THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY

THOMAS O'TOOLE

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THE WAY THEY HAVE
:: IN THE ARMY ::

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

KITCHENER CHAPS
By A. NEIL LYONS

JOFFRE CHAPS
By PIERRE MILLE

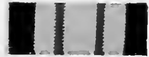
SONGS FROM THE TRENCHES
By CAPTAIN BLACKALL

THE BODLEY HEAD

THE PRINCI

V.C.

VOLUNTEER FORCE LONG SERVICE


AFRICA GENERAL SERVICE

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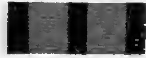
TERRITORIAL DECORATION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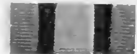
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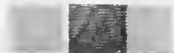
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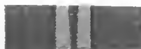
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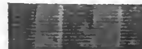
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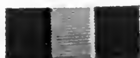
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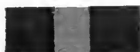
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MILITIA LONG SERVICE

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY

BY THOMAS O'TOOLE

WITH A COLOURED PLATE OF
—— MILITARY RIBBONS. ——

LONDON JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD
NEW YORK JOHN LANE COMPANY MCMXVI

THE LONDON AND NORWICH PRESS LIMITED, LONDON AND NORWICH, ENGLAND

FOREWORD

IN this little volume I have endeavoured to convey to the public in general, and, in particular, to that public which consists of the fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and sweethearts and wives of our gallant soldiers, a faithful representation of the life, customs, duties, etc., of our brave heroes in khaki.

The work is not an exhaustive encyclopædia on matters military; it simply deals with the inside, the human side of soldiering —the side in which those with near ones and dear ones with the Colours are, naturally, most interested.

True, a goodly amount of information is furnished on a variety of martial subjects, but, I think, not more than is necessary to provide my readers with a knowledge, a *conversational* knowledge, of the "Way they have in the Army."

AUTHOR.

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THE WAY THEY HAVE
:: IN THE ARMY ::

THE WAY THEY HAVE IN THE ARMY

CHAPTER I

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE SOLDIER AND THE CIVILIAN

MANY are the little differences, besides the name, which separate the soldier from the civilian, and the civilian who becomes a soldier quickly realises this. He finds "in no time" that civil and military life are almost as wide asunder as the poles; that the Army is, in fact, a world apart from the one in which he has hitherto had his being.

The differences that make it so are mainly official—created by the authorities, that is—though there are also some for which the soldiers themselves are responsible, such as, for instance, the much appreciated preference they enjoy from the fair sex over their civilian brethren.

However, in this particular chapter it is with the official rather than the unofficial differences that I propose to deal. They will, I venture to think, be found to be equally interesting—perhaps more so—as they are not by any means so widely known.

To begin with, it may be surprising news to a good many to learn that, unlike a civilian, a soldier cannot be proceeded against in court for any debt not exceeding £30. If, therefore, a Tommy can induce a nice, obliging tradesman to give him credit for goods to the extent of £29 15s. or so, he can, if he chooses, let the tradesman whistle for his money. In ordinary times, with the ordinary Tommy, this great privilege had one great drawback—the difficulty of finding the nice obliging tradesman who would give the credit. Now, however, with all sorts and conditions of men serving in the Army, the regulation is certainly one that holds great possibilities. To prevent misunderstanding though, I may mention that the *private* property of a soldier is not sanctified by this particular regulation.

Another privilege which the soldier enjoys —officer and man—is that of standing with his head covered in the presence of Royalty.

Furthermore, a soldier, according to regulations, is, when on duty under arms, never supposed to appear in any public place with his head uncovered. This privilege causes no end of trouble to the soldier who has to enter a Civil Law Court. At once he will be peremptorily ordered by either the judge, magistrate, or some Court official to remove his head-dress, and no matter what he may say in support of his privilege he is always overruled. Why this should occur I do not profess to be able to explain. A magistrate, or even judge, only represents the sovereign who signed the regulations which govern the soldier's conduct, and before whom, though the judge or magistrate would certainly uncover, the soldier would not.

Before, as it were, leaving the Civil Law Courts I may mention that because he is a soldier, and by virtue thereof exempt, the bugbear of service on a jury holds no terrors for either Tommy or his officer. This privilege is not confined to the Regulars alone, but is also shared by the Territorials—whether mobilised or not.

Another privilege Tommy enjoys—rather a doubtful enjoyment it is true—is that of

receiving—when he is dead—the same salute as a colonel who passes to the great beyond. In each instance the honour is accorded of a three rounds volley over the departed warrior's grave. While there are many other minor privileges which the soldier enjoys—most of them of a much more cheerful character than the last one I have mentioned—there are a good many disadvantages under which he labours. And here I may remark, in passing, that all the regulations surrounding the Regular soldier now bind all " Kitcheners " and Territorials; they are under exactly the same military law, with all its drastic pains and penalties.

Among the many disadvantages of a soldier compared to a civilian is the one that causes him, unless he has some outside property or other qualification, to be practically disfranchised the moment he enlists. The average Tommy, although still a citizen whilst a soldier, is not allowed a vote. From the point of view of discipline this may be a good thing, but, personally, I " hae my doots." I don't suppose Tommy would abuse a vote any more than his brother in civil life. However, at the present moment it doesn't very much matter either way.

When Mrs. Pankhurst has succeeded in obtaining votes for women there will still be fresh fields for her to conquer if she turns her attention to the Tommies.

The soldier who is an officer, however, does possess a vote (and in certain circumstances non-commissioned officers, too); the officer may even aspire to a seat in the Westminster "talkee-talkee shop." Actually, I suppose there would not be anything to prevent a Tommy, who did happen to possess a vote, from aspiring to a similar honour. But if the aspiration happened by some miracle to be realised I am pretty certain he could never attend to his military and parliamentary duties at the same time. When an officer is elected to Parliament he is relieved from his military duties what time he is an M.P.

It would be very interesting to see a Tommy blow into St. Stephen's as a real live M.P. What a delicious time he could have bombarding the War Secretary with questions! What hero-worship he would receive from his comrades! I am digressing; to come back to the point, an officer *has* a vote and may even sit in the House of Commons. But, vote or no, what he may

not do is to become a Sheriff, a Lord Mayor, Mayor, Alderman, Councillor or, in short, accept any municipal office whatever. Not, at any rate, while he is on the Active List.

He may, however, become a *County* Councillor. Why this fine distinction I cannot explain. Perhaps the authorities think that in permitting him to become a Member of Parliament and a County Councillor they have gone far enough in the way of allowing him to associate with bad company.

However, to leave politics alone and to come to something easier of digestion, a very, very important difference between the soldier and the civilian—officers as well as Tommies in this case—is that a soldier cannot register an invention at the Patent Office without the permission of the military authorities. Furthermore, if the invention is of any military value the authorities have the right to appropriate it, and the soldier, in such a case, may not attempt to dispose of the invention's commercial use, if it has any.

The next disadvantage of the soldier concerns Tommy alone, and, from his point of view, probably ranks as a much more

serious one. It is one which—I am sure my *lady readers* will agree with me, at any rate—the authorities might do worse than have immediately, and permanently, removed. I refer to the granting of permission to soldiers to marry. Ordinarily, a Tommy, unless he has over seven years' service, a sum of £5 in the bank, and two good conduct badges, cannot obtain permission to marry; that is, officially, or "on the strength," as it is called.

As a war concession the authorities are, it is true, now paying separation allowances to the wives of soldiers who do not bother to go through the formality of obtaining their commanding officer's permission to their marriages; but that is really only a temporary measure of relief to the ladies—not to the soldiers. When normal times return, so will the normal regulations.

Other ways in which a Tommy differs from a civilian are that he cannot join a union or combination of any sort; cannot go to bed later than 10.15 p.m., unless he has special permission; cannot rise later than 5.30 a.m. in summer and 6.30 a.m. in winter—a regulation which is occasionally winked at; must pay 1½d. a week National Insur-

ance, though he receives no benefit; must not write to the newspapers (another regulation which, of late, has been more observed in the breach than in the observance); must salute Assize Court Judges, in addition to all naval and military officers; must go to church whether he wants to or not; must be vaccinated, but not inoculated, whenever the authorities desire; must have his hair cut in a certain fashion; must not grow a beard; must grow his moustache; must —but the list is almost inexhaustible; and most of these many "musts" and "must nots" apply to the officer as well as the Tommy.

All these little items—and a hundred or two more—go to make up the difference between the civilian and the soldier. But the principal difference of all between the man who holds the King's Commission or takes the traditional King's shilling, and the man who does not, is that one is a soldier —and the other is not. A wide and mighty difference indeed—a difference that no one is more proud of than the soldier, except, perhaps, the soldier's wife, mother, or sweetheart.

CHAPTER II

THE NEWLY JOINED RECRUIT—HOW TOMMY "TAKES UP"—OR "WAKES UP"—THE SOLDIER NOVICE

OF the many thoughts that surge through a recruit's mind immediately he has 'listed, I dare say that, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the uppermost of them all is the one as to how he will "get on" with the new chums he is about to associate with.

At the moment he is in much the same frame of mind as the schoolboy about to enter a new school for the first time.

And, as in the case of the schoolboy, so in the case of the soldier—a lot depends upon himself as to how he will fare.

Prigs, swankers, and such like, are as heartily detested by the "boys" in a barrack-room as they are by the boys in a school—and they are just as quickly marked, or "taped," to use the vernacular of Tommy.

No false consequential airs and graces are permitted in the wholesome democracy of the barrack-room. All privates are—just privates, and nothing more. In the words of the popular soldier song—

> It doesn't matter who he was before,
> Or what his parents fancied for his name ;
> Once he's pocketed the shilling
> And a uniform he's filling,
> We call him "Tommy Atkins" just the same.

While "the shilling" has long since passed away, the sentiment of the song still remains. Even to-day, when all classes and conditions of men are serving in the ranks, and when the original regular "Tommies" who created it are but few in number, the same fine democratic spirit is still maintained. The Territorial and Kitchener boys are jealously and worthily upholding it. Good luck to them !

The recruit entering a barrack-room with the foolish and arrogant intention of impressing his new chums with the idea that in coming amongst them he is highly honouring them will be greatly surprised to find how flat his efforts fall, and still more surprised at the novel and vigorous methods his new chums will adopt to show him that, in

their opinion, he is really only "very small beer" indeed.

On the other hand, the newly joined soldier who makes his début in a manner befitting the novice in any profession is always sure of a hearty, if not boisterous, welcome from his new comrades.

No champagne, of course, is drunk in honour of his coming; no brass bands play him into barracks; no illuminated addresses are presented to him; no singing of "For he's a jolly good fellow" herald his entry into the barrack-room; but, none the less, he is, in a thousand and one little ways, genuinely welcomed and made to feel at home in his new surroundings.

Before he "knows where 'e are" several chums affectionately attach themselves to him.

One helps him to "draw" his kit and bedding, another shows him where he will, later on, get his uniform, another—who probably knows very little about it himself—proceeds to unfold to him the whole routine of Army life, another tells him exactly what sort the officers and non-commissioned officers are in the regiment; what a terror at drill the sergeant-major is,

and so on and so forth—each comrade only too happy to oblige the new one in some way or another.

All this—and a lot more—for the recruit whom the "boys" instinctively know is not a "prig" or a "swanker."

For the other kind of recruit the "welcome" is very different.

Instead of, in his early and very ignorant stages, receiving a helping hand he is left to fend for himself, and, as the odds are greatly in favour of his being unable to successfully manage that, the result is his discomfiture and his comrades' amusement.

Should he, despite the severe lesson thus early given him, persist in making an ass of himself by the assumption of a superiority he cannot support, either physically or mentally, then his comrades proceed to apply to him a few of the time-honoured and traditional remedies held in reserve for such cases. That is, if they think he is really worth the trouble of attempting to turn into a decent fellow; of converting from a prig to a—man.

The medicine is applied in doses, and the more he shows his dislike of it the more of it is given him—until at length he proves, by

his altered behaviour, that he is beginning to appreciate it, or worse fate, until his comrades decide that he is not worth any more.

Some people, unacquainted with Tommy's little ways, might term this "ragging," and, perhaps, strictly speaking, they would be right. But, all the same, it is the treatment that turns many and many a formerly pampered and petted prig of a young fellow into a soldier—and a man in the very truest sense of the word.

Perhaps I ought, in order to prevent any misconception, to explain at once that in none of the remedies, unpleasant though they may be, does the element of cruelty enter; not even in the final one—the "barrack-room court-martial."

The first dose is a very, very mild one. The "patient" is usually directed by a grave-looking "old soldier" to report himself to the sergeant in charge of the quarter-guard at 10 o'clock that night to obtain the whitewash-bucket and brush for the purpose of whitewashing the last post, it being "his turn" to carry out that duty.

Too much of an ass to acknowledge any ignorance he does not ask for further

information, but in due course prefers his request to the guard commander.

That individual, appreciating the joke—perhaps in his own early days having gone through the very same experience—probably informs the victim that he has lent the bucket and brush to the sergeant-major, and suggests to him that he had better apply for them to that worthy in his quarters.

Application to that autocratic maintainer of regimental discipline results, of course, in the explosion of the joke. The sergeant-major, in the witheringly sarcastic manner peculiar to sergeant-majors, informs the asinine one that " his leg has been pulled " ; that the " Last Post " is the name of the bugle call which sounds at 10 o'clock each night, and " it is time that he knew it." The great man may also add that if he wasn't sure that he (the asinine one) was not more of a fool than a knave, etc., etc., he would at once place him under arrest for daring to come with such a request.

Much crestfallen, and terribly mortified, the " swanker," the while the sergeant-major is " splitting his sides," returns to his barrack-room, to be there met with a volley of

derisive laughter and questions as to how he liked his "slapdashing" job.

Mild though this remedy is, I have known it prove most efficacious. Many a "prig and swanker" has been entirely cured by it.

For more difficult cases, the next remedy is usually administered by some young and irresponsible non-commissioned officer —a "lance-jack" probably—with little or no idea of the disciplinary responsibilities of his rank.

In a peremptory, but very matter-of-fact tone, he may "order" the priggish one to immediately go to the sergeant master-cook and request that the jug of "defaulters' extra milk" be issued to him. (The point of this joke lies in the fact that as defaulters are men doing punishment they are hardly likely to be rewarded with "extra" milk.)

After being despatched from the sergeant cook to some one else, and from some one else to some one else several times, in a vain search for the imaginary milk, the harassed, even if priggish, recruit finally discovers, to his deep mortification, that he has once again been sent on a fool's errand. Filled with resentment, he returns to his barrack-room determined to "speak his mind."

But his resolution vanishes in the chippings of his comrades.

Probably, after these two remedies the swank and priggishness disappear, but, if they do not, then further medicine is given him.

The next dose may take the shape of "fixing" his bed cot in such a way that either he is unable to get properly between the sheets, or as he gets between them the whole thing suddenly collapses and he finds himself lying on the cold, unsympathetic floor.

If after these—and maybe one or two more—remedies have been tried and he still remains uncured, then the final one—a "barrack-room court-martial"—is given him.

In mock solemnity, unless his latent manhood—which his comrades have really all the time been trying to bring to the surface—asserts itself at the last moment in a strenuous objection, he is arraigned before his barrack-room peers, and his offences—those of being a swanker and a prig—more or less gravely formulated against him.

Without the formality of waiting to hear his defence, this "court," of which, by the

way, everybody present—but the prisoner—is a member, forthwith passes sentence. This usually consists of ordering that the prisoner be tossed so many times in a blanket, or maybe—but not often—something a little more stringent.

After this, if the objectionable one still remains objectionable, which is unlikely, he is left severely alone, his comrades concluding that he is hopeless, and he, and his priggishness and swank, are then ignored. In other words, he is "sent to Coventry." And serve him right; he has deserved his fate.

CHAPTER III

THE SOLDIER'S PRIVATE LANGUAGE

IN this chapter I am going to endeavour to initiate my readers into the mysteries of the soldier's private language, or, rather, I should say, languages. For there are, of course, several different kinds of private languages used by soldiers in communicating with each other ; for instance, the language of the bugle, the language of the semaphore, the language of the Morse telegraph code, the language of signals, the language of the drill book, the language of the drill sergeant, and, sometimes—bad language.

In addition to all these, our dashing boys have lately acquired a handy working knowledge of the language of their gallant French allies. In a few months' time, I dare say, they will also have acquired, for use in Berlin, an equally handy working knowledge of the hideous German "lingo." In the

meantime they are busily teaching the "cultured" foe "English as she is spoke," through the medium of British rifles and bayonets.

The Tommy, therefore, in view of his extensive vocabulary, may truly be termed "something of a linguist."

I should like to explain to my readers all about every one of Tommy's different languages, but as it takes Tommy himself a year or two to learn them all, it will easily be understood that in this one chapter the task would be impossible. I must, therefore, though regretfully, restrict myself to a reference to only a couple of them—the languages of the bugle and the barrack-room. I shall begin with the language of the bugle.

In the first place, I may say that every regiment, battery, or other unit in the British Army has a distinctive regimental call which precedes all other calls, except when several regiments are brigaded together, and where, for convenience' sake, or for the quicker execution of a movement, a brigade call is adopted; in the case of fire; in the case of sudden alarm.

This explains why the soldiers know,

without any difficulty, whether or not any call they may hear sounded affects them or their particular regiment. Cavalry and artillery, of course, use the trumpet—the mounted man's bugle—and their ordinary routine calls differ somewhat from the infantry, except in a few instances. But the routine calls of each particular branch —infantry, cavalry, and artillery—are, practically without exception, common to all regiments and units in that branch.

In nearly every regiment the Tommies have themselves attached rhyming and harmonising words to the notes of their own regimental call which, by mentally repeating when the bugle is sounded, easily enables them to distinguish it from that of any other regiment.

In fact, to most of the bugle calls in general use in the Army there are attached, unofficially, of course, words or verses more or less in harmony with the notes of the calls. These help to make the identification of the different bugle calls a much easier matter than it otherwise would be.

One or two of the rhyming translations to which I have referred are almost as well known to civilians as they are to the Tommy.

Who, for instance, has not heard this one :—

> Officers' wives get puddings and pies,
> Privates' wives get skilly.

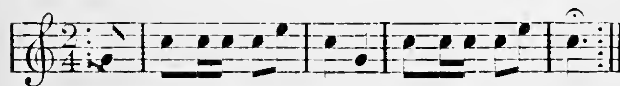
That is the Tommy's translation of the Officers' Mess Call, the call which, in the piping times of peace, summons the officers of a regiment to dinner.

For the benefit of those who might like to practise this call on piano, violin, or other instrument the notes are as follows :—

In order to prevent misunderstanding, I must explain that this is not the call in its entirety. But this is the distinctive line.

The call which announces that Tommy's own meals are ready and waiting for him is another which is fairly familiar to the public. It has been translated by Tommy as follows : "Oh, come to the cook-house door, boys ; come to the cook-house door."

Set to music it runs :—



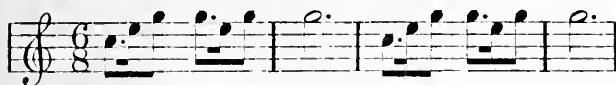
Other bugle calls to which Tommy has attached wonderfully expressive translations that have hardly ever found their way to the public's ears are, figuratively speaking, almost as plentiful as blackberries in September. But I, obviously, cannot do more than quote just a few of them—a half-dozen or so selected at random from the storehouse of my memory. I will leave the pleasure of commenting on them to the imagination of my readers, feeling sure that the translations attached to them will afford a plentiful scope for such entertaining exercise. With the music attached to them the pleasure will probably be increased for the musical.

The first two are the calls which summon together the officers of cavalry and infantry regiments to receive the instructions of their commanding officers upon any particular point. The first of the two is the

CAVALRY OFFICERS' CALL.

This one is the

INFANTRY OFFICERS' CALL.

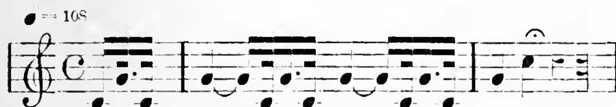


Of-fi-cers, come when you're call'd ! Ad-ju-tant's shout-ed & bawl'd !

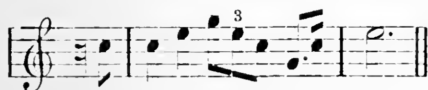
Col-'nel he'll swear that you crawl'd ! Come ! Come ! ! Come ! ! !

Reveille.—"Get out of bed—get out of bed—you lazy bounder—and all you lazy people get up."

The musical translation runs :—



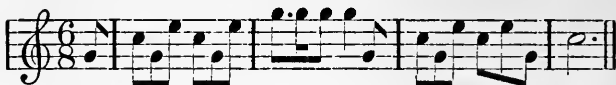
Get out of bed. Get out of bed you la-zy bound-er,



and all you la-zy peo-ple get up.

Defaulters' Call.—This call is known to Tommy by the euphemism of "The Angel's Whisper." The translation of it runs : "Be a defaulter as long as you like—as long as you answer your name."

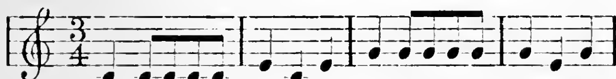
This is the musical version of the whisper.



GUARD AND PIQUET PARADE CALL.—"Come and do your piquet, boys, come and do your guard—'Tisn't very easy, boys, 'Tisn't very hard."

SCHOOL PARADE CALL.—This is used for calling the men to parade for attendance at the regimental school, where they study for certificates to enable them to qualify for increased pay or promotion. It is sagely translated by the soldier into the following: "Now, go to school, you silly fool—and be a sergeant-major." The point of this advice lies in the fact that attendance at school is, for private soldiers, only voluntary.

Stables.—This is a call which is, naturally, only used by the mounted branches of the service. It is fairly well known to the public living in close proximity to cavalry or artillery barracks. It is generally interpreted as : " Come home to your stable all ye that are fit and able—water your horses and give them some corn—give them some corn."



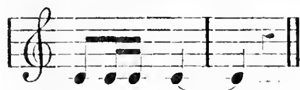
Letter Call.—This is the Army equivalent of the civilian postman's rat-a-tat. Tommy reads, in the notes of the bugle which sounds it, the words : " Letter from Saucy Sue, boys—letter from Saucy Sue."

I don't know whether the Sue referred to is the Sue who sews the shirts !

If I am not mistaken, this call was altered

within the last few years. It was at one time translated: "A letter from your mother, Joey, Joey, Joey."

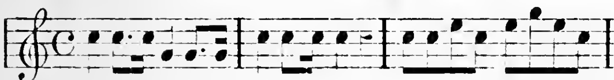
CAVALRY RECRUITS' CALL FOR PARADE.—Very much to the point is this call, which goes:—



ORDERLY ROOM.—The wording of the call which summons all who have business at this institution (whose functions I refer to later on in this chapter under "Barrack Room Language") is very explanatory.

ROYAL SALUTE.—To this call Tommy has not succeeded in inventing a rhyme. Perhaps some of my readers may be able to do so! It is used on all occasions when bugles are required to sound a salute (Royal, General, or Guard).

𝅗𝅥 = 76



So much for the language of the bugle.

BARRACK ROOM LANGUAGE

Now for the language of the barrack-room. This, unlike the language of the bugle, is hardly understood at all outside the precincts of barracks, except, of course, by ex-soldiers and those whose business has

brought them much into contact with soldiers. Yet Tommies, forgetful of the fact that civilians do not understand, often use it in their ordinary conversation.

I, therefore, offer no apology for putting into type, in the following abbreviated dictionary shape, some of the choicest gems from Tommy's barrack-room vocabulary; the tit-bits from the private language of —heroes. In this form, too, I think my readers will better appreciate the "interpretations" than if I had dealt with each word or phrase haphazard, as it occurred to me.

Atcha.—All right.

Badg-y.—An enlisted boy.

Baggies.—Tommy's name for sailors in the Navy—obviously a reference to the sailor's wide trousers.

Blighty.—Home.

Bobtack.—Powder mixed into a paste to clean buttons and brass work on equipment.

Bobygee.—A soldier cook. In India a native one.

Brief.—A man's discharge documents; also referred to as his cheque or ticket.

Buff Stick.—A stick with leather attached,

in the same way as on a razor strop. Used for polishing bayonet.

Bully Beef.—The tinned meat ration issued to the soldier.

Bundook.—A rifle.

Bun-Wallah.—A soldier who drinks nothing stronger than tea, and is, in consequence, supposed to eat voraciously of buns.

C.B.—This has no reference to the country's order of merit for distinguished political, military, or other service. It is only the abbreviated method of saying "confined to barracks," a form of Army punishment. See, under "Bugle Language," the reference to "Defaulters" and "The Angel's Whisper."

Canteen (Wet).—The regimental "pub." Often the stepping-off stone to C.B. The "dry" canteen is the shop where groceries, etc., are sold.

Chancing His Arm.—Exaggerating. Risking punishment by committing an offence in the expectation that it will not be discovered. A non-commissioned officer taking a risk like this is said to be "chancing his arm" because he may, if discovered, be deprived of the stripes he wears on his arm.

Cheque.—See Brief.

Chips.—The Tommy's pet designation for the regimental pioneer sergeant, who is usually by trade a carpenter, and is responsible, in peace time, for all minor barrack repairs, and on active service, along with his assistants, does very useful sanitary work.

Chucking a Dummy.—When a man faints on parade he is said to have "chucked a dummy." The term is also applied to men who report ill without reasonable cause.

Clink.—See Guard Room.

Coming the Old Soldier.—When a man attempts to take undue advantage over another, he is said to be "coming the old soldier."

Dock.—A military hospital.

Dog's Leg.—The first stripe a man receives on promotion. It is worn by lance-corporals and bombardiers. It is supposed to resemble, in shape, the hind leg of a dog stretched out horizontally.

Doolally Tap.—When a soldier becomes mentally unbalanced, he is said to have received the "Doolally Tap." "Doolally" is a corruption of the name of an Indian town, Deolali.

Dragged.—Late for parade.

