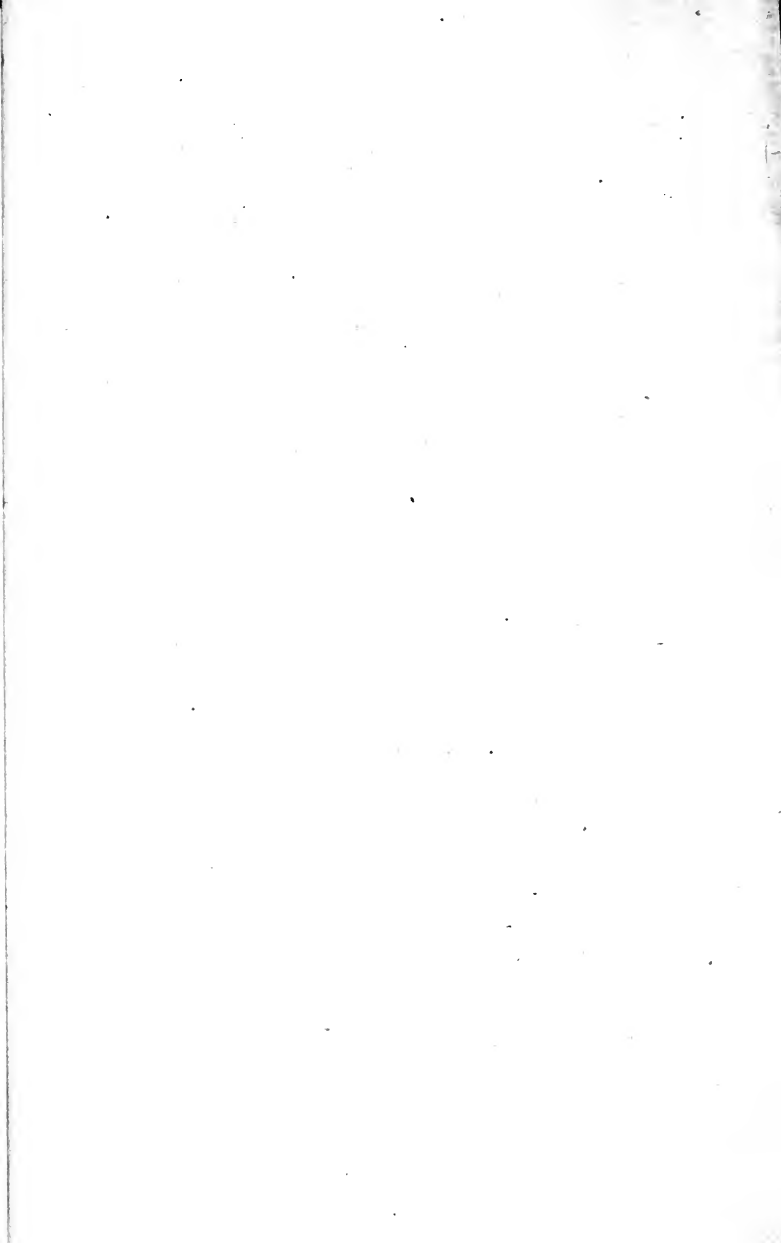
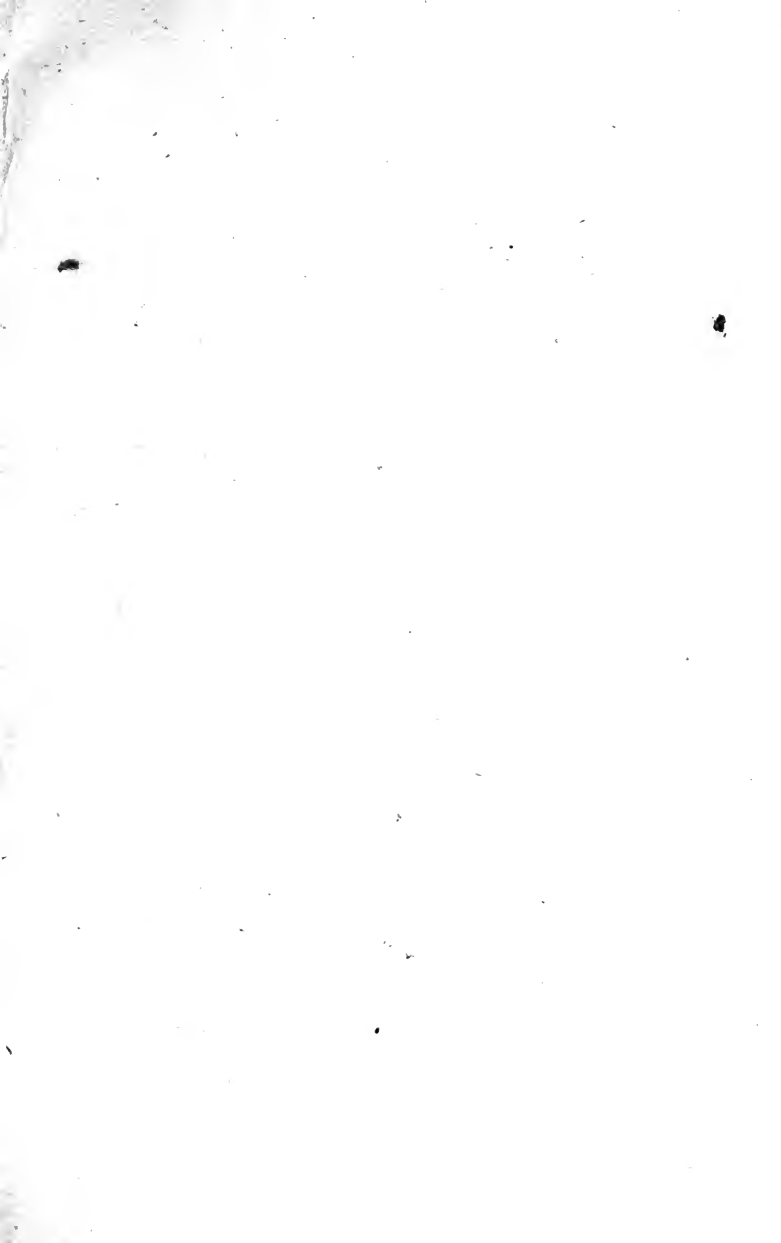
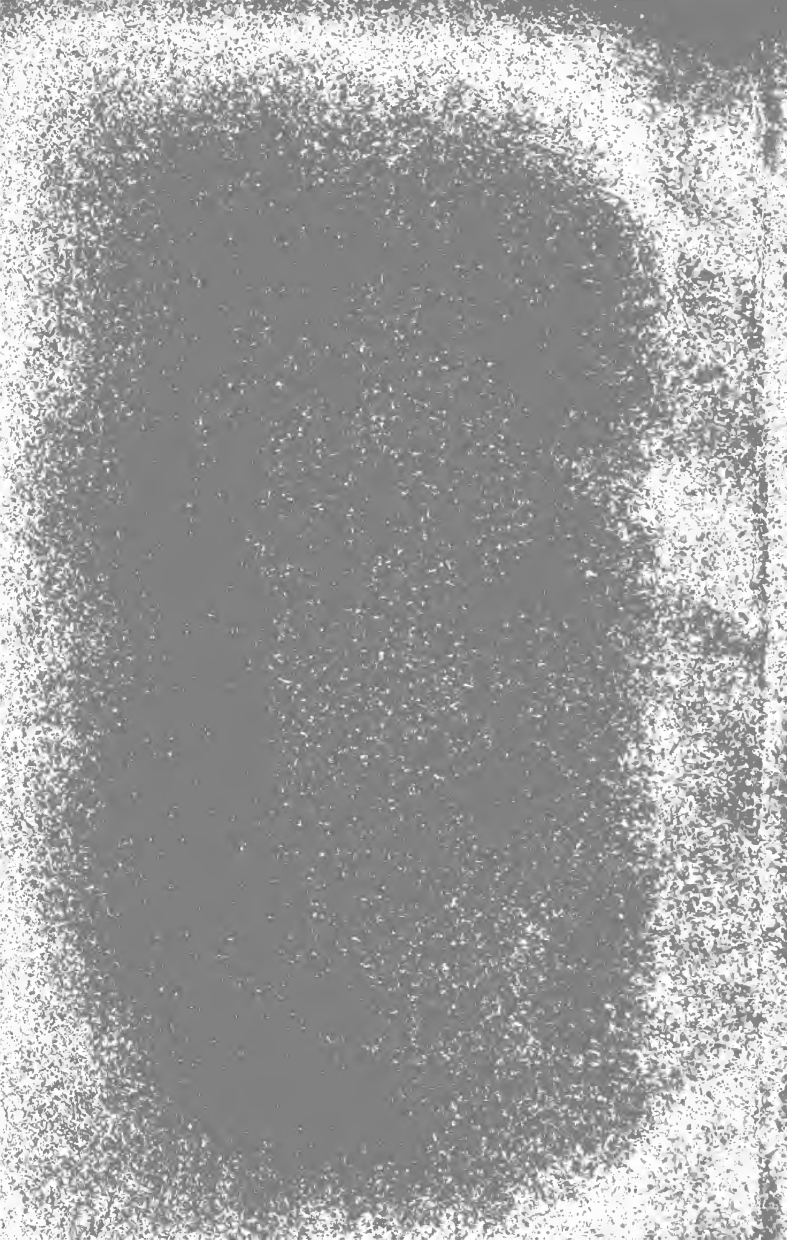


