



Remounts.

In the rosy red of the dawning your
hoofs on the roadway ring,
You that shall carry our heroes, you that
shall fight for the King,
You that shall lead the triumph in a last
long trampling line
When the swords have saved us Europe
and slashed their way to the Rhine!

Called from an Irish farmyard, called
from English fen,
Called from a prairie pasture to measure
the lives of men,
What courage that laughs at danger,
what spirit that scoffs at Death,
But, born to our Empire, freedom ye
have drunk with your every breath!

Bred in our conquering kingdoms, you,
too, are the Empire's sons.
You that shall tug at the wagons, you
that shall gallop the guns,
You that are part of our glory, whose
help has the years bestowed
Whenever our grandsires gathered, where-
ever our fathers rode!

And, faith, ye shall never fail us when
the whimpering bullets fly,
When the lances shiver and splinter and
Death in his spurs goes by:
When the stricken reels in his saddle and
the chill hand drops the rein,
And bloody out of the battle ye wheel
to the tents again!

Hail to the hero that waits you, gunner
hussar or dragoon!
Hail to the day of your glory—and the
War-God send it soon!
Luck to your prancing squadron whose
hoofs on the roadway ring,
Proud ye shall carry the victors who
carry the swords of the King!
—Will H. Ogilvie, in *Saturday Post*.

General Sir Douglas Haig. Commander-in-Chief of the British Forces in France.

FROM "TO-DAY."

"From the General to the rawest
Tommy in the trenches," said a Captain
of Hussars to the writer a few days
ago, "there is no British soldier at the
front who does not swear by Haig. Sir
John French in one of his despatches
said, 'I cannot speak too highly of
the valuable services rendered by Sir
Douglas Haig; he is a leader of the
greatest ability and power'; and if you
ask Tommy's opinion of French's suc-
cessor, he will answer enthusiastically,
'Oh, he's a bit of orl right! Give 'im
'arf a chance and you'll see; he'll make
things 'um!'"

The Fighting Haigs.

Probably no commander of an army
in the field ever inspired more universal
confidence or better deserved it; for if
ever there were a born soldier and leader
of men it is certainly Sir Douglas Haig.
And, indeed, it would be strange if it
were not so, for he has in his veins the
blood of centuries of as gallant men as
ever dealt lusty blows in battle. Ask
any Scotsman who knows his country's
story and he will tell you that Scotland
has never bred a finer race of fighting
men than the Haigs. There were Haigs
who covered themselves with blood
and glory on Bannockburn field six
centuries ago. Haigs were among the
first to rally to the standard of the
"Bonnie Prince" when he landed with
his handful of stalwarts in the Hebrides
in the '45; and they fought bravely
by the side of the yellow-haired laddie
from the glory of Prestonpans to the
tragedy of Culloden. And through the
intervening centuries there was scarcely
a Scottish battle or raid in which the
Haigs were not in the thickest of the
fighting.

"Duggy" at Clifton and Oxford.

It was thus fitting that when Douglas
was cradled at Cameronbridge, Fife, one
June day fifty-five years ago, he was
destined to continue the family tradition.
In his school days at Clifton, where his
father, a Scottish laird, sent him for
education, Douglas (or "Duggy," as
he was affectionately dubbed) was far
more notable for his achievements on
the playing-fields than in the class-rooms.
At cricket and football he was as superior
to his fellows as any of them were his
superiors in Euclid and Virgil. "A
sturdy, muscular, fresh-faced Scots
laddie," he is described by a con-
temporary, "the strongest and most
athletic boy in the school, a terror
to the bullies and the champion of the
smaller boys. One of the most amiable
and good-natured of fellows, as straight
as a gun and the very soul of frankness and
candour, he was immensely popular;
and many of the friendships he then
formed still survive as strong as ever."

From Clifton he migrated to Brasenose
College, Oxford, where again he was
more conspicuous for his muscle than
for his learning; and it was only after
he had passed his twenty-fourth birthday
that the future Commander of Britain's
greatest fighting army began his career
as a soldier. Curiously enough, al-
though he was physically "as fit as a
fiddle," he had the narrowest possible
escape of missing his career altogether;
for when he sought to join the Staff
College, the medical examiners dis-
covered that he was colour blind and
forthwith turned him down. But young
Haig was not the man to submit to
this shattering of all his hopes without
a big struggle. He consulted specialists
in London and Paris; argued and appealed
here, there and everywhere, until at last
he was fortunate enough to win the
sympathy and assistance of the Duke
of Cambridge, who gave him a special
order admitting him to the College.

In the Hussars.

Haig had not long worn the uniform
of a Hussar subaltern before his smartness
and zeal and soldierly qualities won the
high appreciation of his seniors; but
he had many years to serve before the
Soudan campaign, in 1898, gave him the
first opportunity of showing the stuff
he was made of. He took a conspicuous
part in the fighting at Atbara and
Khartoum, and so distinguished himself
that he was singled out for specially high
praise in despatches, and returned
home a brevet-major. Nor had he long
to wait for fresh laurels, for in the following
year he was in the thick of the fighting
in South Africa—this time as Chief
Staff Officer to General French, who had
already marked him out as a man of
exceptional gifts and promise, an opinion
which he speedily justified by much
brilliant work, especially during the
operations at Colesberg.