Duff.—Pudding.

Get Your Number Dry.—A contemptuous instruction given by an old soldier to a younger one who has expressed views and opinions which his short experience has not warranted. A soldier's number (regimental) is stamped in ink on his clothing when he first joins, and the longer he serves in the Army the drier the number is supposed to become.

Get Under Your Blanco Pot.—This is an alternative for "Get your number dry." It is, however, supposed to be more "cutting," as it is intended to impress the soldier to whom it is addressed with a correct realisation of his insignificance. A blanco pot (blanco was, until recently, used for keeping white straps clean) is about 2½ inches in diameter and 3 inches deep.

Gravel Crushers.—Infantry soldiers.

Guard Room.—The regimental equivalent of the civilian police station. Also referred to as the "Clink" and the "Mush."

High Jump.—The "High Jump" is the soldier's picturesque way of referring to an appearance before the Commanding Officer to answer a charge of breaking regulations.

Jankers.—Another term for defaulters' drill.

Lance Jack.—A lance-corporal. See "Dog's Leg."

Long-faced Chum.—A cavalryman's term for his horse.

Lost His Number (Regimental Number). —A man is said to have "Lost his Number" when he is reported for any offence. It is "lost" because it is placed on the report sheet. He "finds" it again when he has been dealt with for the offence.

Married Patch.—The quarters in barracks allotted to married soldiers and their families.

Muckin.—Butter.

Muck-In.—Share in.

Mush.—See Guard Room.

Orderly Dog.—The orderly dog is officially known as the orderly man. He is a soldier who, during his turn of duty, fetches and carries the food for his comrades, and is responsible for the cleanliness of tent or barrack-room. The duty is taken daily in turns, and is generally disliked.

Orderly Room.—The office of a regiment. It is also the Army equivalent of the civilian police court. All offenders against disci-

pline are tried in the orderly room. In camp, or on active service, the "orderly room" is held in the open. The commanding officer, in his magisterial capacity, presides at "orderly room," and is then said to take the chair." See "High Jump" and "Bugle Language."

Poultice Wallahs.—Men of the Royal Army Medical Corps.

Pukka.—Proper, correct, genuine.

Pushed.—See Dragged.

Quarter Bloke.—The irreverent way in which the officer holding the rank of quartermaster is referred to. This officer usually rises from the ranks.

Rookey.—A recruit.

Root-y.—Bread.

Scrounger.—A man with plenty of resource in obtaining that which he wants.

Slingers.—A meal of bread and tea.

Square-Pushing.—Courting.

Square-Bit.—A best girl.

Stir.—Imprisonment in a military detention barracks.

Swinging the Lead.—This is the equivalent of the civilian expression, "Telling the tale."

Tack.—A man is said to go on the "Tack" when he takes the pledge.

Tin Opener.—This is Tommy's light-hearted name for his bayonet. The name only came into use, I believe, after the Boer War. In that campaign the bayonets proved very useful for opening the bully beef tins.

Vamping.—Eating heartily.

Weighed off.—When a soldier has been awarded punishment for an offence he is said to have been "weighed off."

Working His Brief.—A soldier who, either by continual serious breaches of military discipline or malingering in military hospitals, is endeavouring to get discharged from the Army is always understood to be "working his brief."

Yob.—One who is easily fooled.

The foregoing are but a few examples from Tommy's private vocabulary. That they are expressive in the extreme, though not exactly the purest of English, I think all my readers will agree.

CHAPTER IV

HOW THE ARMY IS ARRANGED—ALL ABOUT THE VARIOUS DIVISIONS AND SUB-DIVISIONS OF THE GREAT MACHINE

BEFORE commencing this chapter I should like to relate to my readers the particular reason which made me decide to write and include it in this volume. Possibly it may interest and, later on, amuse them. It was a discourse I overheard in a railway train in which I was a passenger one day. A middle-aged gentleman, with a very, very military moustache, and a general "get up" deliberately suggestive of the fact that he was at least a colonel in mufti, fought the war out to his entire satisfaction during the course of the journey. He held forth, in "marvellous" fashion, on Russian versus German "strategy" and "tactics" to an admiring crowd of passengers (even I silently admired him)

and slung military phraseology about in weird and wonderful style.

THE POPULAR PLATOON

In this phraseology the word "Platoon" was an easy favourite, and, running, it close, "Division." He skilfully managed to drag, with much gusto, these two words into every sentence he uttered, and great was the impression (he imagined) they had on his listeners.

The culminating effort of his "learned" discourse was, however, his "explanation" that it was "impossible, absolutely impossible, for the limited number of Russian Divisions to offer anything like a determined resistance against the immensely superior cleverness of the Generals in command of the German Platoons."

Ye gods, Generals in command of "Platoons"!

This unknown Napoleon "explained" a great deal more, but, even though the world is thereby deprived of his wisdom, space, unfortunately, forbids my recording any more of it.

Now, while I should be very sorry to think that the majority of civilians are so

hopelessly " at sea " in regard to military matters as that particular "swanker " I am, none the less, of opinion (verified by the occasional looks of doubtful credulity on the faces of that railway carriage audience) that a simple explanation of the denominations of the various and numerous divisions and subdivisions of our gallant Army would be very welcome to those who have hitherto been more than a little puzzled by their mystifying multiplicity. Hence this chapter.

To begin with, every one should understand that England's " contemptible little Army " is split up into several mammoth Army Corps. How many ? Well, that would be " telling tales out of school " ; the Germans might like to know that !

" ARMY CORPS " AND " DIVISIONS "

These Army Corps are then divided into what are, appropriately enough, termed— Divisions. A Division is really the largest unit in the Army. It is composed of all sort and sizes of soldiers ; that is, there is every conceivable branch of the Army represented in it :—Cavalry, Artillery, Infantry, Engineers, Medicals, Army Service, Army Ordnance, and Royal Flying Corps.

Also Military Police and Army Chaplains to make, each in their own particular way, Tommy a good boy.

A Division is, in fact, a complete edition in miniature of the British Army.

The Commander of a Division is usually a Lieutenant-General, and, naturally, upon him falls a grave and heavy responsibility. To assist him in the multiplicity of details that must inevitably arise in the ruling and schooling of his vast charge he has a staff of specialists in constant attendance upon him. These specialists are familiar to the public by the title of Staff Officers.

To give my readers a slight conception of the magnitude of a Division, I may say that to move such a unit over a railway would necessitate the employment of no less than 85 special trains.

Roughly, a Division consists of 20,000 men, to say nothing of the etceteras such as horses and guns and wagons.

Obviously, it would be impossible for one General to personally direct the movements, in action or otherwise, of so large a body of troops, therefore a Division is subdivided into what are termed Brigades—three Infantry Brigades and a body consisting of the Artil-

lery, Cavalry, and Departmental Corps, styled the "Divisional Troops." To each of the three Infantry Brigades a proportion of the Divisional Troops are allotted because without them the Infantry, splendid as they are, would be of little use against the enemy.

The Divisional Troops, naturally, work in harmonious co-operation with the Infantry Brigades, but each individual unit is under the direct command of its own senior officer, to whom the Divisional General's orders are transmitted through his Staff Officers.

"BRIGADES" AND "BRIGADIERS"

As a Brigadier-General has under his charge four Battalions (about 4,000 troops), he, like the Divisional General, has assistance accorded him in the way of Staff Officers. Of course, on a much reduced scale; as a rule, only one such officer. This officer generally holds the rank of Captain, but is always designated the Brigade-Major. When a second officer is employed on the Brigadier-General's staff he is known as the Staff-Captain, though his actual rank is, most frequently, only that of a Lieutenant.

Where the Cavalry in a Division are particularly numerous they are brigaded in the

same way as Infantry, except that only three Cavalry units are required to form a Brigade.

Naturally, the Artillery is always strongly represented in the Divisional Troops, and the senior Artillery Officer generally holds the rank of Brigadier-General.

INFANTRY BATTALIONS

The next largest units are the Infantry Battalions, of which, as I have already said, there are four in each Brigade.

Most civilians confuse Battalions with Regiments, the average person failing to understand that every Regiment of Infantry is composed of several Battalions, each one consisting of about 1,000 of all ranks in war-time. Some Regiments possess more than others, according to the number of Regular, Special Reserve, and Territorial Battalions comprising it. However, with but a few exceptions, each Regiment consists of two "Regular" Battalions, designated the 1st and 2nd, two Special Reserve Battalions, the 3rd and 4th, and, all the others, Territorial and "Kitchener" or "Service" Battalions, numbered in sequence, 5th, 6th, 7th, and so on.

The Cavalry, however, is not divided

into Battalions, and, therefore, each unit is a complete Regiment and consists, roughly, of 550 of all ranks.

The Commanding Officer of either an Infantry Battalion or a Cavalry Regiment is usually a Lieutenant-Colonel.

As in the case of a Division or a Brigade, Infantry Battalions and Cavalry Regiments are also divided, and subdivided, for the more convenient and efficient handling of them.

CAVALRY REGIMENTS

A Cavalry Regiment is divided into three "Squadrons" (each commanded by a Major) and each Squadron subdivided into four "Troops." A "Troop" consists of between 40 and 50 men, and is commanded by a Lieutenant.

Infantry Battalions are split up into four "Companies" (each commanded by a Captain or a Major), and then the "Companies" are again divided into—the pets of the pseudo Colonel in the railway carriage—"Platoons."

There are four "Platoons" to a "Company," and they are, like the "Troops" in the Cavalry, commanded, not by Generals, but, by Lieutenants or Second-Lieutenants.

Each " Platoon " has a strength of between 50 to 60 men.

I don't know why it is, but the word Platoon seems to be immensely popular. To "Tommy" it causes much amusement. By him, however, it has been converted into " Pontoon." He finds that word easier of pronunciation and remembrance, because it is the title of a favourite card game played exclusively by soldiers. Sometimes, when he is feeling particularly disgusted with anything or everything, he will assert that he belongs to a " Spittoon," not a " Platoon."

The dividing and subdividing process is not exhausted in the Infantry when " Platoons " are reached, for even they are split up into four " Sections," each of which is under the command of a Sergeant or Corporal, styled " The Section Commander."

ARTILLERY

So much for the Cavalry and Infantry. Now for the Artillery. Perhaps I ought to have dealt with the " Gunners " first, because, officially, they rank first in the Army. For my breach of etiquette I offer my apologies to all concerned.

Though the Artillery consists of several

distinct branches, they are really all combined under the one great Regiment—the Royal Regiment of Artillery.

The several branches to which I have referred are: The Horse, the Field, the Mountain, and the Garrison Artillery.

The Horse, or Royal Horse Artillery, is divided into "Batteries," denominated by the letters A to Y—there is no "Z" Battery. One of the most famous of these Batteries is "Q" Battery, the one to which even the prosaic War Office officially referred as the "Victoria Cross" Battery for the magnificent heroism it displayed during the South African War.

A Battery of the R.H.A. consists of 200 men and six guns. The Commander is usually a Major; he divides his command into three "Sections," over each of which a Lieutenant has control. Each section is further divided into two subsections. A subsection is commanded by a Sergeant, who is always referred to as "No. 1."

Two Batteries of the R.H.A. form a Brigade.

The Royal Field Artillery, the R.F.A., is organised on similar lines to the Royal Horse, except that the Batteries are identified

by numbers, from 1 to 147, and it takes three Batteries to form a Brigade.

A Brigade of Artillery does not correspond to a Brigade of Infantry, but to a Battalion. The Commanding Officer of an Artillery Brigade is usually a Lieutenant-Colonel.

The R.G.A. (the Royal Garrison Artillery) takes in the Mountain Batteries as well as the Coast, or Garrison Companies.

The organisation of the Mountain Batteries is similar to that of the Horse and Field Artillery, but the Coast Artillery is always subdivided into "Companies."

It will be to the Garrison Artillery men that the pleasure of bombarding Berlin will fall, as they are the "Gunners" who manipulate the heavy siege guns—our "Jack Johnsons."

DEPARTMENTAL CORPS

The Artillery, Cavalry, and Infantry comprise the three great branches of the Army, but there still remain what may justly be termed the most important factors of all in the King's Forces, the troops usually referred to as the Departmental Corps:—The Engineers, the Army Service Corps, the Army Ordnance Corps, the Army Medical Corps, the

Army Veterinary Corps, the Army Pay Corps, and last, but, my word, not least—not by a long chalk—the Royal Flying Corps.

With the exception of the Veterinary Corps (which is subdivided into " Sections ") and the Royal Flying Corps (which is subdivided into " Squadrons ") all the Departmental troops are, for organisation purposes, divided into " Companies."

The designations of the various Departmental Corps plainly tell the particular class of service they render to their King and country, and though their gallantry and devotion to duty does not always attain the same publicity as that of their brethren in the more conspicuous branches of the King's Service, they, none the less, at all times, and in all circumstances, worthily uphold the splendid traditions of our gallant British Army. God bless it!

CHAPTER V

THE "CINDERELLAS" OF THE ARMY (ORDERLY-MEN)

IF, in the course of their occasional visits to camps or barracks, any of my readers have noticed some of the soldiers rushing hither and thither at break-neck speed, with appearances suggesting that upon them were resting the whole of the worries and cares of the British Army, then they have, probably, seen some of the individuals about whom this chapter is concerned—orderly-men. For, always, in camp or barrack, orderly-men are conspicuously busy; their harassing responsibilities such as to give them anxious looks and appearances.

From early morn till late at night, from "Réveillé" to "Lights Out," the orderly-men are, beyond all doubt, the busiest and most harried and worried Tommies in the Army.

Field-Marshals, Generals, Colonels, and

even Captains, may have their "little" responsibilities and worries, but they pale into insignificance beside those of the orderly-men—so, at least, think the orderly-men. And, perhaps, not altogether without reason. For, be it known, the orderly-men are very important and essential factors in the Army scheme of things. An Army Corps "might" possibly get along all right without its Commanders, but never, never, without its orderly-men.

Then, who and what are these highly placed soldiers? Well, in brief, they are the final connecting link between the contractors who supply the Army with "grub"—and the soldiers who eat it. In detail they are—but it would take the whole of this volume to tell in detail what they are. Perhaps, though, if I try very hard, I'll manage to squeeze into this chapter enough about them to satisfy every one's curiosity; anyhow, I'll try.

And if, to begin with, I liken an orderly-man to a combination of housemaid, parlour-maid, kitchen-maid, scullery-maid, watch-dog, messenger boy, and fag for his comrades, I shall be giving my readers a fair preliminary idea of his "office."

Fortunately for the Tommies, the " honours " of such " office " are not thrust upon any man in a regiment oftener than about once in every fortnight or so, and then only for one day at a time. The system is generally adopted of making every soldier take his turn at the duty for his own particular tent or barrack-room.

The rôle of orderly-man is the very first individual " duty " which falls to the lot of a recruit. Almost before he knows where he is he will be detailed for the task.

It is, perhaps, just as well that his initiation should begin thus early, for it is a duty that he will often be called on to perform in the course of his service, and, at times, called upon to perform in circumstances novel, strange, and exciting; in circumstances, maybe, where the performance of it will demand from him the very highest qualities of pluck and self-sacrifice.

At the front, to-day, many a Tommy nobly lays down his life in carrying out the duties of an orderly-man. The Tommies in the trenches must feed, but the food must first be brought to them—it is the duty of the orderly-men to bring it. They act as " waiters " on the battlefield.

At home, however, the excitement, naturally, is not quite so intense as on the battlefield, nor the circumstances so strange or novel as, say, on a troopship or in the middle of a desert. Nevertheless, even at home there is enough mild excitement about the job to satisfy the average Tommy—especially when he has to endeavour to be in about sixteen different places at once in order to successfully carry through the duty.

An orderly-man's "troubles and trials" start, as I have already said, the first thing in the morning. At the first note of the "Réveillé" he is required to immediately set about his multifarious duties. And they *are* multifarious, too, with a vengeance! Of course, in some regiments and corps they are much easier than in others, but, as a general rule, they are very similar to the specimen I quote.

His primary task is the collection of all the bedding belonging to his particular barrack-room or tent which may have been taken away the previous night for the use of men on guard, prisoners, etc.—the necessary information regarding the quantity of such bedding "out" he obtains from the orderly-man of the previous day. This task may

involve him in one or more journeys of anything from fifty yards to a quarter of a mile. From the places where he collects the bedding he carries it, in a more or less well-tied bundle, on his broad shoulders, back to the barrack-room. If the bundle is well tied up the task is not too difficult, but if, as sometimes happens when he is staggering under his load, the knot he tied in a hurry happens to slip and the bundle falls to pieces—well, wouldn't you swear ?

Should any bedding be lost he has to pay for it.

Hardly has he finished the collecting of the bedding, and snatched a hasty sluice under the nearest wash-house tap, than the bugle call sounds for all the orderlies to parade for "rations issue." Off at once he has to dash, and, if he is not unlucky, he gets to the "appointed place" just in time to save himself from being reported for "late falling in on parade."

At the ration-stand, as the place where the rations are issued is called, he is the recipient of another load—the piece of beef that is to form the dinner of the men in his particular mess.

From the ration-stand to the cook-house

he carries the beef, suspiciously gazing at it all the time *en route*, wondering whether he has received the correct weight for the number of men in mess; whether there is not an undue quantity of bone in it, and whether its quality is as good as it ought to be. The reason for his "suspicioning" thus is that in the case of any of his doubts being realised when the dinner is cooked and served, he knows that he, and he alone, will receive the hearty obloquy of his comrades—for not complaining about the stuff. On him, officially, is the responsibility for making any complaints about the quantity or the quality of the rations served out for his mess. He is supposed to check the weighing operations of the man who serves, and also judge of the quality of the articles supplied.

Every time there is an issue of rations made an officer attends the store and asks the orderly-men whether they have any complaints to make, either in regard to the quantity or the quality of the articles received. Most Tommies are very shy of making complaints; they don't like to appear grumblers, and so the usual answer to the officer's question is a chorus of "None,

sir." It is, by the way, this little characteristic of the soldier that has helped so many Army contractors to wax rich and fat.

From the cook-house back to his quarters the orderly-man rushes, and, by superhuman effort, just manages to "tidy-up" his own and his "on-duty" comrades' cots before the bugle once again demands that he shall parade at the "cook-house door"; this time to carry away, in bulk, the breakfast for himself and his pals.

Having carried it away to the place where it is to be eaten he then has to set about dividing it into equal portions for the number of men he has to feed. This he must do without showing either "fear, favour, or affection."

Should the efforts of the "chefs" who have prepared the meal not quite suit the palates of his "guests" his is the voice that must convey the information regarding the cooks' deficiency to the orderly-officer on duty.

Probably by this time he will have cultivated, as a result of his morning's exertions, a very healthy appetite, but before he dare satisfy it he must first of all convey to all

men on duty, prisoners, etc., belonging to his mess, *their* breakfasts, and also take to the cook-house, to be kept warm, the breakfasts of any men who, through "absence on duty," will be unable to obtain them until later on. Then, and not until then, may he satisfy his own cravings.

After breakfast his first task is "washing-up"—a delightful task which Tommy revels in—when somebody else is doing it.

Following this little exercise there is the cleaning-up of the quarters to be tackled. In the infantry all the men available assist in this labour, but in the cavalry the men are seldom available—the stables usually requiring their presence immediately they have had their breakfasts.

About 10 a.m. the orderly-man manages, as a rule, to get a bit of a "breather." But it is not of long duration. The inspection of quarters by section, platoon, and company officers nearly always produces for him some fresh task in the way of cleaning up—even if it does not, which is worse, add to his troubles by his being reported for some "neglect of duty" or other.

Succeeding the inspection, the issue of bread or grocery rations is, usually, the

next disturber of his peace. That "ceremony" is a repetition of the early morning business. By the time it is over the orderly-man is beginning to get somewhat used to the worries of his office, and he begins to think, as he hears the voices of the sergeants and officers bawling at his comrades on drill parade hard by, that perhaps, after all, the trials and troubles of an orderly-man are balanced somewhat by the privilege they afford of one day's absence from parades.

So he continues to think until his pals return to their quarters; and, maybe, one of them, having mislaid some article or other, begins to pass unkind remarks about "dozy orderly-men," "orderly-men he has eaten before breakfast," etc., etc.—these remarks because the orderly-man, the while his comrades are absent from their quarters, is supposed to be the custodian of all their property. Occasionally such scathing remarks are as balm to the orderly-man's ruffled feelings, for they give him the opportunity of working off, in best approved British style, some of the annoyance he has accumulated in his morning's tribulations; but that, of course, only occasionally. As a rule, the orderly-man Tommy takes such

criticisms good-naturedly, knowing that on the morrow it will be *his* turn to be the critic, and some one else's to be the criticized.

A little after mid-day the cook-house call is the signal for the ubiquitous orderly to repeat the breakfast performance.

Dinner over, washing-up done, and left in peace by his comrades, who are again busy on parade, Tommy may, for a very little while, really call his soul his own. The shatterer of his spell of happiness is again the eternal bugle as it once more calls him to the ration parade to receive any " extras " that are being served out, or else, perhaps, the bread for the following morning's breakfast.

After that, by way of adding a little spice to the variety of his existence, he may be called upon by the Sergeant-Master Cook to give a hand in peeling the " spuds " for the next day's dinner—another task that Tommy delights in !

Tea is the next break in the " monotony." Once again he goes through the breakfast and dinner evolutions. After that meal he begins to congratulate himself that his " turn " is almost over. The carrying of bedding to the men on guard, prisoners, etc.,

is practically his final task ; but his responsibilities are not ended until the bugle sounds "Lights Out." While his comrades clear out of camp or barracks to enjoy themselves he must, "à la Cinderella," stay at home —he must be the "watch-dog" for the evening over their property.

However, "Lights Out" sounds at the end of even the longest day, and when the orderly-man then turns in, to sleep the sleep of the just, he has the knowledge, as his head touches the pillow, that he has well and truly earned the rest he seeks. And I think all my readers will agree with him.

CHAPTER VI

"SENTRY GO": TOMMY'S GRAVEST AND MOST IMPORTANT DUTY

NEVER before in England was the sight of a soldier on sentry duty so familiar as it is at the present day. Almost everywhere one turns armed soldiers are to be met with on guard over important strategical points. Very few districts in the Kingdom but have somewhere in their midst the soldier sentinel.

In the highways, in the by-ways, on railway stations, bridges, and tunnels, by docks, rivers, and seashores, by camps and barracks, by factories and public buildings, everywhere that military necessity demands, the nation's ceaseless vigil of guard against the enemy is kept by the soldier on sentry duty —the man with the rifle and bayonet; the man who typifies the grim fact that England is at war.

Yet, familiar as the sight has become, I

doubt whether one person in every ten who passes by a sentry—where it is permitted to pass him—has the least conception of the immense powers and grave responsibilities with which, by virtue of the great importance of his task, the soldier "on sentry" is endowed.

How many realise, among all those who pass a sentry by, that to-day he and his kind are, more certainly than any Cabinet Ministers, the trustees of the nation's destinies?

How many know, I wonder, the grave pains and penalties he is under should he, individually, fail in his great trust; how many know that the soldier, the while he paces his solitary beat is, officially, absolutely the highest military authority on the spot; how many understand that now, in war time, without reference to any other authority, is entrusted to him life and death powers?

Most people have, of course, a vague idea that a sentry may go the length of killing anyone whom he suspects to be an enemy of his country, but few fully appreciate the fact that his latitude to kill is not alone confined to the enemy; that it can, if need arises, be exercised against ANYONE who defies his

authority or interferes with him in the execution of his duty.

Fortunately, though, our soldiers, besides being endowed with this great power, are also by nature endowed with a goodly supply of common sense and intelligence ; they can be fully depended on never to stupidly abuse their great authority. For instance, no Tommy who ever mounted sentry duty would dream of sending to eternity, on the point of his bayonet, a drunken man who interfered with him or defied him. In such a case the common sense and intelligence, assisted, perhaps, with fist or rifle butt, would be relied on.

On the other hand, no Tommy worth his salt, doing sentry duty on any important point, would hesitate to bayonet or shoot any one who deliberately disregarded his challenge. Indeed, were he to do so, and the fact be discovered, the consequences for him would be very grave. Neglect of duty in war time may carry with it, as maximum punishment, the penalty of death ; as minimum, a lengthy term of imprisonment.

The great precept laid down by the authorities to impress the soldier on active service with the importance of sentry duty is

contained in the injunction that "upon his vigilance depends the lives of his comrades as well as his own." In England, to-day, this truism embraces, besides his comrades, his fellow-countrymen and women.

While, of course, that precept was originally laid down to apply to sentries on outpost duty in countries where surprises from the enemy might be expected at any moment, it now, by nature of the circumstances, applies with equal force to all sentries on guard or outpost duty at home. Even though here in England, thanks to our sleepless Navy, enemy surprises are not so likely to occur, the need for eternal vigilance is just as great; the ramifications of our dastardly enemy extend in so many divers and devilish directions that no risks may be safely taken. Hence the reason for the ceaseless vigil; for sentries here, there, and everywhere.

Sentries are, for service purposes, divided into several categories, but for the purposes of this article it is not necessary that I should explain all about such divisions. I shall simply deal with the two chief divisions—guards and outposts.

The majority of the sentries one now sees

so frequently in England are guard sentries ; that is, they are furnished from a group consisting of from three to thirty or more men under the command, when the number is less than twenty, of a non-commissioned officer, and when that number, or above it, of a commissioned officer. A guard is generally mounted anywhere that military requirements demand that sentries shall be more or less continually on duty. The main distinction between a guard and an outpost is that the former is more a protection over property than life, while the latter is essentially a protection against surprise and consequent loss of life—except the enemy's.

It is a general rule to change guards every twenty-four hours, and also to relieve the sentries every two hours, giving the relieved sentries four hours' rest each time. Outposts are relieved according to circumstances, but the sentries, as far as possible, every two hours. To ensure that sentries are always on the alert they are visited at uncertain times by officers, styled "visiting rounds."