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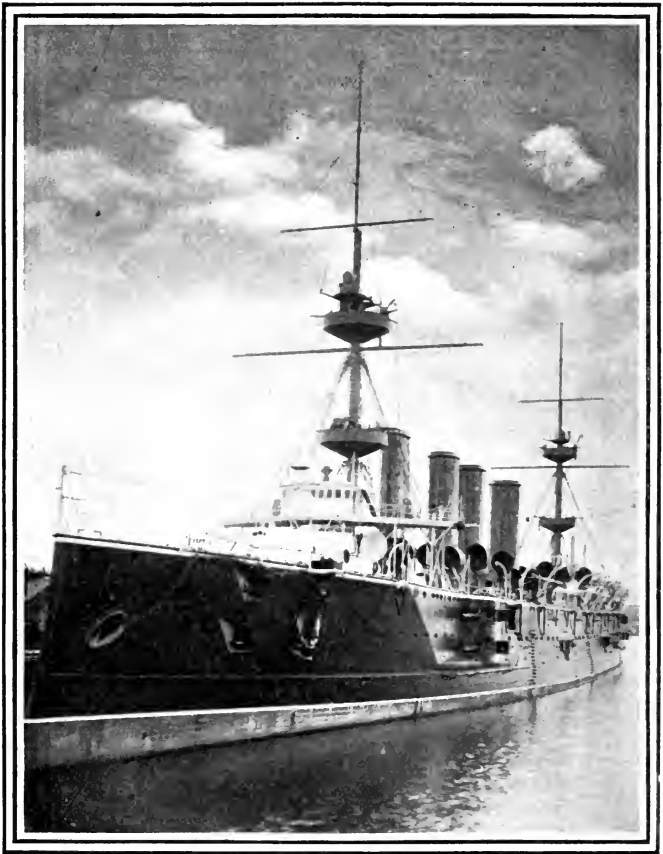




Field service uniform of a bluejacket—blue serge with brown accoutrements and leggings.

[Frontispiece.]

THE
ROYAL
NAVY



His Majesty's first-class cruiser "Terrible."

[To face Title-page.

How Our Navy is Run

A Description of Life in the
King's Fleet

By

Archibald S. Hurd

Author of

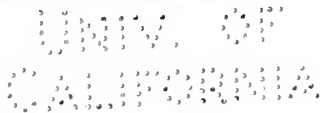
"The British Fleet: Is it Sufficient and Efficient?"

With an Introduction by

Admiral

Lord Charles Beresford, C.B.

With 16 Illustrations



London

C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.

Henrietta Street

1909

VA 454
147

Second Edition

TO THE
LIBRARY

Preface to First Edition

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

Preface to First Edition

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 to First Edition

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; and of the way in which Jack amuses himself, and keeps "fit."

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.

July 1901.

NOTE TO POPULAR EDITION

SINCE this volume was published eight years ago many changes have occurred in the Navy. The fleets have been redistributed in order to concentrate greater power in British waters; a new manning policy has been introduced in order to provide the ships in reserve with nucleus crews; there has been an immense increase

Note to Popular Edition

in the flotillas of torpedo-boat destroyers and torpedo boats, and the submarine has definitely taken its place as a recognised instrument of warfare. In view of these changes, the necessary corrections have been made in the following chapters in order to present to the reader an accurate picture of how the Navy is now run. No attempt has been made to deal with the new scheme of training, because it has not yet been in force a sufficient time vitally to affect the naval organisation. The officers of the Fleet to-day are those who were trained under the old régime before the naval authorities decided that every officer in future should have something more than a bowing acquaintance with engineering.

The ships of the Navy have changed, and new schemes of organisation have been introduced, but the officers and men are still the same, exhibiting those splendid qualities of resourcefulness and devotion to duty which have always distinguished the British Fleet.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

July 1909.

Introduction

BY 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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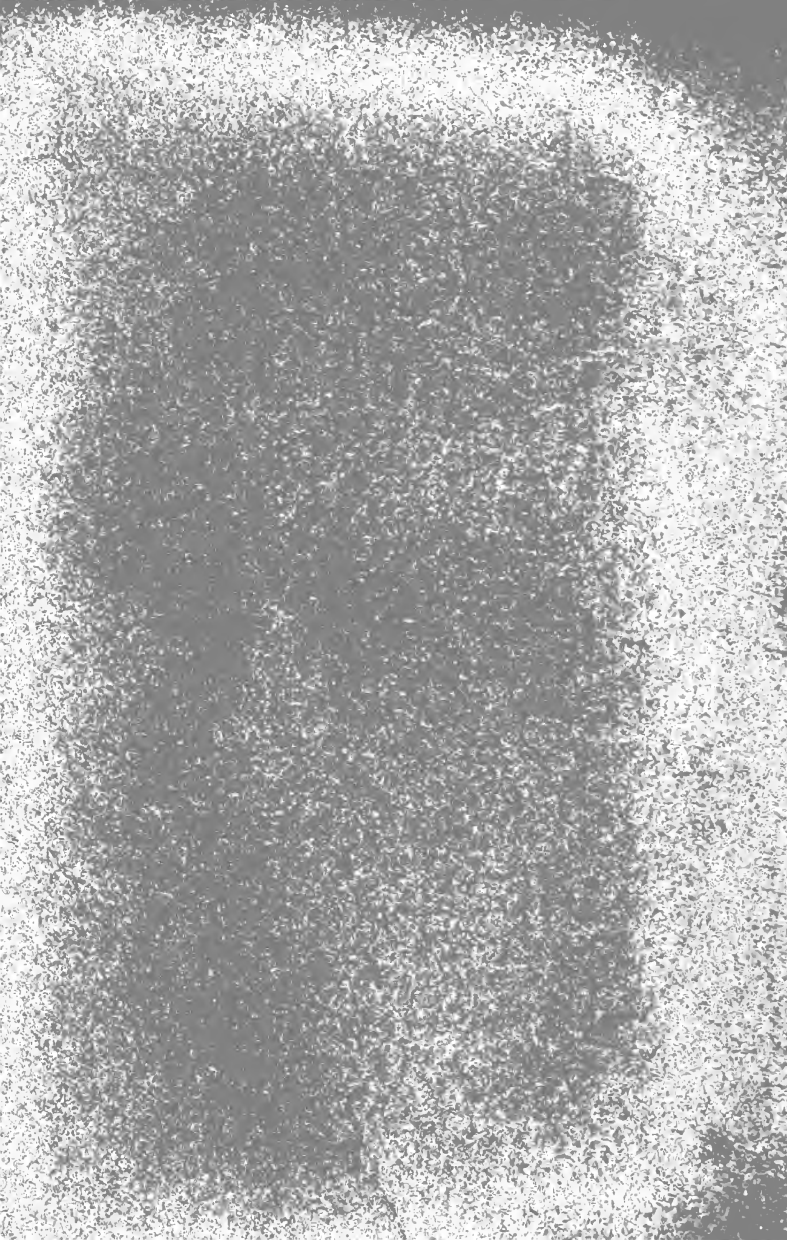
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MR. STEPHEN CRIBB, photographer, Southsea.*

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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 Qdt.</i>
 S. G. T.	 Qualified Signalman.	 Chief Stoker and Stoker Mechanic.	 Naval Police
 S.G. 1st Class.	 Signalman & Signal Boy.	 Stoker.	 Civil Branch.
 S.G. 2nd Class and acting S.O.	Shooting Badges.  1st. Class Shot.	ARTIFICERS.  Chief and other Torpedo Artificers.	 Sick Berth Staff.
TORPEDO.			
 Torpedo Instructor.	 2nd. Class Shot.	 Armourers of all classes.	
 Leading Torpedo Man.	 3rd. Class Shot.	 All other Artificers.	Note-- For certain ratings, Stars are added to these badges.

