district often get leave to spend the week-end with them; other men go ashore to stretch their legs after noon.

SUNDAY.

None but absolutely necessary work is carried out on Sunday. At 9.30 the men are mustered in divisions, in their best clothes—white duck if in the tropics—and are inspected by the captain. After this formality the chaplain conducts morning service, and for the rest of the day the men are more or less free.

These particulars leave a great deal of the sailor's work unmentioned, because much of it cannot be set down, it is so multifarious, and varies according to circumstances. Variations are inevitable in certain hot latitudes, in order that all the hard work may be done in the cool of the early morning and completed in the evening, leaving the warm hours free. But apart

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from these departures from the ordinary procedure on board a man-of-war, Jack is a seven days' clock, wound up by the admiral of the squadron, or by the captain if the ship is cruising alone; and when he does not go according to time, some one wants to know the reason why. But as a rule, Jack runs well up to his programme time.

FEEDING A BATTLESHIP

FEEDING A BATTLESHIP

THE Board of Admiralty have so planned the ~~menu~~ for the men of her Majesty's Fleet that the total cost to the country of the daily provisions of each blue-jacket does not exceed 10d. a day. Consequently the feeding of a battleship like the *Majestic*, the flagship of the Channel Squadron, with its 700 lower deck men, requires about £30 a day; or just under £11,000 for a whole year for the food bill. According to official figures a seaman costs about £15 a year for all his food. From this it will be not inaccurately assumed that in the matter of food the men of our first line of defence are not pampered. In the current year's estimates £636,000 are set aside for the provisioning of the Fleet-in-Being of over 250 ships, with their crews of hearty, hungry, hard-working men.

But the feeding of these men is not so simply priced as this statement might lead

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one to expect. The Admiralty's dietary scale—often praised by those who know nothing about the matter—is so curiously formed that from sheer necessity the authorities have been compelled to sanction the men receiving monetary allowances for food they prefer not to have, but this rebate must not exceed one-third of the regulation rations. The official scale of food is quite out of date; and, consequently, the men vary it with the consent of the authorities by refraining from “taking up” certain portions of their provisions, and receiving money instead. In this way the paymasters of the navy hand over to the men considerable sums which are known as “savings.” Last year these amounted to £427,000. It may be remarked by some innocent of the ways of Government departments, “How just to allow the men the value of the rations they don't eat!” This would be a hasty conclusion, for, as a matter of fact, admitted by heads of the Admiralty, the full value of the food, or grog, as the case may be, is not given to the men. Even in 1892, when there were only 71,000 officers and men, Lord George Hamilton calculated that

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on these little deals the country made a profit of £45,000 out of its Jolly Tars. Since then the number of men has been nearly doubled; so that this year these ill-gotten gains will amount to certainly not less than £70,000 or £80,000. It goes without saying that the men would rather have even the present inadequate allowances than none at all; but, as their pay is not large, this system of fining them for attempting to make their dietary scale suited to their needs is ungenerous.

Any one, therefore, who would know what the country pays for feeding the men serving in the squadrons that move over the world's seas must add to the cost of provisions—£636,000—the money to be paid in “savings” this year, about £450,000, and thus the total of something over a million sterling is reached.

These few remarks on Jack's food clear the ground, and will make some of the intricacies of the victualling arrangements—“messing” it is called by naval men—better understood. Jack and his master—be the master an admiral, captain, or commander—receive absolutely the same food allowance from the Admiralty, but the officers' rations are handed over to their

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steward, who receives from each officer of the ward-room usually 2s. a day for all meals, and does what he likes with the Admiralty allowance of food. The admiral makes his own arrangements, as does the captain, both officers being provided with special staffs of servants. The feeding of a battleship is a very complicated matter. First the captain, always an officer of long service and distinction, has his meals alone; second, there is a mess for other officers in the ward-room, where all of not lower rank than the lieutenants of the military line—such as the surgeons, chaplains, officers of marines, engineers, and paymasters have their meals; third, comes the gun-room mess, where the sub-lieutenants, midshipmen, cadets, and junior officers take their meals. The fourth mess is that of the warrant officers—glorified blue-jackets—the backbone of the service; and lastly come the messes for the men, which are also graduated so that “the kings of the lower deck,” the chief petty officers, the stokers, the most skilled naval mechanics and the ordinary men may not have their meals together.

There is little of interest connected with the

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feeding of the officers. The captain and his colleagues have their own cooks and attendants, and pay their proportion of their mess bills monthly. Life in the ward-room and gun-room is particularly happy, and in the latter the proceedings are naturally less decorous than in the apartments where the senior officers have their meals. A story of life in the gun-room runs, that in one ship a young officer was serving whose father was a member of the House of Commons, and spoke sometimes on naval matters in a manner that did not please the young lords of H.M.S. —. They had no means of obtaining redress from the august M.P., so they decided they would claim it from his son, who consequently suffered corporal punishment every time his parent made a speech to which the young bloods of the gun-room took exception.

Warships of course carry cooks, who are trained at the naval cookery school at Portsmouth, and every lower deck mess has also an amateur cook of its own, known as "cook of the mess," who frequently knows as little about cooking as he does about statesmanship. Every member of the mess takes his turn

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as cook, and the results are sometimes as unpalatable as they are surprising. It falls to the lot of this popularly selected cook to get the provisions for his mess from the issuing room, where ship's stewards officiate more or less under the eye of the paymaster. Having obtained the raw material, he sets to work to manufacture a meal.

Before touching upon the subject of favourite naval dishes, it will be well to set forth exactly what the daily ration of a sailor consists of, year in and year out, in the Arctic Regions as at the Equator, and the "savings" he receives from the authorities for food that the cook of his mess does not "take up."

The food of course varies. Very different meals can be provided in harbour to those which are served after a ship has got well away to sea. The official table for a ship in harbour is as follows: $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. of bread, 1 lb. of fresh beef (or mutton one day a week in England), $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of vegetables, 1 oz. of chocolate, $\frac{1}{4}$ oz. of tea, 2 oz. of sugar, $\frac{1}{8}$ pint of rum.

The rations served at sea vary from day to day, but the issue of chocolate, tea, sugar, and rum is, of course, the same as in harbour, and

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is accompanied by $1\frac{1}{4}$ lbs. of biscuit. The *pièces de resistance* for dinner consist of 1 lb. of salt pork, with split peas wherewith to make soup, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. On the other days of the week a ration consisting of 1 lb. of salt beef, with 9 ozs. of flour, $1\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of raisins, and $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of salt suet alternately with $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. of "Fanny Adams," otherwise known as preserved beef or mutton, and material for a pudding, or $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. of preserved potatoes or rice. Every alternate day a quarter of a pound of preserved potatoes or rice is served.

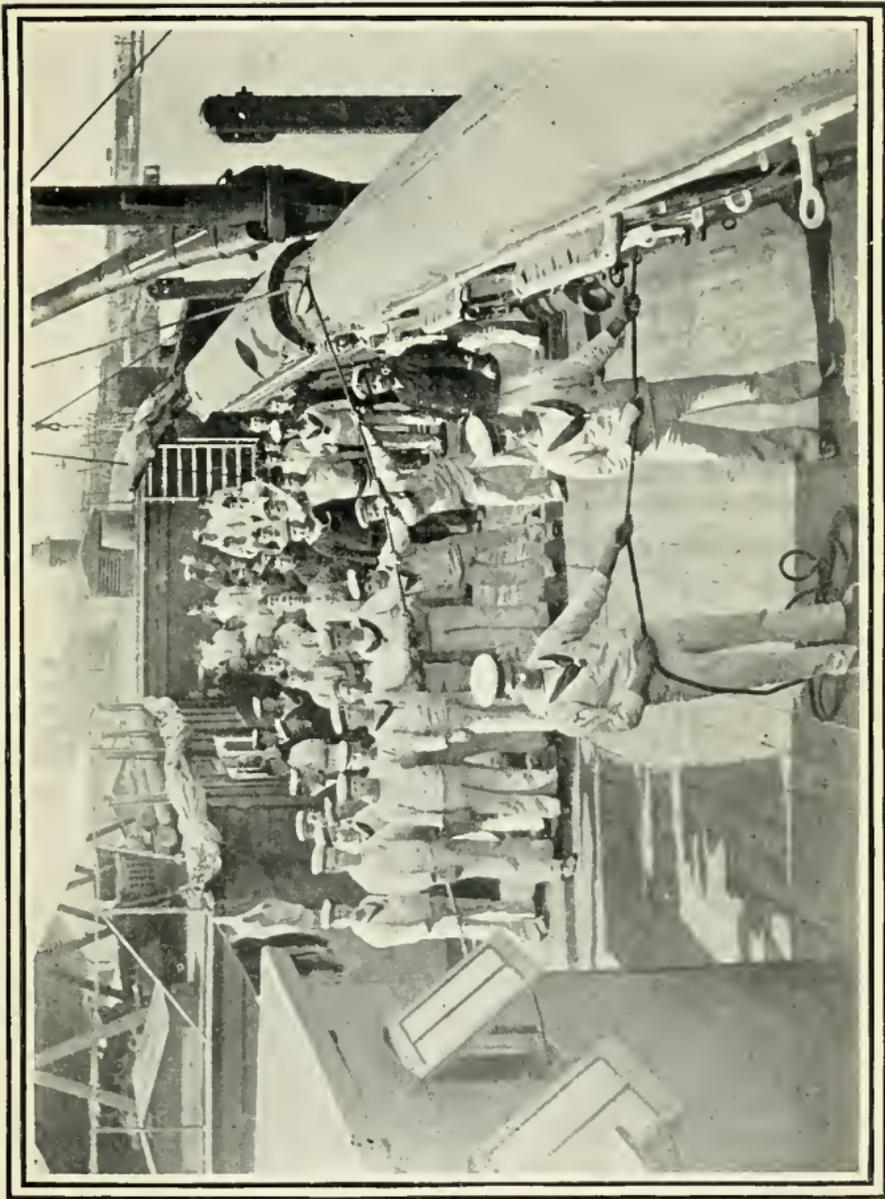
The "saving" allowances for this food are not exorbitant. Salt pork, beef suet, and potatoes are held to be worth 4d. per lb., "Fanny Adams" and chocolate 5d., raisins and sugar 2d., flour $1\frac{1}{2}$ d., and tea 1s. These daily rations are supplemented by the weekly issue of 3 oz. of oatmeal, and small quantities of mustard, pepper, salt, and vinegar. The issue of salt is quite a new departure, and Jack had his eye on several articles of diet he would have liked better. Suddenly, however, after saltless centuries in the navy, the authorities decided that salt was necessary, and Jack had to have it. This little reform means that 400,000 or 500,000 lbs. of

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salt have to be bought by the Admiralty every year for the navy.

Such is the fare for Jack which is described in official pamphlets as "liberal," though there is neither butter, cheese, jam, milk, pickles, or, in fact, anything beyond the plainest food necessary to support life. There is quantity—too much—but too little variety, and nothing, as sailors put it, to help the solid food down.

The blue-jacket is supposed so to husband his resources that he shall have enough and to spare for each of the three meals which are officially presumed to meet all his bodily needs. He is an early riser, and at once sets to work on deck, but it is not usually until 6.30 in the morning that he has his breakfast of a pint of milkless cocoa and dry bread or biscuit. At noon, or thereabouts, his dinner, as indicated above, is served to him, and at four o'clock he eats his "supper" of plain fare, a pint of tea—usually well stewed in the copper in which the dinner has been prepared—with whatever is left of his allowance of bread or biscuit. Imagine such fare sufficing for a healthy man, who has his supper served to him earlier than a child of three, when in the



Hauling meat on board a man-of-war.

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summer months the sun is still high in the heavens. After "supper" he is supposed to toddle off to his trying night duties, contented to wait from 4.30 P.M. to 6.30 A.M., fourteen hours or so, before he can have anything more to eat.

It stands to reason that such a table of meal hours is not adhered to, and after their early morning "snack" — usually about nine o'clock—the men utilise a short rest—"stand easy" — for their real breakfast; and again at night, about 7.30, after hammocks are piped down, there is an opportunity to have a real supper. For these two unofficial meals Jack has to pay out of his own pocket. Some captains, when very hard work has to be done at night, order an extra half-pint of cocoa to be served, but the Admiralty do not encourage such generosity, and always ask the reason why. Only by means of these unofficial meals is a sailor saved from semi-starvation.

His extra provisions he obtains from the canteen, a kind of general shop such as every village boasts, which is managed by a committee of men with an officer to see that it

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is properly conducted. As a rule, it is the cause of much dissatisfaction, for the prices are almost invariably high, and the profits seem to disappear into thin air. On board some ships the whole canteen is run by a trader, bumboatman, who from the excellent profits he is able to make from the men sometimes presents paint and varnish to the chief executive officer to enable him to keep the ship smart; but that is another story.

The canteen of a warship is quite a big business, which is managed on most stations by men chosen by the crew, but on the Mediterranean station is in the hands of Maltese traders, who grow fat on poor Jack's necessities. When a battleship of the Channel Squadron leaves England stock costing as much as £1500 will be taken on board, and will keep the canteen going only three or four months. The main fact is that the unfortunate blue-jacket finds the Admiralty's rations so inadequate that he has to supplement them largely from the expensive canteen, and in this way makes considerable inroads into his pay—which is not that of a prince. Tastes differ vastly, but probably the average amount

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spent by each man to supplement the authorities' allowance of food is not less than 6d. a day. Some men claim that if Jack were as good an accountant as he is a gunner, it would be found that his expenditure out of his privy purse rises as high as 9d. a day when there is a good supply of food to be got, and this in addition to the "savings" which his mess expends with frugal regard to the welfare of his inner man.

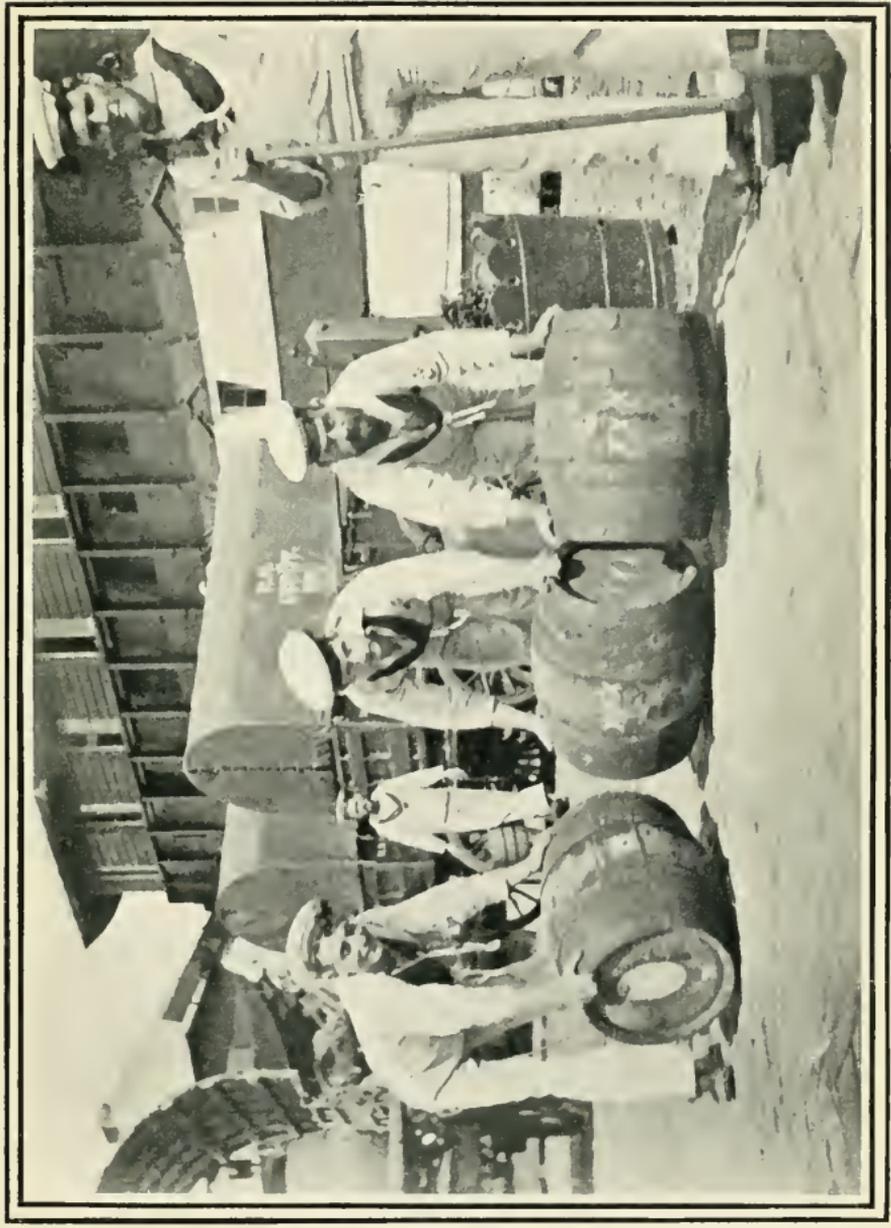
As has been said, tastes differ. A sailor has dishes, and loves them, that are little appreciated ashore. He likes "Fanny Adams," and has a great fancy for "plum duff," which consists of suet pudding with raisins in it. Vegetables, though they are in the official harbour menu, are not served out to the messes every day, but some days some groups of men get all and the others none, on a system of which Jack quite approves. The messes whose turn it is to have vegetables indulge in a "pot-mess," as it is styled, perhaps not inappropriately. The messes in their turn receive the shins, scrag-ends, neck-pieces, and other odds and ends of the meat ration—some sailors aver that every animal has at least six shins—

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and this miscellaneous assortment of remnants is thrown into a pot with as many vegetables as can be got. The result is a "pot-mess." Any land-lubber who desires to try a real naval dish will have no difficulty in getting the dish prepared, and if he eats it on a table with uneven legs which lunges up and down, he can imagine he is at sea.

One of the most important functions of the day on board a warship is the serving out of the grog after dinner. With the spread of temperance principles, due to Miss Agnes Weston's energetic campaign against drunkenness—the blue-jacket's besetting sin some years ago—this daily event is, however, becoming less prominent, and an increasing number of men do not take up their one-eighth of a pint of grog, but receive instead a money allowance equal to 1½d. every two days. The majority of the men, however, value their daily "tot."

What does grog mean? Years ago beer, usually sour, was served to the fleetmen, but as the amount of rum good for a man occupied less bulk in the store-room, it gradually superseded the typical heavy British drink in the years immediately preceding Queen Victoria's



Jack's beer at a naval depot. Each man pays twopence a week to a common fund out of which the beer is provided.

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reign. When first occasionally served in the middle of the eighteenth century, the men had it undiluted. A naval officer, famous in his day a hundred and fifty years ago, came to the conclusion that if the rum—half a pint wine measure to each man at that time, and drunk half at mid-day and half at night—were diluted, probably the men would be rendered less sleepy and quarrelsome by their daily “tot,” which to this day they playfully call “Mutiny.” He instituted the reform of mixing water with the rum before giving it out. As the Admiral was nicknamed “Old Grog,” from the fact that he wore a cloak of grogram—a coarse mixture of silk and mohair—in foul weather, this mixture of rum and water has always been known in the navy as grog. But the word has passed into the landsman’s vocabulary with a much wider interpretation, and is applied to almost any spirituous drink on occasions.