The routine and responsibilities of guards and outposts are, in time of war, very similar, though the sentry upon a guard always has

special orders to remember according to the particular nature of the task allotted to him, while the outpost sentry's orders are, broadly speaking, invariably the same in all circumstances.

Obviously, as the particular orders and duties of a sentry furnished from a guard vary, according to circumstances, I cannot give the detail of them. All I can say is that vigilance and the prevention of damage and destruction form their keynote.

The great difference between the "guard" and the "outpost" sentry is that while the former may permit himself to be seen by all and sundry—is, in fact, desired by the authorities to be seen—to act as a sort of "warning off" notice—the latter's great objective is to "see and hear, WITHOUT BEING SEEN OR HEARD." The "outpost" sentry is, in brief, a "look-out man" posted to give notice of the movements or the approach of an enemy. Only in circumstances where there is no other alternative must he fire at an approaching enemy. The reason for this is that by firing he would probably disclose to the enemy valuable information as to the exact position of his own troops.

The first thing a sentry must do when

put upon an "outpost" is to make himself acquainted with the following nine points: (1) The direction of the enemy. (2) The extent of the front he has to watch. (3) The number of his post. (Every post is numbered to facilitate quick identification in the making of reports, etc.) (4) The situation of the sentries on his left and right. (5) The number and the situation of his piquet and the best way to it (a piquet in this case is the group of men, somewhere near him, which form his immediate headquarters. The several groups, which make up the outpost, are also numbered in the same way as the sentries' posts). (6) The situation of any detached or examining post (an examining post is a sort of bureau of enquiry into the credentials of any one arrested by a sentry). (7) The names of all roads, rivers, railways, etc., in view of his post and the places to which the roads, railways, etc., lead. (8) Whether any scouts or patrols are likely to return near his post. And last—but by no means least—the countersign. The countersign, for the benefit of the uninitiated I may explain, is the password.

The sentry on outpost of course fills a very much more important rôle than the

sentry who is simply on guard. By this, however, I do not mean that the guard sentry's duties are of little consequence. Far from it. What I wish to convey is that the individual responsibility of a sentry on outpost, compared with that of a sentry on guard, is much greater and, relatively, of much more importance from the purely military point of view.

The failure of a single sentry on outpost duty may mean defeat instead of victory to an army; make all the difference in the destiny of a nation. Hence the gravity of the duty; the powers and responsibilities of the sentry; the extreme penalties inflicted on a soldier who abuses or neglects them.

The task of a sentry on guard is tedious and monotonous, even at the best of times, but the task of a sentry on outpost is doubly so. His "post" is generally far removed from the path of any passers-by. It is nearly always on a lonely spot which the long still hours of darkness make lonelier still. The authorities realise this, and, often on particularly lonely spots, or especially dangerous points, the sentry duty is permitted to be performed in couples. One might think that in England the sentry's

task would not prove a very lonely one, but it is surprising what a lot of lonely spots there are in this country. Besides, it is wonderful how really lonely any spot out of doors becomes in the stillness of the night.

In places where the sentry knows that the enemy is lurking near the anticipation and excitement caused by such knowledge helps to relieve the dullness. But when—as, for instance, in England to-day—the man on outpost has nothing but the expectation of a chance visit from the enemy to sustain him, the tedium and monotony are intensified. However, no matter how tedious or how monotonous the task may be, or how lonely he feels, the sentry must never, for a single instant, relax his vigilance.

As his eyes try to pierce the impenetrable gloom he may, perhaps—and does—give a thought to the loved ones he has left behind him. But only for a moment. By sheer self-will he must immediately bring himself back to a remembrance of the supreme importance of his duty and concentrate his whole mind upon it. He must, no matter how tired and drowsy he may be, never close his eyes for a second ; nor may he sit,

lie down, or move about without permission, except for better observation purposes. He must, all the time he is on duty, continually bear in mind the great precept "upon his vigilance depends the lives of his comrades as well as his own."

Should he be so far forgetful of what is expected of him as to fall asleep on his post the penalty, in time of war, is death, or such less punishment as may be inflicted on him.

In the whole kalend of military offences there is hardly a more heinous one than sleeping while on sentry duty, either on "Guard" or "Outpost." Even in peace-time the offence is invariably punished by imprisonment.

Possibly the only worse offence that a soldier can commit is that of "shamefully abandoning his 'post' in face of the enemy." Death is the penalty reserved for such cowardice. And rightly so!

A sentry must never remove, even temporarily, any part of his equipment from his person, nor must he, under any circumstances, except on the direct authority of his guard or outpost commander, permit his rifle or bayonet to leave his possession; not even if Lord Kitchener himself were to request him

to do so. Disobedience of this regulation would, inevitably, mean serious trouble for him.

No sentry is authorised to quit his post, for any purpose, unless properly relieved. In connection with this regulation there is a tradition in the Army that the skeleton remains of a soldier which were found in one of the underground tunnels at Gibraltar were proved, on investigation, to be those of a soldier who had, over a 100 years before, been mounted on sentry there, and then forgotten. I cannot, it must be understood, vouch for the truth of this story. That such a tradition, however, should exist in the Army shows what importance is attached to this regulation.

While a sentry is on duty, whether on "guard" or "outpost," he is forbidden to enter into conversation with anyone except on a point of duty. This statement may perhaps explain to some of my readers the reason for the apparent "standoffishness" of any sentries with whom they may have attempted to chat. Young ladies, please note.

Quite a formidable task for the sentry is the assimilation of his many orders. Still,

not so hard as it looks. What is harder for him is the two hours' continued strain at high tension looking for the foe or danger that he knows may be lurking near but yet cannot see; the feeling all the time that perhaps some unintentional act of negligence on his part may endanger the lives of his comrades, may irretrievably jeopardise his general's battle plans, may bring ruin and disaster to his country, to himself, and to all whom he holds dear—that is the hardest part of the sentry's duty. It is a task that requires moral as well as physical courage, but, thank God, they are qualities which our brave soldiers, Regulars and Territorials alike, possess in abundance.

Whether at home on railway bridges, or abroad on battlefields, our gallant lads may always be relied on to well and faithfully carry out the great trust the duty of a sentry imposes on them.

The man who delivers his challenge of "Halt, who comes there?" will not fail.

CHAPTER VII

OFFICERS' BADGES OF RANK—AN INSTRUCTIVE HINT OR TWO FOR CIVILIANS

ONCE upon a time (not twice upon a time, be it noted) a fair maiden called at a barrack-gate and asked the soldier on duty there to send a message to her sweetheart, Mr. Jones, that she urgently desired to see him. The gallant Tommy, anxious to oblige, but knowing how many different sorts and sizes of Joneses there were in the Regiment (it may have been in the Welsh Fusiliers that the incident happened), sought a little more enlightenment from the lady as to the exact Mr. Jones she wished to meet. He therefore asked her if she could say to which particular company *her* Mr. Jones belonged, or, at any rate, state his regimental number.

To neither of these questions could the young lady return an answer, but, with an obvious show of pride in the fact, she ex-

plained that " he was not a private soldier, but an officer of some sort."

The obliging Tommy, seeing " land in sight " as it were, eagerly asked what " rank " her officer held, but was completely " flabbergasted " when she very prettily explained to him that " she wasn't quite sure, but she thought he was either a Colonel, a Corporal or a General; at any rate, it ended in the letter L."

At the present time, though I know perfectly well that the uninitiated find it difficult to distinguish the different ranks in the Army, I do not suppose many men or maidens would fall into the error of confusing a Corporal with a Colonel or a General; most people know that between a Corporal and a Colonel or General there is a vast and considerable difference.

If one were to ask a Colonel or General about this difference the reply (high explosive) would probably be to the effect that though the spelling of the title in each case ends in the letter " L," there is, nevertheless, in the actual ranks, " a ' L ' of a difference."

To minimise as much as possible any confusion that may arise in distinguishing

officers' ranks I will submit herein as much information as is necessary to save the average civilian from embarrassment

It should always be remembered that an officer in Service dress (which is the uniform most generally worn just now) wears his badge of rank either on the cuffs of his sleeves or on his shoulder straps.

The junior rank among officers is that of a Second-Lieutenant, and his badge is a solitary star (embroidered or in gold-coloured metal) worn on each of his shoulder straps. If for any reason the badge does not appear on the shoulder straps it will be noticed on the cuffs of his jacket sleeve.

On promotion to Lieutenant the budding Field-Marshal receives another star to take away the loneliness of the original one.

When a third star makes its appearance the Lieutenant has become a Captain ; he is "getting on," and is no longer known as a "subaltern" officer.

The next step to the Field-Marshal's bâton is promotion to a Majority, and then the stars disappear, and, in their stead, a natty little crown betokens to all and sundry that the wearer of it is a Major—a "Field Officer"—a senior officer.

A Lieutenant-Colonelcy is the Major's next upward step, and the identity of a Lieutenant-Colonel is discernible by the fact that in addition to the Major's crown he wears a star.

If the officer happens to be wearing two stars, as well as the crown, know ye that he is a " Full Colonel "—one of the " tip-toppers."

Still higher, however, than the " tip-toppers " are the General Officers, and of Generals there are four kinds: Brigadier-Generals, Major-Generals, Lieutenant-Generals, and—just simple Generals, the highest of all.

There are less than fifty of the latter in the King's Forces.

The title of General is not lightly bestowed in the British Army, and the officer who reaches the proud rank has every reason to feel more than a trifle pleased with himself; it is an achievement possible only by a lifetime zealously sacrificed to his glorious profession. Promotion to General rank (Brigadier, Major, Lieutenant, or Full) is not slung about in this country like Iron Crosses are in another, therefore Generals are not so common as they are alleged to be in one of the small Central

American Republics, where, it is said, there are only two ranks in the army, Generals and Privates, and the sign that distinguishes the former from the latter is that they wear boots.

Our Generals wear boots, too (as perhaps my readers have at times observed), but their boots are not the sign by which they are recognised.

A Brigadier-General's badge is a crossed sword and bâton—no stars or crowns. When he adds a star to the crossed sword and bâton he becomes a Major-General, and when, in place of the star, a crown keeps company with the crossed sword and bâton the wearer is a Lieutenant-General.

It has always struck me as curious that though a Lieutenant is considerably junior in rank to a Major, a Lieutenant-General is superior to a Major-General. Why it should be so I cannot, for the life of me, explain. It's a "Way they have in the Army," and that's all about it!

An officer whose decoration of rank is the crossed sword and bâton, and a crown and a star in addition, is—a "Full" General—one of the Army's supreme chiefs. About him, in addition to his outward badge of rank—

and his inevitable breast-full of medals or medal ribbons—there is always that indefinable, indescribable air and appearance that stamps him as a leader; a man whose will is law.

After the rank of General has been reached there is only one step more in the military hierarchy, that is the bâton of a Field-Marshal. The soldier who has reached this exalted rank has received the reward that falls to very, very few. It is, indeed, the blue riband of the Army; the crowning honour of a gallant soldier's long, long career of untiring devotion to his King, his country, and his profession.

How great, how select, how rare the honour of the Field-Marshal's bâton is may be better gauged when I state that in the whole of the British Army there are but eight soldiers on whom the proud distinction rests. Lord Kitchener, the Duke of Connaught, and—though the public always refer to him as "General"—Sir John French are, deservedly, three of the elect.

The Field-Marshal's badge of rank on his shoulder strap is: Crossed bâtons inside a wreath of laurel, with a crown above.

In addition to the distinguishing signs

which I have mentioned, there are various other points about an officer's uniform that distinguish his rank, but to the average person the ones I have quoted will be the easiest to identify.

I may add, however, that all officers above the rank of Colonel wear on the lapels of their service-dress jackets a scarlet patch, a few inches long, officially known as the "gorget patch." Variations in rank are denoted on the gorget patch by buttons, and lines of gold, etc., running through the centre of the patch.

Staff officers, the "scornful staff officers," or "brass hats" as Tommy irreverently designates them—the "brains of the Army" as I have an idea they themselves prefer to be regarded—even though not above the rank of Colonel, also wear a gorget patch on the lapels of their service-dress jackets, and in addition they, like General Officers, also wear a scarlet band round their caps.

The officers of certain regiments—regiments which have the prefix Royal in their designations—wear scarlet bands round their blue cloth forage caps, too, but it is easy to distinguish them from staff officers

by the absence of the gorget patch on the jacket.

Army Chaplains—the "sky pilots" as Tommy calls them, and as the Chaplains often call themselves—wear practically the same kind of uniform as other officers, but the stars, etc., on their shoulder straps are black, and, as a further aid to easy identification, they wear, on the lapels of their jackets, a black metal cross on a plain metal tablet surmounted by a crown. They also wear a black silk scarf round the neck, and the clergyman's collar.

In full dress, mess dress, etc., there is no end of variety in officers' uniforms, but, as a knowledge of same is only of interest to the officers themselves, it is hardly necessary to mention anything about it here. As a matter of fact, to go into anything like detail about such variety would fill this book—and half a dozen more.

CHAPTER VIII

MILITARY ETIQUETTE: OFFICERS AND MEN —WITH A FEW POINTS FOR CIVILIANS

TO-DAY there are thousands upon thousands of Tommies in the ranks who, had it ever been suggested to them that they would eventually enlist in the Army would have ridiculed the suggestion and laughed it to scorn.

But, as always, the hour brings forth the man, or, rather, I should in this case say—the men. And, in this hour of the country's need, splendid men, indeed, has it brought forth.

Men with but the merest smattering of military knowledge, and men absolutely ignorant thereof, have, in a flash almost, transformed themselves from peaceful, easy-going civilians into brave, energetic, and enthusiastic soldiers; all eager, for their country's sake, to vie with the seasoned

regular Tommy they have wisely taken for their criterion.

And, in the parts that matter most of all —pluck, endurance, and efficiency on the battlefield—right royally have they emulated their professional brethren ; worthily have they " won their spurs " and the right to rank with the finest soldiers England ever boasted. I salute them !

But, in lesser martial matters, in the little things that separate the soldier from the civilian, that distinguish the man of war from the man of peace, they have not yet become quite as thoroughly acclimatized as perhaps they would wish—and military etiquette is one of them.

That they have not is, however, cause for neither surprise nor reproach ; their time has been too strenuously occupied with graver business.

I know a knowledge of military etiquette is of no particular use when dealing with the enemy, but I also know that in this respect, as in every other, the " new " soldier is anxious to show himself the equal of the " old." And, as Military Etiquette is closely allied to Military Discipline, and is one of the essential oils used to keep the military

machine running smoothly, it is only right he should wish to shine to advantage in that particular branch of his military education.

Before going any further I would like to explain that I am not inferring that the "new" soldiers know nothing of the subject;—far from it! What has often surprised me about them is not that they know so little about it, but that, in the circumstances, they know so much. In the remarkably short period they have had in which to learn they have shown wonderful adaptability in conforming to the many written and unwritten laws governing military etiquette.

Military etiquette varies considerably from civilian etiquette, and, therefore, it is not at all wonderful that the soldier recently a civilian cannot become an expert at it all at once, or that he should, to commence with, slightly mix the two codes.

But, for that matter, civil and military affairs are now getting so interwoven in each other that it is becoming increasingly difficult to say where one state begins and the other leaves off. Civilians are now in such constant contact with soldiers that it is almost as incumbent on them to know a little about military etiquette as it is for

the soldier to know a lot about civilian etiquette.

Possibly the few points I touch upon in this chapter will be helpful, alike to the civilian and the—very "new" soldier.

The breach of military etiquette of which "new" soldiers are most often guilty is in the salutation of their lady friends.

I have, on numerous occasions, noticed them—officers as well as privates—when meeting or departing from a member of the fair sex adopt the civilian courtesy of raising their hats to the lady. This is utterly wrong; it is a heinous breach. The lady should be saluted by the soldier in exactly the same manner as a superior officer, with the exception that the left hand should never be used to give the salute.

Mention of the left hand reminds me that it is also considered bad form for an officer, or a warrant or non-commissioned officer who wears a sword, to salute with other than the right hand.

Junior non-commissioned officers, and privates, always salute their superiors with the hand furthest away from the person saluted.

Cavalry soldiers, when riding alone, always

salute by dropping the arm straight down to its full extent and turning their head and eyes towards the person being accorded the salute.

Wherever it is impossible for a soldier to use his hands to give a salute it is considered equally sufficient if he turns his head and eyes towards the person he wishes to salute.

A soldier must never, under any circumstances, raise his hand to his forehead in a salute when he has his head uncovered. Stage soldiers do, I know, but not proper, or, as Tommy says, "pukka" soldiers.

When a soldier armed with a rifle passes an officer, or any one else whom he wishes to salute, he must march to "Attention"—that is, by placing the rifle on his left shoulder in the position called the "slope"—and bring his right hand smartly across to his rifle butt three seconds before reaching the person to whom the compliment is being paid, and keep the hand there for three seconds after passing.

The "individual" salute, from inferiors to superiors, is the same to all officers right up to His Majesty the King. Collective salutes, that is where there is a body of soldiers saluting, vary considerably according to the

circumstances under which the salute is paid. A party of troops on the march, for instance, salute by turning their heads and eyes towards the person or object saluted, on receiving the order from their Commander "Eyes left," or "Eyes right" as the case may be, while the Commander, personally, gives the individual salute. Then again, the compliments paid by a sentry "On Guard" vary according to the rank of the officer saluted. To officers below the rank of Major he simply stands to "Attention," and brings his right hand across to the butt of his rifle in the manner already explained; to Majors and Colonels he "Presents Arms," a movement of his rifle to a perpendicular position in front of his body; to Generals, Judges of Assize, Field-Marshals, and Royalty, he also "Presents" if he is detached from the remainder of his "Guard," but, if near his "Guard," he must "call it out," and the whole of the "Guard" then salutes under the direction of the Commander. A "Guard" also "turns out" to, and salutes, any armed body of troops that pass it by; also any passing funerals—soldiers or civilians.

The compliment of the "Guard turning out" is likewise paid to the Commanding

officer of a regiment at least once a day. Any party of soldiers, on duty, passing a sentry must salute him, and he, of course, must return the salute.

On "Outpost" a soldier must pay NO compliments to anyone—not even the King.

Though there are a good many laws governing the salute, directing to whom it shall be accorded, etc., there is none forbidding the soldier saluting whom he may please. The absence of this makes one conclude that it has been so omitted in order to enable the soldier to accord the courtesy of a salute to any civilian to whom he wishes to pay a tribute of respect, such as a former employer, a civilian clergyman, a magistrate, a lady friend, etc.

Soldiers are supposed to salute all officers in uniform, naval and military, regulars or territorials, and, even if not in uniform, all officers whom they know to be such. By the King's regulations the naval and military officers of all Powers in alliance with His Majesty are also to be accorded the same compliments as British officers.

Here I will settle a point I have often heard debated in regard to the salute given by soldiers to their officers. It is not the

officer who is saluted, and it is not the officer's uniform which is saluted; it is the King's commission which the officer holds.

All officers, by virtue of their commissions, are direct representatives of the King, and, therefore, strictly speaking, they are really entitled to be saluted by all civilians as well as subordinate soldiers. Obviously, however, neither civilians nor officers could be bothered with such a system; it would be too absurd for anything.

But civilians greeting officer friends should, as a compliment to His Majesty, invariably, as a preliminary, accord the officers the equivalent of the military salute; that is, raise their hats to them. Officers, in return, and on behalf of His Majesty, should reciprocate with the most rigidly correct military salute; not a perfunctory, anyhow sort of one.

Civilians who wish to show good manners should always raise their hats to the regimental colours of any troops whom they happen to pass. At the present time regimental colours are not often seen, but, at the end of the war, just after peace is declared and the "boys" come victoriously marching home again, they will be very

much in evidence in many places. My readers should memorize this hint for such occasions.

When approaching an officer on business a civilian who is anxious to do the correct thing should always first raise his hat to the officer whom he is about to engage in conversation. On departing he should do likewise.

If I may, I would also like to suggest to my civilian friends that a very nice way, and one that does not cost a great deal, to show their appreciation of the sacrifices the " lads " are making for their King and country is by saluting any wounded soldier, in uniform, they may happen to meet. This custom is already largely adopted by some of the best people in the land.

A point of military etiquette civilians should bear in mind is the mode of address to use to officers. All army officers with and above the rank of Captain are spoken of, and to, by their titles. Letters should also be addressed to them by their titles. But Lieutenants and Second Lieutenants are always spoken of, and to, as " Misters," and their letters addressed simply J. Jones, J. Smith, or whatever the name may be—Esq.

Whenever a civilian meets a military funeral he should, if he desires to accord the dead warrior a fitting tribute, always stand still, with his head uncovered, while the gun-carriage passes.

In all other intercourse with the military, civilians will not go far astray if they follow the ordinary principles of polite society.

Now, in conclusion, a hint or two for the benefit of young officers and those about to become such.

They should always "sir" the Commanding officer ; it is policy as well as politeness. To begin with, at any rate, they should also do the same to the Senior Major ; he may be "C.O." any day.

On parade or on duty it is always correct to salute seniors when addressing them, even though only of the same rank ; seniority is reckoned according to the date of commission.

Never, except when their swords are drawn, should they fail to return a salute. When meeting, and saluted by, a former civilian superior they should always remember that it is their commission and not themselves to which the respect is paid.

It is always considered seemly for very

young officers to salute, at all times, all officers holding the rank of major and upwards. Also, they are supposed to salute all naval officers who would be saluted by individuals of corresponding rank in their own service.

Officers with friends in the ranks should not, for the sake of discipline, acknowledge such friendship in public ; neither should the ranker attempt to take advantage of such friendship in public.

Prominent civilians, such as clergymen, magistrates, mayors, statesmen, etc., should be saluted *first* by young officers when they come into official contact with them. This, however, is not a regulation—but good policy.

Little regimental traditions and customs should be scrupulously observed ; failure to do so is an unforgivable offence.

To sum up, an officer's every action, in every society, must reflect the fact that he is an officer and—a gentleman.

CHAPTER IX

THE COMMANDING OFFICER

THE Colonel, the Commanding Officer, the "C.O.," the "Old Man" as the Tommies and the junior officers affectionately, if somewhat irreverently, designate him, is an Army personality of whom the general public have only very mixed and vague conceptions.

In a hazy sort of way they understand that he is the chief officer of a regiment, but of his great and many functions, his immense and heavy responsibilities, his wide province of power and authority, his tremendous influence over the officers and men under his command, and his enormous value in making the great military machine run smoothly, they have little or no idea.

A popular, but very erroneous, old-time impression of a Colonel commanding used to be that of a semi-decrepit, gouty, jaundiced old veteran, mere figurehead sort of chief,

who, by virtue of his rank, wore a lot of extra gold lace, rode in front of "the boys" when on parade, had an affected liver and a choleric temper, swore a lot, took unto himself all the kudos earned by his subordinates, held the office for three or four years on exceptionally good pay, and then retired on a nice fat pension; became, in due course, a member of some town or district council, a shining light on the local magistrates' bench, a frequent visitor to the Service Clubs, and spent the rest of his days for ever declaring, to all and sundry, that: "Gad, sir; the Service is going to the dogs, sir."

That kind of an impression was created chiefly by lady writers of military novels; the ladies who invariably endowed "their" Colonel with a beautiful daughter who would, despite the admonitions and opposition of the old gentleman, persist in falling head over ears in love with the handsome but bad-charactered Tommy, marrying him—and living "happily" ever after.

I do not suppose many people now—especially since the present war began—hold that kind of impression of a Colonel—to say nothing of the Colonel's daughter.

Every one is too enlightened about the "Way they have in the Army" for that rubbish to pass muster.

Nevertheless, a good deal of misconception still exists in regard to such officers, and, with the intention of dispelling some of it, I shall, in this brief sketch, endeavour to convey a fairly accurate idea of what a "C.O." really is. A Colonel, or whatever other rank the officer holds—and he may, on occasions, be only a Major, or even a Captain—who commands a regiment must, to successfully carry out the duties which devolve upon him, act the part of a superman; from him is expected a super-standard of ability and conduct.

The position of a "C.O." is one which no poor semi-decrepit individual could occupy for long. It is a job which only a keen, clever and strong man can dare to accept. And quite rightly so. For, into the keeping of a "C.O." is entrusted a grave and responsible charge.

First, and most important, he is practically the sole arbiter of the destinies, in peace and war, of a by no means insignificant portion of humanity; some 1000 souls, or so, are under his direction and control.

Over the mass of ambitions, passions, jealousies, and other conflicting emotions that will, naturally, evince themselves among so large a community he must rule with the wisdom of a Solomon and the firmness of a Cromwell.

By his own personal example, on all occasions, in all emergencies, he must set the standard that will govern the conduct of all officers and men under his command.

Over his thousand and odd subjects he must exercise a princely and paternal solicitude, obtain for them every possible comfort that is within his power, jealously guard their privileges, champion their rights, and secure for each and every one of them the honour and glory that is their due for good and gallant service.

In peace, and in war, he must take the lead in everything. As Commanding Officer he is the deity who, by sheer super merit, must compel the worship of all his regimental disciples—from the officer who is his "second in command" down to the smallest drummer boy.

On the battlefield, by a contemptuous fearlessness of death and danger, he must imbue all ranks under him with his own

magnificent spirit; never must he quail, lose his head, or become disheartened in the face of disaster, defeat or disappointment. Always he must remain a cool, clear-thinking, cheerful optimist—never a pessimist. Not only does his King and country expect this from him, but—his officers and men also.

A Commanding Officer, through his Generals, is responsible to the Government of the country that his regiment, to a man, is always in a fit and ready state for any call that may be made upon it.

He must ensure that every soldier under him is properly clothed and equipped, properly trained, properly fed, properly paid, and properly treated by the subordinate officers and non-commissioned officers. He is also responsible that no waste of the public's money is caused by dishonest, inefficient, or careless handling of Government stores and property; that his officers maintain, in their social as well as military life, the high standard of conduct that their rank demands; that the non-commissioned officers and men likewise display a due regard for the customs and conventions of all society. Furthermore, he is responsible for the maintenance

and administration of discipline in a fair and impartial manner.