SOME ROYAL NAVY BADGES





How Our Navy is Run

HOISTING THE PENNANT

"CAPTAIN the Hon. George Granville, to his Majesty's ship, *India*, on commissioning March 3, 1909." 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 17,250 tons displacement, her engines representing the energy of 328,000 able-bodied men. A sea-fortress with a population of nearly 800

How our Navy is Run

scouts, and representing not far short of two millions 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 two 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 two 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 Fleet.

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

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

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

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 a grant which is made by the Admiralty, 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 two 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, 1909.

"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, 1909."

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.

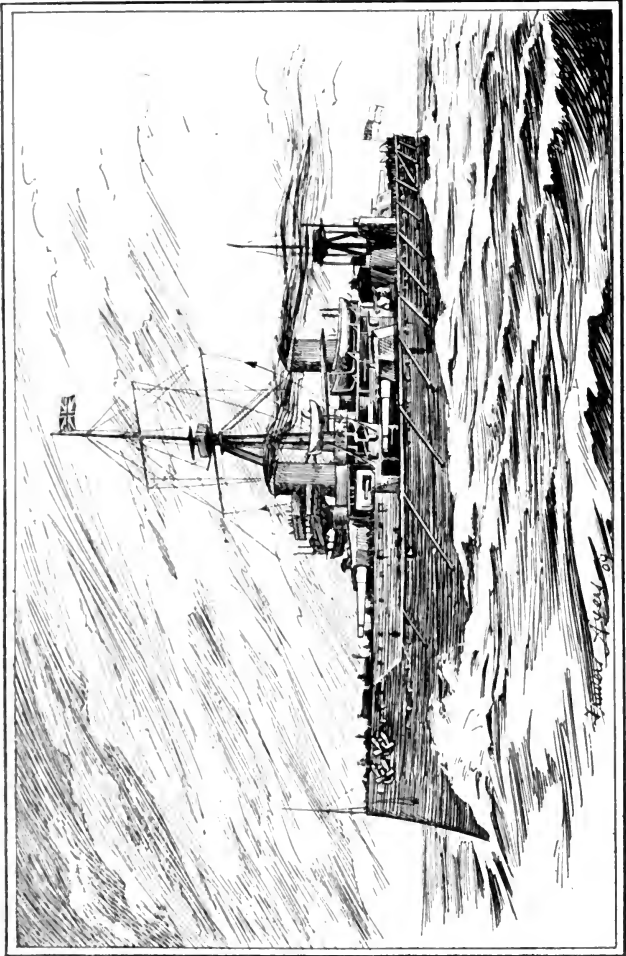
Often in times of stress, when we are passing through a crisis, some foreign journal will announce to its readers that certain British warships, at Malta or Gibraltar, at Hong Kong or elsewhere, have been cleared for action, and the men have been ordered to rest by night at their guns ready for the order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

How our Navy is Run

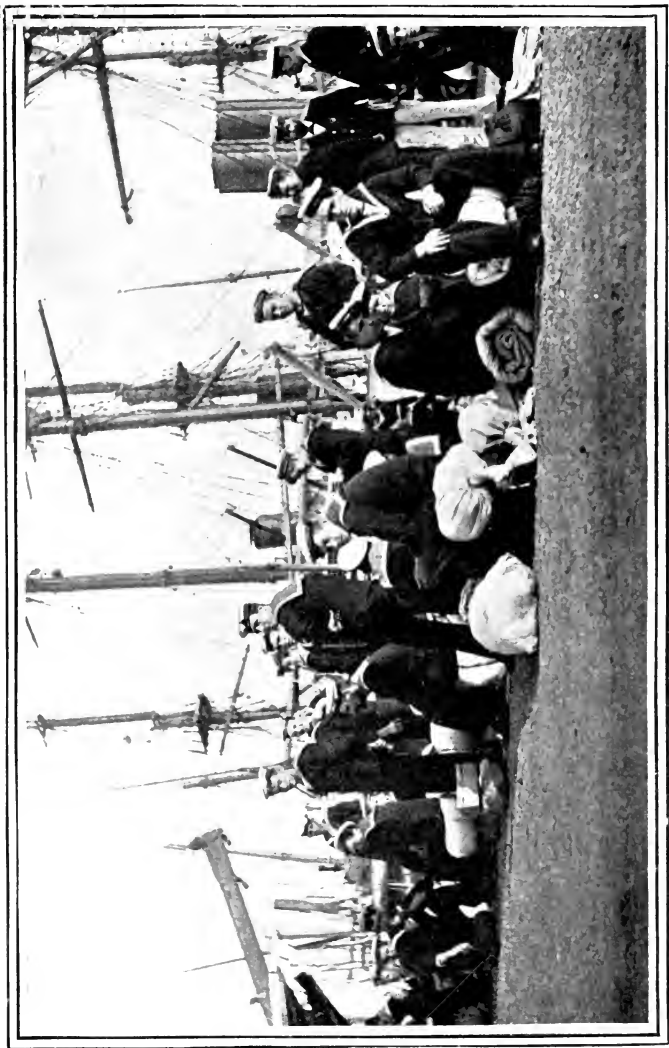
foundation in fact, but as a rule the foreigner merely misunderstands what is going on, and mistakes an earnestly performed drill for the real thing. Week after week the order for "general quarters" is sounded on board our war-ships, and the best guarantee that the British tax-payer has of the real efficiency 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



H.M.S. "Dreadnought."



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

[To face page 33

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 18,600 ton *Superb* 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. A few years 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

Tackling an Enemy

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 has followed 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 *Superb*, which has already been referred to, can fire from her guns four tons of shell in a single broadside, 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 destroyers, 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.

Other exercises used to follow the bugle-call, "Prepare to ram," a drill which has become obsolete for some years past. 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.

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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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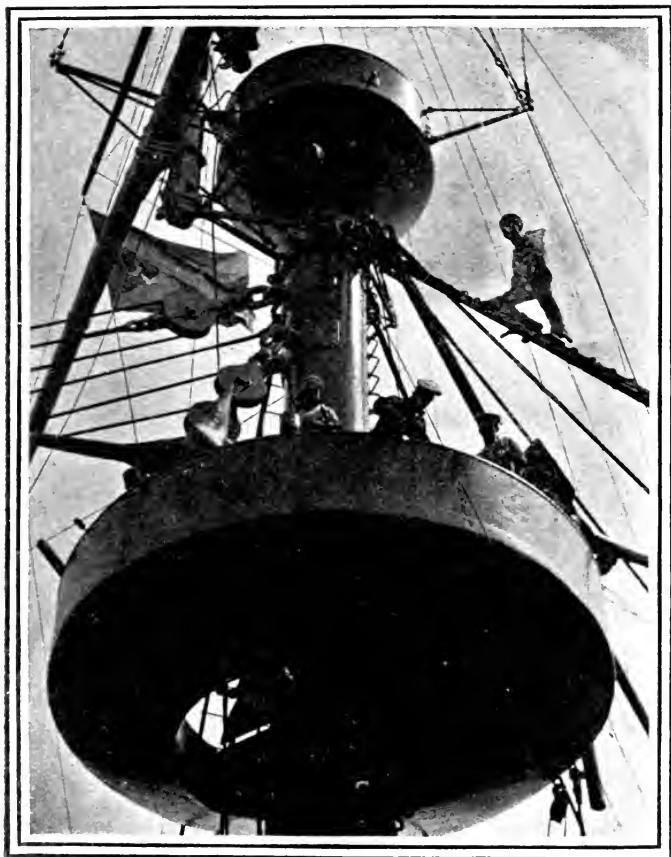
At once there was a race for the fallen gun. Along flew wheels at a terrific pace, gun-carriage was lifted up, wheels put on to it, and the limber and everything made ready for receiving the gun, which in the meantime had been lifted on to its muzzle, ready for the gun-carriage to be run under it so 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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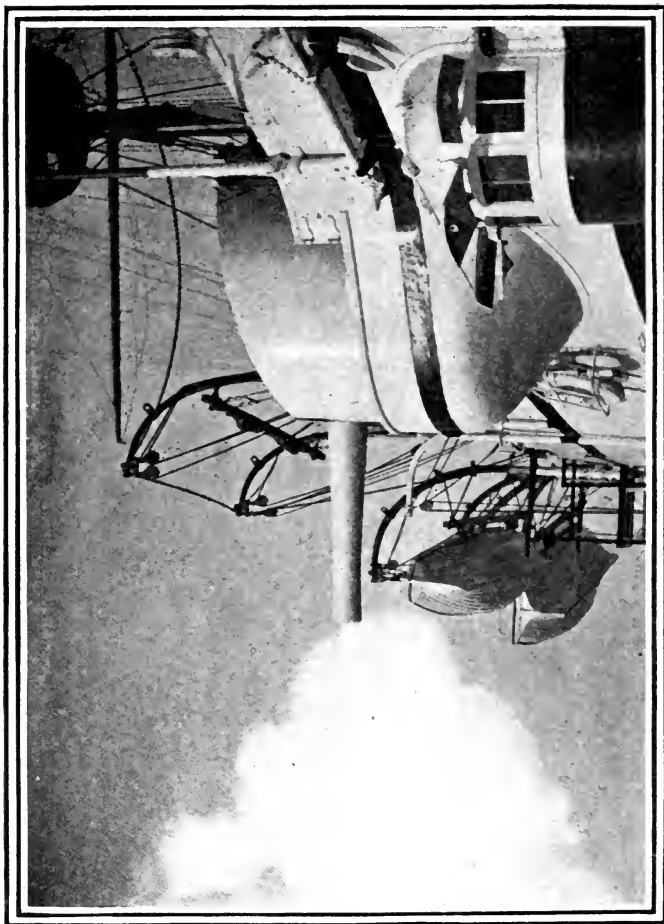
queen's gun-carriage to its last resting-place, when the horses became troublesome.

