



Vol. XV. No. 299. Saturday, October 25, 1902.

Editorial Offices—20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Telegraphic Address—"RURICOLIST," LONDON.

Telephone—No. 2,748, GERRARD.

Advertisement Offices—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, LONDON, W.C.

Publishing Offices—12, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, AND 20, TAVISTOCK STREET, LONDON, W.C.

## CONTENTS.

	Page
Frontispiece: Rear-Admiral H. J. Raby, V.C., C.B. ...	123
Leaders: True and False Economy; The "Soldier Spurned" ...	124
Fighting in Somaliland. (Illustrated) ...	125
Coronation Celebrations in New Zealand. (Illustrated) ...	127
The Sea-power of the Nations ...	129
The "Orlando" Memorial. (Illustrated) ...	130
Round the Military Clubs ...	131
The Royal Garrison Artillery. (Illustrated) ...	132
Britain Beyond the Seas ...	133
Liquid Fuel in Westralia. (Illustrated) ...	134
Navies and Armies of the World ...	135
Making Kussian Seamen. (Illustrated) ...	136
Our Public School Cadets—Malvern. (Illustrated) ...	137
On the Quarter-deck. (Illustrated) ...	140
Defence, not Defiance ...	141
1st Orkney R.G.A. Volunteers. (Illustrated) ...	142
Our Indian Empire ...	143
Eastern Notabilities. (Illustrated) ...	144
A Shoot with H.H. the Maharajah of Cooch Behar ...	145
Round the World. (Illustrated) ...	146
Editorial Notices ...	148
Mems. for Naval and Military Messes ...	148

## True and False Economy.

"RETRENCHMENT and Reform" has been a popular cry in British politics at regular intervals during two centuries, and there is little doubt that it will soon be heard again. The demand for "efficiency," of which we hear so much, shows which way the wind is blowing. It only requires some politician with a personality that can stir the nation to make the cry his own; in a short time he would have the mass of the electors at his heels. We have been spending vast amounts in every direction for many years. The observant have long had misgivings, and now even the heedless are beginning to say that there must be a change. This is the usual course of things. We get a Government in office for one period which is ready to find money for any and every purpose, and which is allowed to do as it pleases because the country is taking no notice. It can even hand over huge doles to its supporters, the Church and the agricultural landlord, at a time when the whole nation is feeling the pinch of lean years—it can even do this without arousing any strong body of opposition, for the simple reason that the taxpayer is not really awake to what is going on. But by degrees the taxpayer's eyes are opened. He cries out that he has been despoiled. He turns and rends the Government in office, and he puts in another pledged to economy and a general overhauling of public affairs. Then we go to the opposite extreme; the pendulum swings as far in one direction as it had gone in the other. A period follows in which all expenses are indiscriminately cut down, and we save our money at the risk of losing our Empire.

All signs point to the probability that before long the reaction will be in full blast. Trade is depressed, employment slack. If we have a hard winter, there will be distress, and distress always affects the popularity of the Government in power. Furthermore, the country is beginning to doubt very seriously whether the present Ministers are, as a body, in earnest, and whether they realise the urgency of the work that cries aloud to be put through. If the Liberal Party succeeds in patching up its differences and finding some one leader to follow with a whole heart, we shall in a short time have a Liberal Ministry in office pledged to the old watchwords of Retrenchment and Reform. Now there are many ways in which we can retrench without any sacrifice. We can put the public service in order. We can insist upon more business-like methods in dealing with national funds. We can suspend the "doles." But the departments in which more economy and better administration will especially be looked for are those which have lately been spending most money. We have added to our ordinary expenditure at the rate of five and a-half millions a year during the last seven