To assist him in his multifarious duties he has, as personal staff, an Adjutant (an officer who acts as his private secretary and right hand man), a Quartermaster (an officer who might be likened to a general manager of a large concern), and the Regimental-Sergeant-Major (a warrant officer, with whom I deal in another chapter).

The " powers " of a Commanding Officer, though wide, are not altogether unlimited.

Nevertheless, an unscrupulous " C.O." could, if he were so minded, make the life of any officer or man under him a perfect " hell upon earth." Fortunately, unscrupulous " C.O.'s " are extremely rare in the Army. Neither, for that matter, are " C.O.'s " who are cruel disciplinarians—otherwise martinets—encouraged by the authorities. A Commanding Officer who has any hopes of obtaining higher promotion must tactfully administer his great disciplinary powers in the spirit, rather than the letter, of the regulations. Higher authorities judge of his competence and personality by his ability or failure in this direction.

A "C.O.'s" summary powers over his officers are restricted to the infliction upon them of minor punishments, such as the imposition of extra duties, the stoppage of leave, and so on. Should an officer be guilty of conduct which the "C.O." cannot tolerate, and which is of too grave a character to be purged by a minor punishment, he must send the officer for trial by Court-Martial.

The "C.O.'s" greatest "pull" over the officers under him is the "confidential report." This document is an annual affair in which he reports on the behaviour, efficiency, etc., of every officer in his regiment. An officer upon whom he reports adversely is wise to consider his military career at an end.

While a "C.O." may promote any man to be a non-commissioned officer, and can bestow further promotion on those already holding such rank, he cannot punish a non-commissioned officer by depriving him of his stripes. That power is only vested in a Court-Martial. All the "C.O." may do, on his own authority, to show his disapproval of a non-commissioned officer's breach of discipline, is to "admonish" or "reprimand" him.

At the same time, when a "C.O." is particularly annoyed with a non-commissioned officer, and desires that he shall no longer retain his stripes—although he has not been guilty of an offence sufficiently serious to be dealt with by Court-Martial—he can "invite" the non-commissioned officer to revert, "at his own request," to the grade of private. Only a very foolish soldier will decline to accept such an "invitation."

Even over Tommy himself the "C.O.'s" powers, though much wider than in the case of officers and non-commissioned officers, are somewhat restricted. The highest punishment he can award a sinning Tommy is 28 days' imprisonment ("detention" is what they call it in the Army).

But he cannot even do this without Tommy's permission. Before he passes any sentence which involves imprisonment, or stoppage of pay, he must first ask the soldier whether he is willing to accept his award, or would prefer to be dealt with by a Court-Martial.

Most Tommies unquestioningly accept the "Old Man's" award—Courts-Martial have a nasty habit of doubling or trebling the sentences. Minor punishments, such as

"confinement to barracks," the "C.O." can inflict on Tommy to his "heart's content." I dare say most Tommies would like the regulations altered, so that it would be compulsory on "C.O.'s" to first ask their permission as to whether they were willing to accept such "awards" or would prefer—none at all.

All promotions in a regiment are in the hands of the "C.O." If he withholds his recommendation the odds are the officer concerned does not receive his step. He can also, by his recommendation, promote any soldier to commissioned rank, and, on his own authority, to any non-commissioned rank.

No man can obtain a V.C. or any other military honour or decoration without the "C.O.'s" formal recommendation.

If a "C.O." chooses he can, by the exercise of his powers, make the lives of his men miserable or happy; he can do the former by such simple expedients as the placing "out of bounds" of certain spots; the confining to camp or barracks of the whole or any part of his regiment; the introduction of superfluous duties and parades, and so on, —the latter by the abolition of all harassing

and unnecessary regimental orders forbidding this, that, and the other ; the generous granting of "leave" on all possible occasions ; a merciful leniency in the administration of his disciplinary powers, and by taking a healthy and a wholesome interest in the human affairs of the subjects over whom he reigns.

The Commanding officer who, the while he holds the great office, adopts the latter policy will always command, on battlefield or in barracks, the devotion, admiration, love and respect that are the highest tributes those who are led can pay to their leader

CHAPTER X

PRIVATE THOMAS ATKINS, C.B.

GENERALS, colonels, and sometimes majors possess the proud privilege, enjoyed also by certain distinguished civilians, of affixing the initials "C.B." to their names; this privilege being bestowed upon them by His Majesty as a special reward for exceptional military service.

The last list of King's birthday honours contained a goodly list of officers so favoured.

Also, though the Press never blazons forth the news, quite a number of Tommies, too, at different times in the course of their martial careers, have the distinction of "C.B." conferred upon them.

But, as no doubt my readers will have already guessed, between the officers' "C.B." and the Tommies' there is a wide and mighty difference—a wide and mighty difference, indeed.

The "C.B." honour in the case of an officer,

as, of course, every one knows, confers upon him the right of admission to the Companionship of the members of the ancient and honourable Order of the Bath, but, in Tommy's case, as, perhaps, not quite so many people know, only the right of admission to the companionship of fellow-sinners against the laws laid down for the observance of "good order and military discipline."

In fact, Tommy's order of "C.B.," though a decided distinction, cannot, by any stretch of the imagination, be construed into an honour; rather, in a military sense, the direct opposite.

It is, too, a distinction that no Tommy is particularly keen about having conferred upon him—though the ceremony of investiture is a simple one; very simple!

Sometimes, however, despite his innate modesty and his diffidence in accepting it, the distinction is, much to his disgust and subsequent discomfort, simply thrust upon him. Never, of course, by His Majesty for good and gallant service on his behalf, but by commanding or company officers to mark their "appreciation" of his little lapses from the "ways of the righteous."

"C.B.," translated from its military brevity into ordinary English, means "Confinement to Barracks," and confinement to barracks is, as every soldier who undergoes the experience realises, the martial interpretation of the Scriptural injunction that "the way of the transgressor is hard."

"C.B." is, to be perfectly plain, the punishment awarded to private soldiers for all minor military offences.

The punishment does not merely carry with it confinement to a particular area, but also a lot, a tremendous lot, of unpleasant tasks, and the deprivation of certain little privileges.

The power to punish a soldier by subjecting him to "C.B." is vested in all commissioned officers, junior as well as senior. But no officer, other than a commanding officer, may pass a sentence of more than seven days' "C.B."

Where the Tommy's offence is such that the officer dealing with it thinks seven days' punishment insufficient to purge the "crime" he must remand the case for disposal by the "C.O." The recognised maximum of "C.B." which the Commanding Officer may inflict is 21 days.

Very junior officers are generally restricted, by the edict of the C.O., to passing "C.B." sentences of not more than three days. This wise provision is made to save Tommy from absurdly harsh sentences passed through the ignorance of young officers.

In connection with the ignorance of young officers and the restriction of their powers in this particular respect, there is a very good Army story that I may be forgiven for here repeating.

A Tommy guilty of drunkenness was, when sober, hailed for judgment before a raw young officer who, after listening to the man's explanation of his fall from virtue, passed sentence of 14 days' "C.B." The Sergeant-Major, who was standing by at the time, respectfully informed the officer that he could not give the man such a sentence.

"Can I not?" queried the youthful one, "then what can I give him, Sergeant-Major?"

"Oh, if I were you, sir," answered the Sergeant-Major, forgetful of the fact that the young officer would not understand the Army system of fining men, through their pay accounts, for drunkenness, "I should give him three days and 5s."

"Oh, thank you, Sergeant-Major," acknowledged the embryo Field-Marshal, and, turning to the Tommy, he apologetically remarked:

"You will not have 14 days' 'C.B.' now; you will have three, instead, and five shillings. But" (as he dipped his hand in his trousers pocket) "I have only half-a-crown on me just at present; here it is, and I will give you the other half-crown when I come over later on to inspect the barrack-room."

I am afraid that no such lucky Tommy ever existed, for the very good reason that the offence of drunkenness is one which is dealt with only by the Commanding Officer. And, from my knowledge of those gentlemen, I can hardly imagine one of them giving away five bobs to delinquent Tommies. In the case of drunkenness the C.O. would, when awarding the "C.B." punishment, more probably sternly express his regret at being unable to give the erring one—five years.

A Tommy anxious to obtain the "coveted" distinction of "C.B." will quickly find his ambition realised by the committal of any one of the following offences:—Late falling in on parade; talking on parade; inattention

at drill; going on parade unshaven or improperly dressed; failing, through forgetfulness, to comply with an order; overstaying leave of absence; making frivolous complaints about his food, pay, etc.; not keeping his rifle and equipment thoroughly clean; quitting camp or barracks without permission at an unauthorised time; failing to pay proper compliments to his officers and proper respect to his non-commissioned officers; creating a disturbance in tent or barrack-room; drunkenness; gambling; unsoldierlike conduct in public; and—but the list is legion. Summed up, any action that has the least tendency to prejudice good order and military discipline will qualify a man for the distinction. And, when he has won the distinction, he will wish he—hadn't.

The soldier expiating his military iniquities by way of "C.B." will, assuredly, realise that this world is not by any means a bed of roses.

In camp or barracks the defaulters, as the men undergoing such punishment are termed, are placed under the especial supervision of a martinet non-commissioned officer, known as the regimental provost-sergeant, whose

particular duty it is to make them as reasonably unhappy as he knows how. And the genus provost-sergeant does not, as a rule, require any tips in that direction.

Almost at the first note of réveillé he collects his defaulters by the bugle call known as the "Angel's Whisper," and, excepting for the intervals when he loses control of them by their absence at meals, on parade or on duty, he keeps them going, first on one job, and then on another, until, practically, "Lights Out" sounds at the end of the day.

Pack drill, for several hours a day, a kind of drill at lightning speed, with the soldier loaded to the utmost limit with his equipment and kit, used to be a very fashionable form of punishment for defaulters. It has, however, within the last few years, been superseded by a more humane and sensible plan of treatment.

Now, the defaulters in a regiment are required to perform all the most unpleasant tasks that, of necessity, must arise in a self-supporting community consisting of 1,000 or so men.

All manner of fatigue duties fall to their lot.

While the "good boys" are resting, the "bad boys" are working. The provost-sergeant acts on the "no rest for the wicked" principle.

At home, such pleasant tasks as washing up the dishes in the officers' and sergeants' messes, breaking wood, scouring and scrubbing dirty quarters, whitewashing storehouses, weeding gardens, making roadways, unloading wagons, etc., etc., are found for them by the provost-sergeant.

Sometimes, even the ingenuity of the provost is at a loss to discover employment for them—but not often—and then there is delight in the defaulters' hearts.

Still, even when not actually engaged on any task the erring ones' minds are not at rest. Constantly they must be on the alert for the bugle sounding the "Angel's Whisper." Should they fail to quickly respond to the call when it sounds the provost-sergeant will report them for "late falling in on parade." If a man "jibs" altogether while doing "C.B." he is awarded the more serious punishment of "detention." That, practically, is the equivalent of imprisonment.

While a Tommy is a defaulter he is not

allowed in the regimental canteen except for a very limited period in the evening; not allowed to quit barracks or camp, and not allowed to take part in any regimental entertainments, not even, if the provost-sergeant is very strict, to watch a football match.

Taking it altogether the defaulter is made to realise that, for the time being, he is a very wretched individual indeed.

Most Tommies, though of course they don't like "C.B.," grin though it, and pretend a cheerfulness they do not feel. Some heroically, but unveraciously, even swear they enjoy it.

On Sundays, and any other occasions, such as late evenings, when there are no fatigues for the defaulters, they are required to periodically report to the provost-sergeant or his representative, every hour or half-hour, to show that they are present in camp or barracks.

At the front, the principle underlying the treatment of the defaulters at home is still maintained, even in the face of the enemy; though, naturally, circumstances determine the shape the punishment takes. No one, from the Commander-in-Chief downwards,

is anxious to unduly harass the brave boys there, and, even when discipline demands that a man shall be punished with "C.B.," or a modified form of "Field Punishment," it generally resolves itself more into a matter of form than anything else.

In the occasional spells that the regiments have from the firing line the defaulter may, when his comrades are resting, be required to perform a fatigue or two, such as filling a water cart, unloading a ration wagon, and so on, but even these tasks are not put upon him unduly.

In concluding this chapter I should just like to make it clear to my readers that "C.B.," though it is punishment, is not by any means a disgraceful punishment. Many soldiers who to-day hold rank as commissioned officers had the "C.B." distinction conferred upon them more than once in the early stage of their soldiering careers, and very few non-commissioned officers can boast that, as privates, they escaped the attentions of the regimental provost-sergeant.

"C.B." is distinctly a "military" punishment, and though I strongly advise all soldiers to avoid it, I, at the same time, advise any who have had the stigma—if it

is a stigma—put upon them, not to worry over it. Many good soldiers have, at one time or another, been defaulters. "C.B." has often preceded the "V.C."

CHAPTER XI

THE REGIMENTAL SERGEANT-MAJOR—A SOLDIER WHO IS "SOME GOODS"

SOMEBODY or other of distinction once said—and very truly—that the non-commissioned officers (sergeants and corporals) were the backbone of the British Army. But if I were asked to suggest an improvement in that very excellent truism I should promptly add "and the first-class warrant officers (regimental sergeant-majors) the very marrow."

On them, in a far greater degree than is generally recognised, rests the credit for creating and the responsibility for maintaining the high standard of efficiency which our Army enjoys.

The regimental sergeant-majors are, as their title implies, super-sergeants. They, as a rule, only arrive at their high rank after long, long years of 'prenticeship as privates and non-commissioned officers. And then

only after showing professional zeal and ability above the average of their fellows.

Obviously, by reason of their wide experience and special talents, they are most valuable assets in the military scheme of things.

Briefly, if not elegantly, "what they don't know about soldierin' ain't worth knowin'."

In each regiment of cavalry, in each brigade of artillery, in each battalion of infantry there is but *one* regimental sergeant-major—one and one only. He is alone in his glory, unrivalled, unchallenged, supreme. He is, in his own particular sphere, just—*it*.

As a rule, too, the holder of the proud distinction has a manner and method peculiarly his own for impressing the great and solemn fact on all and sundry whom it may concern. And "woe unto him"—if a subordinate—who happens to forget it!

The outward symbol of the "all high" one's rank is a miniature Royal Coat of Arms, superimposed on the right sleeve of his tunic or jacket, about midway between the elbow and the wrist. Stripes, flags, and other elaborate and picturesque ornamenta-

tions are conspicuously absent from his person. Perhaps the austere simplicity of his badge is meant to plainly indicate that he is a man in whom there are no vain fripperies; no room for nonsenses of any sort.

About him, too, there is always a monarchical "keep off the grass" atmosphere; from his eye there continually radiates that cold, repellent, Kitchener-like glance that forbids presumption—that compels, alike from the cheekiest drummer boy, the least subservient Tommy, and the most irreverent young subaltern officer, the respect and awesome admiration which are his due.

Even senior officers, captains and majors, treat him with marked deference. Wisely, too, perhaps! He usually enjoys the unbounded confidence of the "C.O.," and a private word or two in the ear of that even greater *it* might possibly have far reaching effects. The regimental sergeant-major is, indeed, a veritable "power behind the throne."

"King's Regulations," the book of the ten thousand and ten commandments to Tommy and his officer, also emphasises the dignity that is the hereditary right of all reigning regimental sergeant-majors.

In that sacred volume it is written that, when addressed by any of their subordinate subjects (non-commissioned officers and men) the compliment of "Sir" must always be paid them. That surely sets the seal on the fact that they are no "small beer."

But, if any further evidence were necessary to prove that the regimental sergeant-major is, as the Yanks might say, "some goods," then I offer it in the statement that he holds his appointment by Royal Warrant signed, on behalf of the Secretary of State for War, by the first military member of the Army Council. No common or garden sort of appointment is the regimental sergeant-major's!

Now having, I hope, fittingly impressed on my readers who and what the regimental sergeant-major is, I shall proceed to briefly tell of his functions, the duties that devolve upon him, and why it is that he is so invaluable.

If I appear rather fulsome in my praise of him, I trust it will not be ascribed to any sneaking prejudice of mine in his favour. I am not a sergeant-major, never have been a sergeant-major, never will be a sergeant-major, and, in fact, never wished

to be a sergeant-major; nor have I any particular pals who are sergeant-majors. I can therefore afford to steer a course of "strict neutrality."

As witness whereof, if I were asked point blank what does a sergeant-major do, I should reply that as far as *actual* doing goes he does not do much! Afterwards, however, honesty would compel me to qualify that answer by explaining that the great secret of his worth lies not in *himself* doing, but in making others do—all that is expected from them. He is essentially a supervisor. His is the personality that spurs and inspires the smart soldier-like instinct in every N.C.O. and private in his regiment; his the ever vigilant eyes that jealously watch, on behalf of his "C.O.," for the least sign of slackness in the sense of discipline, *esprit de corps* and duty that should animate every man who wears His Majesty's uniform.

His primary function is, however, the conversion of the rough material of the raw recruit into the finely finished and highly polished product—the trained soldier. This, in times of peace, is his main duty; and well, indeed, does he discharge it. Our

magnificent soldiers, in their very magnificence, are constant tributes to his skilful craftsmanship.

Blessed with a knowledge of the drill and text books that even a General might envy, a word of command that galvanises into action those to whom it is addressed, and a capacity for handling men that, one would imagine, would almost enable him to manœuvre a battalion on a threepenny-bit, the regimental sergeant-major is a worthy president over the studies of the disciples in the arts of war.

The domain of drill is pre-eminently his; over it he rules like a despot Emperor. Princelings, in the shape of non-commissioned officer instructors, hold sway under him and impart to their charges, to "his" satisfaction, the information that will "teach them how to hold their heads and where to plant their feet." Even the newly-joined officer must, in a measure, meet with "his" approval before he passes from the "rookey" to the trained soldier stage.

Only two people in a regiment have the privilege of trespassing upon the drill preserves of the regimental sergeant-major. They are the commanding officer and the

adjutant. The latter officer is the regimental sergeant-major's immediate chief, and the "C.O.", of course, his ultimate chief, his sovereign lord and master. It is seldom, indeed, though, that they interfere. They have too much confidence in his abilities.

When, as often happens, particularly in the early mornings, the regimental sergeant-major is in command of a parade, he "lets himself go" with a vengeance. With the inevitable swagger cane, that is almost as symbolical of his rank as the badge on his arm, tucked smartly away under his left armpit, he drills and he drills; he marches and he counter marches; he "forms fours," "forms square," "closes to quarter column on No. 1," etc., etc., etc., until "the boys" wish he were—well, I shan't say.

Occasionally he gives a "stand easy" to the perspiring Tommies, and during such intervals he may "amuse" himself by "spotting" the daring ones who have "chanced their arms" by coming on parade unshaven and have escaped notice on the "inspection" which precedes parade.

Great indeed is his wrath at the daring ones, and at the lenient N.C.O.'s who conducted the previous inspection—explana-

tions, apologies, etc., are of no avail. As sure as night follows day they will be warned, in a cold, unsympathetic tone, to present themselves for judgment on their "villiany" before the "C.O." at orderly-room time later in the morning. The judgment is, of course, a foregone conclusion —the defaulters' drill which accompanies the "confinement to barracks" pleasantry for the Tommies, and "reprimands" for the N.C.O.'s.

Guard mounting parade is another occasion when the "all high" one stands out in vivid relief. The ceremonial preliminaries of fixing and unfixing bayonets, etc., that precede the adjutant's inspection give him a unique opportunity of discovering the personal deficiencies in smartness of individual Tommies. The soldier who happens to be a nine hundred and fifteenth part of a second behind his fellows in "clicking" his bayonet when the order to "fix" has been given will, ten thousand to one, be awarded extra drill. The awarding of extra drill is a power, without reference to other authority, usually possessed by all regimental sergeant-majors by virtue of their "C.O.'s" edict.

At all times the regimental sergeant-major is the custodian, on behalf of his sovereign, the "C.O.," of "good order and military discipline." He must see to it that every Tommy (N.C.O. and man) "toes the line" in that respect. As he strolls here and there round barracks and camps his hawk-like eyes are for ever on the watch for individuals forgetful of the regimental and other canons that regulate martial conduct.

The man who, for instance, ambles past his sergeant-major with cap on the back of his head or with jacket buttons undone will, most assuredly, be "for it."

In due course the "transgressor" will receive, in so many days' confinement to barracks, the full measure of his "transgression."

Among the other responsibilities of a regimental sergeant-major—and the one which occupies the greater portion of his time—is the allocating of the "duties" that fall upon a regiment. He must, at a moment's notice, at any time of the day or night, be able to say how many non-commissioned officers and men he can furnish for any task that may require performing,

from unloading an Army Service Corps wagon to providing an outpost on active service.

But, mention of active service reminds me that—it is one of the many little "funniosities" of the Army—the regimental sergeant-major has no place allotted to him in the firing line. His "place" in war is in charge of the regimental ammunition cart; a sort of glorified, but useless, sentry over it.

That, officially, is his place; but it is mighty seldom he sticks to it. He generally manages to find himself a niche in the glorious danger zone.

On the battlefield, as in barracks, he is a warrant officer, a British Tommy of the first quality, a peer among his fellows; he realises that there it is "up to him" to show that he is what he is—"some goods." And, as the casualty lists tell, right well, indeed, does he show it.

CHAPTER XII

TOMMY'S GRUB—A SUGGESTION FOR WOMEN COOKS IN THE ARMY

"ANY complaints?"

"Yes, sir!"

"What is it?"

"I've only got two spuds for me dinner, sir, an' one of *them's* an onion, sir."

This is a hoary-headed old chestnut of an Army yarn with which, I dare say, many of the old soldiers who have gone back to the Army since the war broke out have regaled the unsophisticated "youngsters" with whom they have come into contact.

It is the alleged true tale of a Tommy, dissatisfied with the division of the spoils—I mean dinner, excitedly ventilating his grievance to the orderly-officer, and my reason for telling it will explain itself later on.

In the meantime, I may go on to explain that whenever a meal is served in a regiment an officer (usually a lieutenant), performing the duty of "orderly-officer of the day," visits the men's messes to ascertain whether or

not everything is satisfactory. His customary formula of enquiry is the question: "Any complaints?"; the usual reply, "None, sir."

The usual reply of "None, sir," is not, however, given because there is usually little cause for fault finding, but partly from shyness, and principally because the Tommies quickly learn that complaints to the orderly officer are practically only the equivalent of "pouring water on a duck's back"; the orderly-officer, be he never so sympathetic, is generally quite impotent as far as immediately remedying any matter complained of is concerned. Obviously, if, for instance, the dinner of a company of men is spoilt in the cooking, the orderly-officer can't undo the mischief; he may, of course, be able to arrange for the immediate issue, in lieu of the dinner, of some cold "bully" beef—a delicacy Tommy, as a rule, heartily detests—but, beyond that, he cannot do much. He would, no doubt, enter in his report—which I am not so sure is ever read by any of the higher powers for whose information it is written—the history of the incident, but that is small consolation to the Tommies' appetites.

Again, when a meal is served and the food is plainly insufficient in quantity a complaint to the orderly-officer, he not being a magician, will seldom make good the deficiency. He may make the most careful enquiries, but—well, it is not an easy matter to check the weight of rations after they have been cooked. There's a wealth of meaning in that word "cooked"!

The orderly-officer, it is true, supervises the issue of rations in their uncooked form, but if in the process of "cooking" they evaporate somewhat—well, any "bobygee" (soldier cook) will tell you how simple it is to satisfactorily explain the matter to an orderly-officer, or, in other words, "pull his leg."

Another reason for Tommy being none too anxious to make complaints is that there is a punishable offence in the Army known as "making a frivolous complaint," and the word frivolous is as elastic as the officer who may try the offence likes to make it.

I think that offence must have been invented by an Army contractor!

In the case of the joker who had "only two spuds and one of them an onion," providing the incident was true the word

frivolous would have stretched to a goodly term of "C.B."

Since the war commenced I do not think that there have been many opportunities for men to complain, even if they wished to do so, over any scarcity of rations; in fact, according to the outcry in the Press about the waste of food now going on in the Army, it must be the other way about. Before the war—well, Tommy may have got sufficient, but there was certainly no overwhelming generosity displayed by the Government.

Perhaps the best way in which I can explain the difference between then and now is to state that, in the pre-war days, when for any reason the soldier did not receive his rations in kind he was granted, in lieu of them, a money allowance of 9d. a day. Now, in the same circumstances, the money allowance is 1s. 9d. Quite a big difference!

It may be interesting, too, to compare the difference, in kind, of the ration served to the soldier in peace-time and the ration served to the soldier in war-time.

Before the war the Government's daily issue to Tommy was:—1lb. bread and ¾lb. meat, including bone. That was all in kind, and the cash value of it was reckoned

at 6d. In addition, he was granted 3d. a day (received by the C.O.) towards the provision of luxuries, such as tea, sugar, milk, butter, eggs, etc., and vegetables. And, magical as it may appear, he used to obtain all those luxuries out of the threepence.

By the pooling of every man's 3d. the C.O.'s managed, with the issue of the bread and meat, to provide, week in and week out, a reasonably varied and substantial menu for their respective Tommies. What waste there was—and there was waste even *then*—was sold to someone in the neighbourhood for the feeding of pigs, etc., and the money so received credited to the Regimental or Company mess funds.

At the commencement of the war the men serving at home received exactly the same scale of rations as those in France, but when it was discovered that the quantities were too much for even the healthiest appetites they were cut down, and the C.O.'s of units granted, in lieu of the reduced quantities, a cash allowance of first 4d. and then 5½d. a day, on behalf of each man. This money the Commanding Officer of a Regiment MUST now spend in food; he

has to provide with it additional luxuries to afford greater variety in the menu.

The actual ration, in kind, received at home by the Tommy of to-day is :—

1lb. meat, $\frac{1}{2}$oz. tea.

1lb. bread, 2oz. sugar.

2oz. bacon, salt, pepper, etc.