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 versa*. 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



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

[To face page 48.]



A casemate gun firing.

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increase the practice allowance for men-of-war. Each year there are two tests—that of the gunlayers and “battle practice,” with steadily improving results, as the official returns show.

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

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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 hal-yards 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*.

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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.

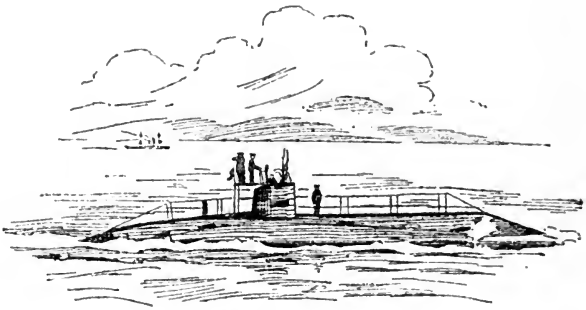
Mighty is the cheer on board the British cruiser, but the victory has been dearly bought. In the excitement of the action, few have taken note after the first few minutes of the casualties occurring around. Men lie in agony in either battery. At first the stretcher men were able to cope with the wounded, 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.



A SUBMARINE

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

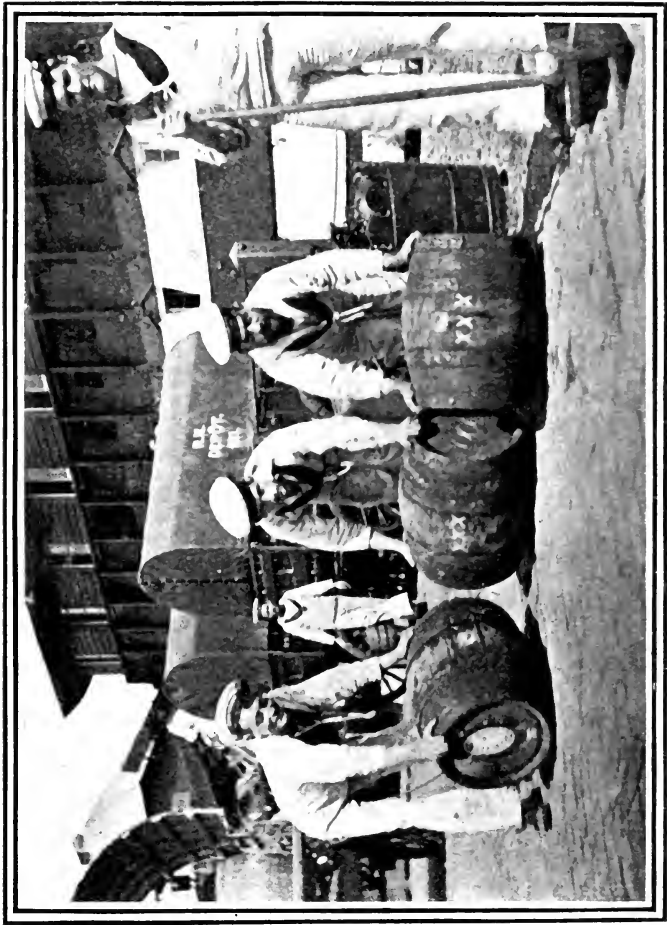
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all weathers, to right the wrongs of his king and country. There are exceptions. Some men pass through the severe mill of naval service with slight effect, but the constant activity, the exposure in heat and cold, despite the generally healthy conditions 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



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



Jack's beer at a naval dépôt. At the large naval dépôts a "wet" canteen is allowed where beer is sold to the men.

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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.

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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

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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 tea, and change

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into their night "rigs." This leisure time is usually seized by slaves of the weed for a smoke as well as for their tea. 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 very welcome supper. Until a few years ago this meal was not officially recognised.

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. At 8.20 there is a final clean up of the

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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

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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.

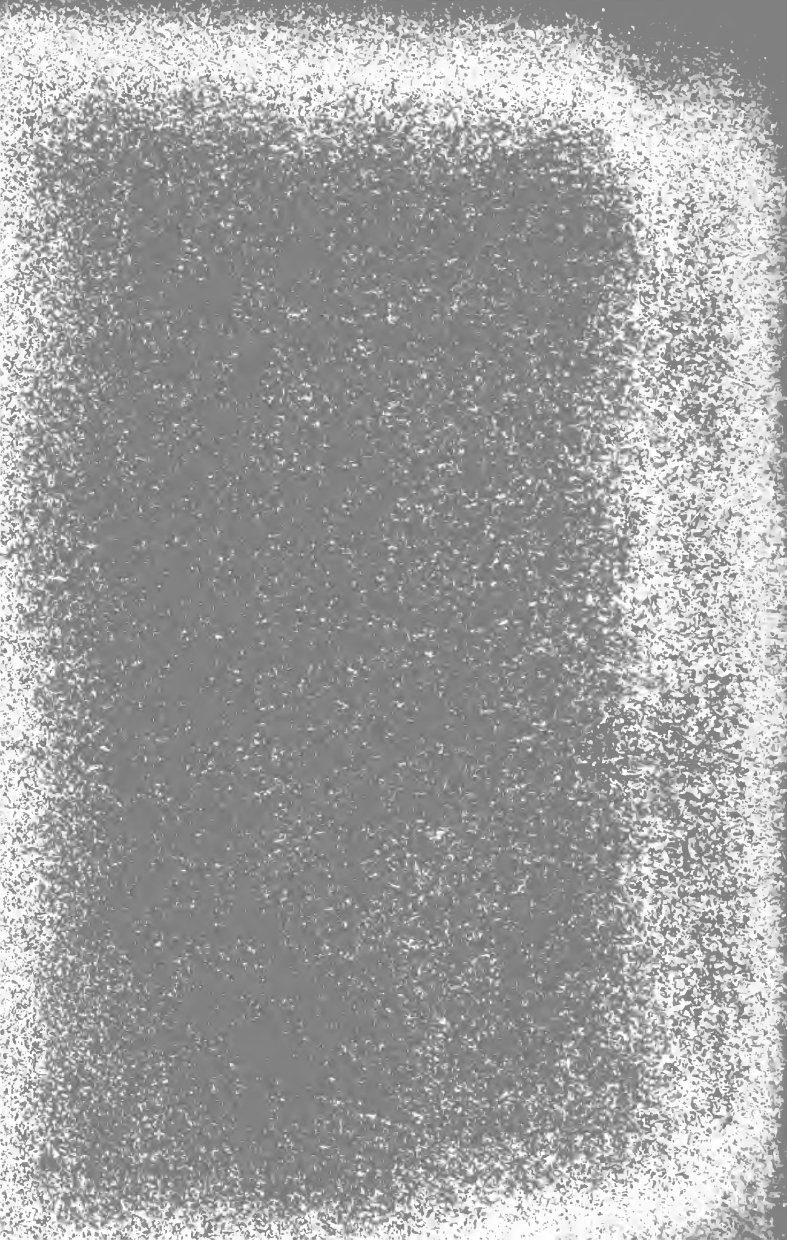
SUNDAY.