years, and "the greatest of all the increases have been in the Naval and Military establishments." Those were Sir William Harcourt's words the other day, and he added to them these others: "Let us insist that the great growth of expenditure shall not go on." The sentiment will find an echo in many quarters; but there is something else that the country must insist upon. It must set its face against any serious reduction in the Naval Estimates. Wherever we save money, we cannot afford to economise over our Fleets. Since 1889 we have been making up the arrears which had accumulated during long years of culpable neglect. Both parties were to blame for this neglect, but each has since done its best to repair the situation, and their efforts have borne fruit in the present state of our Naval defences. These are now, we honestly believe, being kept up to the necessary standard of strength and readiness for war, but they are only just up to that standard. Any relaxation of endeavour would allow them to drop below it. Any ill-advised stoppage of supplies would throw us back to the position of the early eighties, before the Naval Defence Act, before the country at large was alive to the insecure state in which we then were. It is inevitable that Naval expenditure shall be looked into closely when retrenchment begins. But we hope and think that if the Admiralty can show its administration to be wise and as near to economy as circumstances permit, the good sense of the nation will leave the Naval Estimates alone. Could the Admiralty stand the test at present? We doubt it. What the department must do, then, is to set its house in order, to reorganise its business upon sound lines, to cut down all unnecessary expense. Lord Selborne is a First Lord in whom we may safely repose confidence. He has set a number of committees to work to consider all kinds of questions affecting the Navy both afloat and ashore. He is in earnest and he works hard. If he is supported as he ought to be, the Admiralty will rank amongst the most efficient of the great departments of State. We wish we could hold out the same hopes about the War Office. But so far nothing has occurred to show that any thorough-going reform is even being thought of. The War Office seems to have sunk back into its old contented lethargy. The awakening will be all the ruder for it when it comes.

## THE "SOLDIER SPURNED."

THE question of the admission of soldiers in uniform to reserved seats in theatres has been arousing a healthy interest. When we referred to it the other day, we expressed the hope that one of the cases in which managers refuse such admission would be taken up and brought to the notice of the licensing authority. An officer, writing in a contemporary a few days afterwards, did offer to deal with the instance we mentioned at his own expense, if the men concerned would swear an affidavit to justify his action. So presumably the manager concerned will hear more of the matter. Whether the "acting manager," who wrote in reply to the officer and defended the offer of this direct insult to the King's uniform, was expressing the feelings of lessees of theatres generally, we cannot say. He mentioned that he knew of one case in which a licence was opposed on this ground, and which resulted in the unanimous grant of the licence, in spite of the opposition. We doubt whether any public body would unanimously quash such a complaint against a manager now. They would at any rate caution him to pay more respect to His Majesty's Forces. It is not as if civilian evening dress were compulsory in stalls and dress circles. Men are frequently seen in them wearing tweed suits. So that clearly there is one rule for the civil population and another for the soldier. And even if the evening dress rule were rigidly enforced, uniform is full dress for soldiers. What else could they wear?

But all these trifling arguments must be brushed aside. The real question is: Do theatre managers look upon well-behaved soldiers as being proper persons to enter wherever civilians can enter, or not? We ought to have a plain answer to this plain question from the proprietor of every place of entertainment in London, and for that matter in the country too, though there the difficulty does not so often arise. Into many amusement resorts abroad soldiers are admitted at half-price. Nations in which every man has worn military uniform and served his country know how to honour their Armies, and try to show in many ways like this that they recognise their obligation to the man who carries the gun. We show it spasmodically, mostly at moments when the guns are urgently required to go off. At other times we take no trouble to make our gratitude apparent, and we tolerate such treatment of our soldiers as that which the two Guardsmen met with at the hands of this theatrical manager. It is not only mean conduct on our part—it is foolish even from the point of view of self-interest. Are we likely to attract the best class of recruits, the class we must have if we are to raise the standard of individual intelligence in the ranks, by letting them see that the man in uniform is openly proclaimed to be the inferior of the man in broadcloth or in tweed?

## A SHOOT WITH H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR.

By LAL BALOO.

