

**BRITISH LEADER
LONG SCHOOLED
IN ART OF WAR**
**Sir Douglas Haig, Thorough
Scot, Has Fought on
Three Continents**
TIRELESS STUDENT OF FOE
**Future Field Marshal Began to
Watch German Tactics Twenty
Years Back**
ALMOST MISSED HIS CAREER
**Medical Board Wanted to Reject
Applicant Because of Color
Blindness**



FIELD MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG

While the Germans sing their hymns of hate to England and never miss a chance to scrawl "Gott strafe England" on the walls of any city they capture, it was not England alone, but the whole, far-flung British Empire which, to many's intense disappointment, was brought into the war when the Kaiser made his first colossal blunder of invading Belgium.

As one evidence and symbol of the solidarity of that unshaken empire, note the fact that the man who commands, and for more than two years now has commanded, the British Expeditionary Forces on the Western front, is not an Englishman at all. Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig is a Scotchman.

Just as Canada and New Zealand and Australia sent fighters of imperishable memory into the battle line, just as Wales contributed Lloyd-George, and Ireland Sir John French and Kitchener, so Scotland gave to the Empire's Army its commander-in-chief.

Sir Douglas is very Scotch. He is a Fifer, son of a distinguished family of the ancient Kingdom of Fife, the Fife-shire branch of the Haigs of Bomersey, of whom Thomas the Rhymer sang centuries ago.

"Tide, tide, what e'er betide, There'll aye be Haigs in Bomersey."

Thrifty, Tenacious, Patient

He is ever so faintly Scotch in accent and Scotch in the brevity of his speech. Commentators on his work since this war began like to trace in his thorough-going transformation of the hastily assembled British armies into one great, smoothly working war machine all the tenacious, thrifty, tenacity and patience—patience inexhaustible. It was a born Scot who planned and carried out the battle of Messines Ridge.

When the war broke loose in the Summer of 1914, Lieutenant General Haig was then, was little known outside the Army circles in which he had moved and had his being since he left Brasenose College, Oxford, back in the early eighties. He was a soldier's soldier.

Unlike K. of K. and Lord Roberts there was no popular impression of him even in England, let alone on the American side of the Atlantic. Yet when, in the early weeks of 1915, he was appointed Commander-in-Chief to succeed Sir John French, nearly every one in England was pleased and no one in France was surprised.

Why General Haig Was Chosen

There were several reasons why General Haig was the expected, the obvious, choice. In the first place, from the very beginning of the war, he had brilliantly distinguished himself, especially in the campaign from Mons, where he extricated his troops with comparative small losses. He was commander of the First Army Corps and later of the First Army in those early, desperate days.

land. Twenty years ago he wrote to me from Germany, where he was spending his leave, a letter so full of prophetic knowledge that I sent it to his young wife to keep, because some day some one who writes his life will see what he forecast 20 years before he went to fight the Germans.

His hours of danger, such as are the daily portion of his men today, Sir Douglas experienced in his earlier campaigns. His first recognition in the Army came as the result of some brilliant and hazardous reconnaissance work in the Soudan, when, before the battle of Atbara, he advanced within a few hundred yards of the enemy's positions, obtained the information that Kitchener needed and came galloping back amid a storm of bullets.

During the Boer war, on the day of Cronje's surrender at Paardeberg, he was thrown from his horse into the rushing waters of the Modder River, and would have been lost if a brother officer had not rescued him just in time.

Narrow escapes he has had, too, since this war began. Once he was watching the progress of a battle from a haystack when some German projectiles landed right beside it, and he lived to tell the tale only because they failed to explode. One day a turn was obliterated just after he had stepped out of it. Then, though a commander's post is well behind the lines, there is a favorable story of how, during one desperate moment in an early battle, when every man down to the last was being killed, he was being flung into the line to avert irrevocable disaster, the chief appeared and by his very appearance turned the tide.

"Suddenly along the Montre road, as the story is told, 'Sir Douglas Haig comes riding, superbly mounted as he always is, beautifully spruced with brightly burnished field boots, behind him his escort of the Death-or-Glory boys. To the men, pushed to the breaking point of their strength, the apparition of that calm, debonaire figure, firm and resolute, was a gift of fresh confidence to hold out."