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

THE Board of Admiralty have so planned the *menu* for the men of his Majesty's fleet that the total cost to the country of the daily provisions of each blue-jacket does not exceed 10d. per day. Consequently the feeding of a battleship like the *Dreadnought*, the flagship of the Home Fleet, 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 £1,023,450 are set aside for the provisioning of the Fleet-in-Being of over 350 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 one to

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expect. The Admiralty's dietary scale—often praised by those who know nothing about the matter—is so curiously framed that from sheer necessity the authorities have been compelled to sanction the men receiving monetary allowances for food they prefer not to have. Until 1st October 1907 the official scale of food was quite out of date, and, consequently, the men varied 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 handed over to the men considerable sums, which were known as "savings." For the year 1907-8 these amounted to £689,500. It may be remarked by some, innocent of the ways of the Government departments, "How just to allow the men the value of the rations they didn'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, was not given to the men. Even in 1892, when there were only 71,000 officers and men, Lord George Hamilton calculated that on these little deals the country made a profit of £45,000 out of its jolly tars.

Feeding a Battleship

As the number of men increased, these ill-gotten gains grew, till in 1905 they amounted to close on £100,000. Then, as the result of a prolonged agitation, headed by Mr. Lionel Yoxley, editor of *The Fleet*, "savings" were abolished, and the men are now allowed a food ration, the cost of which is 6d., and a messing allowance of 4d. in cash, so that they now get the full 10d. per day.

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—£1,023,450—the money to be paid in "messing allowance," which this year is £815,100, and thus a total of just on two millions 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 steward, who obtains from each officer of the ward-room usually 2s. a day for all meals, and

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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 feeding of the officers. The captain and his colleagues have their own cooks and attendants, and pay their proportion of their mess bills

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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 generally knows as little about cooking as he does about statesmanship. Every member of the mess takes his turn 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 the ship's

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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.

The food of course varies. The official table for a ship in harbour is as follows: 1 lb. of bread, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of fresh meat, 1 lb. of fresh vegetables, $\frac{1}{8}$ pint of rum, 4 oz. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of tea (or 2 oz. coffee), $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of chocolate, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of condensed milk, 1 oz. jam or marmalade. Mustard, pepper, vinegar, and salt as required. 4 oz. of preserved meat on one day of the week in harbour or on two days at sea.

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 is accompanied by $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of biscuit when soft bread is not available. The *pièces de résistance* for dinner consist of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of salt pork, with split peas wherewith to make soup, and to alternate with this a ration of 6 oz. of

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"Fanny Adams," otherwise known as preserved beef or mutton, 8 oz. of flour, $\frac{3}{4}$ oz. of suet, 2 oz. raisins, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of potatoes; but as the time spent at sea is very short and all modern ships are fitted with refrigerators, salt provisions are not issued with any frequency.

These daily rations may be supplemented if the men so desire either from the ship's store or the canteen (with which we will deal later) by the expenditure of the 4d. per day "messing allowance," the men having the privilege of purchasing any article from the ship's store at its actual cost to the Government, plus the duty on all dutiable articles, and it is estimated that they will spend about £150,000 in this way during the present year. Here are a few of the prices at which the different articles are retailed by the Admiralty: Tea, 1s. per lb.; fresh meat, 6d. per lb.; coffee, 8d. per lb.; jam, $4\frac{1}{2}$ d. per lb.; marmalade, 3d. per lb., and many other articles at equally cheap rates. Such is the fare for Jack, which in official pamphlets is described as liberal, though it will be seen that in reality there is little beyond the plainest food necessary to support life.

A few years ago, or, to be exact, before Octo-

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ber 1903, the navy had only three official meals a day, and these were presumed to meet all Jack's bodily needs. He is an early riser, and at once sets to work scrubbing decks, but it was not till 6.30 in the morning that he got his breakfast of a pint of milkless cocoa and dry bread or biscuit. At noon his dinner was served to him, and at 4.30 he ate his "supper" of plain fare, a pint of tea—usually well stewed in the copper in which the dinner had been prepared—with whatever was left of his allowance of bread and biscuit.

Imagine such fare sufficing for a healthy man, who had his supper served to him earlier than a child of three, when in the summer months the sun is still high in the heavens. After "supper" he was 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 could have anything more to eat.

It stands to reason that such a table of meal hours was not adhered to, and after their early morning "snack," usually about nine o'clock, the men utilised a short rest—"stand easy"—for their real breakfast; and again at night about 7.30, after hammocks were piped down, there was an

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opportunity to have a real supper. For these two unofficial meals Jack had to pay out of his own pocket. On October 1st, 1903, the meal hours were officially increased from three to five: 5 to 5.30 A.M., cocoa; 8 to 8.45 A.M., breakfast; 12 to 1.15 P.M., dinner; 4.15 to 4.45 P.M., tea; 7.30 to 8 P.M., supper.

All extra provisions outside those already named are obtained from the canteen, a kind of general shop such as every village boasts. These canteens have passed through various stages. When first introduced into a ship of war they were managed by a committee of men, with an officer to see that the shop was properly conducted. The whole of the stock was the property of the ship's company, and the profit made was supposed to be used for their benefit. But this system was the cause of much dissatisfaction, for the prices were invariably high, and the profits seemed to disappear into thin air. So these "ship" canteens were gradually replaced by "tenant" canteens, *i.e.* a selected trader was allowed to run the shop, paying so much for rent, which formed a ship's fund for sports, such as boat-racing, football, &c.

For some reason the Admiralty persisted in

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officially ignoring these very useful institutions, treating them as purely private arrangements of the men, so that the traders were able to charge practically what prices they liked, and by means of short weight and other means reaped high profits, and the men, over and above their official rations, spent from 6d. to 1s. per day out of their own pockets to keep themselves properly fed.

Happily that is all a thing of the past, for on 1st October 1903, when the new system of official victualling already referred to came into force, the Admiralty also took over the control of the canteens, and appointed a naval commander as Inspector of Canteens, whose duty it is to look after the men's interests. All contractors now have to place their price list at the Admiralty, and a copy of the same list, signed by the captain of each ship, is displayed so that the men may see, and prices must not be altered without the written consent of the captain, so that in this matter the present-day Jack has little to complain at.

The preparation and service of the food still leave very much to be desired. An attempt

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was made to overcome this by introducing a "general mess" into the *Dreadnought* when that ship first commissioned, under which the unskilled "cooks of messes" were abolished, and the whole of the food was carefully prepared and served by a skilled staff, a very generous *menu* being drawn up. Jack was not quite prepared for such a great departure from old customs, so the "mess" was dropped, and the Admiralty are now wisely devoting their energies in this direction to the training establishments, and are thus gradually working up to a higher level.

The messes in 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—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.

How our Navy is Run

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 the higher type of men now in the navy, this daily event is rapidly becoming less prominent, and an increasing number of men—said to be about 25 per cent.—do not take up their one-eighth of a pint of grog, but receive instead a money allowance amounting to $1\frac{1}{4}$ d. 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 fleet-men, 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 reign. When first occasionally served, in the middle of the eighteenth century, the men had it undiluted. A naval officer, famous over 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

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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 most 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 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 ensure every man receiving half-a-pint, is mixed in a large tub, very like a big washing-

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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 midday 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 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. Twenty-six years ago the Admiralty had the

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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 animals are 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, Bermuda, and Jamaica supply the wants of ships in far-off seas.

