

THE REAL FRONT

with heroes of unknown name, in homespun gray, and khaki: with laborers and navvies with the poor and with the lowly. The glory of this war is the glory of the common man.

In this war those that were high and mighty have come to the humblest tasks, and those that once were the greatest have become the servant of all.

Riding down from the front line, one evening on the Somme, I encountered a column of marching troops. As they wore bandoliers, I recognized them as mounted men.

"Who are you?" I called out.

"The Royal Horse Guards—Blues," some one answered.

"What have you been doing up front?" I inquired.

"Burying the dead at Moltke Farm," replied the former speaker.

The Household Cavalry, the right of the line in the British Army, acting as scavengers of the battle-field! "Alas," moans the defender of the privileged classes, "alas, how the glory has departed!" But the Horse Guards, serving at the menial work, are but an emblem of democracy for which we fight, where all alike must share the meanest task, and where all alike may aspire to the highest glory.