On the face of it this scale would seem to suggest that there was not much room for waste, and if it were only possible to arrange the appetites of all the soldiers on a standard scale there would be none. One of the chief reasons for waste is the variations in men's appetites.

In one battalion, say in a corps of colliers or navvies, the 1lb. of meat would be " well worried " by every man jack, but, in a corps comprised mainly of men who before enlistment had been leading sedentary lives, such as clerks, etc., the 1lb. of meat proves too much. Then again, a corps may be very mixed, and some of the men may find the rations too much and some may find them by no means enough.

To prevent waste through this cause is very difficult, though, I dare say, it could be minimised somewhat by the introduction into the Army (at home) of a woman house-

keeper and women cooks in every regiment. By their natural sex instinct to manage and economise in matters relating to food the ladies would, I make no doubt, more than justify their employment.

I am positive, too, that they would quickly remove what is absolutely the PRINCIPAL cause of waste—the painfully rough and ready methods of cooking and serving meals which obtain in the Army.

No one would suggest that our Tommies should dine " à la Hotel Cecil or Savoy," but there is no earthly reason why, when it is at all possible for them to have their food decently served, they should not. It would save the country money! At present, as in the past, the Army authorities do not encourage the employment of French chefs for Tommy, but they do go as far as training a few non-commissioned officers, at the Army Cookery School at Aldershot, in the mysteries of the culinary art. One of these trained men acts as master-cook in each regiment and holds the rank of sergeant. Too often, though, he is more sergeant than cook.

For assistants he has to depend on any privates he can get the sergeant-major to

apportion him, and, as there is a good deal of additional work, but no additional pay, for the assistant cooks, it is quite easy to understand they are not whole-hearted enthusiasts at their jobs. Tommy, poor Tommy, suffers accordingly.

Occasionally a Regiment possesses a jewel of a master-cook or assistant-cook, and when such is so, great, indeed, is Tommy's worship of the wonderful one.

Against my suggestion that women should be employed as cooks it may be argued that it would be impolitic to employ women among soldiers. To that argument I reply that the same objections were raised when Florence Nightingale went out to nurse the soldiers in the Crimea. Now the nursing sisters are an invaluable institution in the Army.

Before I conclude this chapter it may be of special interest to those with near and dear ones at the front to state what the food is that is allowed to the brave boys there. The following is the daily scale per man :—

1¼lb. meat (fresh) or 1lb. preserved.

1¼lb. bread or 1lb. biscuits.

4oz. bacon.

3oz. cheese.

2oz. peas, beans, or dried vegetables.

$\frac{5}{8}$oz. tea, 4oz. jam, 3oz. sugar, 1-10th gill lime juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ gill rum, and 2oz. tobacco (weekly).

Quite a generous scale, but not a fraction more than the gallant lads deserve.

The cooking of the rations at the front is, now that there is so much stationary warfare, conducted, as nearly as circumstances will allow, on much the same lines as at home; that is, each regiment has its own little cook-house in some convenient place—more often than not a dug-out—and the cooks gallantly prepare their comrades' grub while shot and shell are screeching by and over them.

It is dangerous work, highly dangerous, but it must be done. The soldiers' food is as important as ammunition. Napoleon knew the vast importance of the soldiers' stomach in military movements—and so does Tommy. The glad call of "Come to the cookhouse-door, boys, come to the cookhouse-door," whether it is clarioned forth on a bugle, or whispered quietly and silently "in the face of the enemy," is a particular favourite of his—and why not?

CHAPTER XIII

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE

A SOLDIER'S wife! The title is, indeed, a most comprehensive one. It embraces, without distinction, except the semi-official one to which I shall later refer to herein, the wife of every married soldier, officer and man, serving in His Majesty's Army. From the lady who holds the distinction of being the helpmate of the gallant Field-Marshal commanding "our boys" in France, down to the lass who, perhaps but a few hours since, took "for better or for worse" the handsome lad in khaki with military rank no higher than that of a private, they are all—soldiers' wives.

It is, in truth, a title of which the women who bear it may well be proud. In dignity and honour it is only surpassed by that of —a soldier's widow.

Yet, proud title that it is, a cruel attempt, as no doubt my readers will well remember,

was recently made to irretrievably besmirch it.

A wicked slander, originated by whom I know not, was, a few months since, uttered here, there, and everywhere to the effect that the wives of our soldiers were, as a body, a drunken, disreputable lot, without either respect for the country, themselves, or their gallant husbands. Finally, the slander grew to such a gigantic falsehood that even the Government began to believe in it, and a proposal was seriously mooted to place the "dreadful" women under police supervision in the same way as convicts on ticket-of-leave.

The whole business was, of course, the invention of a few natural scandal-mongers who had no more foundation for their libellous utterances than one or two isolated cases, here and there, of misconduct by a soldier's wife.

I am glad to be able to say that I took a small share in the great work done by the Press in refuting that wicked slander, and in preventing the proposed police arrangements.

Of several compliments I had paid to me for the share I took in that Press campaign, the one I appreciated the most came to me

in the shape of a letter from a very distinguished officer's wife. After thanking me for my efforts, and expressing her deep indignation at the mean and unfounded libel on her sisters, she wound up by stating that she, the wife of a general officer, was proud, indeed, to call herself simply—a soldier's wife.

Proud, too, of the title are, I am sure, the many well-bred women—apart from officers' wives—who have, contrary to their wildest dreams, become, by reason of the war—soldiers' wives. Sometimes, I dare say, the young women who have become soldiers' wives since the war commenced fall to wondering whether, when the war is over, they will still continue to be soldiers' wives—the wonder being fostered by the thought that then, perhaps, their husbands, rather than return to their ordinary humdrum occupations, will prefer to remain in the Army. Many men now soldiering will, undoubtedly, display such a preference.

And, wondering so, these women are—and pardonably too—more than a little curious as to what would be their lot, as soldiers' wives, in such cases.

While, of course, it is impossible to say with

any degree of certainty what their lot would be, or what, as far as that goes, will happen in regard to anything when the war is over, I may, in a measure, be able to partially satisfy their curiosity by briefly describing the ordinary routine life of a soldier's wife married "on the strength" in the days when this war was not.

"On the strength," as I expect every one now knows, is the Army way of referring to official recognition by the authorities of a soldier's marriage.

Only women married "on the strength" are permitted to reside in barracks with their husbands.

Surprising, no doubt, to the general public will be the information that in Infantry regiments no more than three officers are permitted, as it were, to be married "on the strength." At least no official recognition is given to the requirements of more than three married officers. The War Office never, when barracks are being built, provides married quarters for more than the Colonel, the Senior Major and the Quartermaster. In Cavalry regiments the War Office's generosity is extended to include an additional officer, the Riding Master.

It may also be surprising news to my readers to learn that the " on the strength " or official recognition means no more in the case of N.C.O.'s and men than it does in the case of officers, namely, the free provision of quarters and a weekly allowance of fuel and light.

Really, as a matter of fact, it means less, for, whereas, in the case of officers who die (not on active service) while serving, the widows and children receive, in certain circumstances, a compassionate allowance or pension, there is no such consideration extended to the rankers' widows and children.

Many people, too, hold the impression that a soldier's wife and children living in barracks are provided with food at the Government's expense, but that is an entirely wrong impression.

Beyond the free quarters, the weekly allowance of fuel and light, free medical attendance, and the loan of some trifling articles of furniture, the Government gives nothing, in peace time, to the soldier's wife and children in barracks—at least, not at home. Abroad, in the Colonies and in India, it is different. There the wife is

generally granted an allowance of half a man's ration, and each child a quarter.

Naturally, I suppose, my readers will ask how, in view of this and the smallness of the soldier's pay, which is notorious, does an ordinary Tommy's wife manage to exist? Well, truth, even though it detracts from the dignity that should be the due of every soldier's wife, forces me to confess that the only way she can "manage" is by converting herself into a regimental laundress. That is, she has to take in the washing of the single soldiers.

Each Tommy's wife who desires it is given, by a regimental arrangement, the washing to do of 50 or 60, or more, of the single soldiers. To each regiment's barracks there is a washhouse attached, which is dignified by the name of laundry, and, herein, the work is done.

For this work she is paid monthly at the rate of ½d. per day for each of the soldiers for whom she washes.

The few pounds thus received every month, along with the few shillings a week which her husband is able to give her out of his pay, enables her, and her children if there are any, to eke out a luxurious (?) existence.

Incidentally, the money also goes to supplement the husband's rations. The married soldier's rations are issued to him separately so that he may take them home. They consist of 1lb. of bread and ¾lb. of meat (including bone and fat). In addition, he also receives a grant of 3d. a day extra in lieu of the extra rations supplied to his single comrades through the Commanding Officer's pooling arrangements.

The wives and children of married soldiers are, strictly speaking, not subject to military discipline, but, nevertheless, they must, when living in barracks, mind their "P's and Q's." Should a soldier's wife, or children, be guilty of any offence prejudicial to discipline, the soldier is held responsible. He is duly charged with the offence, tried, and punished as though he had personally committed it. In the case of grave offences the wife is "struck off the strength" and cleared out of barracks.

The quarters of the married soldiers are frequently inspected by the Regimental Commanding Officer, and Medical Officer, to ensure that they are always kept in a thoroughly clean and tidy condition.

Occasionally, the wives of the officers also

pay visits to their less fortunately-placed sisters, and, very often, leave behind them practical mementos of their calls. The officers' wives also give sewing and other fancy work to the wives of the N.C.O.'s and men who are good needlewomen.

Mention of the officers' wives reminds me of the practice—the semi-official, if not altogether official one—that is, whenever possible, observed to distinguish *them* from the "common or garden" wives of non-commissioned officers and men. It is that of referring to the former as "ladies" and the latter as "women."

The most notable instance of it is to be found in the reports dealing with troop movements in which the women of a regiment take part, as, for example, when a regiment embarks for foreign service. Invariably the newspaper and other reports will read something like this :—

> Embarked for India (or wherever else it may be) on the —— inst., on board H.M. Tranport So-and-so, 860 officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of Such-and-such a regiment, also 6 officers' *ladies* and 47 *women* and children.

I sincerely hope that this indefensibly snobbish custom will be one of those that will be knocked on the head when peace times once again come to our Army.

As in nearly every other society and walk in life in which the fair sex participate, there are to be found self-established and well-defined social grades even among the ladies of the rank and file. For instance, the wife of a sergeant, who, of course, seldom takes in washing—she, by the way, is not encouraged to do so by the regimental authorities because of her better financial circumstances—considers herself more than a shade superior to the private's or corporal's wife, while the better halves of warrant officers (regimental sergeant-majors, schoolmasters, and bandmasters) are, in their own opinions the " real goods," and only very, very slightly removed in the social scale from the officers' wives.

It was an amusing peculiarity of Mrs. Thomas Atkins, the original Mrs. Thomas Atkins of the pre-war days, that she always proudly, but, of course, quite unofficially, assumed the dignity belonging to the rank of her husband.

When the war is over, among the many

social upheavals that we all expect will follow as a natural aftermath of the new peace, I hope a prominent one will be the recasting of the social and financial status of the private soldier's wife. She deserves, by her marriage to a brave man, considerably better of her country than her mere conversion into a slave of the wash-tub, and I sincerely trust the country will see to it that she receives considerably more.

Since the war commenced the soldier's wife, in and out of barracks, is, I am glad to say, receiving far superior treatment to any hitherto accorded her, but, even yet, there is plenty of room for improvement.

What say my lady readers ?

CHAPTER XIV

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS—THE BACKBONE OF THE BRITISH ARMY

IN dealing with the Regimental Sergeant-Major I remarked that it had once been said, and by a very distinguished personage, too, that the backbone of the British Army was its non-commissioned officers.

I cannot state who the distinguished personage was that made the utterance. I do not know! Tradition has it that it was the Duke of Wellington, and, perhaps, for once in a way, tradition is correct.

Anyhow, whoever it was certainly knew what he was talking about. For, though it is a pretty far cry from the Duke of Wellington's time to Kitchener's and Sir John French's, the statement still remains as true as ever. The non-commissioned officers are now, as then, the men on whom a lot depends; on whom devolves the grave and

all-important task of enforcing that prompt obedience to orders that is the life's blood of an army ; of maintaining, at all times and in all circumstances, the discipline that has won for the British Army as many victories as the combined strategy of a generation of Generals.

In short, the non-commissioned officers are, first, last, and all the time, the high priests of "good order and military discipline" ; the backbone, indeed, of the British Army.

Should any of my readers feel doubtful about this I confidently invite them to seek the opinions of the soldiers who, better than anyone else, are in a position to verify it—commissioned officers.

There is not an officer breathing, with any experience at all to his credit, but would most emphatically vouch for its accuracy.

Also—and equally high testimony—not a Tommy but would corroborate, too; provided, of course, the Tommy had passed the "very young soldier" stage, the stage during which the non-commissioned officers appear to him to have been created for the sole purpose of annoying him and making his existence as unhappy as possible.

In view of this unanimous acknowledgment of their merit the non-commissioned officers, or, as their designation is usually and more conveniently abbreviated, N.C.O.'s, *must* be soldiers of exceptional ability.

The very fact that they can, at one and the same time, command the admiration of the officers who boss them, and the Tommies whom they boss, stamps them as possessed of capacity beyond the ordinary; it proves that, in addition to their special military attainments, they must also be endowed with more than an average amount of discretion—and diplomacy.

The soldiers who are promoted to N.C.O.'s are, as everyone knows, generally selected from among the best behaved and most "likely looking" men in a regiment, but the man promoted to be a N.C.O. who is not possessed of any natural diplomatic gifts seldom makes a success. His stripes will, more often than not, eventually land him into trouble.

I have often heard soured "old soldiers," men who at some period or other in their service had been N.C.O.'s themselves, remark in ironic congratulation to a youngster awarded his first stripe:

"Well, good luck to you, sonny, on getting your first step towards—a Court-Martial."

Such remarks, however, seldom have much effect on the newly-appointed Lance-Corporal; much more effective are the insinuations of other "old soldiers" that the honour should, at the Corporal's expense, be duly baptised in—beer.

As a rule the fledgling N.C.O. is too gloriously proud of his promotion, and too full of confidence in himself, to have any room to spare for pessimistic predictions. Furthermore, he will seldom have much time to worry over unpleasant possibilities. For, almost the very instant that he has been invested with the "dog's leg," as the solitary chevron above his elbow is called by irreverent Tommies, his probationary period as a N.C.O. commences, and his life begins to be a very strenuous one. Until the probationary period is ended, either by his voluntary or compulsory reversion to the rank of Private, or, in a happier manner, by promotion from Lance to Full Corporal, strenuous it remains.

All the time he is a "Lance Jack," or Lance-Corporal as he is officially styled, except in the Artillery, where he is known as

a Bombardier, he is on probation ; his " rank " is held only at the pleasure of the Commanding Officer's word of mouth. When he is promoted to Corporal—that is, given a second stripe—he becomes a " full blown " N.C.O., whom it takes the authority of a Court-Martial to reduce to the grade of Private.

The " Lance Jack's " life is, like the policeman's in Gilbert's opera, " not a happy one," especially when performing the duties of Orderly-Corporal, the task which falls most often to his lot.

Then he becomes a sort of glorified fag and messenger boy for all his superiors—and inferiors, too, for that matter. From morning till night he is run here, there, and everywhere ; he is at everyone's beck and call. All sorts of tasks are thrown upon him, and a thousand and one details are imposed on his memory.

" Bewilderment worse bewildered " might describe his continual state of mind throughout his tour of this particular duty, and, for all that it is so trying, from no one must he seek, or if seeking will he get, any sort of sympathy ; it is all part of the price he must pay to climb up the ladder of promotion ;

it is the mill in which he is ground into an able and efficient N.C.O.

Whenever mistakes occur in the minor matters of regimental administration, such as a failure to requisition for sufficient rations, a misunderstanding about the time for parade, etc., etc., the blame, no matter who is the real culprit, generally has a knack of ultimately descending on some unfortunate Orderly-Corporal.

The Tommies, too, are none too kind to the poor "Lance Jack." They, for the sheer fun of the thing, take an unholy delight in criticising him. And not out of his hearing either, but to his face—that is, if there are no senior N.C.O.'s about to discountenance the breach of discipline.

Such temerity on Tommy's part is, I may explain, accounted for by the fact that the "Lance Jack" is not an "effective" N.C.O.; he cannot—unless he has over four years' service—place a soldier under arrest for any disciplinary offence without the authority of a senior.

The probationary period, which varies, of course, according to whether promotion is quick or slow in a regiment, is a thorough "tester," and very often young N.C.O.'s

lose heart, or become careless, and end in either losing or voluntarily surrendering their "stripe."

On promotion to Full Corporal the young N.C.O. can indeed heave a sigh of relief; he has safely reached port. As far as pettifogging trifles are concerned he is practically "through." Henceforward his work is much more straightforward and he is endowed with a definite status and authority, and, unless he is very foolish, or very incompetent in regard to the drill book, which, by the way, he is supposed to have thoroughly digested —whilst he had nothing else to do as a "Lance Jack"!—his ambitious dreams of future promotion are in a fair way to realisation.

His remuneration also undergoes an improvement. Incidentally, his responsibilities are increased. But that is compensated for—at first and until the novelty wears off—by the thought that he has those common "Dogs-Leg-Lance-Jack-fellows" always ready, at his beck and call, to assist him.

On becoming a Full Corporal he comes into closer touch with his officers, and they begin to repose a certain amount of confi-

dence in him. He is entrusted with the handling, at drill and under varying circumstances, of comparatively large squads of men, and much depends on how he comports himself on such occasions as to whether he will ever travel any further along the road that leads to a warrant or commissioned officer's rank.

If his mastery of the drill book and his ideas upon discipline meet with the Regimental Sergeant-Major's august approval, and his general behaviour also satisfies his Company Commander, he will, in due course, have his virtues rewarded with the third stripe that transforms him into a Lance-Sergeant.

As a Lance-Sergeant he is a probationer Sergeant, but he enjoys all the privileges granted to the Full Sergeant except that his pay is not quite so much. He becomes a member of the Sergeants' Mess, and he no longer dines and wines with Tommy.

After a while the hall mark of the N.C.O. is placed upon him ; he is promoted to Full Sergeant, and he becomes at once a senior non-commissioned officer—a trustee of the glorious traditions bequeathed to his kind

by former generations of non-commissioned officers.

As a Company, Squadron, or Battery Quartermaster-Sergeant he may climb one step higher in the non-commissioned ranks. After that, he becomes a warrant officer on further promotion.

The climb to Sergeant is, in times of peace, a lengthy process, and the road is none too easy. The N.C.O. who attains the dignity well deserves the rewards attaching to it.

At the present time promotion is as fast and furious as the fighting which occasions it, and though, of necessity, the severe testing to which the N.C.O. in peace time is submitted is considerably abbreviated, the present day non-commissioned officers are, none the less, right worthily maintaining the truth of the statement attributed to the Duke of Wellington—that they are the backbone of the British Army.

Long may they continue to be so!

CHAPTER XV

ARMY OFFICERS—ABOUT THEIR COMMISSIONS AND CAREERS

PROUD, and justly so, is he upon whom the honour of a commission as an officer in His Majesty's Army is conferred. It is, indeed, a high honour and carries with it many privileges.

Incidentally, it also carries with it a good deal of responsibility, plenty of hard work, and—comparatively little pay.

The brand new recipient of a commission soon begins to realise all this, and to understand that in the beginning, at any rate, of his martial career, and what time he is a Second Lieutenant or Subaltern, life is not all " beer and skittles " in the King's Arm-ee. And if, in the first flush of pride in his newly conferred dignity, he has dreamed dreams of himself as a Heaven-born military genius flashing meteor-like through the various grades of promotion to the command

of huge invincible armies, the acclaimed idol of an adoring nation, he will rapidly come to earth, and a truer perspective, when he finds on joining his regiment that he must, like any other recruit, commence his military evolutions in—the "awkward squad."

There, under the command of a leather-lunged drill sergeant, in the company of all the newly joined "Tommies," the embryo Napoleon or Kitchener will be taught much that will be of value to him in his martial studies.

And though at School, College, or University the fledgling may already have acquired a knowledge of the mysteries of right turn, left turn, about turn, etc., he must, nevertheless, pass through the super expert hands of the regimental drill instructors before he is dismissed from "recruits' parades."

On becoming free and independent of the inexorable drill sergeants the young officer is placed under the wing of a Company, Squadron, or Battery Commander—according to whether he is serving in the Infantry, Cavalry, or Artillery.

Under the experienced guidance of his fellow officer the youngster's eyes are

properly opened; he is taught to realise how little he knows, how much there is to learn.

The Company Commander acts towards him as a dear kind godfather, giving him this, that, and the other wrinkle, explaining the why and the wherefore of everything to him, patiently answering his numerous questions, advising him, counselling him, and, if needs be, lecturing him. Occasionally, too, he will delegate his command to the "youngster" in order that he may acquire confidence and experience in the handling of men.

But while the Company Commander is doing all this for him, the fledgling Field-Marshal has also to do a lot for himself. In addition to acquiring a thorough knowledge of advanced drill—a knowledge that will satisfy his "C.O." and Adjutant—he must make himself acquainted with the King's Regulations, the Manual of Military Law, the details of discipline, interior economy and management, the routine of orderly-room, etc., etc., and, furthermore, undergo a course of instruction in an armourer's shop to obtain a practical knowledge of the particular arms which his unit

handles; if a Cavalry officer he must also undergo a similar course of instruction under a farrier. In his "spare" time he is also required to pick up a complete understanding of the system of keeping an Army pay-list.

At the end of two years from the time of starting out to be a Field-Marshal, the young officer is expected to be fully capable of taking the place of his Company, Battery, or Squadron Commander in any situation.

From thence onward he can consider himself "fully fledged," and further promotion—he will probably by this have received the second star which converts him from a Second to a Full Lieutenant—is just a question of time, opportunity, and the passing of the necessary qualifying examinations for each step up to Commanding Officer.

On his way up, if he has shown by keenness and enthusiasm at his work that his early dreams of the military genius lying within him really had some foundation, he may, whilst he is but a Lieutenant or Junior Captain, be chosen by his C.O. to fill, for the usual period of three years, the appointment of Regimental Adjutant.

On appointment to the position of Adjutant the selected officer is withdrawn from Company or Squadron duty, and he becomes the right-hand man and secretary of his Commanding Officer. His duties as such are multifarious, and include the supervision of the training of recruits—officers and men, the handling of all official correspondence, the apportionment of all regimental duties between the officers, the prosecution before courts-martial of all serious offenders against military discipline, the planning and arranging of details for all regimental movements, the signing of all orders issued by his C.O., the preparation of all War Office documents, soldiers' certificates of discharge, etc., etc.

An Adjutant is a very, very busy man, and well earns the extra 5s. a day which he receives while holding the appointment. After quitting this position—and sometimes without ever holding it at all—the ambitious officer, with visions of future high promotion in his mind, registers his name for the competitive examination which, along with his C.O.'s recommendation, is the necessary preliminary to admission to the Staff College.

If he succeeds in passing in, and duly completes the usual two years' course of instruction in the "higher branches of war," he returns to his regiment a "Staff College Man"—an officer who, though but a Captain or Major, has "cleaned the board" in all military subjects and is thereby qualified to hold the very highest commands; one on whom his junior brother officers will look with much awe and admiration.

In the Army-list his name will have appended to it the magic little letters "*p.s.c.*" signifying that he has "passed through" the Staff College, that his military education is complete, that he has graduated at the Soldiers' University.

Better still, though, he will quickly find himself removed from the routine grind of regimental duty and placed upon the staff of some General or other, and, as a Staff Officer, he will enjoy much *kudos*. Then, but for the fleeting periods between one staff appointment and another, seldom will he return to his regiment for duty unless it be to take command. He has, however, to take his turn for the command of his regiment along with his brother regimental officers who are not "Staff College Men."

As a general rule, in about 25 years from the time of joining as a Second Lieutenant, the average officer reaches—what long ere then has become, instead of the Field-Marshal's bâton, the more modest goal of his ambition—the command of his unit, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. A Second Lieutenant receives 7s. 6d. or 8s. 6d. a day; a Lieutenant-Colonel 28s. or 29s.!

After four years in command a Lieutenant-Colonel is either placed on the "retired" or the "half-pay" list.

In the former event he receives a pension of £420 a year, and is subject to recall when required—as in the present crisis—until he has attained the age of 55.

Lieutenant-Colonels on the "half-pay" list, who are "Staff College Men," do not, as a rule, remain there very long. The brevet rank of Colonel, which all Officers Commanding receive just before retirement, is converted into substantive rank, and staff appointments are found for them. Then, in "no time," they blossom forth as Brigadier-Generals.

When an officer reaches the rank of Brigadier-General he may reasonably begin to cherish hopes of finally obtaining the

longed-for bâton of the Field-Marshal. But it is still "A long, long way to Tipperary," and, as there are only eight Field-Marshals' bâtons in the Army, and a lot of Brigadiers, well——!

However, a Brigadier has a wide field for immediate advancement in promotion to the ranks of the Major-Generals. If, on reaching this exalted rank he determines to aspire to even higher honour, he may managean other step upwards by securing promotion to Lieutenant-General. If he accomplishes that he will have achieved what few, very few officers succeed in achieving. While, if he is even still further honoured by his Sovereign, by the signal distinction of promotion to General, he will, indeed, have set the seal of glory on his martial career. The bâton of a Field-Marshal may then be conferred upon him at any time, for it is from the select coterie of "Full" Generals that Field-Marshals are chosen.

All officers, however, be they never so enthusiastic or devoted to their profession, cannot aspire to such high honours—even if they wished to do so. The career I have mapped out is, practically, possible only to officers who enter the Army through one

of the following channels: Royal Military College, Sandhurst; Royal Military Academy, Woolwich (for Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers only); the Universities (including Colonial Universities); Special Reserve; Territorial Force.