No one who has seen a party of blue-jackets 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, appear to be rather below than

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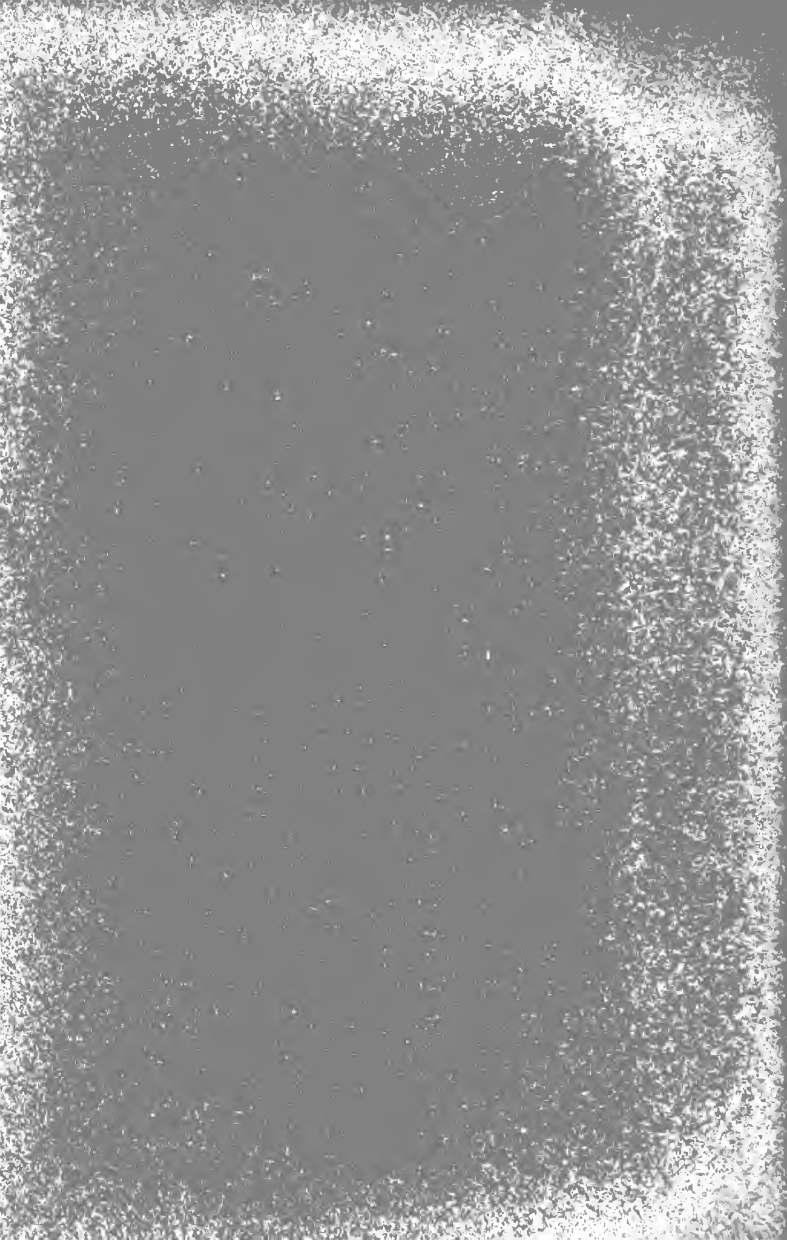
above the average height—would say that they ever lack nourishment. It has been my aim to show how it comes about that Jack is still the jolly, sturdy sailor that we love to picture him. The Admiralty provide him with a portion of his rations, which he supplements with food bought with his messing allowance and his own pay.

It is only during the past few years that real and serious attention has been given to the feeding of the fleet, backed up with an attempt to understand why Jack was dissatisfied with the old systems, and all those who know the facts agree that no efforts have been spared to do away with the chief causes of complaint.

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, that should not be taken as an excuse to ignore his undoubted claims for fair if not generous treatment. To-day the authorities give him a greater variety of provisions, and have placed at his hand,

Feeding a Battleship

through a properly regulated canteen, those little luxuries which practically every landsman enjoys. They have put the official seal to the real supper which the men used to provide for themselves, and have also provided for a real breakfast instead of the old unofficial "snack."



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

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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

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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 they are mere lads in their early teens) 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 establishment at Dartmouth, where they spend fifteen months completing their education, and drinking in a mass of in-

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

There are further examinations during training, 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

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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 420 midshipmen in the fleet, 432 sub-lieutenants, 1870 lieutenants, 371

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commanders, 247 captains, 55 rear-admirals, 22 vice-admirals, 13 admirals, and only 6 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

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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-

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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. 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. In the last few years reforms

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have been introduced, and engineers may now rise as high as "engineer vice-admiral," but there is still a wide gulf between an executive officer and an engineer officer. Under the new scheme of training, however, every officer will be an engineer—whether he be captain or admiral—and some will specialise in engineering. The present engineer officers will in time disappear. In the meantime it may be mentioned that, under the old scheme of training, every year, in different parts of Great Britain, it has been the custom to hold examinations for those who desire to join this branch of his Majesty's sea service, and those who are successful have been 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 engineer sub-lieutenant, and at the end of twelve months, if he has given satisfaction in all his professional duties—which are varied and arduous—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 many years’ service he will become an engineer commander, and he may rise to engineer captain with £1, 15s. to £2 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

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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.

Never was the naval service so attractive as to-day to promising lads. Step by step reforms have been introduced opening up a wider horizon. Though a recruit does not carry an admiral of the fleet's baton in his ditty-box, he can look forward to wearing the sword of a commissioned officer, whether he belong to the seaman or one of the mechanical branches. A former Board of Admiralty, though it was short of executive lieutenants and engineer officers, refused to give promotion to promising men risen from the lower deck, and instead imported into the navy over the heads of warrant-officers officers from the mercantile marine. Now this has been changed. The navy to-day has on the active list nearly 50 executive lieutenants who began life as lads in the training ships which years ago were dotted round the coast. There are a dozen engineer lieutenants who also began their careers on the lower deck, besides 10 carpenter lieutenants. Of late years much progress has been made

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in opening up to every lad who goes afloat as an ordinary seaman a fair prospect of rising to commissioned rank, and such officers may be found to-day drawing high pay, and occupying positions of responsibility and honour.

In this chapter no attempt has been made to deal with the new system of training for officers, under which military, engineering, and marine officers receive a "common training" before they specialise. The object has been to indicate how the present officers of the Fleet, those who are now responsible for the efficiency of the Navy, were trained.

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



Welcome signals. Jack and Joe calling the bluejackets and marines to dinner.

[To face page 112.]



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.

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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 landmen 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

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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 ten 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

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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

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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

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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 "King'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

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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 22s. 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 have refused promotion in rank because they could not 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

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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,

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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 even he may go, for, like the army, the commissioned ranks are now open to the lower deck. The first three officers to mount to commissioned rank were marked men, being Gunner Sims, promoted to lieutenant for his splendid services at Ladysmith, and the other two, Gunner R. A. Cathie and Chief Boatswain Webber, who were "Jubilee Memorials" and won their commissions in Egypt in the eighties. Warrant officers have been styled by Lord Charles Beresford "the back-bone of the service," men of ability, and wide experience, and judgment, and he never concealed his desire to render it possible for the most deserving of this most important class to become lieutenants. Without them a man-of-war would be a scene of chaos. It is senior

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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 was the excuse for the refusal in the past of the authorities, but they have now been found "shore billets" which could not be better filled than they are at present by lieutenants from the lower deck. Every reform in the army and navy takes time to secure, and the warrant officers had so many friends of their cause in Parliament, as well as among the executive officers themselves, that this further step in the ladder had eventually to be opened to them. That the change was so long in coming carried no reflection on the officers of the fleet. No one who has come in contact with them could 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. Few of them ever raised 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 rested not with them

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but with the Admiralty, and in the past the Admiralty was over-conservative. 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. Now the change has come. Every boy who enters a naval training establishment is spurred on in his work by the thought that if he merits it, he may win a lieutenant's commission, not, as before, 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 did General Sir Hector MacDonald 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

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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 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

Paint, Pay, and Promotion

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 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

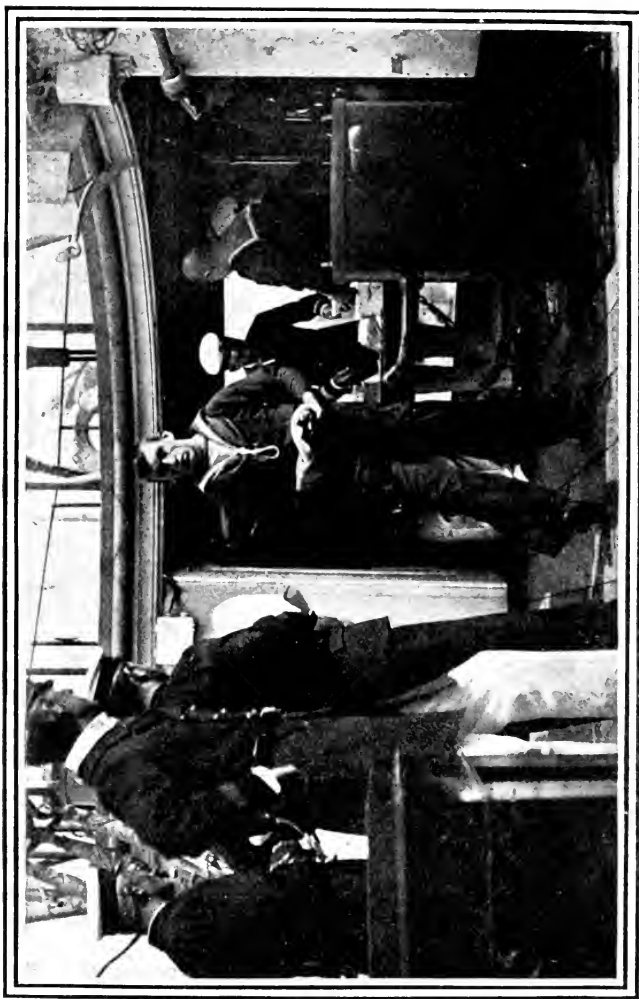
How our Navy is Run

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.