Every day at or about 12.30, on board every one of his Majesty’s warships, grog is prepared with all due ceremony. So jealously do sailors regard their only regulation spirituous or, for the matter of that, alcoholic drink for the day, that it is mixed with the most scrupulous care under the

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eye of one of the officers, who tastes it to satisfy himself that it is up to the mark. The concoction, consisting of three parts of water and one part of rum in sufficient quantities to insure every man receiving half a pint, is mixed in a large tub, very like a big washing-tub, bearing on its side in letters of brass the toast which every loyal naval officer also honours every day of his life, "The King, God bless him." As soon as the grog is ready the cooks of the mess flock round the tub and bear off to their comrades as many half pints as will give each man the regulation mid-day drink, or nearly so. Often, if not usually, after the distribution is over, the cook of the mess finds he has considerably more than half a pint left for himself, and he, possibly with a few companions, will make merry. Occasionally this little service custom of rewarding the cook by winking at a slight under measurement of the half pints leads to trouble. In fact, naval officers, not themselves teetotalers, will tell you that most of the misdemeanours which cause Jack to make the close acquaintance of the chief executive officer and the captain are due to this daily honouring of the toast of his Majesty's health. If it were not for the fear that some of

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the men would regard the loss of their daily "tot" of grog with angry, if not mutinous, behaviour, this old custom would probably die to-morrow or the day after. Nineteen years ago the Admiralty had the temerity to interfere with this hoary naval custom. They then ordered that no one under twenty years of age should be served with grog. These youngsters are called by their messmates "Nordenfeldts." At the same time the issue of a ration of spirit to the officers was stopped.

Space will not permit of any description of the manner in which the Admiralty keep pace with the food demands of the navy. The principal victualling yard is at Deptford, and there are others at Portsmouth and Devonport, where biscuits are baked, bread made, animals killed and prepared for Jack's table, and at these yards everything that is not actually made by the Admiralty is thoroughly tested on delivery by contractors. Haulbowline, near Queenstown, has a victualling depot, and Gibraltar, Malta, Simonstown, Hong Kong, Sydney, Trincomalee, Esquimalt, Bermuda, and Jamaica supply the wants of ships in far-off seas.

No one who has seen a party of blue-jackets

How our Navy is Run

going on leave, great healthy typical seamen, many of them looking as though in time they would be as broad as they are long—seamen, as a rule, are rather below than above the average height, or at least they look so—would say that they ever lack nourishment. It has been my aim to show how it comes about that Jack is still the jolly, sturdy sailor that we love to picture him. The Admiralty provide him with a portion of his rations which he supplements with food bought with his own pay. Every one who knows these facts agrees that some reform is desirable, and that the grumbles that in recent years have come from the lower deck have good foundation. It has been joyful news to the men of the fleet that, as the result of the action of certain Members of Parliament, the Board of Admiralty are investigating the whole question, which is not as simple as might at first sight appear. It will be remembered that the great mutiny at the Nore was due in some degree to the bad food with which the men were supplied. Though the conditions of life at sea have improved immeasurably since that trouble, and Jack would now never think of violent measures, he would be far happier if

Feeding a Battleship

the authorities gave him a greater variety of provisions, not forgetting those little luxuries which practically every landsman enjoys. They might at least put their official seal to the real supper which the men provide for themselves the last thing at night, even if some better arrangement cannot be made for a recognised breakfast after the early "snack."

HOW THE NAVY IS OFFICERED
AND MANNED

HOW THE NAVY IS OFFICERED AND MANNED

LIKE all things which are of ancient growth, the British Navy is full of strange anachronisms, and the manner in which it is officered and manned, is an attempt to graft on to old methods a system more in accord with present day ideas. The officers of the fleet are divided into two classes, the military (or executive, as it is more often styled) and the civil. To the former belong all the officers ranging from midshipmen to admirals of the fleet. This line is entrusted with the maintenance of discipline, and enjoys the plums attaching thereto—social position and a slender prospect of rising to a large income.

The engineers control all the machinery of our warships. Some of them have a hundred or more engines for various purposes, and not a mechanical operation can be performed without them—boats lowered, big guns fired, or

How our Navy is Run

torpedoes discharged—unless the work is done by hand. They are not executive officers, and do not wear the curl of gold braid on their cuffs which tells the whole world that the wearer belongs to the higher branch of the naval service. Included in the civil departments of the service are many other officers, chaplains, naval instructors, doctors, and paymasters.

It is erroneously thought by some that any one can become a naval officer, just as any young man of parts can enter any department of the King's civil service. But this is not true of the military or the accountant branches of the navy. A parent who has a boy whom he would like to see an admiral must first get what is known as a nomination or recommendation, from the First or some other Lord of the Admiralty, or admiral commanding a squadron, or from a recently promoted captain. This is the social bar that still renders this branch undemocratic, though the army becomes more and more democratic every day.

Somewhat similar is the method by which a lad is entered for the accountant branch. He must be nominated by the First Lord. When these serious formalities have been gone

How the Navy is Officered

through, all is fair sailing such as sailors like. Having obtained a nomination, the would-be admiral has to be examined by a naval doctor, and if he has any weakness or deformity; if he suffers from an impediment of his speech; if his eyesight is in the slightest degree defective; if he has bunions or unsound teeth; or if his toes have been misplaced by Providence or improper boots, he is cast aside as no good for the sea. Only the very best of the candidates, viewed from a purely physical standpoint, are permitted to sit for the entrance examination, which is intended to test them mentally. It is easier to become a member of Parliament or a Cabinet Minister (for such have no social, physical, or mental tests to satisfy when anything from 14½ to 15½ years of age) than to win the flag of an admiral.

The competition is very keen. Though about 190 cadets are entered every year, three times that number of lads obtain nominations, pass the doctor, and sit for the educational examinations. Those who are successful go to the training ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth, where they spend fifteen months completing their education, and drinking in a mass of in-

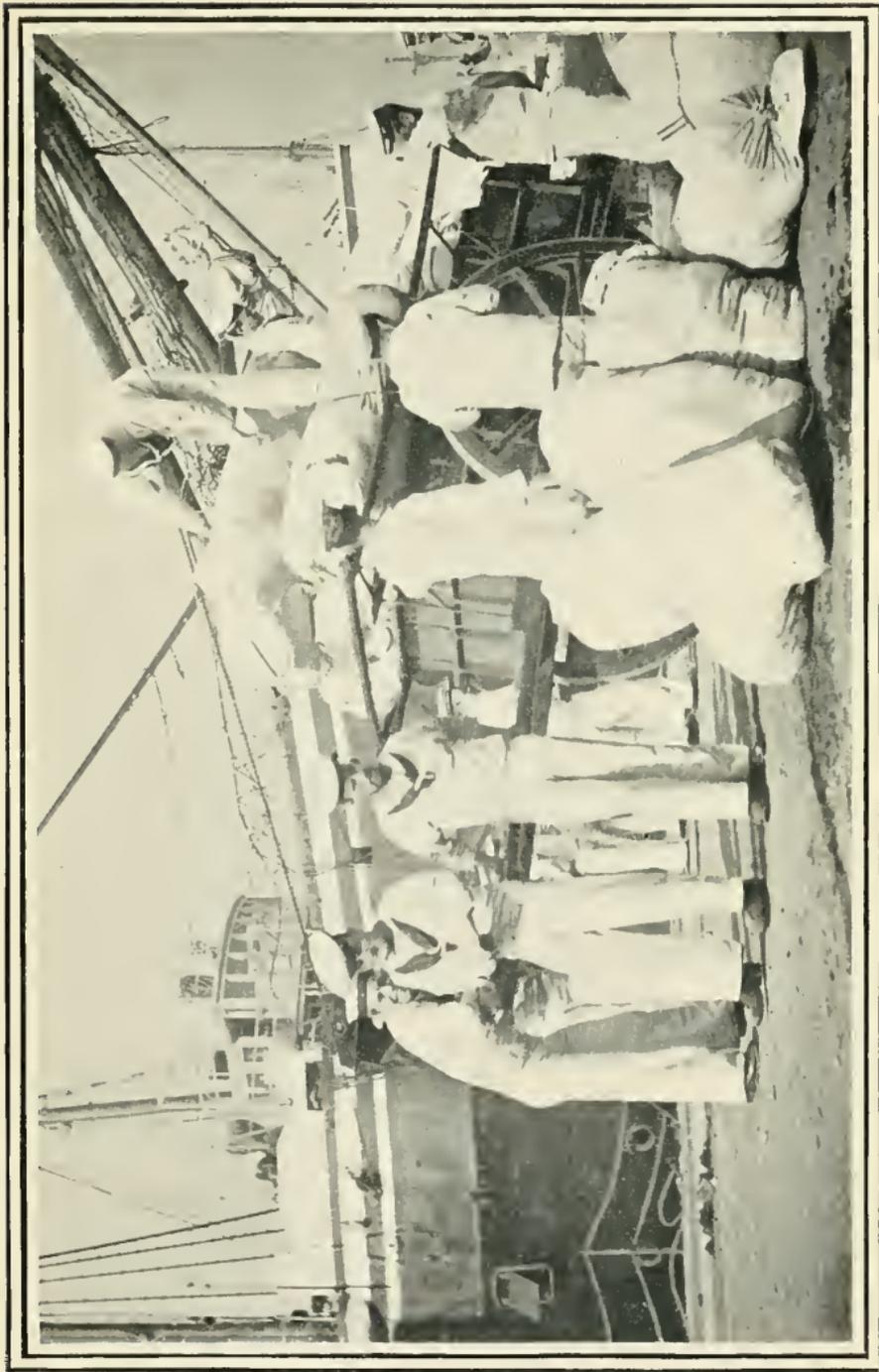
How our Navy is Run

formation which is to fit them for the onerous and multifarious duties of naval executive officers.

There are further examinations in the training ship, then the naval baby is sent to sea, where he studies still, for about four and a half years, and he goes successively to the naval colleges at Greenwich and Portsmouth, to become further versed in mathematics, navigation, surveying, engineering, pilotage, torpedoes, guns, and other subjects, in all of which he is examined.

If all has gone well with him he will be promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and receive pay at the rate of 10s. a day, out of which he has to meet all his heavy expenses, unless he has had the good fortune to be born with a silver or golden spoon in his mouth. If he has no rich father to whom to look for additions to his pay, he will probably find it difficult to make both ends meet.

The training up to this point will have cost his parents about £1000. His pay rises, and if he has the good fortune to become an admiral he will get as much as £5 a day, or £6 as an admiral of the fleet, with certain allowances



Jack's baggage. Each man takes round the world a bag of strong white material, which contains all that he requires.

How the Navy is Officered

when actively employed, which an admiral of the fleet, who ranks with a field-marshal in the army, never is. But many, very many, lieutenants never get promoted, and among those who rise to commanders fewer still get any higher. Promotion to the ranks of commander and captain is made by selection by the Admiralty, and does not depend on length of service or age. A lucky young officer with social influence will get appointed to one of the Royal Yachts, and after a short period of service there, will be promoted over the heads of those unfortunate companions who have no fathers or uncles to push them forward. The selection of his father is a point to which a future officer cannot give too much attention.

Much, indeed, depends on his social position, though no amount of social influence will ever turn the fool of a family into an admiral. Those days are gone for ever. If he has not a father who can help him much, he may bask under the smiles of some peer or naval officer of high rank, whom he will call his "sea dad."

At present there are 687 midshipmen in the fleet, 287 sub-lieutenants, 1015 lieutenants, 300

How our Navy is Run

commanders, 196 captains, 37 rear-admirals, 21 vice-admirals, 10 admirals, and only 5 admirals of the fleet, so it will be seen that there is considerable weeding out by the Admiralty before promotions to captains are made, and thence upward it goes not by favour but by seniority. If a lieutenant has not been promoted while still on the right side of thirty-five, the chances are he will be passed over altogether, and at forty-five will retire with a pension which may amount to as much as £300 a year.

As has already been indicated, the accountant line is a "close corner." But having obtained the necessary nomination and satisfied the physical and educational examiners, the future paymaster's troubles are behind him. He has not much more study, but he must know the King's Regulations and all the Admiralty Instructions issued from time to time; for in every ship in which he will serve he will be expected to be a walking "inquire within" on all matters affecting official routine, punishments, pay, uniform, and a hundred and one details. As this official publication runs to several hundred pages, it is no easy task

How the Navy is Officered

to master its contents. The young officer of this branch enters the service as an assistant clerk at the age of seventeen or eighteen, with pay amounting to £45, 12s. 6d., which is increased in a year's time—an accountancy examination is enforced—to £73. The parents of an assistant clerk have to pay to the authorities a sum of £20 a year, and he will need further assistance from home to live in comfort. At twenty-one years of age, after passing a further examination, he becomes as a matter of course an assistant paymaster with pay ranging from £91, 5s. to £209, 17s. 6d.—it will be noticed that the Admiralty are most exact in their calculations. Promotion depends merely on seniority. The officers move up automatically, and a fortunate officer will become in time, about twenty-seven years, a fleet paymaster with a little over £600 as his income, and probably one of those allowances which most senior officers of all branches enjoy for special duties.

An ambitious paymaster, if he has luck or influence, may come into association in the course of his early career with some promising commander or captain, and when the latter be-

How our Navy is Run

comes an admiral his former shipmate may be selected by him to act as his secretary while he is in command of a squadron. Such appointments are the ambition of most accountant officers, but there are very few of them. If after fourteen years' service he becomes secretary to a Commander-in-chief, the paymaster receives a salary amounting to £547, with a house and £40 a year as an allowance in lieu of servants. Such a position, however, entails so much work, tact, and presence that it can only be filled by a man of exceptional calibre, who must also have good social qualities and be able to keep a secret, for he is the admiral's *alter ego*.

Opinion on such a point may differ, but it is probably true that no officers of the navy have to go through a more arduous training than those who are styled engineers. "Engineer," by the way, is in this connection a somewhat quaint term. If a man rises to the highest rung of the professional ladder, and ranks with a rear-admiral, his card reads: Cornelius Jones, Engineer-in-chief, as though he were a kind of superintendent mechanic who went round the engine-room with an oil can in

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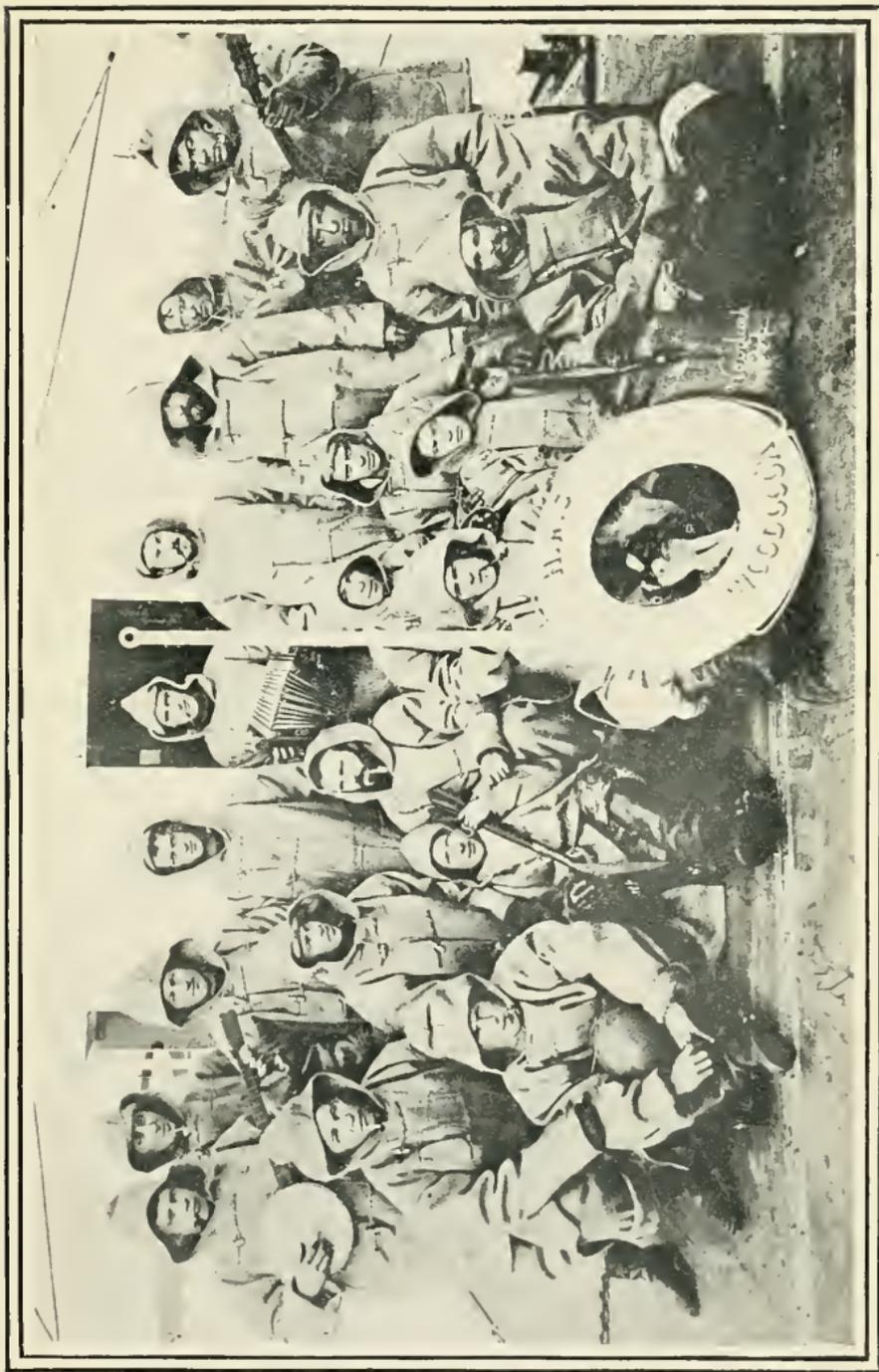
his hand. Similarly an officer who ranks with a senior captain is called a chief inspector of machinery. As the naval authorities were slow to adopt steam (for years after the merchant service had adopted it the Admiralty regarded its application to men-of-war as the veriest absurdity), so they have been in no hurry to grant to the engineer officer a position and title commensurate with his responsibility. Every year, in different parts of Great Britain, examinations are held for those who desire to join this branch of his Majesty's sea service, and those who are successful are admitted to Keyham College at Devonport, where they undergo a training spread over four or five years.

At entry they are from fourteen and a half to sixteen and a half years old, and at the Devonport establishment enjoy many advantages, but the comforts and athletic benefits do not compare with those provided for the cadets at Dartmouth, though the parents of students have to pay £40 a year to the Admiralty, besides providing them with their uniforms and outfits. The training is both theoretical and practical, but mainly the latter, though the student must be

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a good mathematician. The college adjoins the dockyard, and here he spends much of his time learning by the labour of his hands and the sweat of his brow all that he can, in the time at his disposal, of the construction of electrical machinery, guns, torpedoes, boilers, and of shipbuilding and repairing; he must also know how to prepare plans and make models. In fact, he must do his best to acquire an intimate knowledge of everything mechanical in connection with a modern warship. Later, if he passes his examinations well, he becomes a probationary assistant engineer, and at the end of twelve months, if he has given satisfaction to the officer of the Steam Reserve at the dockyard under whom he has worked, the word "probationary" is removed, and his pay after another year's service is increased from £109, 10s. to £136, 17s. 6d., or 7s. 6d. a day. After at least seventeen years' service he will become a fleet engineer, and he may rise to inspector of machinery with £1, 15s. a day.

Little need be said of the naval surgeons as they pass their medical examinations as do other doctors, but after satisfying the necessary entrance examination, they go to the Naval Hospital



Crew of the gumbot "Woodcock" in their sleeping dress made of "Fearnought."

How the Navy is Officered

at Haslar for a short period of special training. With them as with engineers, paymasters, and chaplains, promotion is by seniority. A surgeon on entering Haslar receives £209, 17s. 6d. a year, and after twelve years in the navy, during which time he will have risen to a salary of £282, 17s. 6d., he may retire with a gratuity of £1500, or be promoted to staff surgeon with £383, 5s. He also has the option of returning to civil life after only eight years, with £1000 in his pocket. If he serves for sixteen years he receives £2250, but if he serves on he may get a pension ranging from £365 to £730 a year. It will be seen that the doctors of the fleet are treated by no means ungenerously.