**A**MONGST our Oriental guests for the Coronation festivities there were two at least who should have been peculiarly welcome to British sportsmen who have visited India. I allude to the Maharajah of Cooch Behar and Sir Pertab Singh of Jodpur. An article on "Sir Pertab, polo, and pig-sticking" would be of great interest to many of your readers, but I am not competent to do justice to it. To this beau ideal of an Eastern gentleman many a British officer owes his skill in these sports. Bravest of the brave, he has fought and bled for us. No chieftain of our Oriental allies is more universally liked and esteemed by the British Army in India.

The Maharajah of Cooch Behar, so renowned for his hospitality, is of another type. More nearly akin to an English gentleman, he is the only Indian magnate I have met whose Orientalism seems hidden away in the background, and whose English mannerisms sit quite naturally on him. True sportsman, fine shot, good horseman, he too has fought with our frontier force. His hospitality knows no bounds. It is safe to assert that when some distinguished visitor lands on "India's coral strand," "a shoot with the Maharajah of Cooch Behar" is the most attractive item in the programme arranged for his entertainment.

Some years since, when soldiering in the Punjab, I received a somewhat unexpected invitation to this shoot. With the assistance of a strong recommendation from my general, the late Sir Penn Symonds, as fine a sportsman as he was soldier, I obtained a month's leave. A few days later saw me at Cooch Behar where the party were assembling. The Maharanee, with some of her family, a Calcutta merchant, two scions of the French nobility, a member of the Viceregal staff, a globe-trotting Australian, and one or two others made up the party. The Maharajah treats all his guests alike, there is no favour. For howdah elephants we drew out of a hat; one of the best fell to my lot. Having drawn your elephant, he remains your mount during the shoot.

Next morning we drove out into the Dooars, about twenty miles to where the road ended. Thence on pad elephants to the camp, which was pitched on the banks of the Raidhak river, a tributary of the mighty Brahmaputra. The pad elephant is to the howdah elephant what the covert hack is to the hunter—a small active animal, faster and more comfortable to ride than the great tusker who as a rule carries the howdah. Want of space forbids me to describe fully the character of this interesting mammoth, but he is far from deserving the sentiment that is lavished on him in children's books. Capable of assimilating a high education, he is yet untrustworthy, dangerous, and unforgiving, and has to be treated with a very firm hand. While facing a wounded tiger with undaunted courage, he will fly with dismay from the unexpected rush of a tiny hog deer. The howdah, as you will perceive from the accompanying photograph, is constructed of canework, with two seats, one behind the other. A rack in your front, where your battery is convenient for your hand, in my case consisting of four double rifles, 8 bore, 12 bore, 500 express, .303, and a double shot-gun. Though not sufficiently experienced to speak with authority a 12 bore rifle appeared to me the best weapon for tiger shooting from a howdah, and a .303 the worst. It is a kind of snap shooting that requires much practice, generally at very short range, at a moving object from a platform that is never perfectly still. Even if your elephant is standing, your howdah is subjected to a gentle swell caused by his breathing. It is a matter, too, for consideration whether a back sight is desirable for this class of shooting. The great disadvantage of the 12 and 8 bore rifles lay in the smoke from the black powder, which, in the still jungle, hides everything for a few invaluable seconds, and doubtless the recently invented .450 and .500 cordite rifles are now superior to all others.

The proceedings of a tiger shoot are as follows: "Khubber" is brought in of a tiger having killed cattle somewhere within reach of camp, perhaps nine or ten miles away. The howdah and line elephants are sent off at day-break. The guns breakfast early and start on pad elephants, having drawn for their positions ("stops" as they are called). The tiger has been located in some high grass; the guns are posted according to their numbers, the centre numbers having

the best positions. For instance, if there are ten guns, Nos. 1 and 10 are the worst positions, Nos. 4, 5, and 6 the best. The line, composed of perhaps twenty or thirty elephants, commences to beat from one end of the piece of grass towards the opposite corner, where No. 5 would be posted. As the line comes up to Nos. 1 and 10 these guns fall in on the flanks and proceed with it, then further on Nos. 2 and 9 are similarly absorbed and so on. The guns who are in the line are only allowed to fire at a tiger if he breaks back. The first shot falls to the gun to whose post the tiger is driven. At other times, either when returning home or when no tiger has been marked down, a line is formed with the guns at intervals, and there is shooting at deer and smaller game for the pot.