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

[To face page 128.



Pay day on board a man-of-war. Jack always takes his money in his hat. [To face page 129.]

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

How our Navy is Run

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,

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

How our Navy is Run

“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

Jack's Clothes

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 establishments at Shotley, Devonport, or elsewhere, a

How our Navy is Run

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, the usual period 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

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

Jack's Clothes

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 two 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

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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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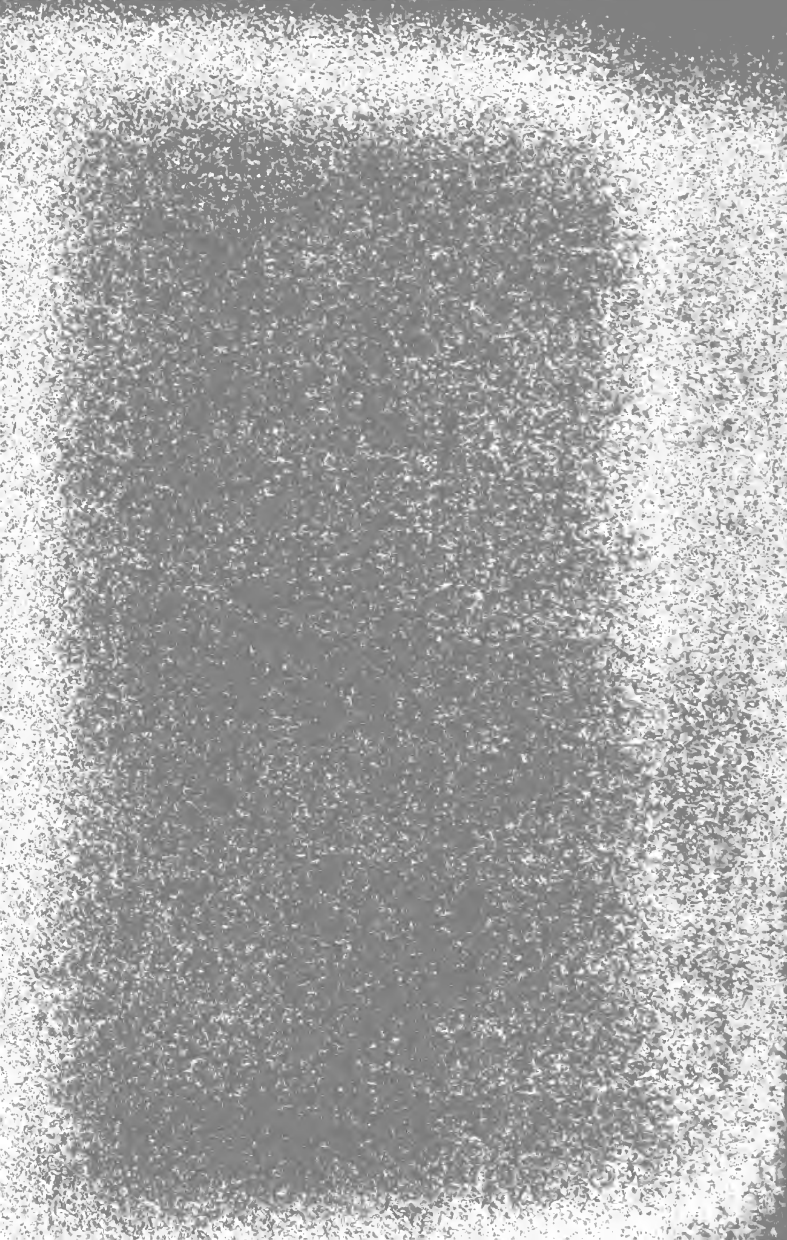
The rank is revealed by the number of these stripes, and the character of the shoulder strap, while those who are of the military line, generally known as executive officers, have a golden curl added to the upper stripe. All who have not the curl belong to what are called the civil branches of the navy, 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

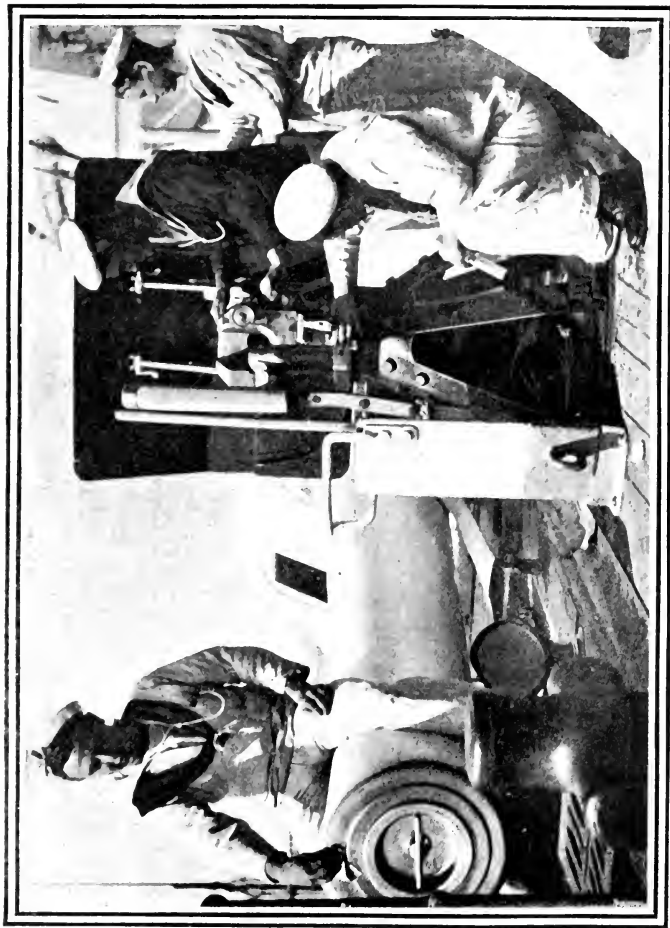
Jack's Clothes

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

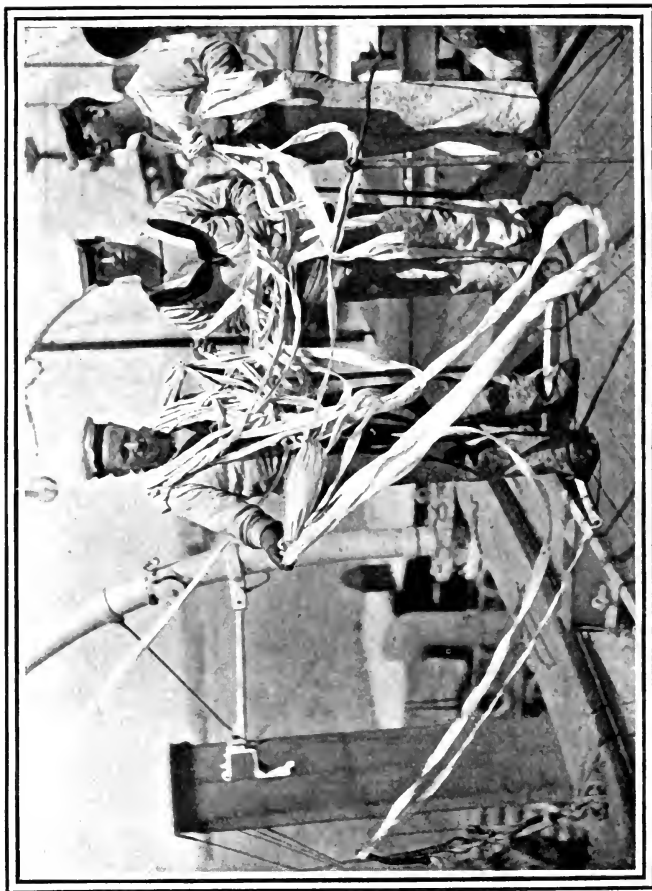
Warrant officers and chief warrant officers also share in this arrangement for denoting their rank, with three gold buttons on the cuff. Thus on promotion from chief petty officer a man has three buttons on his cuffs. After ten years' service he gains a thin curled gold stripe, and on becoming a "chief"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





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



Hauling down the paying-off pennant.