Whether, later on, as a result of the large numbers of promotions from the ranks, the granting of so many temporary commissions, and the probable permanent expansion of our "Standing" Army, there will be openings for the ambitious right up to the top of the tree, irrespective of Sandhurst, Woolwich, or other qualifications, I do not know—nor does anybody else. Personally, I hope there will be!

However, the officers who, as things are at present, can never hope to reach the top of the ladder are those whose commissions are only "honorary." Honorary commissions are granted to warrant and non-commisssioned officers promoted to any of the following positions: Quartermaster, Riding Master, Director of Music (Commissioned Bandmaster), Inspector of Army Schools, Assistant Paymaster, Commissary of Ordnance, and District Officer of Artillery.

On final selection for promotion to one of these ranks, the warrant or non-commissioned officer is granted the honorary rank of Lieutenant by virtue of the honorary commission which he then receives.

After 10 years' service as a Lieutenant he is promoted to the rank of honorary Captain, and, after a further period of five years he is granted the honorary rank of Major. That is as far as he can ever go up the ladder. At the age of 55 he is compulsorily retired on a maximum pension of £250. Combatant, the other kind of Majors, receive a pension of £300 a year on compulsory retirement at the age of 50.

Since the war began many of these old "honorary" veterans—some nearer 65 than 55—have pluckily returned to do a "bit more."

Officers holding honorary commissions cannot sit as Presidents of courts-martial, but except for that, and the other differences I have already mentioned, such officers are in every respect the same as the others; they wear just the same uniform, they are entitled to just the same privileges and compliments, and the same high standard of honour and behaviour is expected of them.

N.C.O.'s and men promoted from the ranks to take up the duties of ordinary regimental officers are, of course, granted the same kind of commission as their brother officers; it is not "honorary" in such cases.

A very common idea with the public is that extravagance is a dominating feature among the officers in every regiment, but the idea is an erroneous one. All C.O.'s are bound, by regulations, to suppress any such tendency; an officer's compulsory expenses, even in ordinary times, are not more than 6s. or 7s. a day.

Before bringing this chapter to a close I should like to correct a delusion which I am afraid has become very common lately. It is that privates and non-commissioned officers lately serving as such in Kitchener and Territorial battalions, and now holding commissioned rank, have been promoted "from the ranks." Possibly, in the ordinary way of speaking, they have, but not in the official, the Army sense.

As a matter of fact, in nearly every such case, the soldier has been first discharged, and then granted a temporary commission—just as though he were an ordinary outside

civilian. This is an important distinction which, in view of the order about gratuities being granted at the end of the war to officers promoted from the ranks who then retire, should be thoroughly appreciated by those concerned.

Practically, the only officers promoted from the ranks up to the present—and those for whom the retiring gratuity is really intended should they elect at the end of the war to resign their commissions—are the soldiers who were already serving in the Regular Army when the war broke out. The gratuities in their cases will vary, according to the length of their service and the rank they hold, from £200 to £1000.

With that very important explanation I will conclude this chapter as I began it, by remarking that "proud, and justly so, is he upon whom the honour of a commission as an officer in His Majesty's Army is conferred." It is the hall-mark of a hero—and a gentleman.

CHAPTER XVI

NICKNAMES AND OTHER DISTINCTIONS OF SOME FAMOUS REGIMENTS

OF the many causes which make a soldier so inordinately proud of his regiment certainly foremost among them is the possession by his corps of a popular nickname, famous motto, or some unique distinction of dress or title.

Not every regiment or corps is so distinguished, hence the enjoyment of them naturally enhances their value.

Most regimental distinctions, as might be expected, have their origin in deeds of gallantry on the battlefield, but some, such as jocular nicknames, have been bestowed on their possessors in a spirit of raillery—by their comrades.

LINSEED LANCERS

The most notable instance of the latter kind of distinction is surely contained in

Tommy's appellation for the Royal Army Medical Corps. Nearly always, when referring to that branch of the Service—a branch to which, by the way, every Tommy owes a deep debt of gratitude—he speaks of it as "The Linseed Lancers," and of the male nurses in the corps as "Poultice Wallahs." The origin of this nickname is, naturally, undiscoverable.

Not so, however, the origin of the Royal Munster Fusiliers' choice sobriquet of

THE DIRTY SHIRTS,

of which they are especially proud, despite its uncomplimentary reference to their underlinen. To the Munsters this nickname is an immortal battle honour, for it was bestowed on them for the gallant way in which they fought at Delhi. Finding themselves hampered by their tight fitting tunics they threw them off, and waded into the mutineers in their shirt sleeves, thereby "slightly soiling" their undergarments.

THE CHERRY PICKERS

Another humorous sounding nickname, but one which contains a wealth of glorious

tradition, is that enjoyed by the 11th Hussars. To all and sundry they are known as "The Cherry Pickers" because, when in full dress, they wear crimson-coloured trousers. Tradition has it that this distinction was bestowed on them for fighting up to their waists in blood. Other regiments, however, jocularly declare that the real reason for the crimson trousers lies in the predilection of former generations of 11th Hussars for picking and eating cherries on every possible occasion, thereby so staining their trousers that the authorities, in despair, decided to issue them with crimson-coloured nether garments. But, as the 11th Hussars have a brilliant record of gallant fighting behind them, I am inclined to believe tradition rather than the other regiments.

THE 7TH AND 10TH HUSSARS

These two magnificent cavalry regiments must surely have had their distinctive nicknames conferred upon them by ladies, for that of the former is "The Saucy Seventh," and that of the latter "The Don't Dance Tenth."

THE 19TH HUSSARS

The 19th Hussars, otherwise known as "The Dumpies," can lay claim to having produced General French—a distinction of which they have every reason to be intensely proud.

DEATH OR GLORY BOYS

Very familiar—and popular, too—is the combined motto and nickname of the famous 17th Lancers. Grimly significant is the Death's Head and the words underneath "or glory" which forms the regiment's crest, and from which the nickname and motto are derived. This distinction needs no explanation; it is splendidly obvious.

THE TIGERS

For grimness, the 17th Lancers must certainly be accorded pride of place amongst regimental distinctions. But, for ferocity, the Leicestershire Regiment's battle alias of "The Bengal Tigers" requires some beating. So do the Leicestershire lads themselves, as they have, time after time, gallantly proved on the field of battle.

THE BLOODY ELEVENTH

This nickname tells, in three words, the tale of the heroism, on many a hard fought field, of the old 11th Foot—the Devonshire Regiment.

THE FOGS

Businesslike, even if at first glance somewhat puzzling and rather suggestive of bad weather, is the nickname of the Royal Irish Fusiliers. "The Fogs" is an abbreviation of their motto, the Gaelic "Faugh-a-Ballagh" which means "Clear the way." Judging from the exceptionally brilliant battle records of this distinguished regiment, "The Fogs" have more than once—or twice—"cleared the way" by "fogging" the King's enemies. Good luck to "The Fogs"!

THE FIGHTING FIFTH

In thorough keeping with its glorious history of brave and daring deeds is the popular nickname of the Northumberland Fusiliers. "The Fighting Fifth" has won its proud title over and over again in every campaign in which it has taken part during the last 140 years. Right well has it lived

up to its motto of "Quo fata vocant"—"Where fate calls."

THE FIGHTING FORTIETH

The Prince of Wales' Volunteers, otherwise the 40th, or South Lancashire Regiment, rejoices, like the Northumberlands, in a nickname that instantly tells that battlefields, rather than feather beds, is its particular line of business. And, with no less than twenty-eight battle-honours on its regimental colours, the nickname is obviously well deserved.

THE FORE AND AFTS[1]

Unique, indeed, is the Gloucestershire's distinction above all other regiments. It is the wearing of two cap badges—one (the usual) in front of the cap and one (a miniature) at the back. This unique distinction was specially conferred on the regiment for, on a certain memorable occasion, fighting, and defeating, an enemy who attacked them in the front and rear at the same time. Ever since the Gloucester-

[1] Curiously enough Mr. Rudyard Kipling gives this nickname to a Regiment in his famous story, "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." But it obviously occurred to him independently.

shires have been known as "The Fore and Afts" or "Right Abouts." They are also referred to as "The Old Braggs," and as "The Slashers."

The Gloucesters possess more battle honours than any other regiment in the army—except the King's Royal Rifles and Rifle Brigade.

THE ROYAL WELSH FUSILIERS

Among regimental distinctions probably the one that has puzzled the public more than any others is the flash of the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, the little piece of black cloth which every Welsh Fusilier wears hanging from the back of his tunic neck. Strange to say, jealously prized as it is by the wearers, it is not a distinction won in battle. As a matter of cold fact every regiment in the Army used to wear flashes at one time—when the soldiers wore pigtails. The pigtails used to be greased, and the object of the flash was to keep the grease off the tunics. When the order abolishing the wearing of the flashes was issued it never reached the Welsh Fusiliers because, I believe, they were at the time on board ship—returning from active service. And, according to the

tradition which obtains in the regiment, when finally they did reach England it was discovered that they were the last regiment to return off service; so, to mark this distinction, the Sovereign conferred upon them the right to continue the wearing of the flashes. Anyhow, under no circumstances will the regiment now surrender the distinction which the wearing of them confers upon it. When in khaki only the officers and N.C.O.'s wear the flash. In full dress all ranks wear it. The nicknames of the Welsh Fusiliers are "The Nanny Goats" and "The Royal Goats." The regiment generally keeps a pet goat on its establishment.

SOMERSET LIGHT INFANTRY

In the Somersets it is the sergeants who bring distinction to the regiment. They, unlike all other regiments' sergeants, have the privilege of wearing their sashes over their left, instead of their right, shoulders. Until comparatively recent years commissioned officers always wore their sashes over the left shoulder, and the privilege of the Somerset's sergeants was granted to them because, when in the midst of fierce fighting and all the officers had been placed out of

action, they stepped into the officers' places and led their men gallantly to the attack and victory. But this is not the Somerset's only claim to distinction. Many a time and oft they have "writ their name deep" in the Army's brilliant battle history.

YORKSHIRE LIGHT INFANTRY

Except in official parlance this regiment is always colloquially referred to as "The Y.L.I.'s," "The good old Y.L.I.'s." It was given the distinction of the word "Light" in its designation about a hundred years ago, to commemorate its deeds in the Peninsula Campaign. Officially, the regiment is:—"The King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry. The motto of the Y.L.I.'s, "Cede nullis"—"Yield to none"—is highly typical of the determination the regiment has so often displayed on the bloody battlefields of Europe, India, and Africa.

THE WEST RIDINGS OR THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S REGIMENT

This regiment, one of the smartest in the Service, and one of those that have already earned immortal fame in the present war, always attracts attention by the peculiarity

of its first designation. In the Army the Tommies often jocularly refer to it as the only infantry regiment that is always "riding." It's a poor joke, I admit, but it is good-naturedly appreciated by the heroic boys of the heroic Yorkshire regiment which the Iron Duke honoured with his name and services. It was in this regiment that the Duke held his first command.

The West Ridings is the only regiment in the Service that has the name of a subject embodied in its title.

The 2nd Battalion of the regiment has the unique distinction of possessing two sets of colours. The second set was presented to them by the old East India Company for distinguished service. The regiment enjoys two nicknames—"The Immortals" and "The Havercake Lads."

REGIMENTS WITHOUT ANY SERGEANTS

Many are the proud distinctions which the Household Cavalry rightfully enjoys, but perhaps the most interesting to mention is that the rank of Sergeant, or Sergeant-Major, does not exist in any of the regiments of which the Brigade is formed—1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards

(The Blues). The equivalent rank to a Sergeant is Corporal of Horse ; to a Sergeant-Major, Corporal-Major.

The 1st and 2nd Life Guards have a delightful nickname, derived from the breast-plates which they wear in full dress; it is "The Tinbellies."

THE D.C.L.I.'S

This famous battle-scarred regiment, the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry, was, like the Yorkshire Light Infantry, granted the right to designate itself "Light Infantry" because of its splendid valour in the Peninsular Campaign of Wellington. Like the "Y.L.I.'s," the "Duke's" is mostly spoken of by the initial letters of its designation, though it enjoys the nickname of the "The Red Feathers," earned in the American War of Independence; the enemy, particularly annoyed with them, swore to give them no quarter, and, to prevent the enemy making any mistake, they saucily stuck red feathers in their caps.

THE WORCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT

This regiment is able to pride itself on the distinction of having the briefest motto in

the Service. It is "Firm"—and it is well lived up to.

ROYAL REGIMENTS

All regiments which have the right to use the word "Royal" in their titles are intensely proud of the privilege; it is one conferred upon them by a Sovereign as a mark of royal appreciation. All "Royal" Infantry regiments, when in full dress, wear blue facings on their tunics and scarlet bands round their caps. This rule does not, however, apply to Rifle regiments.

Famous among the "Royal" Infantry regiments are the Warwickshires, the Rifles (the popular 60th), the Inniskilling Fusiliers, the West Surreys, Irish Rifles, the Royal Irish Regiment, the Dublin Fusiliers, the Liverpools, and the Lancasters.

Many Cavalry regiments, too, have the prefix "Royal" in their titles, and also the Artillery, Engineers, and Flying Corps.

SECOND TO NONE

Among the "Royal" Cavalry regiments one of the most popular is, undoubtedly, the Royal Scots Greys, whose proud motto, "Nulli Secundis"—"Second to none"—is

truly indicative of their prowess. It is in this regiment, by the way, that H.R.H. Prince Arthur of Connaught serves his cousin the King in the capacity of a Captain.

But, of all the distinctions ever conferred on "the Greys," the one lately bestowed on them is probably the most unique in their history—that of being converted from a cavalry to an infantry regiment.

THE GUARDS

Innumerable are the distinctions and privileges enjoyed by the Brigade of Guards. Chief among them, however, is the one that under no circumstances are they to be commanded by any other than their own officers. When in camp, along with other regiments, the Guards must, according to the King's Regulations, be kept separate, as far as possible, from all other units.

The Grenadiers enjoy the unique distinction of possessing three, instead of two, Colours—the King's, the Regimental, and the third, the State Colour. Their nicknames are "The Coalheavers" and "The Sandbags."

Another little peculiarity of the Guards is that the Lance-Corporals wear two chevrons

instead of one, as in all other regiments except the 14th and 19th Hussars.

The Irish Guards possess a picturesque privilege in that on St. Patrick's Day every officer and man is presented, on parade, with a spring of shamrock, the gift of Her Majesty Queen Alexandra.

THE HIGHLANDERS (THE " JOCKS ")

Perhaps it is because of the immense popularity which they enjoy under their ordinary designations that the Highlanders, or " Jocks " as their English comrades affectionately term them, have had no very familiar nicknames bestowed on their regiments. Certainly it is not because of any lack of brave and brilliant achievements in war.

However, the mottoes, to say nothing about the magnificent warlike picturesqueness of their dress, more than atone for the lack of nicknames. The motto of the famous Black Watch is " Nemo me impune lacessit," which, translated, is richly significant in " No one provokes me with impunity."

The Seaforth's motto is the Gaelic " Cuidlich'n Righ "—" Assist the King," and its nickname, though not well known " beyond

the Border," is the inspiring one of "The Wild Macraes." The regiment was largely recruited from the Macraes in its early period.

The Highland Light Infantry shares its motto with several English regiments, to wit, the Suffolks, the Dorsets, the Essex, and the Northamptons; it is "Montis Insignia Calpe"—"The Insignia of the Rock of Calpe." A further distinction of the Highland Light Infantry is that it is the only Highland regiment that does not wear the kilt. The H.L.I. is known among Scotsmen as "The Glesca Keelies."

The Gordons and the Camerons, strange to say, do not possess any mottoes, but, in view of their glorious history, I think they might rightfully share that of the Argyle and Sutherlands, which is "Sans Peur"—"Without Fear."

THE LOWLANDERS

Among the other gallant Scottish regiments—the Lowlanders, the "Jocks" who wear trousers—the proud distinction of being the senior infantry regiment in the Army rests upon the Royal Scots (the Lothian Regiment), the 1st Foot, or, according to nickname.

PONTIUS PILATE'S BODYGUARD

While no doubt this regiment is very ancient, I'm afraid its claim to such antiquity as would have permitted it to have been Pilate's Bodyguard can hardly be allowed to pass unchallenged. Still, I'll pass it—and anyone who wishes can do the challenging.

THE K.O.S.B.'S

The King's Own Scottish Borderers, a regiment whose Territorial units' fine heroism in the Dardanelles has brought added lustre to its brilliant records, possesses the exclusive privilege of beating up for recruits in the streets of Edinburgh, at any time, without the necessity of obtaining the permission of the Lord Provost.

THE ROYAL FUSILIERS

This distinguished regiment, famed in song and story as "the gallant Fusiliers," enjoys a somewhat similar privilege to that of the K.O.S.B.'s in that it is the only regiment which may march, with bayonets fixed, through the streets of the City of London without the authority of the Lord Mayor.

SENIOR ENGLISH REGIMENT

The honour of being the senior English Line regiment rests upon the Royal West Surrey Regiment, sometimes referred to as "The Mutton Lancers" because of the Paschal Lamb incorporated in its badge.

THE RESURRECTIONISTS

It is the famous Buffs, or East Kent Regiment, which enjoys the nickname of "The Resurrectionists." The story goes that in an argument between the Royal Scots and the Buffs as to which was the older regiment the latter laid claim to having been on duty at the time of the Resurrection. The Scots then declared that they had been Pontius Pilate's Bodyguard. This is how, it is supposed, the two quaint nicknames originated.

THE POMPADOURS

"The Pompadours" is the unofficial, but greatly cherished, second name of the brave old Essex Regiment—the double 4's, or 44th Foot. I am sorry I cannot give the history of this distinction, but I rather

fancy that it was brought from France in Wellington's time.

THE HOLY BOYS

It is the boys of the 9th, or Norfolk Regiment, who rejoice in this striking nickname. It originated, so the story goes, in the fact that for a long period of years one of the battalions had never been given an opportunity of going on active service, and the men, disgusted with their treatment, conceived the idea of conferring on themselves this bitterly sarcastic title. Anyhow, be that as it may, the title of "Holy Boys" is one that I am sure any enemy, and more particularly the Huns, would aver was a misnomer and would promptly convert into "Holy Terrors."

THE DIE HARDS

Of all the nicknames in the Army, "The Die Hards" of the Middlesex Regiment is surely the most significantly picturesque. What is more, it is literally true.

LANCASHIRE LADS

In addition to the South Lancashires, of "Fighting Fortieth" fame, other Palatine

regiments which enjoy the proud distinction of nicknames are the East Lancashires, which rejoices in the sobriquet of "The Lily Whites," the Lancashire Fusiliers which, ever since the day that Minden was fought and the regiment covered itself in glory, has been known as "the Minden Boys," and the Loyal North Lancashires—the only regiment in the British Army that has the distinction of the word Loyal in its designation—familiarly known as "The Loyals," and, less familiarly, as "Wolfe's Own" because it was the regiment to which General Wolfe of Quebec fame belonged. This regiment, too, was the only one in the British Army for which a special South African medal was struck. It was the gift of the people of Kimberley for good work during the siege, but the War Office would not give its sanction to the wearing of it.

The Manchester Regiment's nickname is, indeed, a terrifying one—"The Bloodsuckers."

THE LINCOLNSHIRES

Though it is the North Lancashires that possess the unique distinction of "Loyal," strictly speaking it has more right to be

borne by the Lincolns. For the title of Loyal was first bestowed on the Lincolnshire Volunteers, from which corps the 81st, or 2nd Battalion of the North Lancashire Regiment, was formed. However, without that distinction, the Lincolns are sufficiently distinguished; they are one of the oldest regiments in the Service, and certainly one of the very bravest and best. The happy alias of the Lincolns is "the Lincolnshire Poachers."

RIFLE REGIMENTS

The King's Royal Rifles, the Rifle Brigade, the Scottish Rifles, and the Royal Irish Rifles are always distinguishable, even when in khaki, from the fact that their uniforms have black buttons. Another distinction of theirs is that they do not carry their rifles at "the slope" (over the shoulder) as do other regiments; they carry them at "the trail" (horizontally at the full extent of the arm). The King's Royal Rifles have more battle honours to their credit than any other regiment in the army.

THE TERRITORIALS

Many Territorial units, those not part and

parcel of a regular regiment, have their own nicknames and mottoes. Notable among such is

THE LONDON SCOTTISH,

the first Territorial regiment honoured by being sent to the Front in the present war. The motto of this distinguished corps is a very appropriate one; it is "Strike Sure."

THE ROYAL ARTILLERY

Beyond the familiar name of "The Gunners," there is no well-known nickname attaching to that splendid branch of the service, the Royal Artillery. But, like the Highlanders, it is not because of any lack of valour on the battlefield. The real reason is the regiment is so divided and subdivided that it is impossible to apply a nickname which would embrace all the divisions.

Still, one battery, "Q" of the Royal Horse, has been immortalised as

THE VICTORIA CROSS BATTERY,

and that officially, by the War Office, for its superhuman gallantry in South Africa.

KITCHENER'S OWN REGIMENT

The Royal Engineers, that most wonderful

of all corps, the corps which turns out the clever Generals, the regiment to which Kitchener belonged, is seldom given any other name than "The Sappers," though occasionally they are referred to as "The Flying Bricklayers" and "The Mudlarks."

ARMY SERVICE CORPS

This regiment, the regiment of "butchers and bakers and candlestick makers," the one on which the responsibility of feeding the Army depends, into whose hands the whole of the transport and commissariat arrangements are entrusted, is always spoken of as "The Comm-o's"—an abbreviation of the word commissariat. Considering the never ending labours of this department its motto, "Nil sine labore"—"Nothing without labour," is surely most appropriate.

THE COAL-BOX CORPS

The average Tommy jocularly refers to the Army Ordnance Corps—the munitions, equipment, etc., experts—as the "Coal-Box Corps." This, however, not because of any connection between the Corps and the "Coal-Box" shells of the Germans, but because the huge coal scuttles (boxes) issued

from the stores of this department to every barrack-room always bear on their sides the regimental crest of the Army Ordnance Department—a shield, with three old-time cannon and cannon balls thereon.

THE ARMY PAY CORPS

This department of the Army, a very important one, too, seeks no battle or other honours. It labours silently and efficiently without expectation of reward—possibly it does expect reward, but it certainly never gets any—in seeing that Tommy and his officer receive all the shekels that are due to them from a "grateful" country. Incidentally, it is mighty particular to see that neither Tommy nor his officer gets a tithe too much of the said shekels. The highest form of colloquial nickname to which the corps has yet attained is "The Pen Pushers," bestowed on it by an underpaid and resentful Tommy, I expect.

THE FLYING CORPS

The Flying Corps has the distinction of being the youngest arm in the Service. But it is, indeed, a very lusty youngster; it has already stamped itself as invaluable and covered itself with immortal glory.

The motto of the Corps is—" Per Ardua ad Astra "—" Through Difficulties to the Stars."

THE RED CAPS

The " Red Caps " (Corps of Military Police) are Tommy's pet aversion. The corps is known as " the Red Caps " because the members of it always wear a cap with a red top. To many a Tommy, when on mischief bent, that distinctive cap has often been a merciful dispensation of providence ; it has enabled him to get away before the wearer of it has been able to get near enough to " capture " him.

Another distinction of " the Red Caps " is that there are no privates in the corps ; the lowest rank is that of a Lance-Corporal. Now, having come into contact with the police, I had better break off before anything happens to me. However, on second thoughts, I'll chance the police and add that Tommy's nickname for soldiers in general is not " Tommies "—but " Swaddies."

CHAPTER XVII

REGIMENTAL COLOURS—THE SOLDIERS' SACRED EMBLEMS

MUCH water has flowed under London Bridge since the days when our soldiers of the generations that have gone proudly carried their Standards and Colours with them into battle, and when, to defend those cherished emblems of their honour and glory from the vandal hands of an enemy no sacrifice, no heroism, no loss of life was counted too great.

But, though much time has passed since those brave days of old, and though Standards and Colours no longer form part of the battles' van, the illustrious emblems still rank as high in the imagination and veneration of our gallant soldiers as ever they did. Now, as then, they are as jealously prized and affectionately guarded. Indeed, nothing is so sacred in the Army as Regimental Colours—absolutely nothing.

But of this deep veneration of soldiers for their Regimental Colours I am afraid the average civilian knows little or nothing. In fact, I doubt whether the average civilian knows anything at all about Regimental Colours beyond the fact that they do exist.

Though, for this lack of knowledge the civilian is not very blameworthy; it is not often that he has the opportunity of seeing them, or coming into contact with them.

Possibly, however, the public may (as I have already mentioned in the chapter on Military Etiquette), when our gallant boys come victoriously marching home again, have a good many opportunities of gazing on the treasured emblems. For, amongst the first duties that will fall upon all the returning regiments will be that of ceremoniously removing their Standards and Colours from the numerous places in which they deposited them for safe custody during their absence.

These places include parish churches, town halls, and regimental depôts all over the country.

Whenever and wherever these ceremonious removals of Colours take place the occasions are always invested with much military

reverence, and civilians who enjoy the privilege of witnessing them should bear the fact in mind.

A soldier, no matter what his rank, general or private, when he meets the Standards or Colours of a regiment must honour them with the most rigidly correct salute, and civilians who claim to possess good manners should do the equivalent by raising their hats.

For the benefit of those who are not well acquainted with the appearance of Standards and Colours I may explain that in shape they are nearly square, in measurement, roughly, about four feet, and are made of either satin or silk damask. They are borne, like any other banner, upon a long pole. On the top of this pole are a small gilded crown and lion, and hanging loose from the Colour, and from the top of the pole to about halfway down its length, is a beautiful silken cord, which ends in a couple of picturesque tassels.

Standards and Colours are practically the same, the only difference being in the name; the former are carried by Cavalry, the latter by Infantry.

On a march, or on parade, Colours

generally occupy a place in the centre of the troops.

The embroidered decorations on Colours and Standards vary according to the regiment to which they belong, but always, except on the King's Colour carried by Infantry regiments, there appears the name of every battle in which the regiment has taken a notable or victorious part during its history; these names on the Colours are called "battle honours."