It is always this magnificent appearance of Sir Douglas Haig which leads to all the anecdotes about D. H. or Duggie, as his men are wont to call him behind his back. "The Fifer" is a gallant figure, the perfect cavalry type, tall, alert, broad-shouldered. A dazzling lustrous in his youth, he has kept in training by polo. He is fair and blue-eyed. His forehead is broad and intellectual, the forehead of a thinker. His chin is thrust forward aggressively, the chin of a fighter. He is probably the best-looking single object on the western front.

You will never see him in anything so prosaic as a motor car if a horse will serve his purpose, and in his gleaming boots and clinking silver spur chains there is a hint of the old pageantry of war; but his job is behind the lines, and for the most part you must think of him at his desk bending over a map.

Like a Vast Estate

Visitors to his headquarters bring away the impression of a Scotch laird who had settled down to the management of his own vast estate. Everything is simple and strict there, and the Army is run as if it were a quiet family matter, with the minimum of clinking heels and military formality, a state of affairs the Germans could never understand.

"When history relates the story of the great battles of the Somme," says Lord Northcliffe, "it will tell how Sir Douglas Haig and his staff had their quarters in a modest dwelling, part of which was still occupied by the family who owned it. Thus it was that the voices of children running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the guns and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labors are never out of the thoughts of their countrymen throughout the Empire."

There are children in the Sir Douglas Haig's own home awaiting the day when the great job is done. He married in 1905 the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, and because his bride was one of Queen Alexandra's ladies-in-waiting, the wedding took place in Buckingham Palace, with the wedding breakfast given by the King and Queen. A week before the present German offensive was launched, Field Marshal Haig's first son was born.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE SECOND LIEUTENANT—NEW STYLE

He's younger than most of us—far younger than the Top. And, boy! young, he's full of pep and keeps us on the hop; He hasn't been in long enough to sour on the game; He's tickled as a kid with it—that's why we bless his name!

He puts us through all sorts of stunts to liven up the drill. He laughs when he turns corners shifty and takes a muddy spill; He's up and in it all the time—he never seems to tire. And doesn't know what duckin' means in face of Fritz's fire.

He always calls us "Fellows"—never pulls the line. "My men" He likes to think he's one of us; and, back in billets, when He has to make inspections, he'll sit down and chin a while. And as to all this "Yes, sir" stuff, "Oh, can it!" That's his style.

At shows, he plays his ukule for us, and sings his college glees. And if there's a piano, wow! He sure can pound the keys! On hikes he always starts a song, or sends along a laugh— And those are things, you darn well know, that help us stand the gauff.

I never cared for college days when I was in the States; I thought they were a snotty lot, a bunch of underweights. But if our Loo's a sample, why, I've got to change my mind— He's got the guts, the bean and go to pull us through the grind!

**HUMBLE PRIVATE WINS
AS OFFICER'S COUNSEL**

Lieutenant Michael is free. The case of the People of Paris vs. THE STARS AND STRIPES. Lieutenant Michael appearing as defendant, tried on Monday of this week in the police court of the 14th Arrondissement, resulted in a suspension of judgment. Which was quite fitting, as the whole thing arose from a lapse of judgment on the part of some staff members of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

It appears that, contrary to police regulations, which had been quite forgotten by the eager, late-telling staff of this paper, a light was left burning in the upper story of No. 1, Rue des Italiens, G-2, A.E.F., Paris, France, far into the night. Said light was a brilliant affair—just like the paper whose sanctum it illuminated. (Adv.) It was so brilliant, in fact, that it shone right through the royal purple curtains that shield the late toilers from the gaze of the passing multitude.

A passing zondarme—which is French for cop-spotted the light. He was a regular spotlight artist. Lights at night convey an invitation to Zeppelins, Gothas, Taubes, Fokkers, and other Germanic craft to c'mon-over-Skinny, and get the range on Paris and kerpunk their bombs. Lights at night, therefore, are dangerous; doubly dangerous for the people who possess them.

For the sake, therefore, of shielding THE STARS AND STRIPES from the enemy's attentions, and saving the surrounding buildings from what would be left over after the Bochie had had his little hate, the zondarme—which is French for putman—look the number of the building and the number of the room, turned in his report to Desk Sergeant—Desk Sergeant—oh, whatever is French for Clancy, and made out a complaint.