It was during the South African
campaign that Major Haig's career
narrowly escaped a tragic termination.
On the day of General Cronje's surrender
at Paardeberg, he was crossing the
Modder River, swollen by heavy rains,
when his horse reared and flung him
into the swift-rushing water, which
swept him helplessly away. Fortunately
his danger was seen by an officer, who
dashed gallantly into the river to his
assistance. The next moment the would-
be rescuer was also unhorsed, and equally
at the mercy of the turbulent river.
Nothing daunted, however, he shook
himself free from his horse, struck out
gallantly for the drowning man, and after
a long and seemingly hopeless struggle,
in which he nearly lost his own life,
brought him to safety. The officer who
thus bravely rescued Haig from death
was General French.

Facing Death.

This, however, was by no means the
first or last occasion on which Sir Douglas
Haig has looked death between the eyes.
In the Soudan, in the preliminary scout-
ing before the battle of Atbara, he vol-
unteered to inspect at close quarters
an enemy zareeba, which blocked the
line of advance. The zareeba, which
was large enough to conceal an army;
and although there was no sign of life
behind it, it was almost certain death
to approach it. Although none knew
this better than Captain Haig (as he
was then), he rode to within a couple
of hundred yards of it, sat calmly on his
horse, making the necessary observations,
in the midst of a perfect tornado of
bullets as coolly as if on the parade ground,
and by a miracle rode back to our lines
untouched.

When Haig returned from South
Africa at the end of the war he had
established his reputation as one of the
ablest and most brilliant soldiers in our
Army. Despatch after despatch had made
his name and fame known to the world;
he was now a Colonel, a C. B., and
A. D. C. to the King, wore the King's
Medal and the Queen's Medal with



General Sir Douglas Haig.
Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in
France and Flanders.

seven clasps, and was marked out for
a big career. But many years of peace
were to follow before his great opportunity
came with the present war—years during
which he did excellent work and con-
firmed his high reputation in a variety
of responsible offices, from Inspector-General
of Indian Cavalry to the command of
the 17th Lancers. At forty-three he
blossomed into a major-general, within
nineteen years of first wearing his sub-
altern's uniform; and two years later
he was Director of Military Training,
an office quickly followed by that of
Director of Staff Duties at Army Head-
quarters.

Queen Alexandra as Match-Maker.

Long before this General Haig had
established himself as a special favorite
of King Edward, who had the greatest
admiration for the clever, genial Scots-
man; and it was, so it is said, Queen
Alexandra, with whom he was an equal
favorite, who played "match-maker"
in the romance which had its climax
when General Haig led to the altar the
prettiest of her maids-of-honor—Dorothy,
one of the beautiful twin-daughters of
Lord Vivian, one day in 1905.

And probably never has a marriage
proved more happy, for Sir Douglas is
as devoted to his charming and lovely

wife as she is to the great soldier her
husband. As Queen Alexandra wrote
at the time to a friend, "I do not know
anything that has pleased me more than
this match, on which I had set my heart;
for they are ideally suited to each other.
They are both so ridiculously happy
that I do not know whether to be more
amused or delighted."

Of Sir Douglas Haig's brilliant work
in the present war the world knows as
much as it is permissible to know. Pro-
bably, however, it does not know how,
on several occasions, he has had almost
miraculous escapes from death.

On the Haystack.

On one occasion Sir Douglas, with a
member of his staff, mounted a haystack
some distance behind our trenches near
La Bassee to watch the progress of an
action. He had not been many minutes,
however, on his "bad eminence," before
a German shell crashed on to the top of
the haystack. As luck would have it,
it failed to explode. The two officers
had barely recovered from the shock,
to congratulate one another on their
marvellous escape, when a second shell
dropped almost at their feet—again
without exploding. "I think, sir," said
the aide, "it is getting a little too warm
for comfort up here. Don't you think
we had better climb down?" "Yes,"
I think it would be wiser,"
coolly answered Sir Douglas, with a
smile, as he prepared to descend
to a less conspicuous point of vantage.
On another occasion Sir Douglas had
only just left a barn near Armentieres
where some of his men were lodged,
when a shell crashed into the building
and killed nine of them.

In the Trenches.

But such risks as these are "all in the
day's work," and Sir Douglas faces
them with a smile and without a tremor,
for he does not know what fear is. Nor
does he expect his men to face any danger
which he is not ready to share with them.
Probably no general has ever spent more
time than he in the trenches, cheerfully
risking his life in order to cheer his
men in the same venture. And certainly
no general was ever more beloved by
his men, not only for his courage, but
for his simple friendliness and un-
affected geniality. "E's just like
one of us," one enthusiastic Tommy
said to the writer a year or so ago. "You
should just see 'im popping up in the
trenches with a smile on 'is face and a
cheery. 'Well, boys, 'ow are you getting
on? Is there anything I can do for
you?' Why, we feel as if we could just
'ug him; and there's nothing he could
ask us to do that we wouldn't do, even
to chucking our lives away."

And this admiration is mutual, as is
proved by the following extract from a
letter sent by Sir Douglas to a friend,
from the front. "We have had hardish
times," he wrote many months ago;
"but nothing in our history has surpassed
the fine soldierly qualities displayed by
the troops. They have marched and
fought and supported hardships in the
trenches—heat and wet and frost—in
a manner beyond all praise."

And by his officers, from the Brigadier
to the youngest Sub., he is equally beloved
and respected. There is not one of
them all who has not the most implicit
and unbounded faith in him, and who
is not assured that, when the time comes,
Douglas Haig will certainly lead them
to victory. The world will then know
why the Commander-in-Chief of our
armies in France has been dubbed "the
Thruster."

The Man.

And what kind of man is Sir Douglas
Haig? In appearance he is the ideal
soldier and leader of men. He has the
characteristic soldier's face, with strong,
well-cut features, a resolute, aggressive
jaw and chin, a firm mouth, half-exposed