Naval chaplains are of course merely clergymen whose parishes are ships. They are paid at rates varying from £219 to £410, 10s. If he combines with his purely religious duties those of naval instructor, a chaplain's pay is increased.

In previous chapters sidelights have been shed on the training of the blue-jacket. He is the splendid product of a splendid system. He is caught young, younger than in any other navy in the world. He is still undeveloped, and is as clay in the potter's hands. He is moulded

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and polished while still a lad, both physically and mentally. It costs £300 and takes about five years to turn out an efficient seaman, dating from the time when, only fifteen to sixteen and a half years of age, he goes on board a training ship to the day when he completes his training in gunnery and torpedoes, cutlass and rifle. On the training ship he learns merely the A.B.C. of his life-work, while all the healthy physical exercises and field sports convert him from a hobbledehoy into a well-set-up man.

The seamen in these days form merely one item in the long list of men who go to the efficient manning of a warship. At least two-thirds of the crews of some modern cruising ships consist of stokers and mechanics, men who are enlisted as youths or men, after they have learnt ashore in private establishments how to use their tools. There are stokers, engine-room artificers, armourers, carpenters, coopers, painters, blacksmiths, plumbers, and others, all of whom are necessary in the complement of a ship. Most of these skilled men earn high pay. After thirteen years' service as an engine-room artificer a man gets 6s. 6d. a day, while a first-class chief engine-room

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artificer receives 7s. 6d., a first-class painter or plumber 3s., a chief stoker, after twelve years, 5s, and an armourer gets anything from 2s. 4d. to 6s. None of these skilled mechanics ever go on board a training ship.

Every year when the fleet is partially mobilised for the annual manœuvres, many ships are sent to sea sadly deficient in the matter of mechanics. In fact, the personnel of the fleet has not expanded as fast as the ship-builders have added vessels to the navy, and the result is that there is a great need for more young lieutenants, engineer officers, and mechanics. This has led to the Admiralty entering officers from the merchant service in recent years, while to increase the number of blue-jackets, supplementary training ships are continually passing from port to port picking up youths of eighteen, who after a shortened period of training are sent to sea, and are expected to work side by side with, and as well as, the lads who have had the advantage of the thorough training in the stationary ships at Portsmouth, Portland, Devonport, and off the Scottish and Irish coasts. A number of the engineer officers are also drawn from civilian life, while a few

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are dockyard apprentices, the sons of working men, who on account of their ability are encouraged and assisted by the authorities to study for the engineering branch. It was owing to this official encouragement that Sir William White and Sir John Durston, the sons of humble parents, rose to their present positions at the head of the naval departments that control shipbuilding and engineering, while Sir Edward Reed and Sir Edward Barnby, former Chief Constructors of the Navy, were at one time in subordinate positions in a Government yard.

PAINT, PAY, AND PROMOTION

PAINT, PAY, AND PROMOTION

ONLY a sailor can understand the character of a sailor, and the principles by which he steers his course from the cradle to the grave. Blue-jackets, for instance, are as truthful and as honest as any class ashore, more so than most landsmen probably, yet in one sense Jack is often a liar and a thief, and is proud, as is his master the executive officer, of this alertness in purloining things to which his legal right is problematical. But a naval lie and a naval theft are very different from the varieties which flourish ashore, and are not regarded as dishonourable. A man who wishes to rise above the rating of able-bodied seaman, maybe is accused of some small mistake. He might by an elaborate process prove his innocence, but, as a warrant officer admitted in conversation the other day, "if he is wise, he salutes, says he is very sorry, and promises that it shall not occur again. He gets the credit of

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wishing to do right, and is in his officer's good books, whereas the contrary might be the case were he to give himself and his judge the trouble of testing the accusation." Another illustration may be furnished of the same character. A warrant officer takes a boat party out, and one man breaks an oar. His duty is to report it, in which case he will have to furnish explanations, which go before the captain, are entered in the log of the ship, eventually travel up to the Admiralty, and perhaps lead to correspondence which is troublesome to every one concerned, and not least to the captain. It is much simpler to say nothing and wait until the vessel is next at the dockyard, when the broken oar is handed in and a new one issued. Especially is this wise, because a smart man will thereby add to the equipment of the ship. As soon as he has authority to get the new oar, he will manœuvre to obtain the discarded one, present it at another department, have it repaired, and thus in place of one secure two efficient oars. Anecdotes of this kind might be multiplied, and in some of them officers figure, and no one thinks any the less of

Paint, Pay, and Promotion

the men of the navy for such acts, quite innocent in themselves, who understands how red-tape—sometimes very necessary—serves to magnify a small incident until it becomes a serious matter.

Englishmen are proud of their spick-and-span warships, and most landsmen imagine that all the paint and soap, and polishing material and gold-leaf are paid for by the Admiralty. This is one of those errors which no amount of contradiction seems likely to kill, because none but a sailor can understand the colossal anomalies that survive in the navy even in these democratic days. At one time warships were floating palaces, decorated and painted in a lavish style that we should characterise as mere vulgarity. Wherever an emblematic device could be put, it went; wherever there was wood capable of being carved it was thus adorned, and probably gilded also; while golden wreaths encircled many of the more important ports, and even the stern-lights had gilt brackets. All this belonged to the early days of last century, but there still survives the love of officers and men for a ship spotlessly clean and smart, with the

How our Navy is Run

deck so white that few would object to eat their food from it, with the paint-work flawless, and the brass-work, if not the guns themselves, burnished until they would serve as mirrors in an emergency. Officers who are over careful in these matters are often referred to as the "spit and polish school."

Not so many years ago this craze for unnecessary smartness led to drills that were likely to cause confusion or dirt to be scamped, and stories are told of ammunition being thrown overboard, because the chief executive officer, in his anxiety to have the ship tidied after the usual gun practice, would not give time for its proper use; and when it is remembered that at that time each gunner, on an average, had only about two shots every three months, it can be readily understood how important it was that each round should be carefully used.

Behind all this slavish practice of the old maxim that "cleanliness is next to godliness," was a very simple explanation which a service journal as late as two years ago summed up in those significant words: "At present clean bright work and spotless decks and paint-work count more for promotion in a commissioned



Pay day on board a man-of-war. Jack always takes his money in his hat.

Paint, Pay, and Promotion

ship than straight shooting. Admirals' inspections generally take place in harbour, where cleanliness tells more than the capacity of sinking an enemy by ship's guns. The admirals have no opportunity of judging the accuracy of the shooting from the ships under their command, other than by reading the forms on which the results of their target practice is registered." This writer further explained bad reports would bring awkward questions—"hence most reports are passable." A naval officer, writing about the same time, remarked that in the Mediterranean Squadron "far more trouble and time is expended on filing the chase of a gun bright and burnishing it (which is absolutely contrary to regulations), than to insuring that the men are well trained in the use of it." All these facts were notorious in the navy, and led to most curious, though dangerous results. Many ships became mere "show" places, the show being made by the chief executive officers out of their own pockets, and far exceeding the whole of their pay. Many officers would make expert house-decorators, so profound is their knowledge of paint, gilding, sizing, lacquering, staining, cementing, and metal polishing; while what some

How our Navy is Run

of them don't know about white lead and zinc, baked and boiled oil, and the mixture of colours is not worth finding out. One of them has set down his experience on these and kindred subjects in a handy little book.

The Admiralty allowance of paint for a man-of-war is calculated on the basis that the portions of the ship exposed to all winds and weather has one coat of paint every four months, while between-decks are supposed to have one coat a year, leaving sufficient for the boats. As every one afloat knows, to say nothing of the Lords Commissioners, this provision is so ridiculously inadequate, that were it not exceeded the ships would look like old merchant tramps, and the commander or first lieutenant would have to give up all hope of promotion. It is essential to success that the vessel be smart within and without, and the story is told by his shipmates that one officer, now an admiral, spent as much as £2000 in a three years' commission in keeping his ship trim, while the crew were for ever busy on paint, deck or metal, and "black list" men were seldom unemployed. Not many officers spend as much as this. A first

Paint, Pay, and Promotion

lieutenant in a battleship will, however, dip into his pocket to the extent of £100 or £200 a year sometimes, and the commander will usually spend even more in beautifying the upper deck and the ship's sides, his special province.

Officers who have not the private means to lay out in bucketsful of paint and books of gold leaf (of which the Admiralty have provided none since a great theft of this expensive commodity at one of the dockyards) usually become expert thieves in a naval sense, as they too wish to secure promotion as much as, or more than, their richer colleagues. An enterprising officer will send his carpenter and a few men with a cart into the dockyard where his vessel is being repaired, and by a little tobacco here and some rum or whisky there, the carpenter will collect quite a quantity of canvas, paint, and other commodities. The difficulty will then be to elude the police, but the man in blue will be engaged in conversation by the officer out of sight, while the intelligent pillage-party convey their spoil on board, and glory in their exploit. It is no small thing for an officer to have a reputation

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as a "thief," and he does not hide his light under a bushel, as the many stories current of the abstraction of goods from a ship paying off or from dockyards testify. Rudyard Kipling has written of one captain whose complaint it was that he had not "one adequate thief" in the ship, and added in irony that his officers had better go into the Church.

These little acts do not represent real stealing. It is only an indirect way of getting quite necessary allowances of material, which the Admiralty for some reason have never thought well to give above-board; and as the rulers of the "Queen's Navee" have themselves served as senior officers afloat and practised all these little professional "dodges," no one is deceived, and life in the navy is rendered increasingly diverting. They are such old institutions that no one in authority apparently dreams of abolishing them and letting the country pay for the embellishments of the ships which are maintained for its defence.

Under the existing circumstances, the difficulty is to see the distinctive principles differentiating the purchasing of commissions as carried on in the army in the past, and the reputation for



Meat for Jack's dinner when in a harbour. At sea he eats salt pork and preserved beef.

Paint, Pay, and Promotion

smartness and the subsequent promotion which officers in the navy have obtained by devoting a great part of their own time, and that of the crew, and not a little private income, to mere matters of paint and polish. Moreover, the Admiralty do not pay officers too generously. The sum received by a lieutenant begins at 10s. a day and rises to 14s., though with allowances it amounts in certain cases to 24s.; while the pay of a commander is 20s. a day, which is augmented usually by certain extras. No one who knows how many lieutenants never receive further promotion, and how many more never rise higher than commander, and who understands the great responsibility that rests on these officers, whose training costs their parents not less, and often more, than £1000, can fail to marvel that they should not complain of incomes so inadequate to their work and position—for a social position in itself is a source of life-long expense. In the American navy officers are paid from 30 to 90 per cent. more than in this country, and it is a well-known fact that some British naval commanders refuse promotion to captain's rank because they cannot afford to remain on half-pay for two or

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three years, as has been the custom after receiving the upward step.

Of the curious paint and polish customs of the navy, a story is told of Admiral Sir John Phillimore that he painted one side of his frigate black and white, while the remainder of paint was used in placing over the old yellow paint on the other side the words "No more paint." The Clerk of the Admiralty called his attention to this conduct, and after certain references to its impropriety, concluded with the usual official signature in those days—"Your affectionate friend." Back came a reply explaining that the words could not be painted out unless he had more paint, and he copied the official manner and signed himself, "Your affectionate friend, John Phillimore." Then came a remonstrance from the Navy Board at his using this form of signature, to which the worthy admiral replied, deploring the non-arrival of the paint, and concluding, "I am no longer your affectionate friend, John Phillimore." Needless to add the officer won. The story may be apocryphal, but the following one is well vouched for. The first-class cruiser, *St. George*, left the yard of the contractor at Hull, by whom

Paint, Pay, and Promotion

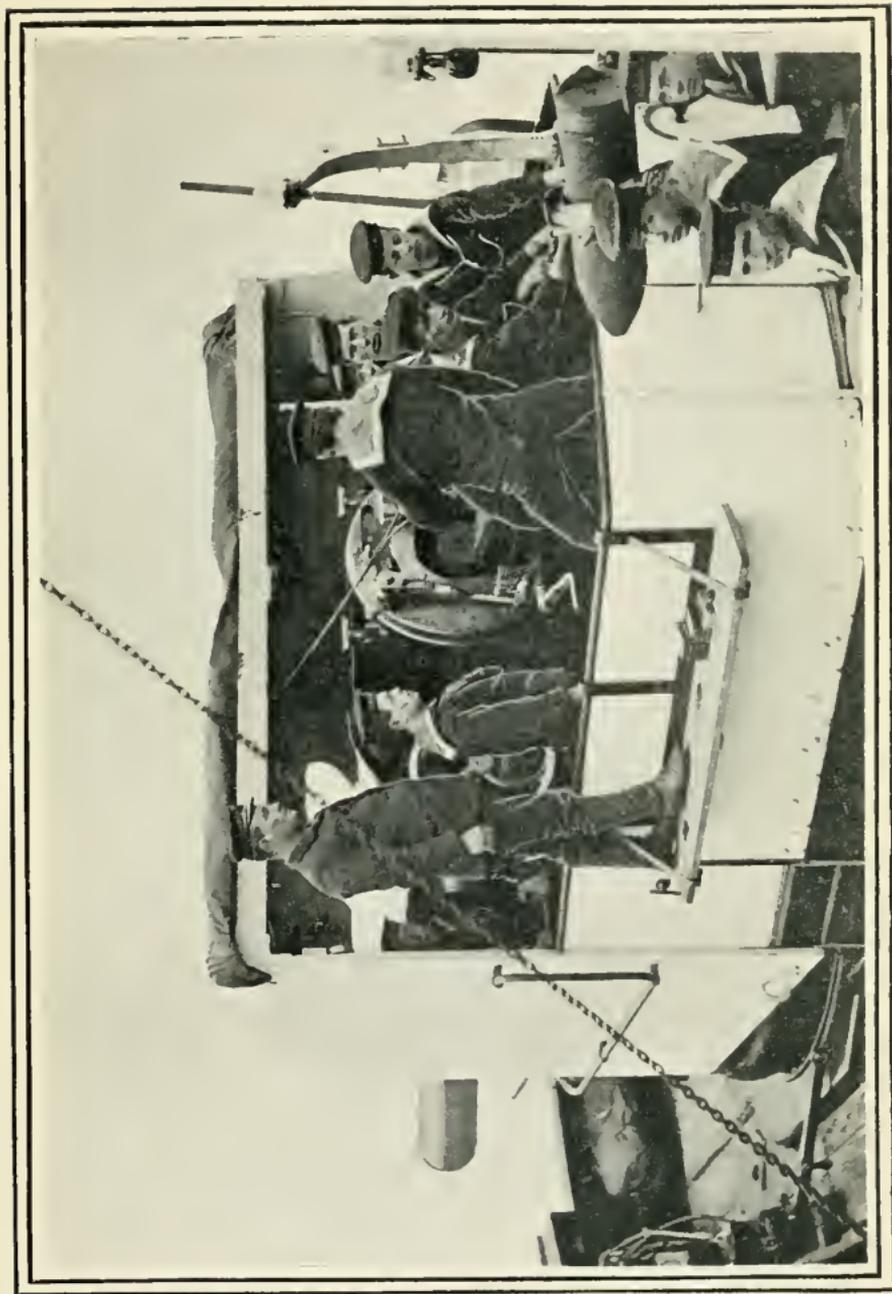
she had been built, with her gorgeous figure-head of the Patron Saint of England resplendent in gilt. When, however, she returned from the Cape station, after three years' service which had included the Benin Expedition and other incidents, the Portsmouth people were disappointed to notice that St. George was in mourning; he had, in fact, been painted black because the authorities did not issue gold-leaf, and no one else went to the great expense of providing it.

Thanks to Vice-Admiral Sir Harry Rawson, Rear-Admiral Sir Robert Harris, and a few other flag-officers, the Admiralty were practically compelled to issue fresh instructions with reference to the paramount importance of gunnery; and it was clearly indicated that however spick and span a ship might be the inspecting admiral would not report favourably on it, and thus lay the foundations for the senior officers' promotions, unless the men could shoot straight. Arising out of this an anecdote is told of a vessel about to be visited by the admiral in the ordinary course, which was made so beautiful that no officer of the "spit and polish" school it was surmised could fail to be pleased.

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These preparations reached the ears of the admiral, and when he went on board he gave not a glance to the faultless paint-work or the brightly burnished metal, but proceeded to really inspect the ship and the crew, and put the latter through drills, and it is understood did not make too favourable comments on his visit. There is no doubt that there never was a time, thanks to recent reforms, which need not be specified, to insure good shooting and accurate reports, when gunnery received more conscientious attention in the British Navy. If the guns' crews of his Majesty's ships do not shoot as well as they might, there is little doubt but that they are superior to the gunners in other navies in this, as in most other respects, and they are still improving.

It is hoped that in time the authorities may deal more generously with the gunners of the fleet, for these men go through a long course of training, and to gain promotion to warrant rank must not only show high mental attainments, but lead exemplary lives. A seaman who attains a second-class certificate for gunnery receives twopence a day additional pay, and twopence more when he gains a first-class,



Feeding the guns. One shell has just been placed in the gun and another projectile is ready. [p. 177.]

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with a further twopence if he becomes captain of an ordinary gun ; fourpence if a turret-gun ; and sixpence if he has the great luck to be captain of a turret. Supposing he is promoted to be a gunner, who is a warrant officer, he receives 5s. 6d., a day pay, rising after fifteen years to 9s., and if he is promoted to chief gunner his income is 10s. a day, and is increased after twelve years to 12s. Further than this he cannot go, for, unlike the army, the commissioned ranks are not open to the lower deck. This is the rule, but there are three exceptions, one being Gunner Sims, who was promoted to lieutenant for his splendid services at Ladysmith, and the other two lieutenants, Gunner R. A. Cathie and Chief Boatswain Webber, who are "Jubilee Memorials" and won their commissions in Egypt in the eighties. Against these exceptions must be set the fact that four chief and other warrant officers have been recommended for commissions by their captains, but have not received them. Warrant officers have been styled by Lord Charles Beresford "the back-bone of the service," and he has never concealed his desire to render it possible for the most deserving

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of this most important class to become lieutenants. Without them a man-of-war would be a scene of chaos. It is senior warrant officers who at the gunnery schools of Portsmouth give the young officers their instruction at the guns, and how much, also, many officers-afloat in their early years have owed to these men! Of course the social difficulty is the excuse for this refusal on the part of the authorities, but there are many "shore billets" which could be better filled than they are at present by lieutenants from the lower deck, and as they would not mess with other officers no offence could be given. Every reform in the army and navy takes time to secure, and the warrant officers have so many friends of their cause in Parliament, as well as among the executive officers themselves, that no doubt this further step in the ladder will eventually be opened to them. That the change is so long in coming carries no reflection on the officers of the fleet. No one who has come in contact with them would say a word in disparagement of them, of their devotion to the King's service, and to the best interests of the men under them. Probably few of

Paint, Pay, and Promotion

them would raise any objection to a certain number of lieutenants for service ashore or in command of small boats being chosen from the most deserving of the chief warrant officers, but power rests not with them but with the Admiralty, and it cannot be expected that conviction will be carried home there in a year or half-a-dozen years. The navy has been built up in many centuries, it has numerous traditions, it has never been officered on democratic lines, and its rulers are conservative, lest in making any hasty change they should interfere with the highest purposes for which our splendid fleet is maintained. But though they may hesitate, can it be doubted that eventually every boy who enters a naval training ship will be spurred on in his work by the thought that if he merits it, he may win a lieutenant's commission, not, as at present, mere honorary rank as such as a kind of "consolation prize" on retirement? The rawest army recruit may set his ambition on the position of quartermaster, with the honorary rank of lieutenant and pay of from 9s. to 16s. 6d. a day, and he may even rise to dizzy heights, as has General Sir Hector MacDonald

How our Navy is Run

and many other officers. A similar outlook for every seaman is surely not too great a boon to offer to the men who stand between us and annihilation.