In the Household Cavalry (1st and 2nd Life Guards and Royal Horse Guards) each regiment has four Standards, one King's and three Regimental. The outstanding decoration on the King's Standard is a magnificent Royal Coat of Arms over the Regimental Crest and the battle honours. On the others, or Regimental Standards, the letters "G.R." and three royal crowns are strikingly displayed.

In the Foot Guards the King's Colour is easily distinguishable from the Regimental by the small Union Jack inset in it at the left-hand top corner, next the pole. The Grenadiers have a third Colour called the State Colour. The King's Colour of the Infantry is the same in every regiment.

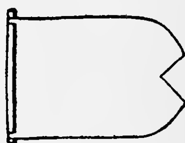
It has a dark background, which is almost entirely covered by a Union Jack; in the centre there is a Royal crown, under which the regiment's name is inscribed.

The Regimental Colour, however, varies according to whether the regiment wears white or coloured facings. In the case of the former it has a light background with a dark shaded cross on it; in the centre is the Regimental Crest and Motto, with the battle honours grouped round.

For the regiments with other than white facings the difference is that the background is dark and there is no cross on the colour. Not every regiment in the Army possesses Standards and Colours. In the Cavalry, for instance, it is remarkable that only regiments of Dragoons and Dragoon Guards carry these greatly prized regimental emblems. Neither Lancer nor Hussar regiments possess any Standards; their battle honours are inscribed on their appointments.

Another peculiarity of the Cavalry is that the Colour carried by the Dragoons is termed a Guidon—not a Standard. In olden days the designation of the officers who carried a Regiment's Colours was either Ensign or Guidon—not Lieutenant.

There is, however, more than the mere difference in name between a Standard and a Guidon, for the latter is very distinguishable from the former because, instead of being square, it has two rounded corners and is swallow-tailed. Its exact shape is



The regiments of Dragoons and Dragoon Guards are alike in that they do not possess a *King's* Standard or Guidon; in fact they have each only *one* such emblem—a Regimental—something of a change from the Household Cavalry with four!

Departmental Corps and Rifle Regiments (the King's Royal Rifles, the Scottish Rifles (Cameronians), the Rifle Brigade and the Royal Irish Rifles) are, like the standardless Hussars and Lancers, without any Regimental Colours. But it is certainly not because of any want of battle honours. It is well known that no regiment in the Army can beat the list of battle honours possessed by the King's Royal Rifles and the Rifle Brigade. Originally, Rifle regiments were

raised to act as skirmishers, and that is why they were not given Colours—to save being impeded by carrying them.

I have already stated that the Standards and Colours of a regiment are treated with all the veneration due to sacred objects, and, in support of the statement, I may remark that "King's Regulations" lays it down that "when Standards, Guidons and Colours are uncased they are, at all times, to be saluted by troops on parade with the highest honours; that is, arms presented, trumpets or bugles sounding the salute, and drums beating a ruffle."

"Uncased" means that the Colours are "floating to the breeze"; "cased" when they are furled and placed in the metal case (something like an expanded billiard cue case) which protects them.

When Colours are cased they need not be saluted, but must, nevertheless, be regarded with the utmost reverence.

Should it be thought that I am using the word reverence wrongly I can assure my readers that I am not, because Standards, Guidons and Colours *are* reverend objects, inasmuch that, prior to their presentation to a regiment, they are always solemnly

consecrated by a clergyman of the Church of England, or, in the case of certain Irish and Scotch regiments, by a Roman Catholic priest or Presbyterian clergyman, respectively.

The presentation of new Colours to a regiment is always surrounded with high ceremonial, as befits so auspicious an occasion in a regiment's history. The personage who actually presents new Colours is invariably some one of great eminence.

In normal times, when a regiment at home receives a new set of Colours, His Majesty the King usually honours the regiment concerned by personally making the presentation. At places abroad the great function is, as a rule, only undertaken by the highest resident representative of His Majesty.

On the rare occasions of a " presentation " the whole of the regiments in the garrison where the ceremony takes place parade in the fullest military panoply, and martial compliment and counter compliment precede and succeed the solemn consecration and presentation.

The new Colours are received, on bended knees, from the hands of His Majesty, or his

representative, by the two senior Lieutenants in the regiment.

These are the officers to whom on all occasions when the Colours are moved falls the honour of carrying them.

In the Cavalry, however, the Standards and Guidons are carried by Squadron Sergeant-Majors (2nd class warrant officers).

Whenever Colours are removed from, or taken to, the place where they are usually kept an armed escort accompanies them. The place where the Colours are "usually kept" is the officers' mess of the regiment to which they belong.

I cannot say whether the custom obtains in every regiment, but I know it does in many, of, whenever an escort is employed (it usually consists of three non-commissioned officers) refreshing the members of it with either a glass of wine or ale when the Colours are safely returned to the mess.

If Colours are being moved any long distance the escort is considerably increased, almost a whole company of men forming it. A big escort like this is termed a "Colour Party." This "party" is not, however, regaled in the same way as the smaller one on the completion of its distinguished duty.

The average life of a set of Colours is usually a pretty lengthy one; it has to be, for the War Office is never very eager to issue new Colours to a regiment. As a rule not much more remains of old Colours than the poles, tassels, and cord when they are superseded by a new set.

When old Colours are replaced by new they are carefully escorted to their final resting-places, some cathedral or church in which their regiment has a Territorial or other association.

There is hardly a cathedral in the United Kingdom in which there is not to be found the old Colours of one or other of our distinguished regiments, among them Colours that proudly fluttered in the breeze over some of the bloodiest battlefields in Europe and India.

Now they lie resting, like the gallant warriors who bore them to many immortal victories, in a final, an undisturbed, and a holy peace. Nothing more now, perhaps, than mere ribbons and rags. But what great, what glorious, what magnificently inspiring rags they are!

CHAPTER XVIII

COURTS-MARTIAL—THE SOLDIERS' "OLD BAILEY"

ONE of the most unpleasant positions in which a soldier can find himself is that of "the accused" before a Court-Martial. No soldier, if he is sensible, ever has any hankering after such a position; it is fraught with so many uncomfortable possibilities—from "death" to "discharge with ignominy."

Yet, despite the grave consequences that may follow in the wake of an appearance before such a tribunal, there are—and always will be, I suppose—soldiers foolish enough to, using Tommy's own expressive phraseology, "go looking for it."

As a rule—and without much difficulty—such searchers soon "find it." Their breach of regulations, or "chancing of their arms" as the saying goes, nearly always results, if the offence is in any way serious,

in their being promptly remanded for trial by Court-Martial; discipline cannot, and will not, be disregarded.

Sometimes, though, a soldier—perhaps one of the most subservient to discipline—unhappily finds himself arraigned before the very highest military tribunal, a General Court-Martial, to answer for an offence which he may never have had the least intention of committing, and that offence the most serious of all offences—sleeping on sentry duty on active service. This happening when, for instance, after perhaps continuous fighting and marching and loss of sleep for days and nights on end he has unconsciously succumbed, in the quiet and loneliness of his solitary vigil, to the seductive demands of an exhausted nature.

The position of such an unfortunate soldier is not merely unpleasant; it is tragic, terribly tragic. He is, literally, under the shadow of death—an inglorious death.

Possibly, in view of the extenuating circumstances, his judges may be merciful, and spare him his life, but, even so, the price of his reprieve is invariably a long, long term of imprisonment.

Should, however, a soldier charged with

such a crime—for crime, and that of the very blackest, "sleeping on sentry" undoubtedly is—have no valid plea to offer the tribunal in excuse for his fault, his fate is, well——!

But many are the military offences besides "sleeping on sentry" which a General Court-Martial, or Field General Court-Martial as it is called on active service, can punish with death any soldier—officer or man—found guilty of them.

The following are but a few:—

(1) Shamefully abandoning or delivering up any garrison, place, post, or guard, or using any means to compel or induce any governor, commanding officer, or other person shamefully to abandon such place when it ought to have been defended.

(2) Shamefully casting away his arms, ammunition, or tools, in the presence of the enemy.

(3) Treacherously holding correspondence with or giving intelligence to the enemy, or treacherously or through cowardice sending a flag of truce to the enemy.

(4) When a prisoner of war voluntarily serving with or aiding the enemy.

(5) Showing, or inducing others to show, cowardice in the face of the enemy.

(6) Forcing or striking a soldier when acting as a sentinel.

(7) Breaking into any house or other place in search of plunder.

(8) By discharging firearms, drawing swords, beating drums, making signals, using words, or by any means whatever intentionally occasioning false alarms in action, on the march, in the field or elsewhere.

(9) Striking or using or offering any violence to his superior officer acting in the execution of his office.

(10) Disobeying the lawful commands of his superior officers.

And, in addition to having the power of life and death over soldiers who commit military offences, a General Court-Martial may also "try" a soldier for *any* offence against the Civil Law.

Furthermore, any civilian charged with a breach of Martial Law ("Defence of the Realm Act" as the modified form of Martial Law is just now called in England) may be arraigned before such a tribunal.

Lately one or two General Courts-Martial which assembled in London did very excel-

lent work in sentencing, to be sent to Eternity, a few of the crawling German spies that were polluting the country—and the sentences were duly carried out.

A General Court-Martial, except on active service, can only be assembled by the authority of the King, or by some officer holding His Majesty's warrant to assemble such Courts. Only officers of very high rank (senior Generals) are granted these warrants.

The tribunal, to be lawfully constituted, must (except on active service) consist of not less than nine members, none of whom must have held a commission for less than three years, and not more than four of the nine members may be under the rank of Captain.

It is only by a General Court-Martial that a commissioned officer can be tried, and it is only such a Court that is legally empoweredto pass sentences of death and penal servitude.

Whenever an officer is being tried the general practice is to compose the Court of members with rank higher than that of "the accused," and the President, whenever possible, is a General. In the case of the trial of a Territorial officer an effort is always

made to have as a member of the Court an officer belonging to that force.

In addition to the President and members, an officer, who is, as a rule, something of an expert in military law, is appointed by the authority assembling the tribunal to act as a sort of legal guide to the Court in its deliberations on the admissibility, and so on, of the evidence. This officer is styled, for the time being, the Judge Advocate.

The procedure at a General Court-Martial is practically the same in regard to a Tommy as it is with an officer. Perhaps the most notable distinction is that an officer who is on trial is to be provided with a seat, "as a matter of course," but a Tommy "only if the Court thinks fit."

The first item on the programme at a Court-Martial is the reading by the President of the authority for the assembling of the tribunal. Next, the making sure that everything is in legal apple-pie order.

Having disposed of these little matters they get to real business. "Bring me his head on a charger," I mean "Bring in the accused," commands the President, and then, in the custody of a soldier of equal rank with himself, or, if need be, an armed

escort, the central figure takes the stage. At this point "the accused," if he is so minded, may have an enjoyable five or ten minutes with the Court, for he must be asked if he has any objection to the President or any of the members forming the Court. Upon naming the officer to whom he objects (if any) the Court proceeds to consider whether the objection is reasonable. If it is, they allow it, and the officer objected to disappears out of the picture, an officer in waiting (there are always several in waiting in case of objections) taking his place. If the objection is not considered reasonable it is brushed aside.

When, however, a member is objected to on the grounds that he has a personal enmity towards the accused he is, unless the objection is obviously groundless, expected, as a matter of course, to request to be allowed to withdraw.

The Court cannot be objected to collectively, as the Irish Tommy discovered who, in reply to the usual question, smartly replied :

"Shure an' I have that ; I object to all the lot of ye ; I object to the whole business, shure ! "

After objections have been disposed of the

next formality is the swearing of the members of the Court. The accused is allowed to swear, too—at his bad luck in being there—but he mustn't let anybody hear him, or he will have a further charge, "Contempt of Court," put against him.

Every member of the Court, and the President, takes a solemn oath to justly try the accused, and, further, not to divulge the sentence of the Court until it is properly confirmed, or to disclose or discover, at any time, on any account, the vote or opinion of any member of the Court. The Judge Advocate is also sworn to secrecy, and also any officers who may be present under instruction.

After all these preliminaries the trial proper begins. The charge is read to "the accused," and the prosecutor (an officer detailed for the task with an intimate knowledge of the case) brings all his forensic skill, supported by witnesses, to bear on the Court to show that "the accused" is guilty of the charge.

In complicated cases barristers are employed to act as prosecutors.

The accused may also employ counsel for his defence; and if he thinks he has a sporting

chance, and can afford the luxury, he is wise to employ one. I do not say this because I think a Court-Martial is ever unfair or unjust to an accused person, but because a counsel is better able to conduct a defence than a soldier, who, because of his ingrained deference to superior rank, is obviously not able to make the best of an examination of a witness if that witness happens to be a superior officer.

"The accused," if he does not employ counsel, is permitted the privilege of having a "friend"—either an officer or a Tommy—appear to take his part before the Court. This "friend" is allowed much the same licence as a counsel.

The guide for all Courts-Martial is the ordinary law of the country, and if any doubt arises "the accused" is supposed to receive the benefit of it.

At the conclusion of all the evidence the Court proceeds to determine its verdict. This is arrived at by the expression of the members' opinions individually, commencing with the junior member.

If opinion is equally divided the President decides the matter with a second or casting vote.

There are three possible verdicts: Guilty, Not Guilty, and Not Guilty and Honourably Acquitted.

In the two latter cases the lucky individual is at once apprised of the verdict, but in the other unhappy event he is left to guess (but pretty accurately) by being remanded in custody when the Court closes for deliberation of the sentence. After the removal of the guilty individual the punishment is decided upon, the same system being followed as in the case of the verdict.

After the verdict and sentence have been duly recorded on the documents they are sent for "confirmation" to the King, or General or other officer who authorised the assembling of the tribunal; he cannot alter the verdict, but he can remit or reduce (but not increase) the sentence.

On active service a Field General Court-Martial is the tribunal which tries most offences, and, because of the necessarily altered circumstances, a lot of the formalities that the law demands in ordinary circumstances are dispensed with. For instance, only three officers are required to form a Court, and any Commanding Officer, irrespective of rank, can, if need be, convene

such a tribunal. Further, if the occasion imperatively demands it, the sentence, even of death, may be carried out immediately without any confirmation.

There are two other kinds of Courts-Martial besides General; they are known as "Districts" and "Regimentals." The former is the one by which Tommy is generally tried in times of peace or when serving at home. The latter is only used when the soldier's offence is too serious for the Commanding Officer to dispose of himself, and not serious enough to send for trial before a District Court.

A District Court-Martial must never be composed of less than three officers, and each of them must have held a commission for not less than two years. The President must never be below the rank of Captain, and, if possible, always a Major. The maximum sentencing power of a District Court is two years' imprisonment. It can, like a General Court, try soldiers for civil offences.

A Regimental Court is very "small beer" compared to the other tribunals. It can be convened by any Commanding Officer provided his rank is not less than that of

Captain. The composition of the Court is three officers—none of whom must have held a commission for a less period than twelve months. The President must, however, be a Captain; unless an officer of that rank is not available.

A Regimental Court cannot pass a sentence of imprisonment; its highest award being 42 days' detention.

But even a Regimental Court-Martial is not looked upon as any light-hearted affair by the authorities—and certainly not by the person who is tried before one—for, although an officer may be qualified by his service to sit upon a Regimental Court, he is not permitted to do so unless his Commanding Officer considers him competent.

All officers upon first joining are required to attend all R.Cs.-M. for instruction, and also all District and General Courts when possible.

No officer is, if it can be avoided, appointed a member of any Court-Martial unless he has had at least twenty-five attendances "under instruction."

In conclusion, I may state that the most remarkable thing of all about Courts-Martial is that no officer, warrant-officer or non-

commissioned officer can " claim the right " to be tried by a Court-Martial when charged with any offence ; that " right " is enjoyed only by His Serene Loveableness, Tommy Atkins.

But it is a right which I can assure all and sundry Tommy is never very keen on exercising. Generally, he feels that the less he has to do with Courts-Martial the healthier it is for him.

And he is right !

CHAPTER XIX

THE SOLDIER'S RANK, REGIMENT AND RIBBONS —HOW TO IDENTIFY THEM

WHENEVER one happens, in these days of supreme martial interest, to come into close contact with a soldier, say in a train or a tram or an omnibus, a consuming curiosity—though one never saw him before, and perhaps never will again once the journey is completed—is at once aroused as to what particular corps or regiment he belongs, what the medal ribbons are that he is wearing (if any), what his rank is, and so on.

To satisfy this curiosity the surest way is to point-blank ask the soldier; with his unfailing courtesy he will politely explain.

But, though I tender this advice, I know full well that few will follow it, the majority of people being naturally too shy. So, as an alternative, I shall give herein a few hints which, if memorised, may assist the curious

to obtain the desired information without the embarrassing necessity of asking questions.

First of all, to discover a soldier's regiment a glance should be taken at his shoulder straps, for there the designation of the regiment to which he belongs is always to be found.

In the Cavalry, Royal Field Artillery, Royal Horse Artillery, Royal Garrison Artillery, Royal Engineers, Army Service Corps, Royal Army Medical Corps, Life Guards, Royal Horse Guards, and the Grenadier Guards, Coldstream Guards, Irish Guards, Scots Guards and Welsh Guards only the initials (in big brass letters) are, as a rule, displayed. Thus a soldier with R.F.A. on his shoulder straps would belong to the Royal Field Artillery, one with A.S.C. to the Army Service Corps, with 3 D.G. to the 3rd Dragoon Guards, 1 L.G. to the 1st Life Guards, 1 G.G. to the 1st Grenadier Guards, and so on.

Rifle regiments, too, usually display the initials only. The several Rifle regiments in the Army are the King's Royal Rifles (K.R.R.), Rifle Brigade (R.B.), Scottish Rifles and Royal Irish Rifles. The initial letters in their case are of a much smaller

size, and are, further, easily distinguishable because they are black, as a general rule.

With practically all the Infantry regiments the title is spelt out sufficiently full enough to make identification quite an easy matter.

Without the aid of the shoulder-titles a soldier's regiment can also be discovered by the cap badge which he wears (as each regiment has a more or less distinctive one). But I do not think, in view of the confusing multiplicity of badges in use, that civilians would be very successful in learning the name of a soldier's regiment that way. So I shall only make a reference, along with a hint or two about other identification marks, to some of the badges which are peculiar to certain classes of regiments; such, for instance, as that a soldier belonging to *any* Light Infantry regiment may always be recognised by the fact that the outstanding feature of his cap badge is a horn or bugle with strings attached to it.

The several Light Infantry regiments in the service are :—Duke of Cornwall's, Somerset, Oxford and Bucks, Yorkshire, Shropshire, Durham, and Highland.

The last-mentioned regiment is, by the way, as I have before stated in the chapter

on Regimental Distinctions, the only Highland regiment which wears trousers, or trews.

These trews, except when the wearers are in complete service dress, are an infallible identification mark of the H.L.I.; they are of the Mackenzie tartan. But, for that matter, all Scottish regiments can be told at a glance, even in khaki, by the Glengarry caps which they wear, irrespective of whether they are kilted or trousered regiments. The only exception to this rule is the Scots Guards.

In full dress the Scottish regiments which do not wear kilts (again except the Scots Guards) wear tartan trews; but, in service dress, the ordinary khaki trousers. The non-kilted Scottish regiments are:—Scots Guards, Highland Light Infantry, Royal Scots, Royal Scots Fusiliers, King's Own Scottish Borderers and the Scottish Rifles.

If one is conversant with the different tartans the Highland regiments can be distinguished from one another by the fact that the Seaforths wear the Mackenzie; the Gordons, the Gordon with yellow stripe; the Camerons, the Cameron-Erracht, and the Argyle and Sutherlands, the Sutherland. The Black Watch wears a Regimental tartan.

With the exception of the Highland Light

Infantry the tartan of the trews worn by the Scotch regiments is a Regimental one.

The cap badge of all Fusiliers is good to distinguish, for its sole, or, at any rate, its chief, characteristic is a grenade. The one exception to this rule is the Royal Irish Fusiliers, who have a second cap badge over the grenade—the coronet of H.R.H. Princess Victoria.

There are nine Fusilier regiments:—Northumberland, Royal (City of London Regiment), Royal Scots, Lancashire, Royal Welsh, Royal Inniskilling, Royal Irish, Royal Munster and Royal Dublin.

The cap badge of the Grenadier Guards is the same as the Fusiliers—a grenade.

Everybody, of course, knows the cap badge of the Artillery; it is very obvious—a gun.

Nearly all Lancer regiments have, as the distinctive feature of their cap badges—crossed lances. The cap badge of the 17th Lancers is the famous "Death's Head."

So much for the methods of identifying a soldier's regiment. Now for the "telling" of his rank and special qualifications.

I have previously dealt with Officers' badges, so there only remains those of

Warrant, Non-commissioned Officers and Privates.

To begin with, it should always be borne in mind that the stripes (chevrons) which a soldier wears inverted on his left arm are, unless they are duplicated on his right arm, *not* badges of rank; they are simply "good conduct" badges. Only Privates and Lance-Corporals (as a general rule) wear these good conduct indicators.

To obtain a good conduct badge a man must have at least two years' service and, during that period, be free of any black mark. For the wearing of two good conduct badges he must have the same behaviour qualification and 5 years' service; three badges, 12 years' service; four badges, 18 years' service; five, 23 years' service, and the limit, six badges, 28 years.

The soldier who succeeds in obtaining even four good conduct badges is always closely related to the angels—or else he has been jolly lucky in escaping detection on the occasions when he has "chanced his arm."

Badges of rank—up to Sergeant—are fairly familiar to the public: Lance-Corporal, one stripe above the elbow; Corporal, two stripes; Sergeant, three.

Three stripes, with a crown above, indicate that the wearer is either a Company or Squadron Quartermaster-Sergeant or a Staff Sergeant in one of the Departmental Corps.

If between the stripes and the crown there appears a grenade the Sergeant belongs to the Royal Engineers; if a gun, he belongs to the Royal Artillery, and his designation is then Battery Quartermaster-Sergeant; if crossed rifles, that he belongs to the staff of the Musketry school; if crossed swords, to the Army Gymnastic Staff; if the Geneva red cross, to the Royal Army Medical Corps.

If above his three stripes the Sergeant wears crossed flags, without any crown, he is an Assistant Instructor of Signalling; if crossed swords above his stripes the Sergeant is qualified to act as a Gymnastic Instructor in his regiment.

When on his right arm, or on both if in khaki, a soldier is wearing, below his elbow, four inverted stripes with an obviously indicative badge above them, he may be either a Sergeant Trumpeter, Drummer, Bugler or Piper.

As in the "Regulars," the Royal Arms is the badge of rank sported by a Territorial

Regimental Sergeant-Major; he takes precedence as a 1st Class Warrant Officer among his "Regular" brethren.

Soldiers who are Warrant Officers—a class between Non-commissioned and Commissioned Officers—are easily distinguishable from the fact that they always wear their badges of rank below the elbow.

Warrant Officers are split into two divisions—1st and 2nd Class. Until quite recently—a few months ago—there were no 2nd Class Warrant Officers in the army, the soldiers who are now classed as such were formerly styled Senior Non-commissioned Officers.

The badge of the 2nd Class Warrant Officer is a small crown. The soldier wearing it may be either a

Junior Schoolmaster,

Garrison Quartermaster-Sergeant,

Quartermaster Corporal-Major (Household Cavalry),

Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant,

Squadron Corporal-Major (Household Cavalry),

Squadron Sergeant-Major (Cavalry Regiments),

Battery Sergeant-Major (Artillery),

Troop Sergeant-Major (Mounted Units), or a

Company Sergeant-Major (Infantry).

If the crown is accompanied by an artillery gun, the soldier wearing it is a 3rd Class Master Gunner; he is the senior of all 2nd Class Warrant Officers.

Sometimes one may see a soldier wearing a similar crown accompanied by the Geneva cross; that signifies that the wearer is a Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant in the Royal Army Medical Corps; if, instead of the Geneva cross, crossed rifles appear along with the crown, then the soldier is a Regimental Quartermaster-Sergeant at the School of Musketry.

1ST CLASS WARRANT OFFICERS

The badge of rank worn by the senior 1st Class Warrant Officers—Conductors in the Army Ordnance Corps and 1st Class Staff Sergeant-Majors in the Army Service and Army Pay Corps—is so very much like that of the ordinary 2nd Class Warrant Officers that it is quite easy to mistake it; it is also a crown, but it is encircled by a wreath—that wreath makes all the difference.

A Senior Schoolmaster's badge is just the

same, too, and a 1st Class Master Gunner's badge also consists of crown and wreath, but—a gun in addition.

A 2nd Class Master Gunner, though it may sound somewhat contradictory, is a 1st Class Warrant Officer, and his badge of rank is the Royal Coat of Arms and a gun.

Sub-conductors in the Army Ordnance Corps, Ordinary Schoolmasters, Garrison and Regimental Sergeant-Majors in Cavalry or Infantry regiments are 1st Class Warrant Officers and wear, as their badge—the Royal Coat of Arms.

A soldier wearing the Royal Arms and a horseshoe is either a Farrier Corporal-Major in the Household Cavalry or a Farrier Sergeant-Major in the Cavalry of the Line—1st Class Warrant Officers.

Medical Corps Sergeant-Majors wear the Royal Coat of Arms and Geneva cross; Sergeant-Majors of the Gymnastic Staff, Royal Coat of Arms and crossed swords; Sergeant-Major School of Musketry, Royal Coat of Arms and crossed rifles. These soldiers are also 1st Class Warrant Officers.

A Bandmaster's badge is very indicative of the wearer's special functions: it is a lyre surmounted by a crown. When Band-

masters are not Commissioned Officers (Directors of Music they are then called) they are 1st Class Warrant Officers.

The foregoing list pretty well exhausts the Warrant and Non-commissioned Officers' signs of rank.