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

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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

How Discipline is Maintained

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 wrong-doer might escape his due measure of punish-

How Discipline is Maintained

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

How Discipline is Maintained

the admiral, by whom the case is afterwards considered, rarely interferes, and still less frequently does the Advocate of the Fleet take it upon himself to make any objection. The sentence as pronounced is seldom varied.

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 disgraced, cells, imprisonment, or reduction to the second class for conduct, he must be punished by warrant. That is, his offence

How Discipline is Maintained

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



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

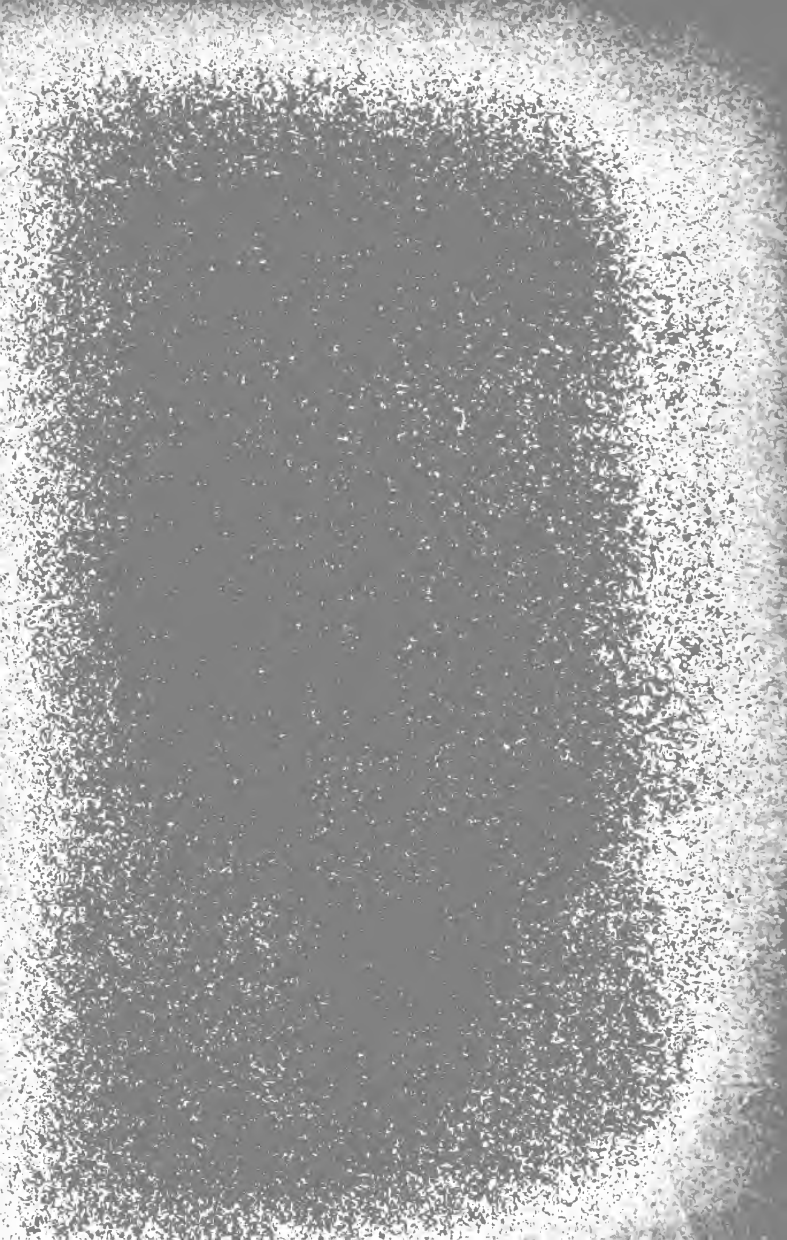


Mounted mêlée of the bluejackets of two warships. The men fight with infinite resourcefulness and determination until the plumes of coloured paper are struck off.

How Discipline is Maintained

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

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 cadet at Osborne or 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 and Osborne that the Admiralty do most to foster the sporting instinct.

High above the picturesque river Dart, one of the loveliest of all England's lovely rivers, 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,

How our Navy is Run

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. There are many other flag officers, who will never celebrate again their sixtieth birthdays, and who, in spite of advancing years, are almost

Sport in the Navy

as much 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 Medway Naval Depot, 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, Ireland, where the Channel Squadron used to spend 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

Sport in the Navy

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,

How our Navy is Run

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, 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.

Sport in the Navy

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

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one of the boat's crew to go back for No. 2. This little journey took him about three or four 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.

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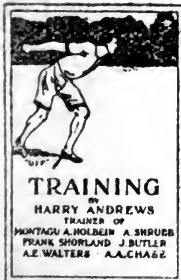
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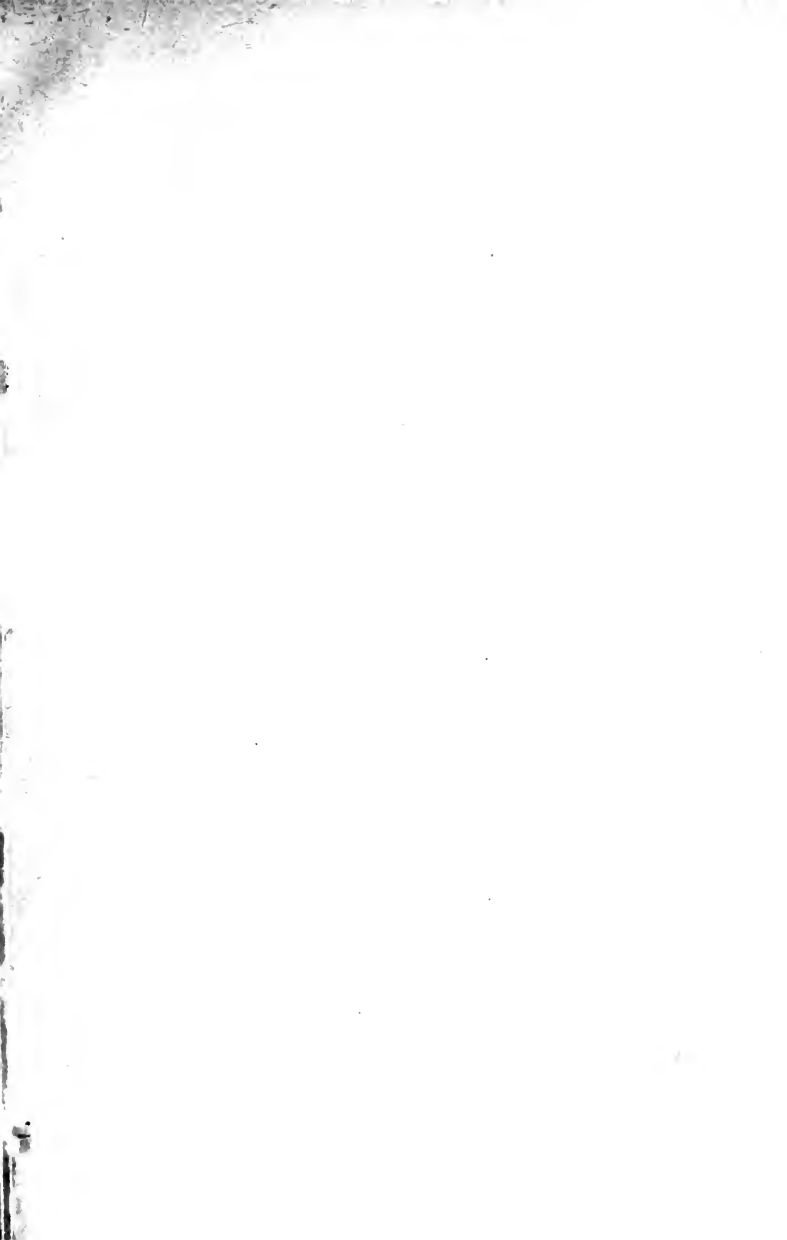
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