This is a diversion from the paint and polish traditions. The process by which soap, holy-stone, rags for cleaning brass-work, and other material for keeping a ship bright as the morning is obtained is as remarkable as it is amusing. The authorities provide quite insufficient quantities of those commodities, and consequently the supply is augmented from the profits of the "scran-bag," an institution which, like its genesis, is a mystery of the sea. A ship must be tidy as the typical best parlour, and though men know this they frequently leave their things about. They become consequently liable to punishment, but some officer with a good business head on his shoulders instituted the scran-bag, which exists in all his Majesty's warships, so as to avoid dealing severely with such lapses. When any of the ship's police find an article lying about—clothes, boots, towels, ditty boxes, anything, in fact—where it should not be, they quietly appropriate it, and convey it to the scran-bag. Every Thursday afternoon, "rope-yarn Sunday" the

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sailors call it, for it is the day devoted to clothes making and mending and other useful purposes, this wonderful and capacious bag is opened, and men gather round in a crowd claiming their property. For every article they are fined one penny, which is supposed to be equivalent to an inch of soap, and in this way the most careless and untidy men contribute most towards the cost of cleaning the ship, while those who fail within a month to secure their goods, be it serge jumper, or duck trousers, have the joy of seeing their property used as rags for applying the soap and polish to paint-work and brass. There is a rude philosophy, it will be seen, underlying this custom.

Sometimes a special scran-bag is organised on a hint from the commander or first lieutenant to the master-at-arms that he intends to have a general clean up and will want plenty of soap. The men have a habit of putting their night clothing in some of the many corners near their mess, some even utilising the kettles and other culinary utensils, in their desire to save themselves the trouble of dragging up their bags from the racks in the deck below. To a master-at-arms the hint that soap is

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needed leads to a search while the men are above at divisions, and by the time they are dismissed he and the ship's corporals have quite a big selection of articles of various kinds, which the owners are allowed to redeem at once if they care to pay twopence—a double fine. As the spoil consists of clothes that they will need soon, men usually pay up cheerfully to avoid figuring in the report of the master-at-arms to the commander. As each article represents two inches of soap, there is a good supply available when the ship is extra dirty from steaming or coaling, and the men seem not to see the irony of providing the material with which they, and still more the black-list men, afterwards work so industriously.

JACK'S CLOTHES

JACK'S CLOTHES

Who that has seen Jack, the manly boy in blue, dragging his guns along on parade, or knows anything of the stiff training in seamanship, guns, and torpedoes which he has to undergo, would suppose that he is often also a skilled tailor, almost as adept with the needle as with the rifle, and is not ignorant of the uses of a sewing-machine? No wonder he is called the "handy-man"! There are few things he cannot do, from defending the Empire to making his clothes, and preparing a savoury stew. Of course he does his own washing, and is a capital "housemaid," if the term may be used for a *man* who lives in a *ship*.

There are few pleasanter and more refreshing sights than a smartly dressed seaman of his Majesty's navy; nor is he unconscious, as a rule, of the admiring eyes that are fixed on him as with an easy roll he passes along.

How our Navy is Run

There is a saying that fine clothes do not make a man, but sailors of the King's fleet have reason to know how important a matter their uniform is.

By the public our sailors are invariably known by their clothes as Jack Tars or blue-jackets, though in the past few years they have earned an additional soubriquet — the handy-men. The term Jack Tar is ascribed by some to the fact that sailors in the old sailing days got covered with tar, but probably the nickname came into use in consequence of the remarkable tarpaulin hat with a broad brim, which in its turn gave place to a shiny glazed hat, that was worn down to within less than a decade ago. Possibly also the old-fashioned petticoat dress, frequently tarred, which the men at one time affected, had something to do with their popular title—Jack Tar.

Of course, the title blue-jacket was derived from the garb reaching down to the hips, similar to the midshipman's jacket of to-day, and with sleeves so tight that to do any work a man was compelled to take it off. It was "built" on the most exact Admiralty instructions, and as it has given Jack one of his

Jack's Clothes

popular names, these instructions may possibly be of interest. It was provided that it should be of "navy-blue cloth, double breasted, with stand and fall collar; seven black horn crown and anchor buttons, seven-tenths of an inch in diameter, on each side; sleeves sufficiently long to go over a duck or serge frock; to reach to the hip; one inside pocket on the left side; an opening at the cuffs on the seam with two small black buttons." When in 1891 this blue jacket was abolished, Jack was not sorry, for it cost him no less than 25s. to buy, and the monkey jacket or overcoat which was substituted for it is far more useful, though it is only worn in inclement weather.

Whatever may be said in detraction of sailors of the King—and not much in this line is heard nowadays—they are invariably well and smartly dressed, and their clothes are of fairly uniform pattern, in accordance with the elaborate regulations which are issued from the Admiralty, with illustrations to show how the various articles are to be made. These rules descend to so many minute details as to be amusing, and if strictly followed would leave Jack little room for personal taste. He is told

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that the size of his trousers across the leg at the knee is to be nine to ten inches, and at the foot ten to eleven inches, whether he be short or tall; "that they are to be fitted with a waistband, the tightness of which is to be regulated by a lacing at the back, which is to be tied in bow at the upper holes, the ends being four inches." It is laid down of exactly what material the lacing is to be, that for cloth trousers being $1\frac{3}{8}$ ins. black silk ribbon.

Who that sees a blue-jacket in his delightful hat of white sennet imagines that the authorities strictly enjoin its exact dimensions and weight—ten ounces—or that the making of the white frock which is worn in hot climates for "review order" with white trousers, sennet hat, and side arms is so much an art as to call for such minute regulations as these?—"To be made of drill, an inside breast pocket on right side with collar and wristbands of blue jean, the collar having a border of three rows of three-sixteenths of an inch white tape, half of an inch apart, and the wristbands to be peaked with two rows of white tape along the upper margin and one along the lower,



Sailors making and mending clothes. Jack is very dexterous with the sewing machine and the needle.
[p. 191.

Jack's Clothes

with one white metal dead-eye button at each of the wrists."

Apart from all the carefully elaborated tailoring regulations, the Admiralty also issue a series of "notes" showing the men how to dress, which are even more detailed than the rules governing the cut of their garments. For instance, it is essential that a blue-jacket should never forget that his neckerchief "must be tied behind under the collar, the bight in front being confined by the strings, which, having been first tied together, are to be tied tightly in a bow over the neckerchief, leaving a bight of it about three inches long; the neckerchief should thus be firmly secured to the frock or jumper." Imagine an ordinary man when he wears a comforter remembering that it must be put on with "one turn round the throat and a half hitch, and the ends tucked in the frock" or coat! or that the ribbon, or band, on his hat must be "tied in a bow over the left ear—the ends being three and four inches long respectively, the shorter end being in front!"

All these rules and notes would be amusing to a landsman, if they did not annoy him beyond endurance; but they do not weigh down the

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“handy-man,” who does not even smile at the Admiralty note, that in exceptionally cold and raw weather and during night-watches, when he has on his comforter, wound round his throat according to orders, “blue worsted gloves or mitts may be worn.” The men of the navy well know that the smart appearance of the force depends on all the men being dressed alike, though when Jack gets the chance he often varies the Admiralty pattern, the captain sometimes winking at such changes if they render the men smarter. When, however, a man returns to the naval depot ashore, officers, with measures in hand, proceed to take stock of him, and he is quickly put back to the official line.

Some men hold peculiar views on the cut of their trousers, and there is nothing more characteristic than this garment which flops like sails about the feet. It was Jack, of course, who twenty years ago gave the cockney coster the idea of the bell-bottom trousers you may see on Hampstead Heath on Bank Holidays.

In the matter of clothes sailors and soldiers are not treated alike by the State. The War

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Office gives to every soldier a complete outfit on joining the force, and he is periodically supplied with fresh clothes without charge. This generosity, however, must not be interpreted even in the case of the soldier as relieving Tommy Atkins of all expenditure for clothes; many men could tell quite another story. The blue-jacket stands in a different relationship to his masters, "The Lord Commissioners for executing the office of Lord High Admiral of the United Kingdom and Ireland." After he is launched afloat he gets no assistance in the matter of clothes, unless he happens to be promoted to chief petty officer or warrant officer, in which cases he receives a present from the authorities to assist him in buying his expensive outfit. When comparisons are made between the rates of pay of soldiers and sailors, this and other important differences are often forgotten, and the Admiralty are given the credit of providing the smart uniform in which blue-jackets are seen.

The exact amount of assistance which Jack receives from the authorities can be summed up in a few words. On joining one of the training ships at Portsmouth, Devonport, or elsewhere, a

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lad has placed to his credit a sum of £5 wherewith to secure the clothing and bedding that is supplied to him at Government rates, and to assist him, when his period of service as a boy is finished, in completing his kit for sea. By the time he goes to sea he will possess a great variety of articles worth about £13 or £14. If after twelve years' service, which is the minimum for seamen, he cares to promise to serve for a further nine years in order to gain a pension, he is given another sum to help him in renewing his kit, and if he happens to have the good fortune to be promoted to chief petty officer, which is the rank above that of first-class petty officer, he has another £5. If he attains the ambition of every good seaman and is selected as a warrant officer, he is credited with a further sum of £25. None of these grants on promotion meets the expense that a man must incur if he would do credit to the King's service. A warrant officer's outfit, be he gunner, boatswain, or carpenter, costs him anything from £25 to £50 more than he receives from the Government, while even a fairly careful seaman or petty officer will spend



Armourer's mates in their working "rig."

Jack's Clothes

out of his own pocket from £4 to £6 a year in renewing his kit.

No man of his class has to have as many clothes as a sailor of the Royal Navy. He has a separate dress for the different duties that fall to him from time to time. In temperate climates there are five combinations, and in hot stations there are four others, so that it will be readily understood that the decking out of Jack in all his war paint to suit the changing circumstances of his life is an elaborate matter. When a man is drafted from a naval depot to a ship about to commission, he is "kitted" completely with clothes made by a contractor strictly in accordance with Admiralty instructions, for which, of course, he pays. He is inspected before he leaves by an officer, who sees that he has everything that he is required to possess. On the jetty, when he waits to go on board his new ship, he may be seen sitting on his portmanteau, a big white duck bag, which contains his bedding, with his clothes at the top, and having his straw hat, as a rule, tied on to the mouth of the sack. This bag contains all Jack's belongings that he carries round the world with him.

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As an indication of the complexity of a blue-jacket's dress, we may glance over the shoulder of the inspecting officer at Portsmouth naval depot as he looks at the varied assortment of apparel spread out before him. This collection of necessaries for the life of a sailor, which may be varied by the Commander-in-chief of a port or squadron, comprises over sixty articles carefully marked with the name of the owner. It includes a monkey jacket or overcoat, a jersey and comforter, eight pairs of trousers (two each of cloth and serge, and the remainder of duck), seven jumpers, four frocks, two check shirts with short sleeves, and three flannels; two each of cholera belts, drawers, socks, black silk handkerchiefs, cloth caps with covers, hat or cap ribbons, towels, lanyards, and bed-covers, together with three jean collars, a white straw hat and case, a pair of half-boots, type for marking his goods and chattels, his bed and blanket, three bags, including one for soap and the one for his clothes, a set of combs, and four brushes, one for scrubbing, one for clothes, and two for boots. The outfit is completed by a "ditty" box, in which he can keep

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private letters, his money, odds and ends, and his "housewife."

This last named is a reminder that Jack is a most domestic man, who knows the ways of tailoring and mending as well as most sempstresses. Every blue-jacket has to have a "housewife," which contains one ounce of bees-wax, thirty-eight buttons of various sizes, two skeins of white cotton and fifty skeins of thread, and some blue worsted, a couple of dozen needles, half an ounce of pins, over forty yards of tape, a tailor's thimble, and a bundle of two dozen "clothes-stops," which do duty for clothes-pegs when he hangs his clothes in the rigging to dry. In this wise does the Admiralty, having already had the sailor boy taught on the training-ship how to hold and use the needle, fit him out to make his own clothes if, as invariably happens, he requires further supplies before he returns to the depot after a three years' commission. But though every man has the wherewithal to make his clothes, some prefer to employ a shore tailor if they are in harbour, or pay messmates to do it for them, and thus it happens that in every ship's company there

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are several men commonly known on the lower deck as "Jews," who earn considerable sums by making their comrades' clothes. Many of them find this occupation so much to their liking and so remunerative, that they buy sewing-machines so as to increase their output. Although the sums paid to the seamen tailors are not large individually they mount up in time, and some men will return home after three years on a foreign station, where the facilities for spending money are small, with as much as £150, a considerable portion of which they have earned by the industrious use of their needles and sewing-machines.

The cloth, serge or drill, is obtained from the paymaster's staff at the quarterly issue of "slops," the men paying only the bare cost of the material. Cloth costs as much as 9s. 6d., and serge 1s. 5d. a yard, the latter having fallen in price to the extent of sixpence in the past twenty years. When the cloth or serge has been obtained, the tailor sets to work with a will, and soon he will have cut out the material, and with his legs crossed under him in quite professional style will work on hour after hour in the evening. On Thursday afternoons in



Two sailors in the cool-looking costume—white suit with blue collar and straw hat—worn in hot climates.

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particular he has leisure "to make or mend clothes," and bends himself to his task quite happily, pulling meantime at his pipe well filled with ship tobacco, which, by the way, costs 1s. a pound free of duty as Jack gets it. In this way an industrious man will often make considerable sums. Landsmen will be interested to learn that the sailors on our warships can get a pair of cloth trousers made for 4s., the cloth costing about 12s. or 14s., while the remnants left over provide two cloth caps. It is in his cap, by the way, that a sailor almost invariably carries his pipe, hiding it away in the lining.

This article does not profess to deal with the uniforms of officers—a matter which lies between them and their tailors, the latter being careful to see that the Admiralty regulations are duly observed.

How may one recognise the rank of an officer or man of the British Navy? The marks indicating rank and branch are displayed so plainly that those who run may read—this is literally true, as many men of the lower deck know. To learn the rank of an officer it is only necessary to glance at the distinguishing marks of gold lace on the cuffs of his coat.

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The rank is revealed by the number of these stripes, and the character of the shoulder strap, while those who are of the military line, generally known as executive officers, have a golden curl added to the upper stripe. All who have not the curl belong to what are called the civil branches of the navy, and they are further distinguished by a streak of colour between the gold, as follows: engineers, purple; surgeons, scarlet; paymasters, white; and naval instructors, light blue. Of course the more imposing the array of stripes the higher the rank of the wearer. Executive officers may be recognised by the number of stripes of gold lace that they have on their cuffs by the following scale: sub-lieutenants one stripe; lieutenants two; lieutenants of over eight years' service, two stripes, with a narrow one in the middle; commanders, three; captains, four; rear-admiral, a broad stripe with one curled stripe of ordinary size, while with every rise in rank to vice-admiral, admiral, and finally to an admiral of the fleet an additional stripe is added, so that on reaching the equivalent rank to field-marshal in the army, an officer of the sea service has on his cuffs one broad stripe with four others of the ordinary

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size. There are other distinguishing marks, but those which have been mentioned are the ones by which officers are usually recognised.

Warrant officers and chief warrant officers also share in this arrangement for denoting their rank, with three gold buttons on the cuff. Thus on promotion from chief petty officer a man has three buttons on his cuffs. After ten years' service he gains a thin curled gold stripe, and on becoming a "chief" he has the stripe thickened.

A somewhat similar system obtains on the lower deck. On their right arms the men wear the badge showing the branch of the service to which they belong, such as seaman gunner, seaman gunner and torpedo-man, stoker, signalman, artificer, sick-berth staff, &c. On their left arms they bear the badge of their rank, devices that are easily distinguishable, and some of which are shown among the illustrations. The index to a seaman's service character are the good conduct stripes that he has on his left arm. How many civilians would care to be similarly labelled unless they could boast the maximum of three stripes?

HOW DISCIPLINE IS MAINTAINED

HOW DISCIPLINE IS MAINTAINED

IN the old days British men-of-war were not pleasant places in which to live. Their crews consisted largely of all sorts and conditions of men picked up by the press-gangs, with some volunteers and a selection of criminals who, to avoid their just punishments, were allowed by the magistrates to take service afloat. It naturally followed that discipline among such rough characters had to be maintained by very severe methods, and probably the unruly character of the men was responsible for the callous brutality of a proportion of the officers. The captain of a ship was his own master, and many stories are told of the inhuman disregard of life which distinguished some officers. Even in Nelson's time it was no uncommon sight for a man to be flogged round the fleet with the cat-o'-nine-tails, receiving probably several hundred stinging strokes from the lusty bo'sun's mates as he was taken from

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ship to ship, and usually reaching his own ship again insensible and more dead than alive. Many offences, which a magistrate would consider comparatively trivial, could be and were punished by death, and as late as forty years ago justice was meted out unevenly, and depended largely on the temper of the responsible officer.

Now these bad old times have gone, and the principle by which discipline is maintained in his Majesty's ships is no longer to punish as severely as possible, but to offer to every man such inducements to do right that he cannot fail to see the advantages to be gained from good behaviour. Of course other most important factors in the abolition of brutal methods have been the great change in the character of the men, who, since the abolition of the press-gang, the closing of the navy to the criminal classes, and the institution of the long-service system with the provision that none but men of good character shall join, have deserved (though they seldom get it) the credit for being among the best behaved and most sober of the classes ashore from whom they are drawn.

How Discipline is Maintained

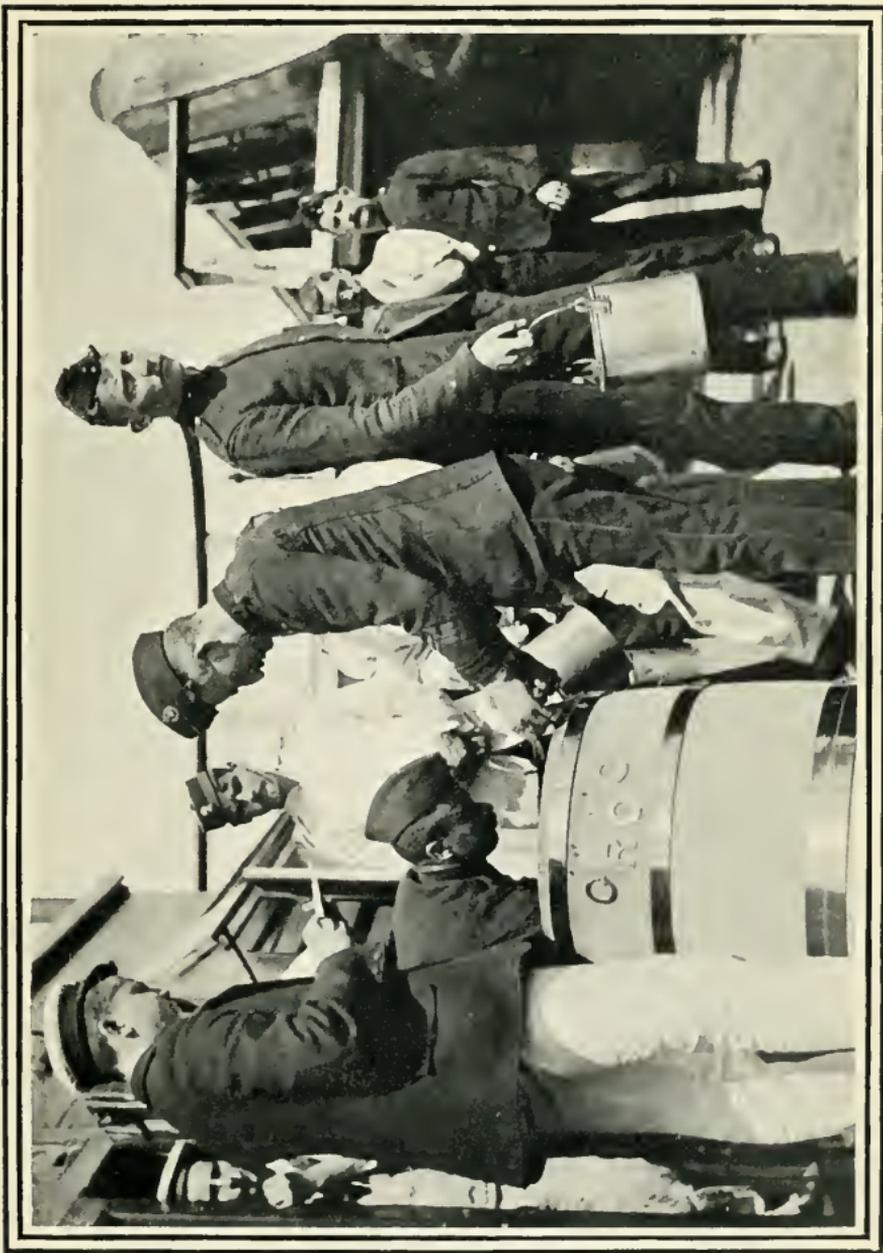
There is singularly little real crime in the navy, and most of the punishment given on board warships is for breaches of naval discipline, in many cases offences which a landsman would regard as of little importance, but which are looked at in a quite different light afloat.