Easy to Hang It on Him

The next morning, sure enough, the patrolman on the day beat called on Lieutenant Michael because, lieutenant Michael gets around a lot and was therefore the easiest one to hang it on—to with a summons directing him to appear before the police tribunal at five o'clock that afternoon. He acquiesced. Lieutenant Michael with the nature of the charge, gravely saluted and walked out.

The lieutenant rushed to the rear of the office and engaged counsel in haste. He pointed out the danger that might arise from that practice if indiscriminately indulged. He was very nice about it, and counsel did not disagree with him on a single point. Neither did defendant. Neither does anybody who has lived through an air raid.

"Ving sommers 1788—1788," counsel began, in making his apologies to the bench for the oversight of the defendant. "Vous sommes 1788—1788—oh, hell, Lieutenant, what's the word for 'sorry'?"

"Triste," proclaimed Defendant Michael. "Très triste," counsel finished emphatically.

"I understand," his Honor broke in, in excellent English. "You are very sorry, messieurs. It is of nothing—of nothing, I assure you! The charge is dismissed."

All the way down the stairs the zondarmes saluted the acquitted and his lawyer. At the doorway the happy pair passed.

"The French Bar is very cordial," said defendant.

"French bars are noted for cordials," replied the low-brow counsel.

**HOW FIRST A.E.F. UNIT
WON THE FOURRAGERE**

The only American unit that has thus far been honored with the right to wear the fourragere can claim at least one distinction that no other American unit that wins it in future can hope to achieve. The unit is—or was originally—the Section of Engineers, American Expeditionary Force, No. 5, and the distinction is that the first of the two citations necessary to give it the privilege was made before America entered the war—to be exact, just a year and three days before.

S.S.A. No. 5, though attached to the French Army, is just as much an American unit, and through its personnel, as any infantry or artillery on the Lorraine line. Obviously, it didn't start that way, or it couldn't have won its first citation on April 3, 1916.

First Aid Hospital Organized

The unit had its origin, in a manner of speaking, in a motor car. Trenches dug and running up and down the corridors mingle with the ceaseless murmur of the guns and the work of the earnest little company of men whose labors are never out of the thoughts of their countrymen throughout the Empire.

There are children in the Sir Douglas Haig's own home awaiting the day when the great job is done. He married in 1905 the Hon. Dorothy Vivian, and because his bride was one of Queen Alexandra's ladies-in-waiting, the wedding took place in Buckingham Palace, with the wedding breakfast given by the King and Queen. A week before the present German offensive was launched, Field Marshal Haig's first son was born.

DIDN'T SEE ANY HORNS

A certain chap had just arrived from the States at General Headquarters, and immediately after being assigned to duty started an inquiry as to just how he might find an opportunity to see the General.

"I want to see a real live general, and I want to see him before I write home," he said. "You know it will be great stuff to tell the folks about."

He was told that as a general rule there was a certain hour in the day when one could see the General, but it would necessitate missing a meal. The next day he missed the meal, and after 40 minutes of patient waiting was rewarded by being able to get a glance at the General as he stepped from the G.I.Q. building into his waiting automobile.

BARCLAY
18 & 20 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris.
MILITARY EQUIPMENT, FIELD BOOTS
SENT POST FREE TO THE MILITARY.

**THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY
OF NEW YORK**
PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opéra).
Member of the Federal Reserve System
United States Depository of Public Moneys
Agents for Paymasters and other Disbursing Officers
Offers its Banking Facilities to the Officers and Men of the
AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY
SERVING IN FRANCE
LONDON, 3 King William St., E.C.