There are, however, numerous other badges worn by soldiers, including Privates, to denote the special qualifications which they hold. Prominent among these are the badges of Bandsmen, a Lyre; Drummers, a Drum; Trumpeters, a Trumpet; Good Riders, a Spur; Scouts, a Fleur-de-Lys; Pioneers, Crossed Axes; Farriers or Shoeing Smiths, a Horseshoe; Wheelers or Carpenters, a Wheel; Armourer Sergeants, Machinery Artificers, Machinery Gunners and Smiths, Crossed Hammers and Pincers; Best Swordsman in Cavalry regiments, Crossed Swords and Crown; Marksmen, Crossed Guns, or, rather, Crossed Rifles; Judging Distance Experts, a Small Star; Gun Layers in the Artillery, the letter "L" encircled by a wreath; Skilled Drivers in the Army Service Corps, Crossed Whips over a Spur; Maxim or Machine Gunners, the letters "M.G." in a wreath; Signallers, Crossed Flags.

Now, in conclusion, a few remarks about medal ribbons. In khaki, it should be noted, a soldier is not allowed to wear medals —only the ribbons.

The Victoria Cross is the premier medal, and the colour of the ribbon is a dark red. The soldier, no matter what his rank, must give it precedence over all other medals, decorations and orders—that is, it must be worn the furthest away from his left shoulder. Next in point of precedence to the Victoria Cross comes the various Orders, Garter, Thistle, St. Patrick, Bath, etc., until the Distinguished Service Order is reached. After the D.S.O. comes the Imperial Service Order, followed by the Royal Victorian Order (5th class), and, if the soldier possesses any of the following he must wear them before his war medals: —Volunteer Officer's Decoration, Territorial Decoration, Colonial Auxiliary Forces Officers' Decoration, Kaiser-i-Hind, Queen Victoria's Jubilee Medal, Coronation or Indian Durbar Medal of King Edward VII., Coronation Medal King George V., Distinguished Conduct Medal (the last is only worn by N.C.O.'s and Men, or Officers promoted from the ranks after receiving it therein).

The war medals are worn in the order in which they were earned.

After the war medals come the N.C.O.'s and Men's medal for Meritorious Service, Long Service and Good Conduct in either the Regulars, Militia, Yeomanry or Volunteers, and, last, the Territorial Efficiency medal.

When wearing his medals in full dress, no matter how many he has, a soldier must not make two rows of them ; if they cannot be fully seen they must overlap.

The ribbons, however, may occupy two rows, or three if necessary.

Life Saving medals are not worn on the same breast as Military medals, but on the opposite one—the right. Only two such medals may be worn for any one act of bravery.

The ribbons of medals, when worn without the medals, are never to exceed ½ inch in depth and one inch across ; with the medals the ribbon is supposed to hang one inch.

Both medals and medal ribbons must be worn in a horizontal line, at a point midway between the first and second buttons (counting from top) of the jacket and about two inches to the right thereof. The Sovereign's head should always be showing when medals are worn.

The ribbon of the Long Service medal of the regular soldier—the "Rooty" medal as Tommy calls it, because the wearer must have eaten a lot of soldiers' bread in his long service—is practically identical with that of the V.C., but as it is worn nearest the shoulder, while the V.C. is worn furthest from the shoulder, it is a simple matter to tell which is which.

To denote the battles in which the holder of a campaign medal has taken part silver clasps, bearing the names of the particular battles, are issued along with the medal.

A soldier must always wear his clasps when he wears his medals—fastened on to the ribbons from which the medals are suspended.

To identify, exactly, the campaigns represented by the different war medal ribbons is impossible without studying—and memorizing—the colours of the numerous ribbons in wear. The frontispiece to this volume affords a splendid opportunity for such entertaining study.

A soldier may be deprived of any medal which he may possess by order of a Court-Martial, with the exception of the Victoria Cross. That can be taken from

him only by the direct authority of the King.

From the date of the act of gallantry by which it was earned the soldier who receives the Victoria Cross begins to draw a pension of £10 a year. If by any subsequent acts of gallantry he has clasps added to his Cross, he is granted an extra £5 a year for each clasp. In the event of his being unable, through any cause beyond his own control, to earn a living when he returns to civil life the Authorities may increase his pension to any sum not exceeding £50 a year.

Holders of the Distinguished Conduct Medal receive, on discharge from the Army, a gratuity of £20, or, if discharged to pension, an extra sixpence a day.

The "Rooty" medal (Long Service and Good Conduct) carries with it a gratuity of £5.

To-day many of our gallant soldiers are proudly wearing two, three, and even four war medal ribbons, the while they are heroically earning—yet another one.

CHAPTER XX

HOW THE WOUNDED ARE DEALT WITH AT THE FRONT

A LITTLE time ago, in the course of a conversation upon the war, a lady in a burst of enthusiasm remarked to me:

"Oh, I do wish I were plucky enough to go and be a nurse. . . . I think those sweet creatures are simply splendid to so bravely face all the terrible dangers of the battle-field to attend to the wounded soldiers."

I smiled, and, in the interests of truth, even at the risk of appearing to minimise the great self-sacrificing work of the Red Cross ladies, proceeded to disillusion her as to the presence of nurses on the battle-fields in the actual midst of all the fighting.

I informed her that the ministering angels who do so much for our stricken soldiers are, though sometimes within hearing of the thunder of the guns, generally far removed

from the zone of bursting shells and flying bullets. Much to her evident relief I told her that the authorities only allowed the nurses within a safe distance of the firing line. I reminded her that the corroboration of my statement was to be found in the fact that, happily, the names of nursing sisters do not appear in the casualty lists that are published.

But that the lady should be so remarkably uninformed set me thinking. Particularly so, as, only a little while before that, I had the experience of putting a gentleman—one, too, who certainly should have known better—right in regard to the exact uses of the motor ambulances at the front.

He possessed the weird impression that the ambulances went driving about the battlefields, picking up the wounded from the different trenches, while shells were bursting all about them.

I explained to him that the motor ambulances, for very obvious reasons, could not be utilised on the actual battlefields ; that their activities were, and rightly so, confined to the roadways for the purpose of speedily conveying the wounded from one place to another ; that, if the system he had in

mind were really in use then it would, indeed, be "God help the wounded," and the drivers of the ambulances, too. As a matter of fact the ambulances get quite enough shells bursting about them on the roadways; they run no end of risk there without adding to it by becoming a special target for the enemy.

As I have already said, the lady's remark about the nurses, combined with this incident, set me thinking. And it made me come to the conclusion, when I remembered various other innocently absurd remarks I had heard, and surprising questions put to me at different times, that really, for all that the war has now been going on a year, very few people know much about the way or the manner in which the wounded are dealt with at the front.

Having come to this conclusion I resolved to devote this chapter to an explanation of the procedure followed in regard to a wounded soldier—from the time he falls in the firing line until he is housed, as comfortably as possible, in one of the many hospitals in England.

I hope the explanation will help to clear up any points upon which my readers may be in

doubt, especially those of them with a son, a husband, a brother, or sweetheart at the front.

In the first place, though, I should like all who read this article to thoroughly understand that the removal of the wounded from out of the firing line is one of the many problems in any war; but that in this, the greatest of all wars, the problem is of gigantic magnitude. Still, the Royal Army Medical Corps tackle it magnificently and, in conjunction with the stretcher bearers of the different regiments, achieve astonishingly successful results. The cost of that success is occasionally apparent to all who scan the casualty lists in the daily papers. A little row of names of men of the R.A.M.C., under the heading "killed," tells its eloquent tale.

But to be perfectly frank, and not to put the best face on everything, I must admit that despite the heroism of medical officers, orderlies, and stretcher bearers, many men are killed after they are wounded—and incapable of assisting themselves—simply because it is a sheer impossibility to *immediately* remove them out of the danger zone.

The reason, generally, for this is that when battles are terribly fierce, and casualties terribly high, the capacities of the orderlies and stretcher bearers are taxed to the utmost limit—and beyond it. Of course every effort is put forward to cope with the highest number of possible casualties, but it can well be understood that at times they exceed *all* expectations. Very often, too, unfortunately, the fierceness of the enemy's fire prevents a wounded man from being picked up for some considerable time.

However, when the intensity of the battle does not prevent it, the men who fall badly wounded usually receive immediate attention from their comrades. That attention, though, of necessity, is very slight; it consists of applying "first-aid" dressing to the wound. Every soldier carries two of these dressings in his pocket.

Regimental officers now also carry packets of opium pills with them, and when a man is in great agony with his wound—and it is possible to do so—they give him a couple of the pills to alleviate his pain. When the pills are given the officer, with a wetted copying ink pencil, marks a cross upon the forehead of the wounded man; this in order

to prevent the dose being repeated by any one else—a repetition might prove fatal!

As soon as possible the good Samaritan stretcher bearers reach the wounded. The "luckiest" wounded are of course, those nearest the stretcher bearers' starting-point.

The most unfortunate wounded are those left behind when a slight retirement takes place, when, say, two or three hundred yards has been given away. Those poor fellows, if the enemy occupy the conceded ground, naturally fall into the enemy's hands, and, even though the German Red Cross people may, perhaps, attend to them and cure them, their fate is that of prisoners of war.

If the enemy does not occupy the ground, those wounded have, nevertheless, to remain there until darkness falls to give the stretcher bearers an opportunity of bringing them in. But, more often than not, the enemy continuously sweeps that particular patch of ground with rifle and machine gun fire during the night. Then, it can well be understood, the stretcher bearers' efforts to rescue the sufferers are not always crowned with the success their splendid gallantry deserves.

To return, however, to the "lucky"

wounded. When a man is picked up by the stretcher bearers he is taken to what is called the regimental aid post. This post is anything convenient, near the field of battle, which affords most protection from the enemy's fire; it may be a cave in a hillside, a cellar, or a dug-out. There the medical officer attached to his particular regiment examines him and dresses the wound.

His next journey is on an ambulance wagon—sometimes a horse ambulance, sometimes a motor ambulance, sometimes an ordinary spring cart (without springs, perhaps)—and in it he travels to the Divisional Field Ambulance some two or three miles away. The Divisional Field Ambulance is housed in anything convenient; most often, a tent. The wound is again dressed, and an injection is given the wounded man in order to prevent tetanus (lockjaw).

As soon as it is possible—I mean as soon as vehicles are available—he is given another journey of perhaps five miles, to, usually, the nearest convenient church, school, or convent. Here he gets something to eat and a very welcome rest. Here, only the dull booming of the guns reach him, and, if

conscious of the change, he welcomes the respite from the nerve-racking thunder of their incessant explosions.

Here, if an immediate operation is essential for his life's sake, clever surgeons will, with marvellous skill and the most impromptu of appliances, perform it.

The next stage of the wounded man's journeyings is taken, as a rule, in one of the motor ambulances, and he is passed on to one of the casualty clearing stations. These are wonderfully organised and are really hospitals in every sense of the word except that necessarily their situation and furnishing varies according to circumstances. These clearing stations may be anything from ten to fifty miles, or more, from the firing line, and it is in one of them that the wounded soldier first comes under the care of the nursing sisters. It is also, by the way, the first time, since leaving England, that he has the pleasure of again sleeping in a bed. I am afraid, though, the pleasure is seldom thoroughly appreciated ; the agony of his wound usually discounting it too terribly, despite the untiring efforts of doctors, Red Cross ladies, and R.A.M.C. orderlies to alleviate his pain.

When I mention that sometimes, in the course of a few days, anything between 200 and 600 men pass through a clearing station it will readily be seen what an enormous strain there is upon the doctors, nurses, and orderlies who comprise the staff.

From the clearing station an ambulance train conveys the wounded man a little bit nearer " Blighty " (Tommy's name for England). The ambulance train is a moving hospital; it is fitted up with every possible regard for the suffering passengers it bears as freight. There is an adequate staff of doctors, orderlies, and nursing sisters on board each train. Some of these hospital trains, those which have been specially built for the purpose since the war began, are most luxuriously fitted. From the train to a base hospital, or, perhaps, if accommodation is available, straight on to the hospital ship, the wounded warrior is then transferred.

If his wound is only of a slight character the soldier, of course, is not sent to England, but kept in the base hospital until he recovers. He is then sent back to the firing line.

On board the hospital ship, by doctors,

nurses, officers, and crew, everything that can be is done for the honoured and honourable passengers.

At Southampton, the final dangers—Channel and Solent submarines—safely passed, the smashed and gashed, but brave and smiling "boys" are quickly and tenderly helped into the waiting trains, and rapidly conveyed to the different hospital centres throughout the country wherein so many willing hands and hearts are waiting to welcome and attend them—the men who have been and "done their bit."

CHAPTER XXI

ODDS AND ENDS

THE Household Cavalry consists of three regiments—the 1st and 2nd Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards.

*   *   *   *   *   *

There are 28 ordinary Cavalry regiments, or "Cavalry of the Line," as they are called —7 regiments of Dragoon Guards (1st to 7th); 3 regiments of Dragoons (1st, 2nd and 6th); 6 regiments of Lancers (5th, 9th, 12th, 16th, 17th, and 21st); 12 regiments of Hussars (3rd, 4th, 7th, 8th, 10th, 11th, 13th, 14th, 15th, 18th, 19th and 20th).

*   *   *   *   *   *

The famous "Light Brigade" consisted of the 4th, 8th and 11th Hussars and the 17th Lancers.

*   *   *   *   *   *

There are 74 Infantry regiments in the army, including the Guards. Of these 50

are English regiments, 11 Scotch, 9 Irish and 4 Welsh.

* * * * * *

The Foot Guards consists of 5 Regiments—the Grenadiers, Coldstreams, Scots, Irish, and Welsh.

* * * * * *

Only four regiments have the names of cities embodied in their titles—the Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment), the York and Lancasters, the Manchesters, and the King's Liverpool Regiment.

* * * * * *

Before the war commenced there were 180,000 born Englishmen serving in the Army, 21,000 Irishmen, 17,000 Scotsmen and 3,000 Welshmen.

* * * * * *

There are 57 Yeomanry regiments in the Service—42 English, 9 Scottish, 4 Welsh and 2 Irish.

* * * * * *

London, including Middlesex, has four Yeomanry regiments—the City of London Roughriders, the Middlesex Hussars, the Westminster Dragoons and the 3rd Sharpshooters. Every one of these regiments is

acknowledged to be the equal in efficiency of a regular cavalry regiment.

* * * * * *

"Fishguard" as a battle honour sounds peculiar, and rather seem reminiscent of a certain railway company's advertisement, yet it is a much cherished war distinction of the Pembroke Yeomanry, who earned it for their gallantry in repelling an attempted French invasion at that spot at the end of the 18th century.

* * * * * *

The first Territorials to be employed in action in the present war were the London Scottish, Hertfordshires, the Honourable Artillery Company and the Queen's Westminsters.

* * * * * *

The County of London Regiment is a purely Territorial regiment. There are no Regular battalions of it.

* * * * * *

The Honourable Artillery Company, or "H.A.C." as it is called, is really the father of all our military forces. When they first came into existence they were armed with "long bows, crossbows, and hand gonns."

The famous Artists' Rifles is the 28th Battalion of the County of London Territorial Regiment.

* * * * * *

There are only two Irish Territorial battalions—the "London Irish" and the "Liverpool Irish"; and they are not distinct regiments, but form part of English ones. In the case of the "London Irish," they are the 18th Battalion of the County of London Territorial Regiment, and in the case of the "Liverpool Irish," the 9th Territorial Battalion of the King's Liverpool (Regular) Regiment.

* * * * * *

The "London Scottish" is the 14th Battalion of the County of London Regiment.

* * * * * *

The first Territorial soldiers to receive rewards for gallantry in the present war were members of a Welsh Territorial unit—the 2nd Monmouthshires. The soldiers in question were Corporal Pinchin and Private Jones, and they both received the Distinguished Conduct Medal.

* * * * * *

The cost of clothing a recruit in the Life

Guards is £31 11s. 8d.; in the Foot Guards, £16 9s. 3d.; in the Lancers, £14 4s. 6d.; in the Hussars, £13 16s. 7d.; in the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons, £13 16s. 10d.; in the Royal Horse Artillery, £13 11s. 10d.; in the Royal Field Artillery, £12 14s. 1d. (Driver); £10 7s. 10d. (Gunner); Highlander, £11 18s., and the Infantry man (ordinary), £8 5s. 7d. These sums, of course, mean the complete outfit in peace time.

* * * * * *

Military bands first came into existence in 1685, when they were introduced into the Foot Guards by a Royal Warrant of Charles II.

* * * * * *

A military band, according to the Regulations, is supposed to consist of—1 Bandmaster, 1 Sergeant, and 20 Privates in Infantry regiments, but only 15 Privates in a Cavalry regiment. As a matter of fact, in both Cavalry and Infantry the number is always considerably exceeded, the excess men being introduced under the guise of "acting" bandsmen.

* * * * * *

On active service the bandsmen usually carry out the duties of stretcher bearers,

removing the wounded. But as all bandsmen are trained soldiers in the first place, they may, and are, if occasion arises, required to take their place in the firing line.

* * * * * *

To be considered thoroughly efficient, a regiment of Infantry is expected to be able to comfortably march 20 miles in full marching order—and then fight an action.

* * * * * *

On good roads an Infantry regiment is supposed to march at the rate of 3 miles an hour; Cavalry and Artillery, 5 miles if alone; wheeled transport, 2½ miles.

* * * * * *

A Maxim, or machine, gun fires the same kind of bullet as is fired from a soldier's rifle, a .303 cartridge, but it fires it a little more quickly—450 a minute. Every regiment has a machine gun section.

* * * * * *

A shrapnel shell, fired by an 18-pr. quick-firing gun, contains about 364 bullets.

* * * * * *

A shell leaves the muzzle of a gun, when it is fired, at the rate of anything from 1,600 to 3,000 feet per second—according to the type of gun.

When guns are referred to as 3-inch, 5-inch, and so on, it means that the diameter of the muzzle is indicated—the calibre as the soldier calls it. When it is referred to as a 13-pounder, 15-pounder, and so on, that it throws a projectile of that weight.

* * * * * *

A 6-inch quick firing gun weighs 7 tons, and it can fire a shell weighing 100lb. over 12,000 yards—and it can fire such " trifles " at the rate of 12 a minute.

* * * * * *

A Howitzer gun is one which can be fired at an angle—with the muzzle pointing up in the air. It is worked on hydraulic buffers and springs. This is the gun which fires the high explosive shells.

* * * * * *

The rifle which our Tommies use is called a Lee-Enfield. The extreme distance which a bullet fired from it will carry is 3,500 yards—two miles.

* * * * * *

The length of a rifle is 3ft. 8½in.

* * * * * *

The length of a bayonet is 1ft. 5in.

The weight of a rifle is 8lb. 10½oz.

* * * * * *

The weight of a bayonet is 1lb. 0½oz.

* * * * * *

On active service a soldier always carries with him 120 rounds of ammunition, but, on going into the firing line, extra bandoliers are issued to him.

* * * * * *

Every soldier on service carries an entrenching tool, which is a miniature combined pick and shovel—and very handy it is too!

* * * * * *

Bandmasters are chosen from among the ranks of the bandsmen. They receive their appointments on passing a satisfactory examination at the end of a special course of instruction in music at the Royal Military School of Music, Kneller Hall, London.

* * * * * *

The ordinary rate of pay for a bandmaster is 5s. a day, but if he is a commissioned officer with the title of director of music it varies from 9s. to 15s. in the Foot Guards and ordinary Infantry regiments (according to his rank as an officer), and from 10s. 6d. to 16s. 6d. in the Life Guards, Cavalry of the Line and Royal Artillery.

Bandsmen receive the same pay as the other soldiers in the regiment to which they belong.

* * * * * *

The money received by a band for concert and other engagements is divided between the band funds of the regiment (a fund for providing instruments beyond those purchased out of the Government's annual grant) and all the members of the band; the bandmaster, of course, receiving the "lion's share."

* * * * * *

The pay of the Matron-in-Chief of the Army Nurses is between £305 and £350 per year; that of a Principal Matron between £175 and £205; of a Matron, £75 to £150; a Sister, £50 to £65; and that of a Staff Nurse (the beginner), £40 to £45.

* * * * * *

Army Chaplains on first appointment are granted the rank of Captain. Such a Chaplain is termed a 4th class Chaplain; on promotion to Major he becomes a 3rd class Chaplain; on promotion to Lieutenant-Colonel a 2nd class Chaplain, and on being granted the rank of Colonel, a 1st class Chaplain.

The Chaplain-General, who presides over the whole department, ranks as a Major-General.

* * * * * *

Army Schoolmasters are mainly produced from among the boys of the Duke of York's and Royal Hibernian Military Schools. They do not, of course, go on active service, and, therefore, may not be strictly regarded as soldiers. Still, they are part and parcel of the Army—and an excellent branch of it too—and are subject to military law the same as any other soldier.

* * * * * *

Army reserve men, when in civil life, receive 6d. a day pay (paid quarterly).

* * * * * *

Colonels in the Royal Engineers are better paid than the Colonels in any other regiments or corps except the Royal Army Medical Corps—their daily rate of pay is 32s. In the Medical it varies between 30s. and 35s.

* * * * * *

The highest paid Tommy is the Life-Guardsman, who receives 1s. 9d. a day. The lowest paid—for all that he has the biggest share in any fighting that happens to be

going on—is the Infantryman, with 1s. a day. Foot Guards get a 1d. a day more than other Infantry soldiers.

* * * * * *

Soldiers in Departmental Corps, such as the Army Service, Army Medical, Royal Engineers, etc., receive, in addition to their Regimental pay, Corps pay. Corps pay varies according to the particular duties being performed by the soldier. It generally ranges, however, from 4d. to 2s. a day.

* * * * * *

All Tommies on attaining two years' service receive either 3d. or 6d. a day proficiency pay in addition to their ordinary pay. The qualification for the highest rate is excellence in shooting.

* * * * * *

The cost of keeping up the Army in peace time was just over twenty-eight millions per year.

* * * * * *

The Army Council is composed of seven members, four military and three civil. They are as follows :—The Secretary of State for War, the first military member (the Chief of the Imperial General Staff), the second military member (the Adjutant-

General to the Forces), the third military member (the Quartermaster-General to the Forces), the fourth military member (the Master-General of the Ordnance), the civil member (the Parliamentary Under-Secretary of State), the finance member (Financial Secretary to the War Office).

* * * * * *

The command of the Army is in the hands of the Army Council.

* * * * * *

The Government of the Army is vested in the King.

* * * * * *

GOD SAVE THE KING

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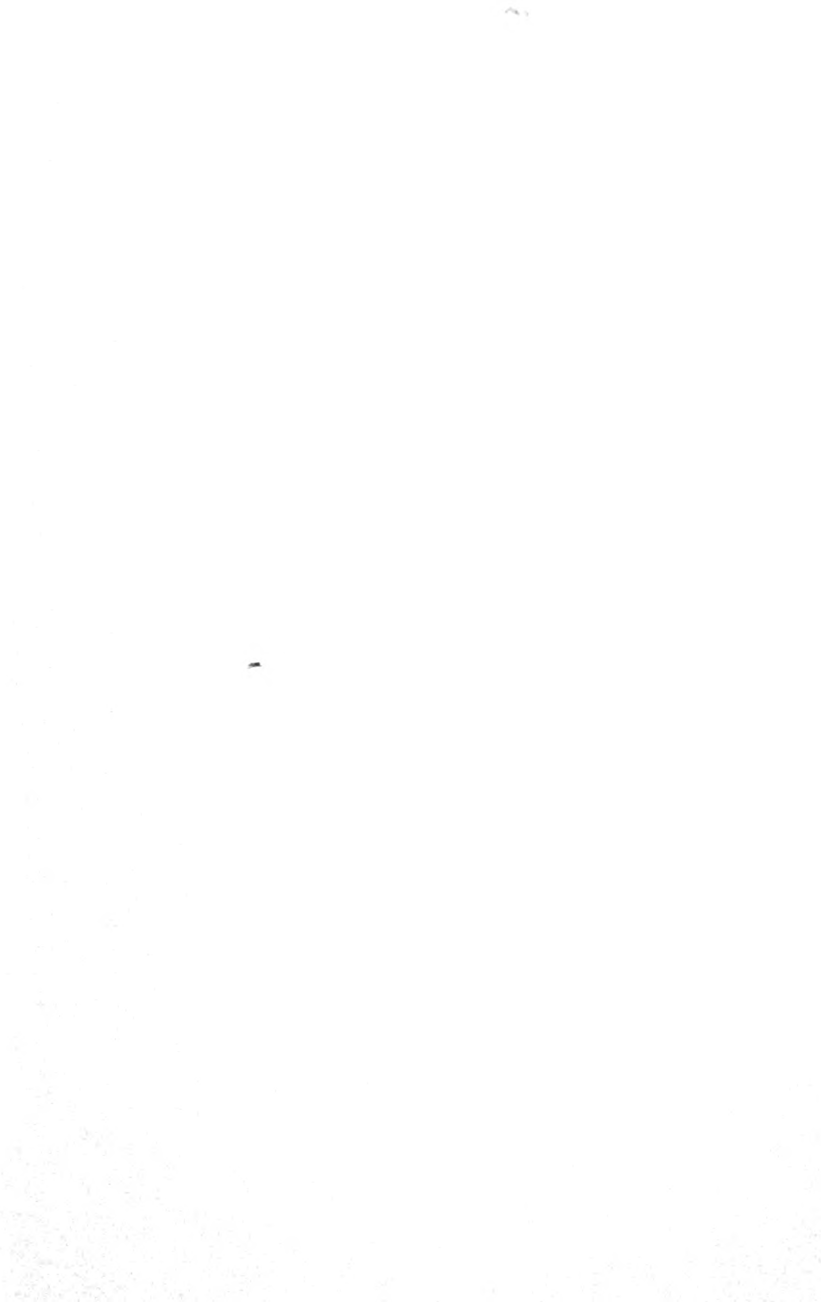

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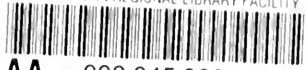
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