Every vessel in the navy has an elaborate system for the detection and punishment of wrong-doers. Is it, for instance, generally known that Jack has a police force of his own, that warships are provided with cells, and that at Lewes, at Bodmin, and at Portsmouth there are naval prisons, fortunately not greatly used, and that blue-jackets themselves serve ashore as policemen, with a special badge on their left cuffs, and parade the streets of the town where their comrades are enjoying a spell of leave? Any one who has visited a man-of-war must have noticed a number of men dressed as chief petty officers, with the mystic letters "N.P.," between the naval crown, on their sleeves. These are the ship's corporals who form the staff of the master-at-arms, who is a kind of chief constable and a person of no slight authority on board a ship, with a little

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office which is a place of terror to all evil-doers.

It is almost proverbial that the lot of a policeman is not a happy one, and though the naval police are usually men of considerable tact and sometimes of wonderfully equable temper, it is hardly to be wondered at that they are not the most popular class in the service. Their duties are very various. They are the custodians of the defaulters' book, arrest prisoners, bring them to justice, personified by the captain or the senior officer according to the character of the offence, and after the delinquents have been ordered due punishment, for their "crimes," the naval police see that the sentences are carried out. They have many other responsible duties. They are charged with preventing the smuggling of spirits on board, or of any unwholesome food or fruit from the shore or from the bumboats that cluster round a man-of-war in port like moths round a candle—only it is not the bumboatmen who get their fingers burnt. The ship's police also have to see that the store places are safely locked up, that the lights and fires are put out at the proper times, that only the men properly authorised go ashore when the vessel



Serving out the grog after dinner. It consists of rum liberally watered.

How Discipline is Maintained

is in harbour, and that all those who are granted "short leave" return in time.

The duties which devolve upon the master-at-arms and his staff are of so important a character, that naturally great care is exercised in recruiting the force. They are very wisely chosen from the lower deck, and before a blue-jacket or marine can be entered at the bottom of the tree of promotion as a second-class ship's corporal he must be able to show the highest character, and must have had at least three years' service at sea. His pay starts at 2s. 4d. a day, and after he has been in the first class for six years he gets 3s. 8d., and he stands a chance of becoming a master-at-arms, the pay of which grade begins at 4s. and rises sixpence a day for each year's service, until at the end of twelve years he reaches the limit of 6s. a day or £109, 10s. a year. It will be seen that the inducements to men of good character to join the force that keeps Jack in order are by no means contemptible, the rates of pay being of course in addition to the usual official rations. A very lucky young petty officer with two years' exemplary conduct to his credit will be given the rank of first-class ship's corporal at once, and in twelve months or

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so may find himself vested with all the authority that belongs to a "jaunty," as a master-at-arms is called by the men, and what is still more to his liking. drawing 4s. a day pay.

The discipline on board various ships differs greatly. It depends largely on the captain. A tactful officer who wishes to encourage his men to do right, while letting them know that he will severely punish those who wilfully disobey, will often go through a whole commission with little or no serious punishments, with the result that every one will be in a good humour, and it becomes a proud boast with the crew that theirs is "a happy ship." Some officers in the old days often grossly abused their power, while others now as then had a knack of keeping every one up to the mark without resort to extreme measures.

Tales are still told that reveal a quaint humour in the meting out of punishment. There is a story of one officer who, when a man through reprehensible carelessness upset a paint pot or in any other way dirtied the beautifully white deck, would order the delinquent to scrub the spot in the dinner hour for seven days, using, not water, but the grog

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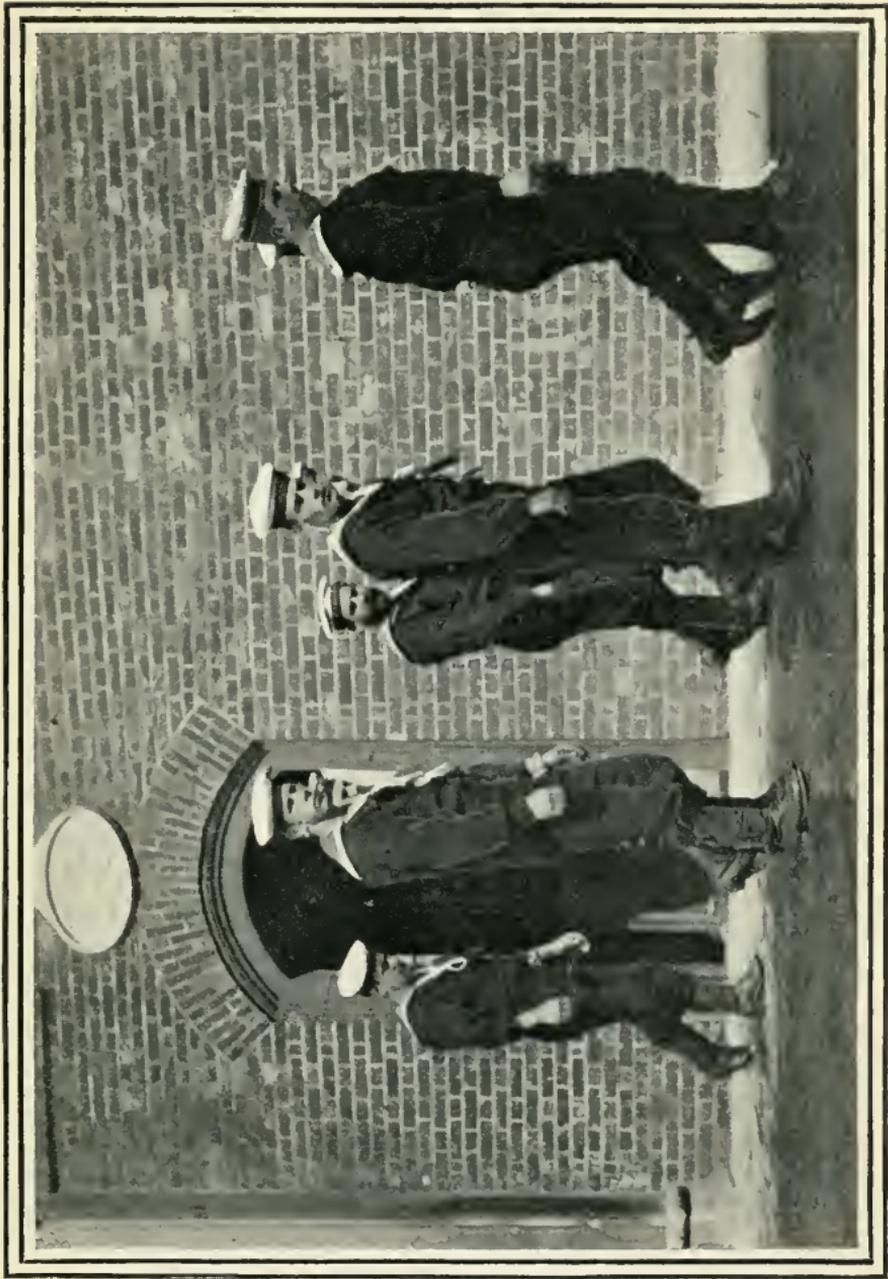
which he so dearly prized. The feelings of the seaman as he carried out the punishment amid the gibes and jeers of his amused companions can be only dimly imagined by a landsman, who knows not how treasured a thing is the daily "tot."

Rear-Admiral the Hon. V. A. Montagu tells a story of his midshipman days that illustrates the little lapses which a stern disciplinarian seizes hold of. He was the middy of the watch on a very bitter day, and had moreover to keep on the lee side of the deck. Perished with cold, he inadvertently put his numbed hands in his pockets. Now the quarter-deck of a man-of-war is almost sacred, and every officer and man salutes it as he approaches. The captain seeing this small edition of an officer with his frozen hands in his pockets might, according to the custom of those times, have mastheaded him, but instead he called out in loud tones, "Pray, sir, who allowed you to keep your hands in your pockets on the quarter-deck? Go down immediately to the tailor and tell him from me to sew up your pockets instantly." Covered with shame the lad fled, and soon returned with the task com-

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pleted. Then the officer, Captain Jones, afterwards Admiral Sir Tobias Jones, spoke a few words of kindly reproof, and forthwith had all the stitches taken out again. It was the custom of one officer to make the evil-doer appear ridiculous by placing him in some uncomfortable part of the ship, most often the "chains," and making him cry out, when the ship's bell told the hours and half-hours, his name and the misdemeanour for which he was being punished, his ship's mates usually supplying a chorus of laughter.

In these days the punishment that fits each crime is laid down in the instructions issued by the Admiralty, founded on the Naval Discipline Act of 1866. This Act contains among other matters the Articles of War, which are read out to the crew of every ship once each three months, when any new regulations are also announced. This measure deals with persons subject to its provisions and with those who are not, specifying every imaginable offence and its punishments. It is most complete, but its framers were evidently afraid that they might have left a loophole through which a wrongdoer might escape his due measure of punish-



A naval patrol. These bluejackets are sent from the different ships in harbour on Monday morning to pick up stragglers among the Saturday to Monday leave-men.

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ment, so they concluded with the following comprehensive statement: "Any person subject to this Act, or not subject to this Act, who shall be guilty of any crime, offence, or misdemeanour not before provided for in this Act shall suffer death or such other punishment as is herein mentioned."

Apart from the punishments duly authorised by the Admiralty and Parliament, there is still room for a number of small corrections for trifling offences in the way of unpleasant duties, or extra work, by which a junior executive officer or a warrant officer, neither of whom has any power of sentence, can make a troublesome man desire to walk a straight course. All the old forms of chastisement, such as the cat, have disappeared, punishments are now humane, and the severer sentences, anything in fact beyond ninety days with hard labour, can be awarded only by a court-martial, which is ordered by the admiral in command, or in some cases by the Admiralty. The powers of a captain are, however, still very great, and he delegates the punishment of minor offences to the commander, who is the chief executive officer, and to the officers of divisions, but for all prac-

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tical purposes it may be said that only the two senior officers of one of his Majesty's ships can punish.

In the official scale prepared by the authorities the captain or commander, before whom the ship's police bring delinquents every morning before dinner, finds every punishment to fit every departure from the road of naval virtue. These include the stopping of grog, leave; or pay, the shortening of the meal hours, or the devotion to odd jobs of those times of leisure that a man usually has at his command. The most common form of punishment is what is known as "IOA," from the division and subdivision wherein it is specified by the Admiralty, and those who are ordered three, seven, or ten days "IOA" are said to be on the "black list." If the regulations affecting this punishment were strictly carried out, a sailor thus sentenced would have a very bad time. Strictly an "IOA" man rises an hour before the rest of the crew, is doomed to stop on deck during meal hours away from his messmates, taking his meals under the supervision of a sentry, his grog is stopped and he is not allowed to smoke, but devotes to work the time that his messmates

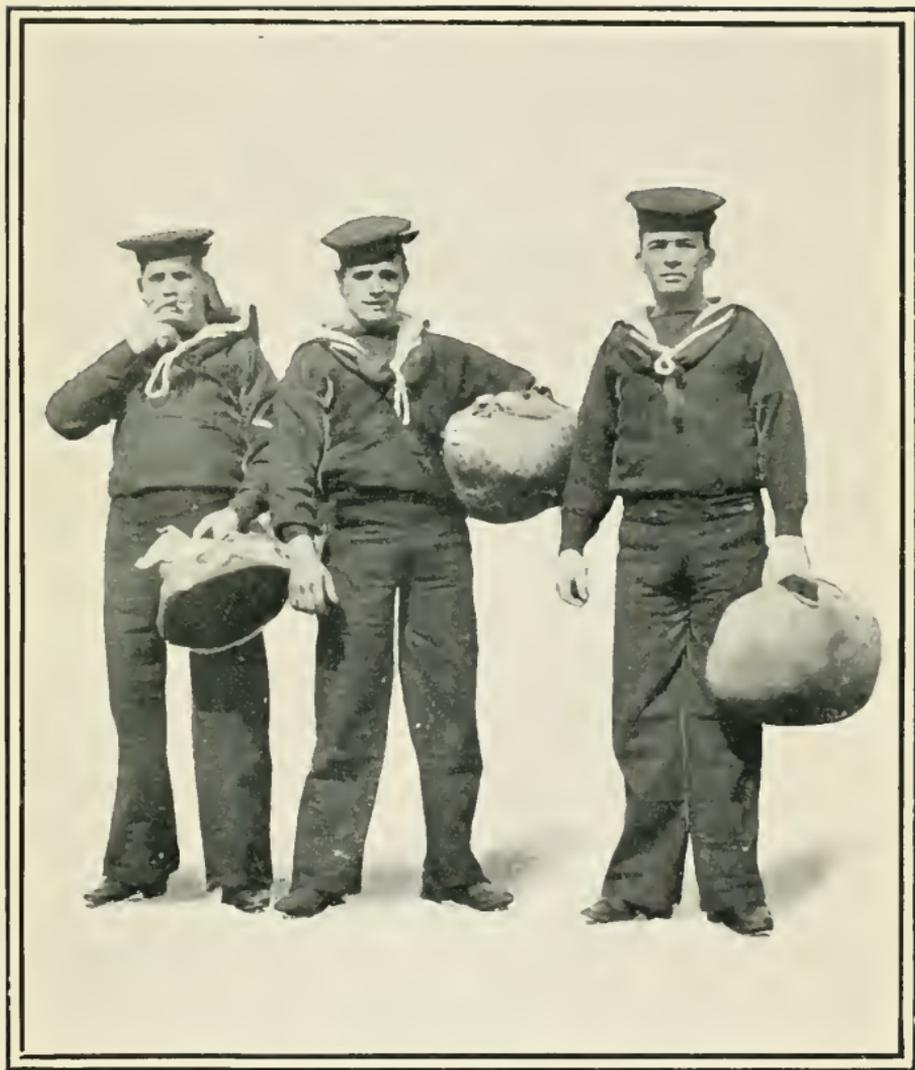
How Discipline is Maintained

dedicate to the weed and yarning. In one sense "black-list" men are a most useful portion of a ship's company, for they are always available for odd jobs, and usually not pleasant ones. In few ships are these men treated to the full severity of "IOA," as officers find that with most men it is a good investment to let them know that they have been ordered less than their full punishment. Discipline must be maintained, but a tactful captain and commander will support it without breeding any bad feeling even among those of the ship's company who occasionally are not on their best behaviour. Another punishment that is frequently ordered is known as "IOB," and consists in standing on the quarter-deck during the time set apart for smoking.

If the captain feels that his limit of punishment would not accurately meet some offence, as has already been explained, he applies to the Commander-in-chief for a court-martial, which may sentence a man to a period of imprisonment not exceeding two years, when he will soon find himself incarcerated in Bodmin or Lewes gaol, probably with dismissal from the service, with or without disgrace according

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to the decision of the court, or it may degrade him, or dismiss him from his ship. With the approval of the Admiralty, corporal punishment may be ordered. A court-martial is quite unlike any tribunal afloat. If the admiral is satisfied that there is good reason for a trial, he appoints a senior officer to act as a president, and associated with him are other officers. The prisoner, having had twenty-four hours' notice of the exact charge against him, may ask a friend to conduct his defence, and this "friend" may be a barrister or solicitor, in which case he enjoys no other rights than belong to an ordinary friend. Usually the proceedings are of the most thorough character, witnesses being examined and cross-examined as in any other court. The trial is held in public, and the court is cleared while the officers consider their verdict. If when the court reassembles it is announced that the accused has been found guilty, his service record is stated and sentence passed at once, whereas in a military court it is deferred until the general commanding has reviewed the evidence. In naval cases the prisoner has the satisfaction of knowing his fate at once, and



Bluejackets ready to go ashore on short leave.

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the admiral, by whom the case is afterwards considered, rarely interferes, and still less frequently does the Advocate of the Fleet, the Right Hon. Alexander Staveley Hill, Q.C., M.P., make any objection.

It frequently happens that a man may be guilty of slight offences which it would be inconvenient for a lieutenant to have to report to the chief executive officer. In these cases the captain generally empowers officers of the watch to punish men "up to two hours first watch." This means standing on the quarter-deck for two hours or less as the circumstances may require. In the case of a man having dirty arms, when arms are being inspected by officers of companies, it is generally the rule for the officer to make the man muster with his arms in the dinner hour. If the man has been punished or warned before, the punishment may be increased to, say, mustering his arms every day in the dinner hour for a week. In the case of a man coming to morning divisions improperly dressed, he will be told to "muster his bag" in the dinner hour. This consists in laying out his kit for inspection according to the Admiralty design for mustering of kits.

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This, as may be imagined, is a tedious and annoying job, especially as he is told to pack it up again as soon as the officer has glanced at it. Again, if a man doesn't "double" when called, or is in other ways slack, it is a more or less common practice to make him "double" over the masthead.

Naturally, these punishments being illegal, the men can object and apply to see the commander, but they don't do so, because they know the punishment would be much heavier. Except in serious cases, a commander knows that if a lieutenant reports a man to him, the chances are the man has been given several warnings, and therefore the commander gives him the maximum (or nearly so) punishment for the offence, however trivial. In the case of a man leaving his bag or hammock lying about the decks during rounds, he frequently has to carry the same on the quarter-deck for an hour or so; this is generally ordered by the officer going "the rounds." If a man is punished by the captain in such a way as to lose a badge, be disrated, cells, imprisonment, or reduction to the second class for conduct, he must be punished by warrant. That is, his offence

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is recorded together with other offences during the annual assessment of character, the evidence and names of witnesses and prosecutor are given, and the whole forwarded, together with a description of the punishment, for the admiral's approvement. On receipt of the warrant with the admiral's name approving, the lower deck is cleared (it generally takes place at evening quarters, or in the case of a man going to prison, just before he leaves the ship and is in prison dress), the executive officer orders, "Off caps," and the article of war applicable to the offence is read; "On caps," and the warrant is then read, the prisoner standing forward with his cap off. In the case of a non-commissioned or petty officer being reduced to a lower class, it is not unusual to cut his rating off his arm directly after the warrant is read. This is theatrical but impressive, and appeals more openly to the minds of the spectators. If a man is ordered cells or imprisonment, he is immediately marched away under the escort attending. Before a man can be put in cells or sent to prison he must be reported medically fit to undergo the punishment, and the warrant must be signed

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to that effect by the doctor; this also applies to boys before they are caned or birched.