BRENTANO'S
(Société Anonyme)
Booksellers & Stationers,
37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.
Latest American, English & French Books
MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.
Dictionaries, Phrase Books in all Languages.
United States Army Regulations, etc.
FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS

BURBERRYS
Military Outfitters
8 Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS
SUPPLY
AMERICAN OFFICERS
Direct—or through their AGENTS
behind the lines with every necessary
Article of War Equipment.
TRENCH WARMS
TUNICS & BREECHES
OVERCOATS
IMPERMEABLES
TRENCH CAPS
SAM BROWNE BELTS
INSIGNIA etc., etc.
**BEST QUALITY at
REASONABLE PRICES.**
AGENTS IN FRANCE
Holding Stocks of Burberry Goods.
BESANCON—Goldschmidt.
CHAUMONT—Lise, 47 Rue Buzé-
reuilles.
LANGRES—Prudent-May, Rue Diderot.
NANCY—Mirepoix, Rue du Pont-Mouja
Belle Jardinière.
NANTES—Delplanq, 15 Rue Crébillon.
RENNES—Gérard, 1 Rue Le Bastard.
SAUMUR—Déput Burberry, 1 Rue
Beaurepaire.
TOURS—Edwin, 10 Avenue de Gram-
mont.

WILSON
8 RUE DUHOT
Telephone: Gutenberg 01-95
The SMALLEST but SMARTEST
UMBRELLA SHOP in PARIS

MODERN OPTICAL Co.
(AMERICAN SYSTEM)
OPTICIENS SPÉCIALISTES pour la VUE
N. QUENTIN, Directeur
5 Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS.
10% Réduction to Americans.

ADAMS EXPRESS CO'S
CABLE AND MAIL FORMS
When Making Remittances to U.S.A. through the
CREDIT LYONNAIS and the
COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE
At their Branches throughout France.
THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO., PARIS, open DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS
—subject to check—and Funds may be handed to Branch Offices of
the above Banks with instructions to remit same to:—
ADAMS EXPRESS CO.
28 Rue du 4-Septembre, PARIS
SAVE TIME IN SECURING YOUR PAY by requesting Quartermaster on your endorsed
Pay Voucher to assign pay checks direct to ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY, for your credit
Officers and Men may send us Shipments from any part of France by parcel post,
passenger or freight train service for transportation to the United States or Canada

**EDIBLE MATTRESSES
FOR ARMY SLEEPERS**
**Hay Bed. Will Be Passed
Along to Four-footed
A.E.F. Comrades**

Hay, there!
Hay yourself! You're going to sleep on it. Oh, yes; you are: oh—yes—you are! And, when you do, you'll like it a lot. It's ever so much more aristocratic than the straw you've been sleeping on all winter.

Step right along up with you nice, new, white, desiccated bed, dig into the fragrant pile and help yourself. Stuff it in well along the corners, and don't let a big lump get into the place where the middle of your back comes. But don't take more than 15 pounds of it; that's all the new order allows you, whether you're a light or a heavy sleeper.

You're going to get this hay every month—that's what the order says. "All organizations now in France," it goes on, "may, on the first forage return submitted after receipt of this order, requisition for hay for use in filling bedsacks, at the rate of 15 pounds per man per month. Organizations hereafter arriving in France—that's a hopeful touch in the order—may requisition similarly on their first forage return submitted after arrival. Thereafter, hay for bedsacks may be taken from the regular forage allowance, except in cases where the amount required for bedsacks is in excess of the amount required for feed, in which case the necessary extra amount will be requisitioned for."

That you see, covers infantry outfits where the amount of hay required for feed is not so very large. One spoonful of hay to every pall of slum is the correct formula, as we recall it.

So far, so good. Here's an unkind cut. This is the order: "Used hay which has been emptied out of bedsacks will be feed to animals."

Yes—sir! Fed to animals! The same hay upon which you toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn and toss and turn after having partaken of the Louis's underdone beans and overdone beef—that same hay will, at the end of the month, be taken out—by you—and put into a pile for the delectable munching of Pramas and Thisbe, Via Blanc and Via Rouge, David and Jonathan, Weber and Fields, Custer and Pollux, Lewis and Clark, Cohen and Harris, and all the other hayburning teams of four-foot attached to the troop or battery.

"Pretty good hay," one old long-eared bee-hawer will grant to his mate, between mouthfuls. "Come out of the little Jones boy's bed-sack. He's light—and to drink about two gallons of water to the weight test—and he hasn't taken much of the springiness out of it."

"Haw," Friend Harness-Mate will reply, also between mouthfuls. "I've got it on you! I got the hay from the Colonel's sack, and hay what's been slept on top of officers is much nicer"

BOYS!
No War Prices for
"SWAN" Fountain Pens

**Military and Civil
Tailors**
KRIEGCK & CO.
23 Rue Royale.