The scenery in this country is magnificent, the vegetation in the forests, the many kinds of beautiful flowering trees and orchids, the crystal clear rivers, whose inviting water is nevertheless poisoned with germs, the bright hued birds and butterflies, with the frozen beauty of Mount Everest, and the majestic snow line of the Himalayas in the background, form a picture not easily to be forgotten; and, in addition, this is a sportsman's paradise: the rivers teem with the lordly mahseer, the forests and jungles are the home of the rhino, the bison, the buffalo, and elephant, whilst tigers and leopards abound.

My first tiger was on this wise. We were at lunch in the jungle when "khubber" was sent in. Several cows had been killed close to a village about seven miles away. The culprit was thought to be a leopard. The Maharajah called for a show of hands as to whether we should go and beat for this leopard, considered to be a certainty, or for a doubtful tiger we had been in quest of in the morning. We voted unanimously for the probable leopard. On arriving at the village we found a long narrow strip of grass. The guns were posted without delay, my position being No. 2. The line of elephants had only progressed 100 yards when there was loud trumpeting amongst them, and some unseen animal broke back through them. The line came out, went back whence it had started and reformed. No. 1 gun, on my left, was opposite a clearing in the strip of jungle, across which the leopard must pass unless he again broke back. He had shot many wild beasts and I had not at that time; in spite of my protests he insisted on my changing places; this made the first shot an almost certainty for me. The unselfishness of the Maharajah's guests was remarkable in this way. The Maharajah himself, on several occasions, refrained from taking his shot when the quarry might go to one of his guests. The line started a second time, very shortly afterwards the elephants trumpeted, and I could see the grass moving as some animal came towards me. I picked up the .303 as a magnificent tiger marched majestically out into the open and looked back at the advancing line. He coughed his acknowledgment of my shot from the .303, and came on at a gallop. For once my elephant misbehaved, and as I fired the left barrel threw up his head and trumpeted: my second shot missed by yards in consequence. I picked up the 12 bore rifle, the tiger stopped for a second within ten yards broadside on and looked at my elephant. I pulled the trigger—a miss-fire!—I fired the left barrel at him as he bounded into the grass, shattering a fore paw. The miss-fire cartridge on being examined proved to be without an anvil to the cap, warranted to occur not more than once in 5,000! Had I been on foot it might have been unpleasant. This tiger did not show much fight and was quickly finished. He was awarded to me for having drawn first blood. On the day my leave expired the camp was moved three days march into Assam, and I subsequently heard the result of the first day's sport there, to the best of my recollection, three buffalo and two rhino were killed that day. My allotted share of the spoil was sent me shortly after in the shape of a beautiful tiger skin and the largest leopard skin I have ever seen, without being unduly stretched this skin measured 10-ft. 2-in. The dimensions of the animal when shot I have unfortunately lost. As I write, these trophies look down on me and remind me of the delightful month I spent as the guest of the Maharajah in the jungles watered by the Brahmaputra and its tributaries.

# A SHOOT WITH H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF COOCH BEHAR.

SOME SNAP-SHOTS OF THE DAY'S SPORT.



Photos, Copyright.

A—ALL READY TO COMMENCE OPERATIONS.  
B.—THE PARTY CROSSING THE RAIDAK.  
C.—THE LINE—WAITING TO ADVANCE.

D—A HALT NEAR A VILLAGE.  
E.—THE HOWDAH AND PAD ELEPHANTS.  
F.—PADDING A LEOPARD.

"Navy & Army."