As a result of these sensible methods of enforcing discipline and punishing crime, the lives of the men are not overshadowed by the burly form of the "jaunty" and his "crushers," as the ship's corporals are called by their unwilling subjects. Neither they nor the punishment cells can rob a ship of its happy life. Every one knows that the cells are there, and every one on the lower deck also knows that he must go very much astray before he will make their nearer acquaintance. As an officer explained recently, there is singularly little crime, as it would be classified ashore, in the navy, and even thieving is an unusual occurrence. A man who is convicted of taking other men's goods soon disappears from his Majesty's service. Of practically all seamen it can be truthfully said that they are as honest as the sun, and sailors supplement the Ten Commandments mentioned in the Bible by yet others, framed to suit the peculiar circumstances of those who, unlike Moses, spend their lives afloat more after the manner rendered historic by Noah. For instance, it is a sin in the eyes for a seaman of a mate to remove from

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the firebars another's hook-pot in order that his own may be heated the quicker. In fact, if there was the same high standard of morality ashore that obtains in the ships of the Royal Navy we should not have need of anything like as many policemen, and should not be compelled to take so many precautions against those of our neighbours who hold peculiar views on the ownership of property.

The duties of the master-at-arms and his staff are becoming every year less similar to those of a policeman ashore, and have more and more to do exclusively with the enforcement of discipline. If from the punishment lists of the navy breaches of naval discipline are eliminated, it is found that offences such as theft and assault are very infrequent, and that of the more violent crimes there are practically none. Even of the disciplinary punishments which are administered, over 90 per cent. every year are for misdemeanours quite insignificant in the eyes of a landsman, though of importance in a ship, the smooth working of which is dependent on all the rules and regulations laid down for its government being obeyed to the letter.

SPORT IN THE NAVY

SPORT IN THE NAVY

THE British blue-jacket and his masters are essentially sportsmen, honest, open-hearted, and, as a rule, generous to the point of thriftlessness. It is an old saying, but none the less true, that all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, and the Admiralty, wiser far than many of their arm-chair critics, have always encouraged sport in the senior service of the King. The admirals of the squadrons and their captains are never too old to take an interest in the amusements of the officers and men under them, and the result is that whether it be merely a game of leap-frog on the deck of his ship, or a football match in which the whole fleet is interested, the naval man or boy throws himself into the diversion of the passing hour with enthusiasm, and with the same dauntless courage and persistency in face of adverse circumstances that he shows on active service, whether the road to Peking, the sand-swept Soudan, or the hill country of northern

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Natal is the scene of his activities. He is always in earnest, always cheerful, and knows how to accept defeat, though it takes a good deal to convince him that he is beaten. Wellington may or may not have said that the battle of Waterloo was won on the playgrounds of Eton, but it is quite certain that the men who have gained the admiration of the world by their conduct at Ladysmith, at Modder, in China, and on the fever-infested swamps of West Africa obtained the nerve, courage, and capacity for endurance in the playing fields of the naval training ships dotted round the coast of the United Kingdom and Ireland, and on the cricket and football grounds of the cadets' ship *Britannia* at Dartmouth.

The newly-caught recruit, the "green" engineer student at Keyham College, and the "naval baby" of the executive branch at Dartmouth, all learn very early in their careers that *mens sana in corpore sano* is the motto of the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty. For the future blue-jacket there are cricket, football, gymnastics, rowing, and swimming, and he learns at an early stage how to handle his gun and single stick with greater facility than he can

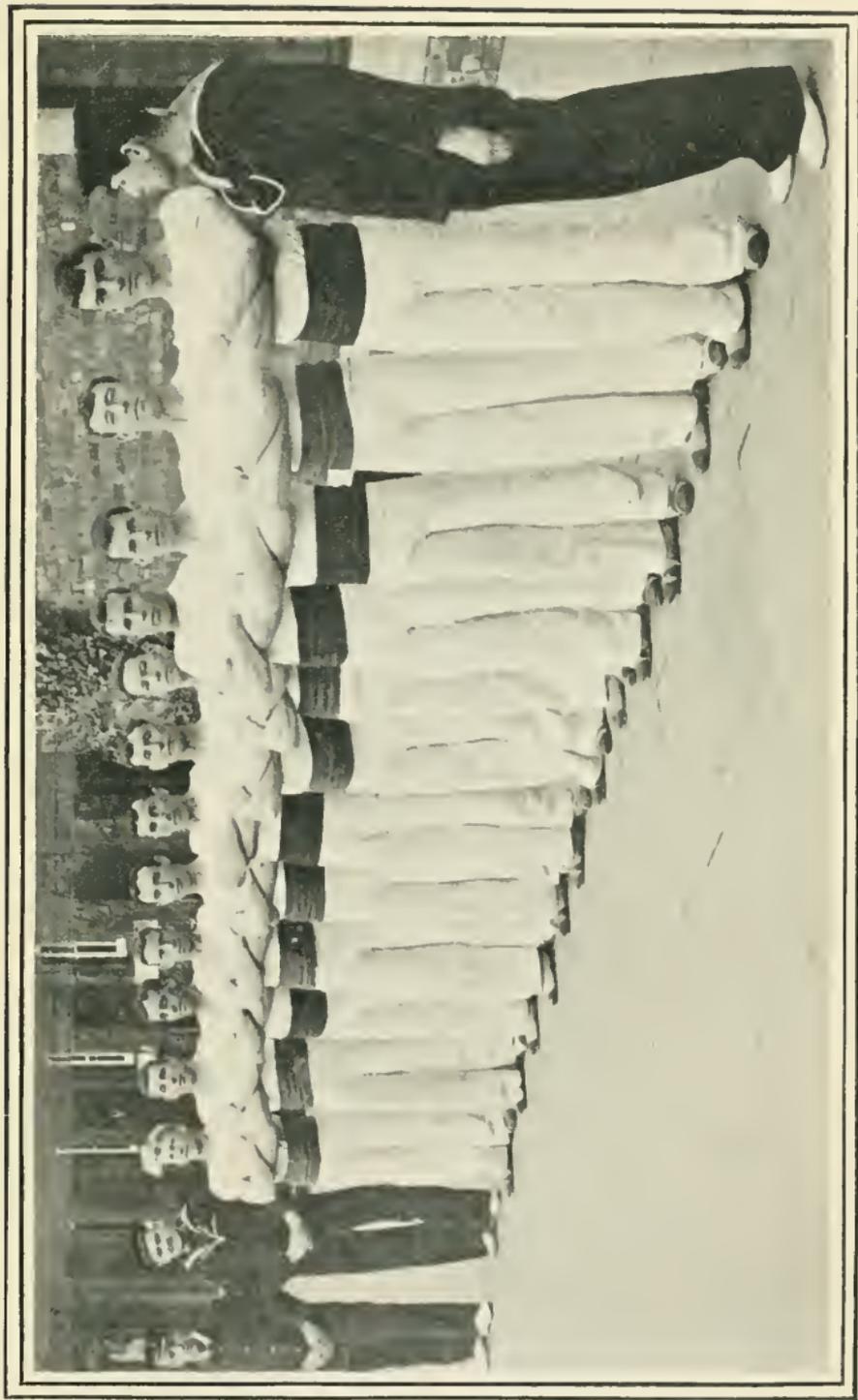
Sport in the Navy

hold his pen, though in these days the handyman is no dunce. Every summer picked crews have opportunities of taking part in regattas, and the best rowers champion their respective vessels in the annual race for the challenge cup, which is held for twelve months by the crew of the training ship that can get together the most expert oarsmen. At Keyham College, at Devonport, there is the same encouragement to the students to participate in field sports, but it is at Dartmouth that the Admiralty do most to foster the sporting instinct.

High above the picturesque river Dart, where the *Britannia* and *Hindustani* and their consorts are moored, the cadets have a magnificent ground for recreation that once formed part of the estate of Sir Walter Raleigh, and here they play cricket, football, and tennis. Lower down are the kennels, recently rebuilt by the authorities, of the famous Beagles. Once or twice a week, in the winter months, these pretty little hounds lead the cadets over the countryside in hot pursuit of the swift-footed hare, and glorious runs are often obtained. Still lower down the hillside, and near the water's edge,

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are the gymnasium, the asphalt tennis ground, the fives courts, the bathing and swimming stages, and many rowing boats, besides some larger craft for sailing. However parsimonious the Admiralty may be in some respects, it cannot be said to deny the cadets anything which is likely to conduce to their physical well-being, and make them sportsmen in the best sense of that word. The result is that the executive officers of the fleet have the instincts of gentlemen who love sport for its own sake, even if they do not all remain sportsmen in practice. At the time that Admiral Palliser was in command of the Pacific Station, and the cry was raised that we needed younger men to direct our squadrons, he was taking part in football matches, despite his nearly sixty years. Slightly older again was Admiral Sir Edmund Fremantle—the pluckiest officer in the navy, as his Humane Society medals show—when he was seized with a desire to learn to cycle, and he did not rest until he had mastered this essentially modern means of locomotion. Admiral Sir Michael Culme Seymour, Vice-Admiral Field, and many other flag officers, who will never celebrate again their sixtieth birthdays, are



A party of naval gymnasts in appropriate dress—white, with blue belt.

Sport in the Navy

almost as [^]at home on the cycle as they are on the quarter-deck.

After the officers and men leave the naval nurseries, they find that the opportunities for healthy recreation do not decrease. At the "schools," where they learn how to lay a gun and discharge a torpedo, there are splendid facilities for those who wish to enjoy a game of football or cricket. At Whale Island, the greatest gunnery establishment in the world, there is the largest cricket ground in the United Kingdom, beautifully laid out, and always kept in perfect condition. But possibly the most remarkable infatuation of the modern blue-jacket and his officer is for the cycle. Although at first sight it might be thought that his flapping trousers and swinging gait would unfit him for cycling, the handy-man has surmounted all difficulties, and has included the wheel among his favourite athletic recreations. At the torpedo school-ship *Vernon* at Whale Island, at the gunnery ship *Cambridge*, at the Naval Depot at Chatham, and at other naval centres there are large cycling clubs, and no warship of any size ever goes to sea without a selection of cycles. Some battleships carry dozens, and keep them

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handy for a spin ashore when opportunities offer.

As Jack and his officers are trained to use their bodies in a sportsman-like way at home, they insist on proper facilities wherever they may be, and, if these do not already exist, promptly set to work and create them, however great the obstacles may be. It goes without saying that the officers frequently rig up a screen on the upper deck, as do passengers on ocean liners, and with a dummy 100 lb. shell or something of about the same size for wicket, and a more or less degenerate ball, enjoy primitive games of cricket, not rarely sending the ball into the sea. Horizontal bars are also sometimes brought on to the deck.

But these are poor substitutes for the vigorous exercise that the complements of his Majesty's ships are accustomed to from their earliest years, and they welcome the sight of land. One of the first acts of the naval men when, in the name of their sovereign, they took possession of Wei-Hai-Wei, was to set to work in hot haste and level and lay out a recreation ground. On an earlier occasion when the authorities made an arrangement for the vessels

Sport in the Navy

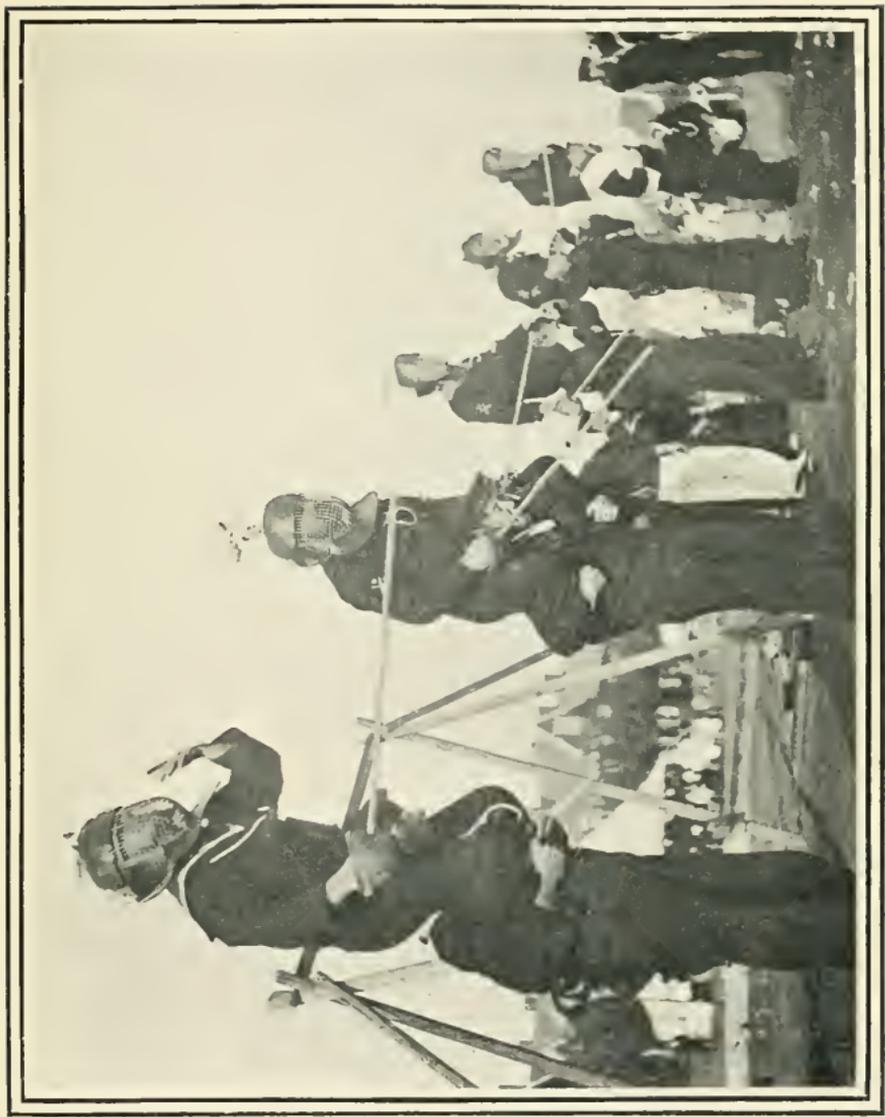
of the Mediterranean Squadron to carry out their torpedo drills in the Bay of Platea, off the coast of Greece, Jack was not long in casting his eyes round for some place ashore which he could transform into a sports ground. The Grecian authorities raised no difficulties, and consequently the men of the fleet quickly rendered the surface level of a spot that took their fancy, and with cinders from the ships had very soon laid down an excellent track for running and cycling. Hence it happens that to-day on this out-of-the-way part of the Grecian coast officers and men of the King's navy disport themselves as though they were on the United Service Recreation Ground at Portsmouth, or on the grassy enclosure at Mount Wise at Devonport. All the world round Jack and his master have provided themselves with places where they can recreate, and thus keep minds and bodies in "fit" condition for any strain these may have to bear.

At far-distant Esquimalt, at Malta, at Gibraltar, at Sydney, at Halifax in Nova Scotia, at Hong Kong in the Far East, and at Bombay, as at Berehaven on the Irish coast, where the Channel Squadron spends much of its time,

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there are excellent grounds where the officers and men of the navy can indulge in the field sports they love so well, and hold meetings to test their capacities in their favourite recreations. Practically every squadron, in whatever part of the world it may be, holds at least one regatta every year, which excites the liveliest rivalry.

At some of these sporting gatherings, in fact at most of them, the men's humour finds expression. They enjoy with keen delight such events as sack, three-legged, egg and spoon, and obstacle races. Somehow a sailor needs to feel he is in a tight corner, or that all is not plain sailing, before he will show to his best, and a three-legged or kindred contest, for which he will practise assiduously beforehand, puts him on his mettle as an athlete, and sometimes, also, as a funny fellow. Because of his antics, he will be none the less serious in his determination to win the prize, leaving to those of his messmates who consider humour their strong line, the task of keeping spectators amused between the different items on the programme. Some men make inimitable clowns, and spare no trouble in



Mounted melée of the bluejackets of two warships. The men fight with infinite resourcefulness and determination until the plumes of coloured paper are struck off. (p. 247.)

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copying the appearance of those professionals who make fooling in the ring the business of their lives.

Tilting at the bucket is a very favourite diversion at naval sports, and usually provokes great merriment. One man gets into a barrow, which is wheeled towards the elevated bucket at a smart pace, and as the couple pass beneath it, the passenger in the barrow endeavours to thrust the pole he carries through the hole in the board that hangs down from the bucket. If he makes a good shot he and his companion, particularly the latter, receive a drenching—and a prize. Jack dearly loves a joke. Those who were at a garden party at Whale Island, not long ago, will readily remember the laughter which a living Aunt Sally provoked. An ingenious blue-jacket, who had no faith in the power of the fair sex to throw straight, volunteered to sit in a tub with his face blackened while the ladies, at quite short range, threw sticks at him. Needless to say this sailor's temerity did not result in his being hit many times.

In everything that he does the British blue-jacket reveals the happy spirit of a schoolboy,

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and never does he give his lighter feelings more rein than when after a long time at sea, or returning from a commission on a foreign station, he at length obtains leave and organises one of his favourite driving excursions. Wherever he is ashore he lays himself out for enjoyment. A story is told of a party of sailors who were warned by their captain not to go beyond a certain milestone. It happened that half a mile or so farther on there was a public-house to which they were specially partial. In spite of orders they were at this place of entertainment when the captain passed. When he asked them why they had disobeyed his orders, the men protested that they had not gone beyond the milestone. The officer visited the spot, bent on an investigation, to find that the letter of his instructions had been obeyed. They had pulled up the stone and set it down again on the farther side of the public-house.

The navy has produced some good cyclists. It is claimed that the champion of the service is Mr. Arthur Botting, an engine-room artificer and a member of the Chatham Naval Cycling Club, who rides a machine that he built himself,

Sport in the Navy

and of which he is not a little, and quite justifiably, proud. During last season he entered in seventeen open and service events, and won eight first prizes, three second, and one third. Another good wheelman is Mr. P. Cribb, also a worker among the machinery; he is captain of H.M.S. *Vernon* Cycling Club, probably the largest naval association of its kind in the world. Mr. Alexander Duguid has also done well in many races in all parts of the world, not long since beating the cyclist at Barbados who was regarded as invincible. He has won many prizes also at Portsmouth sports, including the three, two, and one mile races. At one time, in fact, he was the champion of the navy. A crack cyclist among the officers of the fleet is Lieutenant Thomas O. H. Lees, R.M.L.I., but when the majority of officers are more or less enthusiastic wheelmen, especially those who are studying at the Naval Colleges at Portsmouth and Greenwich, and serving at other shore establishments, it would not be easy to decide who rides the swiftest.

At some ports officers have many other recreations besides those already referred to. At Portsmouth and Devonport they play polo, and

How our Navy is Run

occasionally compete with friends of the land service in point-to-point races. The sporting instincts of some lead them to favour shooting, while yet others are as enthusiastic plyers of the rod, and, travelling as they do all over the world, have splendid opportunities of fishing and shooting under the most favourable conditions. Sometimes the circumstances are not favourable, as the following "yarn" indicates. An officer who was not only a sportsman but a man of resource went shooting by himself, and after walking some five miles managed to bag two bucks which weighed about 180 lbs. apiece. The question arose, how was he to carry this heavy weight for five miles over broken country? Nothing daunted, he opened up the carcasses and cleaned the beasts roughly. He then shouldered one and walked with it one mile; putting that one down, he retraced his steps, picked up No. 2 and walked with that two miles, and having deposited that one returned for No. 1. This process went on until he reached the boat with the first buck, leaving the second only a mile behind. Being somewhat tired, he tipped one of the boat's crew to go back for No. 2. This little journey took him about three or four

Sport in the Navy

hours, but he got both his bucks. This, it may be added, is a true yarn and not an arithmetical problem.

It should be mentioned that sailors take a great interest in the "ring," and the navy has produced some famous boxers. But the subject of sport in the sea service is unlimited. There are few outdoor amusements of any kind in which the officers and men do not participate, and as a rule do so with not a little distinction, and with undoubted benefit to themselves and the country they serve. Without attempting to draw invidious comparisons, the sober fact may be stated that while in the army the death-rate is 12.0 per thousand, and among civilians as high as 17.6, in the navy it is only 4.9. Hence, those who wish to live long cannot do better than serve under the white ensign and join in the healthy sports that develop and strengthen the body, while the mind is expanded by visits to all parts of the world, not as ordinary tourists but as bearers of the red, white, and blue.

CROSSING THE LINE

CROSSING THE LINE

EVERY schoolboy knows that the Equator is an imaginary line round the earth equally distant from the poles and dividing the globe into two hemispheres. It is not until he crosses the line in one of his Majesty's ships or in a merchant vessel that he learns of the toll which Father Neptune demands of all sailors when they pass this mystic circle. The line has its terrors, but they are not what they were in the memory of many naval seamen, when the occasion was sometimes seized as an opportunity for horse-play that verged on actual cruelty, and led to illness of a more or less serious character. The old blue-jackets who won our victories in the past were so inured to hardship that they probably saw nothing extreme in their celebrations. The experience was regarded as the hall-mark of a full-fledged sailorman, and gave to a novice an importance that he had not enjoyed before.

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The function was participated in by officers and men: none was allowed to escape if muscle or guile could secure his attendance. Occasionally the crew would make the ceremonies an excuse for paying off old scores against an unpopular officer or petty officer. At Christmas it was always an unwritten law that the petty officers and ship's police were excused all the rough treatment that used often to mark the season of goodwill, but Father Neptune has never exempted any one from paying toll on crossing the line, whatever his birth or rank. Tales are told of officers in the old days who hid themselves in some out-of-the-way corner of the ship where they were free from attack on all sides save perhaps one, and who defended themselves against their would-be persecutors with their swords. They knew from hearsay of the rough treatment that they might expect from the hands of Neptune and his "bears," for Jack always insists that the old Man of the Sea is attended by several of these animals. Once any one has crossed the line with or without paying toll, the Equator has no further terrors for him.

There is a story which states that when

Crossing the Line

Admiral Sir Nowell Salmon was crossing the line in the *Boadicea* some years ago, ten festive blue-jackets enjoyed a capital two hours' sport playing a hose on the august officer from one of the masts. The admiral took it all in good part, and did not even inquire the names of his tormentors.

Of late years this old naval custom has become less general, and when observed is accompanied by none of the brutalities that sometimes marred the fun in times gone by. But when the two young princes, the late Duke of Clarence and the Duke of Cornwall and York, crossed the line twenty years ago, Lord Charles Scott, the present naval Commander-in-chief at Devonport, saw no reason why these royal officers should not pay toll to Neptune like ordinary seamen, and very good fun resulted. Now that the Duke of Cornwall and York has once more been visiting the Australian Colonies, on the occasion of the opening of the new Federal Assembly, and has again had an interview with Neptune and his court, it may be of interest to recall the ceremonies that were enacted when the royal visitor, as a middy, passed over the Equator for the first

How our Navy is Run

time. From one of the members of the crew of H.M.S. *Bacchante* an account has been obtained of the ceremonies that were observed when the sailor prince was made a freeman of the sea.

The functions began after dark on the evening previous to the day when it was known that the *Bacchante* and her attendant ships would reach the dividing line. The first intimation to the uninitiated came about nine o'clock, from the following dialogue, carried on in stentorian tones, between an oakum-bearded old salt (rigged up as Father Neptune, and surrounded by half-a-dozen smaller gods of the sea, who stood on the forecastle, after climbing in over the bows from the hawser pipes below) and Lord Charles Scott, the captain, who stood on the poop with his senior officers.

"Ship ahoy!" shouted Neptune from the bows.

"Ay, ay!" replied the captain from the poop.

"What ship is this?" inquired the god of the seas.

"Her Britannic Majesty's ship *Bacchante*, cruising with the detached squadron of Rear-



After their dinner at noon the men are allowed a period of about forty minutes in which to drink their daily "tot" of grog, smoke, and yarn or read.

Crossing the Line

Admiral the Earl of Clanwilliam!" replied Lord Charles.

"Are there any of my 'chicken' on board?" asked Neptune.

"A few!" answered the skipper.

"Then I will pay a visit and receive toll to-morrow forenoon!" shouted Neptune, as he and his oakum-haired crew vanished over the bows and down the cutwater once more.

This conversation, of course, attracted considerable attention among the younger officers and men, who swarmed on the quarter-deck and forecastle to listen to the dialogue. This was the long-anticipated opportunity for the old salts who had previously climbed to the fore, main, and mizzen tops, and had hauled up buckets of water for this psychological moment. As Neptune and his companions vanished, buckets of water were thrown over the top rails and came down in a shower which completely drenched those unsuspecting young sailors beneath, who thus had their first experience of Neptune's christening ceremonies.

The following morning a huge canvas bath was rigged up in the gangway on the upper

How our Navy is Run

deck, with all its sides at such a slope that it was most difficult to scramble from its centre to the outer edges; especially when it was partly filled with water. At the other end of this bath a platform was built, which overlooked it in a manner that made it easy for a man to be tilted backward out of a chair into the water. These arrangements were made before breakfast, and hoses from all the fire mains, with branch pipes at their ends, were laid along the upper deck ready for use.

After the men had been mustered at "divisions," as usual, the fun of the day began. Neptune, armed with his trident, and accompanied by Amphitrite and the remainder of his court and sprites, all dressed out in the most approved water-nymph style, and followed by about a dozen great "bears" with whom to work his will on his "chicken," again appeared on the forecastle of the ship, and formed a procession which marched aft to call on the captain, and be regaled with a glass of grog before opening the morning's ceremony.

All the hatchways leading from the upper to the other decks (except one on the quarter-

Crossing the Line

deck) were then temporarily closed, so that those inclined to dodge their baptism of the ocean might be more readily caught and brought before the great sea god. At the conclusion of his call on the captain, Neptune mounted the platform and took his place on the judgment seat, with his court around him, while the "bears" disposed themselves elsewhere, some going into the large bath, while others, so as to be handy to do duty as barbers and policemen, took up their positions near a chair placed on the edge of the platform with its back to the bath.

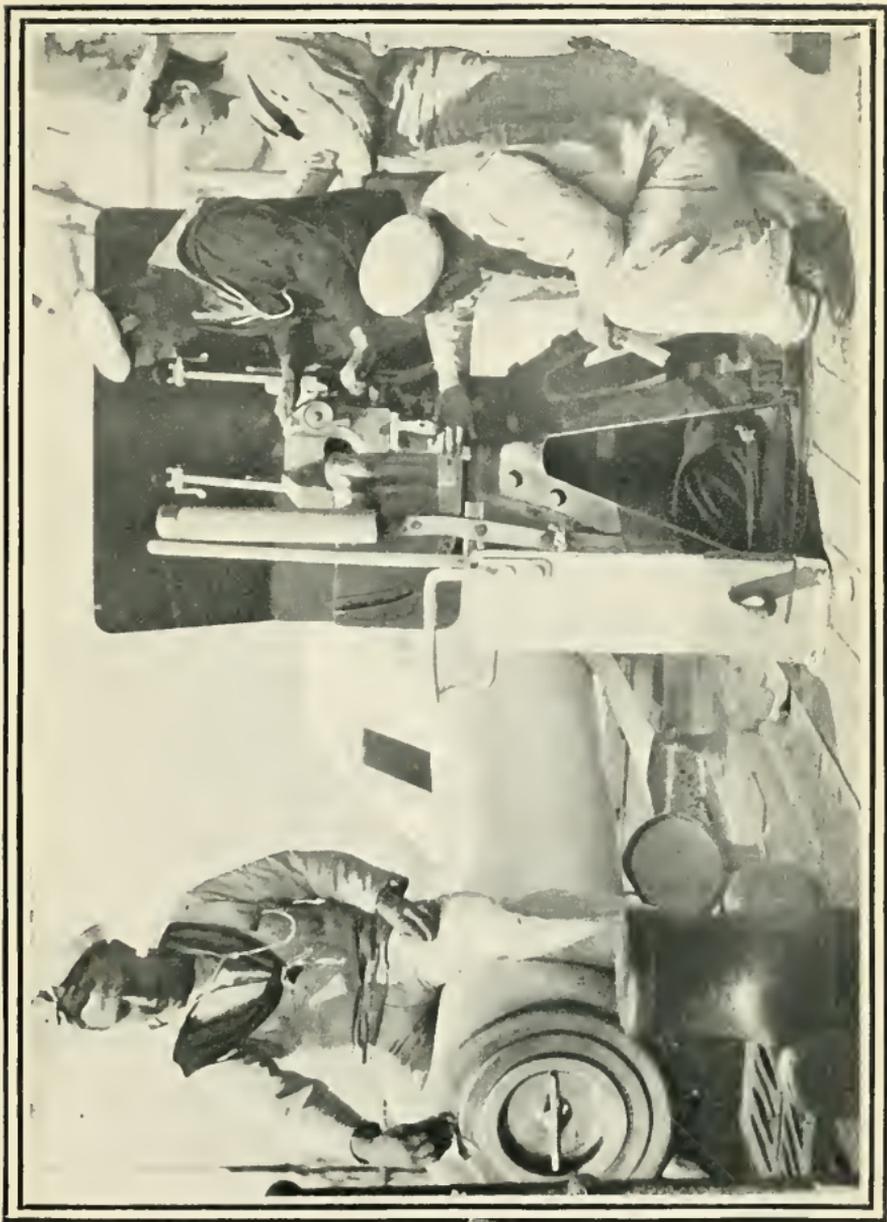
The chicken were, one at a time, marched up to his Majesty, who sentenced them on their merits—or demerits—to number one, two, or three razor, consisting of a species of hoop-iron with varying degrees of rough, jagged edges, number one being the worst. The sentence largely depended upon the report of the policemen and the trouble the chicken had given before he could be caught, and was added to generally by any latent prejudices the police or the judge had against the victim.

Once sentenced, the chicken was instantly

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placed in the chair with its back to the bath, and one of the bears dipped a large whitewash brush into a bucket of lather composed of soap and lime, with just enough vegetable tar to give the necessary adhesive quality to it, and began to lather the face of the culprit, whose arms were held behind his back while the barber operated on him. During the lathering process the chicken was asked innumerable questions about his age, place of birth, the last ship he served in, and various other subjects. If he remained silent he was considered obstinate, and his sentence increased, while every time he opened his mouth to reply the lathering brush choked it up with the shaving preparation.

Following the brush came the razor, and while his face was still smarting from its unpleasant attentions, the victim found his heels in the air in the act of being canted backwards into the bath, where he passed into the hands of the "bears," who dipped and ducked him regardless of breathing time as they passed him from one to the other end of the double line which they had formed along the bath. But even when he had run the



Sailors take a great pride in the guns of their ship, which are continually cleaned and burnished.

Crossing the Line

gauntlet in this way, his trouble was not at an end. After, with great difficulty, struggling up the slippery and slanting sides to the edge of the canvas, his fingers were rapped until he was compelled to let go his hold, or he was beaten back with old stockings filled with oatmeal, or sawdust, and a dozen other kinds of weapons held by men who surrounded every inch of the rim of the bath, and who had themselves just passed through the ordeal or had previously crossed the line. On sliding back into the centre, the victim again became the sport of the "bears," and was only allowed to scramble out and regain his liberty when he was almost exhausted by their mauling.

The earlier arrivals got off the lightest, and the sentences became more severe as the chicken were dug out of all sorts of holes and corners of the ship, from the sand or lime tank, upwards, or were found buried away among the holy-stones or rope gear in the hold. All such novices were brought before Neptune with a history of the trouble they had given.

This chicken hunt is one of the most amusing parts of the ceremony, and the young officers

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and seamen try the most ingenious dodges to evade paying the penalty. Some declare they have crossed the Equator before, but, unfortunately for them, their parchment certificates, kept at the ship's office, show they have never served in a ship which had occasion to pass from north to south; and any stories about having been across in merchant ships or yachts are usually disregarded, even if they are not disproved by a perusal of the above-named document.

But while all this is going on in the bath and on the platform, there is not a dry spot to be found on the upper deck from the main-top downwards, for the fire pump is started down below in the engine-room the moment Neptune comes on board, and water at a good pressure is forced through a dozen branch pipes at the end of hoses on the upper deck, which are held by a dozen burly old sea-dogs who play their streams freely upon every one within reach. Even the rigging is no shelter from this, for the jet follows the would-be runaway half-way up the mainmast, and he is then either met by another jet from a hose that has been hauled up into the main-top, or is douched with

Crossing the Line

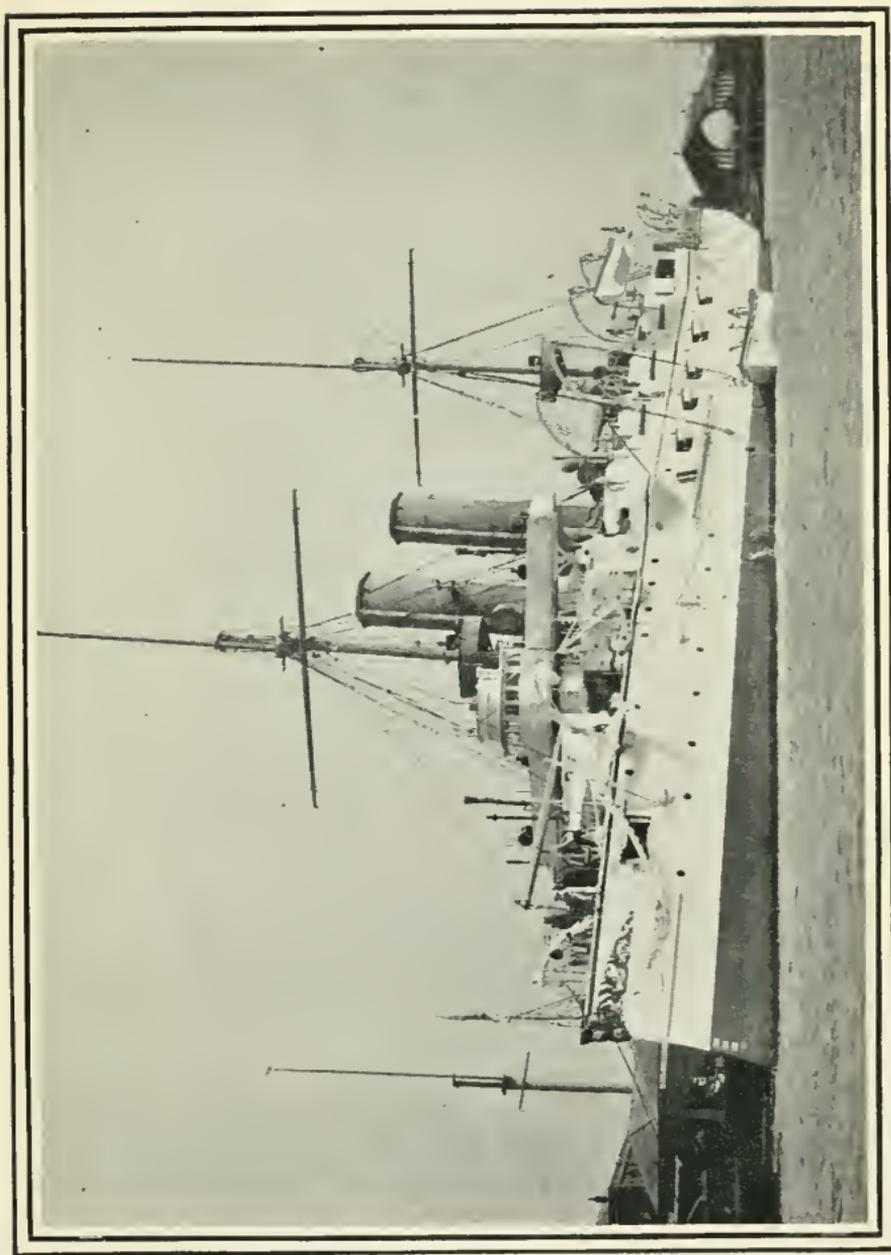
buckets of water showered on him by men who station themselves aloft for that purpose.

Fortunately the weather on the line is always so hot as to make a suit which is wet through a grateful rather than an ungrateful covering to the body. It is not, however, altogether pleasant to find oneself the target of a concentration of half-a-dozen branch pipes, especially when these hard-hitting jets of water strike one in the face. A good deal of swab-throwing is also indulged in during the forenoon, and in the chicken hunt every nook and cranny of the ship is searched, and a bucket of water thrown in any suspicious-looking hole often discloses the fact that a novice has his nest there. At noon the pumps are stopped and the ceremony ends, and any one who has managed to conceal himself until that time may congratulate himself on having cheated Neptune of his toll, and can emerge from the hiding-place that has served him so well. If he has escaped the toll, however, he has also lost a forenoon of fun, which is extremely interesting—especially to the old hands—and which in modern times is so conducted that no debts or old scores are paid off, although a novice is

How our Navy is Run

given a shave and a bath which he remembers for the remainder of his life.

On the occasion of the ceremonies on the *Bacchante* the two young princes joined in the morning's frolics with the utmost good-humour, and it is certain that Neptune and his followers thoroughly enjoyed the unique sensation of initiating the two middies of royal blood, whose spirited determination to undergo the same pains and penalties as their companions of less noble birth raised them in the estimation of the crew immensely. The Rev. John Dalton, then governor of the princes, and now a C.M.G. and Prebendary of Windsor, was also baptized in a faith he wot not of before, and it has been said that his pupils who preceded him (having thus become entitled to take part in his initiation) thoroughly relished seeing the reverend gentleman taking his bath good-naturedly, even if they did not have a hand in the business—about which also rumour has its own story. This day's fun laid the foundation of the popularity which the sailor prince, now a rear-admiral of the fleet, has always enjoyed in the navy. In later years, by his geniality and simple seaman-like manners, His Royal



The first-class cruiser "Australia," showing her 9.2 in. fore-gun and her broadside of six 6 in. weapons.

Crossing the Line

Highness has cemented this feeling of hearty appreciation by his bearing when at sea in the *Thrush*, the *Melampus*, and in the *Crescent*, and several other ships of war. Now he is the only royal prince on the active list of the navy, and officers and men are proud of the distinction he has conferred on the sea service.

The old crossing-the-line ceremonies are still honoured, though not so generally as in the old days. When the great cruiser *Terrible* passed over the Equator on her way to Durban to land a naval brigade, the respect due to the old Man of the Sea was not forgotten even among the stern preparations for war. Captain Percy Scott, her popular commanding officer, keen as he is on good gunnery and smart drills, belongs to the old school so far as the observance of quaint customs are concerned. A few days before the ship was expected to cross the line the arrangements began, and soon Neptune and his suite had been provided with the regulation garments, the sea king's attire being completed by a crown studded with imitation jewels. His wife, Amphitrite, was impersonated by one of the younger lieutenants, who wore a dress of white natural Japan silk.

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These two personages were accompanied by their son, a midddy, and their daughter, a ship's steward's boy.

On the night previous to crossing the line the customary permission was asked and given to come on board to exact toll due to the king of the ocean. When Neptune and his personal suite appeared, they were received on the starboard gangway by a marine guard who presented arms with broom handles, the ship's band meantime playing, and then the visitors were received with ceremony by Captain Scott and his chief officers, and the final arrangements made for the morrow's event.

The following morning the visitors were again ceremoniously welcomed. After Neptune and Amphitrite had been seated in a state car they were drawn round the ship by the inevitable "bears," and on reaching the quarter-deck the party, which numbered nearly fifty, was welcomed by the captain and officers, a master of ceremonies reading an address consisting of a series of topical verses. This was followed by another example of rhyme from the "royal secretary." After presents of a smokable character had been bestowed on Neptune and his

Crossing the Line

crew, the procession was continued, and then commenced the business of the morning, which was gloriously fine, though it was the beginning of chill October. The fun was fast and furious. No less than thirty officers of the ship had not previously crossed the Equator and paid toll. Neptune held that, in virtue of their positions, they had to undergo the shaving and bathing operations before the men, with the result that, owing to the passage of time, many seamen had to be excused the customary formalities. The day's festivities concluded with a smoking concert. From these details it will be understood that the *Terrible* is what sailors call a "happy ship," and it almost goes without saying that her crew are also among the most efficient in the whole service, and hold the record for naval gunnery.

It is a pity that there should be a tendency to disregard these old customs in the new navy, for they cement the feelings of respect and good fellowship between officers and men, without undermining the necessary strict discipline of life at sea.

CHRISTMAS ON BOARD A
MAN-OF-WAR

CHRISTMAS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

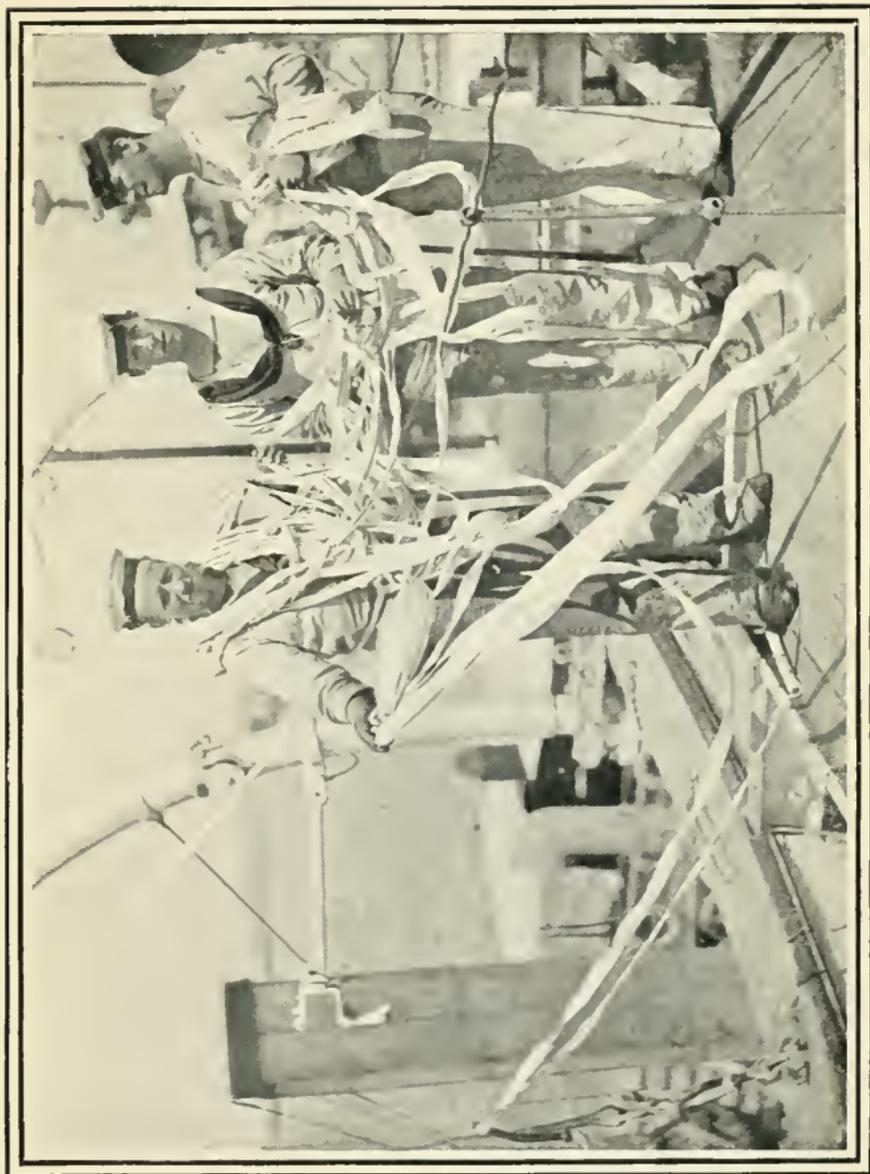
ALL the world over, wherever two or three Englishmen are gathered together, there Christmas is celebrated with the old customs that still survive, in spite of many changes. Nowhere is the season marked by more hearty rejoicings and a nearer approximation to the spirit of peace and goodwill than in the naval and marine barracks and on board his Majesty's ships, whether it be the good fortune of the crews to belong to the Channel Squadron, in which case many of the officers and men are usually privileged to spend the holiday with their relatives and friends ashore, or to be cruising up some pestilential river in West Africa, broiling under a midsummer sun at the Antipodes, or banished thousands of leagues away to the Far East.

In our modern warship, however, the character of the celebration has been considerably

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varied since the period of the pig-tailed sailors, whose religion was to hate a "froggie," and whose favourite pastime was chewing tobacco. In those times there was much greater freedom permitted than is allowed in what is contemptuously called the "new navy" by a few of those old salts who are still to be found on the modern lower deck. Christmas was then a time of licence and excess, which often culminated in something akin to a riot, many bruises telling their tales of free fights. In fact, Christmas often caused dozens of a ship's company to figure in the "black list." Education and reform have altered all this, and although Christmas on board ship is not one whit less enjoyable to the higher type of men of the present day, the fun is more rational and less brutal in character than that indulged in by their sea sires.

Back in the fifties and sixties, even, it was the practice for officers to be carried round the decks on the afternoon of Christmas Day on the shoulders of their shipmates. The well-liked officers were cheered and praised, and received every mark of respect; but any one who, unfortunately for his peace of mind, had made



Hauling down the paying-off pennant.

Christmas on Board a Man-of-War

himself obnoxious to the crew, was hissed and hustled and pelted with eggs and refuse, in a manner which was not only detrimental to discipline, but sometimes positively dangerous to his health and limbs. In this way did men square accounts and pay back old grudges.

In those days officers frequently found some excuse to absent themselves from their ship if it was in harbour, and if at sea, locked themselves in their cabins to avoid being made the subjects of these popular, or unpopular, demonstrations, for both were unpleasant. The former method of avoiding the attentions of the men was generally effective, but locks and bars were no security against seamen determined to show their love or hatred; and the popular "First Luff," or uncongenial parson, or purser, was dragged willy-nilly from his hiding-place and carried round the decks in a procession headed by a loud and discordant band, consisting usually of big and little drums, a bugle, and an assortment of tin dishes energetically beaten with iron "gibbies" or spoons.

This practice of "carrying round" their officers is still allowed in some ships in the modern navy, but it is enjoined that no hostile

How our Navy is Run

demonstrations must take place, and this understanding between the captain, who shuts his official eye, and the men, who are thus able to exhibit the good feeling that exists between the wardroom and the lower deck, is practically never broken. The music on such occasions is furnished nowadays by an efficient fife and drum, or string band, recruited entirely from the men.

On ships in harbour the Christmas festival begins on Christmas Eve, after the men have mustered at evening quarters. As in homes ashore, preparations have, of course, been made long before this, but, unlike the culinary artists on land, Jack does not cook his "Christmas duff," or plum-pudding, before Christmas Day. Directly after dismissal from "quarters" the real business of preparing for the great festival is taken seriously in hand. Often by midnight the bare and sternly unattractive lower deck has been transformed by means of evergreens and coloured paper into a veritable fairy-land, full of delightful little alcoves, rigged and tricked out with lights and lanterns. The masts and yards, if there are any, are also decorated.

Jack and Joe have a great liking for proverbs, maxims, and devices, and have wonderful closely-

Christmas on Board a Man-of-War

fitting names for everything and everybody. No music-hall artiste could possibly be more topical in catchwords than a British blue-jacket, though he is often run very close by his brother in arms, the marine. On Christmas Day the lower deck bears plentiful evidence of ingenuity in these directions. Officers will be paid a delicate compliment—or otherwise—with subtlety, and Jack reveals high attainments as a eulogist or satirist. He is always to the point, often witty, and never vulgar.

In this transformation of the lower deck the electric light is now made to play the part of the old Chinese lantern, but with much better effect, as the dynamo in the engine-room supplies a full current to all the additional lights which are specially fitted up for the Yuletide festival.

But a portion only of the men are able to engage in the pleasant task of decking their messes in this way. Others are at work preparing for the cook, and taking to the galley substantial joints, and pies and puddings of all descriptions. In the ordinary way the sailors, each in turn, prepare the food for the remainder of their messmates, and convey it to and from the galley, where it is cooked by the ship's

How our Navy is Run

cook and his mates. But at Christmas the old and most experienced pudding and pie makers in each mess willingly undertake to deal with all the viands for the morrow, and make pastry and "plum duff" in the very best and most approved lower-deck style. The navy has many excellent amateur cooks. Outsiders have been heard to say that Jack's efforts are almost as successful as—sometimes better than—those of their mothers and wives and sisters on shore!

At the galley the cook and his "upper yard-men," as the sailors delight to call the staff, are busy in snowy white caps and aprons, amid a cloud of steam, receiving and placing in the proper coppers the hams, "duffs," and other things as they are brought to them. The galley fire, which is put out before the "rounds" at 9 P.M. at ordinary times, is kept alight all night, and savoury smells float about the ship and tickle the nostrils of the men as they decorate their messes and busy themselves in the preparation of their food.

In the old days, before Jack's cooks were trained at a naval cookery-school as they are now, and when grog was more plentiful on Christmas Eve, strange things happened to

Christmas on Board a Man-of-War

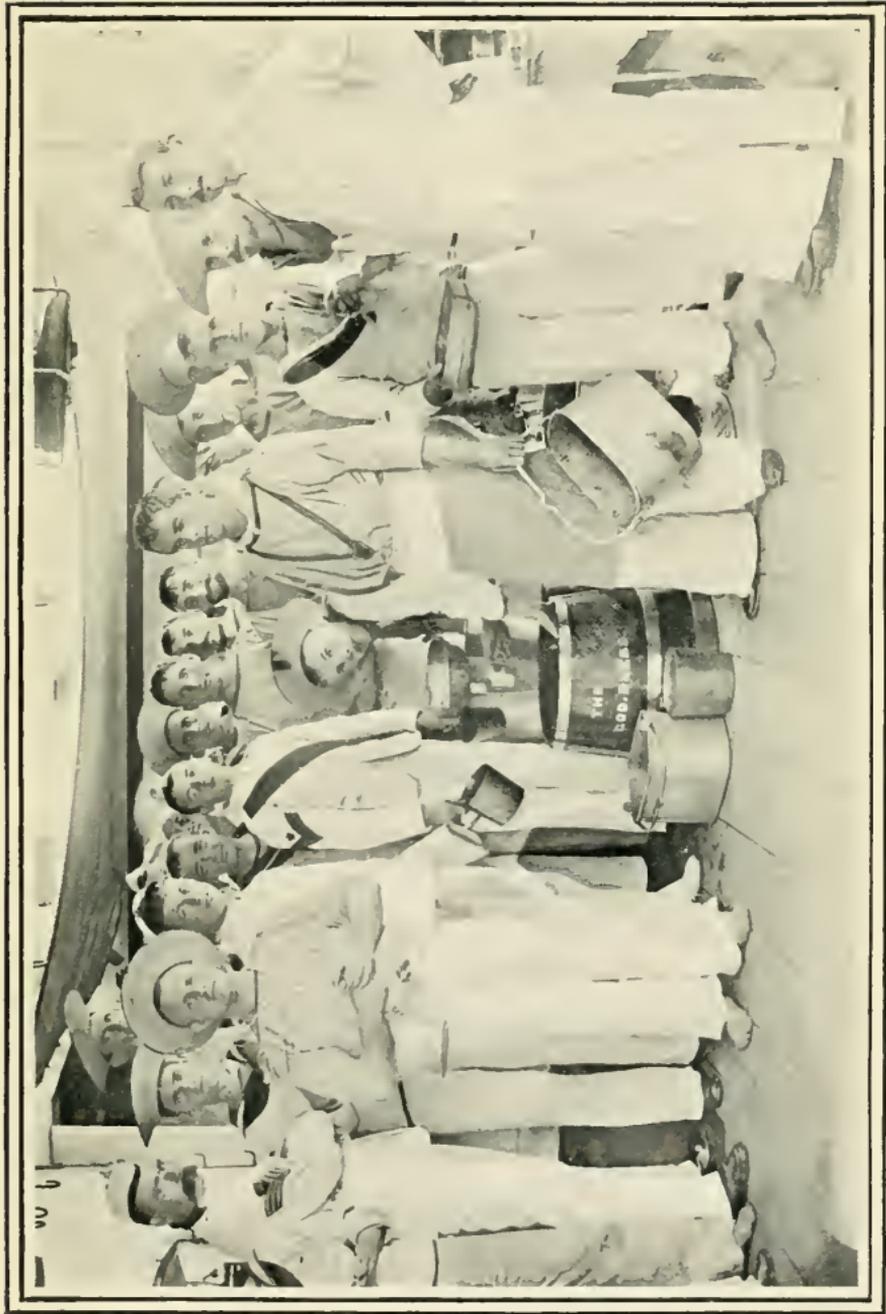
Christmas dinners. The cook, often a man "just a little fond of the bubbly," sometimes took more grog than was good for him, and fell asleep and let the "duffs" burn and the hams boil to rags. One story, not altogether apocryphal, if somewhat old, relates how on one occasion when the men turned up on Christmas morning at the galley for their hams, the cook was found to have a large tub full of stuff which looked like desiccated soup. When the sailor cook of one mess called out "No. 4," the ship's cook replied, "No. 4, you had two. Two ladles full and two bones for No. 4; next mess, please!" and the cook of No. 4 had to take back two ladles of ham shreds and liquid, from which his messmates were compelled to make their breakfasts. Nowadays, however, with less grog and better cooks, the hams are sent back to their messes in good condition, savoury and appetising.

Christmas Day on a man-of-war really begins at midnight on the 24th of December, for as the sentry strikes the hour of midnight on the ship's bell, the band begins to play on the mess deck and marches round the ship. Sleep vanishes for that night for all residents

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of the lower deck, and there is considerable excitement and preparation until breakfast—which is a most substantial meal—is finished. After breakfast the mess tables are covered with white cloths, and groan under the very heavy load of good fare, which varies according to the station and port at which the ship is stationed if she is on foreign service. When this has been done the mess deck is finally cleared up, and the ship's company go to divine service, which is the same as on Sundays and Good Fridays. The "sky-pilot" or "padré," or the captain, usually arranges that the service shall not be a long one, and Jack is free again shortly after eleven o'clock.

By noon all the food has been fetched from the galley and the band assembled outside the captain's cabin. As the sentry sounds eight bells, the band strikes up once more, and the captain, accompanied by his principal officers, starts out for an inspection of the messes, where they are heartily greeted by the men, and proudly proffered cake, pudding, or mince-pies as they pass from table to table, where men stand holding out plates of their Christmas fare. The men expect their officers,



*This picture illustrates the topsy-turvydom that used to be practised on Christmas Day.
A sailor-boy is serving out the midday grog to his seniors.*

Christmas on Board a Man-of-War

at least, to test the quality of the ample provision for the meal of the day, and they are not disappointed. When the last mess has been passed, the captain gives the order to "pipe" to dinner, and the boatswain's mate fills the air with that strange and shrill combination of sounds called "piping to dinner."

Shortly after this grog is served. In the old days "the main brace was spliced" on Christmas Day—an extra allowance of grog was served out after dinner—but this custom has largely fallen into disuse since the festival has ceased to be the excuse for an orgie. An extra pint of beer per man can be drawn from the wet canteen, when one exists on the ship. At Christmas, also, in the modern ship, various presents are made from the profits of the canteen to the messes, generally consisting of such things as raisins, currants, spice, flour and eggs for "duffs" and cakes, and, if procurable, milk and other accessories for the festival. As Jack has to pay throughout the year the prices which result in profits for such a purpose, perhaps, after all, these *gifts* are compliments of a doubtful kind, but they happen to come at an opportune moment. In

How our Navy is Run

fleets abroad, in isolated places, one of the smaller ships is sometimes detailed to act as "bumboat" to the other ships just before Christmas, and is sent to the nearest large port where food stuffs can readily be obtained.

One Yuletide privilege the men greatly appreciate on this day of days. Usually they may smoke only at specified times and places, but after dinner has been piped on Christmas Day they are at liberty to enjoy the weed on the mess decks until midnight. Boys under eighteen, who are forbidden to drink grog or to smoke, may use the pipes most of them conceal in ordinary times and join their seniors until the hour of midnight, when the privilege ends.

During the afternoon on Christmas Day, when a ship is in port, it is usual, if anchored at a place where leave can be given, to grant a "free gangway," enabling the men to go ashore any time they think fit, this privilege being also extended to those who have had their ordinary leave stopped as a punishment. This period of licence extends to 7 A.M. on Boxing morning, when the sailors are expected to be on board and fit for duty. It is a point of honour with the men to keep

Christmas on Board a Man-of-War

faith with their superiors, and some sailors have been known to steal boats to get off to their ships in time, while others, rather than be brought aboard by policemen, when they have overslept themselves on shore and been caught by these other "blue-jackets," have sometimes thrown their guardians overboard, and pulled alongside alone, so that they should of their own freewill fulfil the contract they considered themselves to have entered into with the captain when accepting the boon of a "free gangway."

An amusing topsy-turvydom, not so many years ago, used to reign on Christmas Day on board some warships. It consisted of an exchange of duties for the nonce between the youngest boys and oldest petty officers of the ship. Boys who act as the "slaveys of the mess" in ordinary times—wash up after meals, peel potatoes, prepare the vegetables, and do other menial tasks—were excused on Christmas Day. In fact, they were waited upon, and smoked their pipes like very lords of creation. The youngest and smallest would also relieve the boatswain's mates and quarter-masters of their duties, and promptly exercised their new-found authority by ordering their old ship-

How our Navy is Run

mates to sweep the decks and run messages, purposes for which the youngsters are used on all other days of the year. But this, like most of these old customs, is dying, if it has not quite disappeared, and a ship becomes more and more conventional in its proceedings each year, except that characteristic decorations of the messes and the varied fare and generous hospitality still prevail.

But though old sailors see many changes, Christmas is still *the* day of the whole year for Jack afloat, and a full day of twenty-four hours into the bargain, for as it begins at midnight on Christmas Eve, the freedom from strict discipline and the enjoyment of privileges denied at other times continues until eight bells are struck on Christmas night, when the scene is shifted and the vessel resumes its orderly, regulated life for another twelve months.

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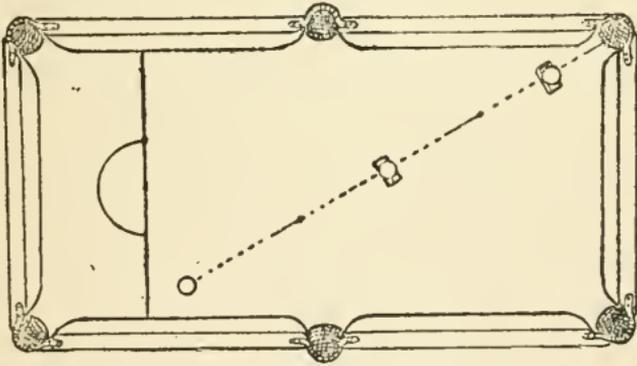
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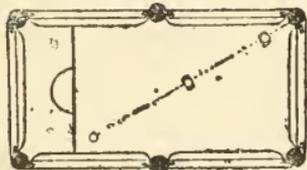
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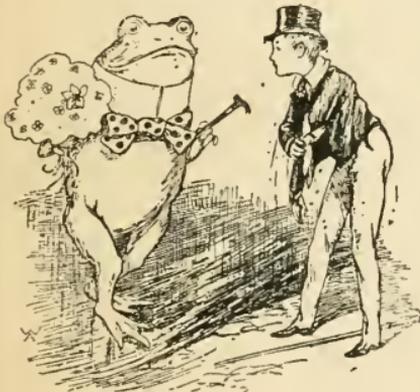
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