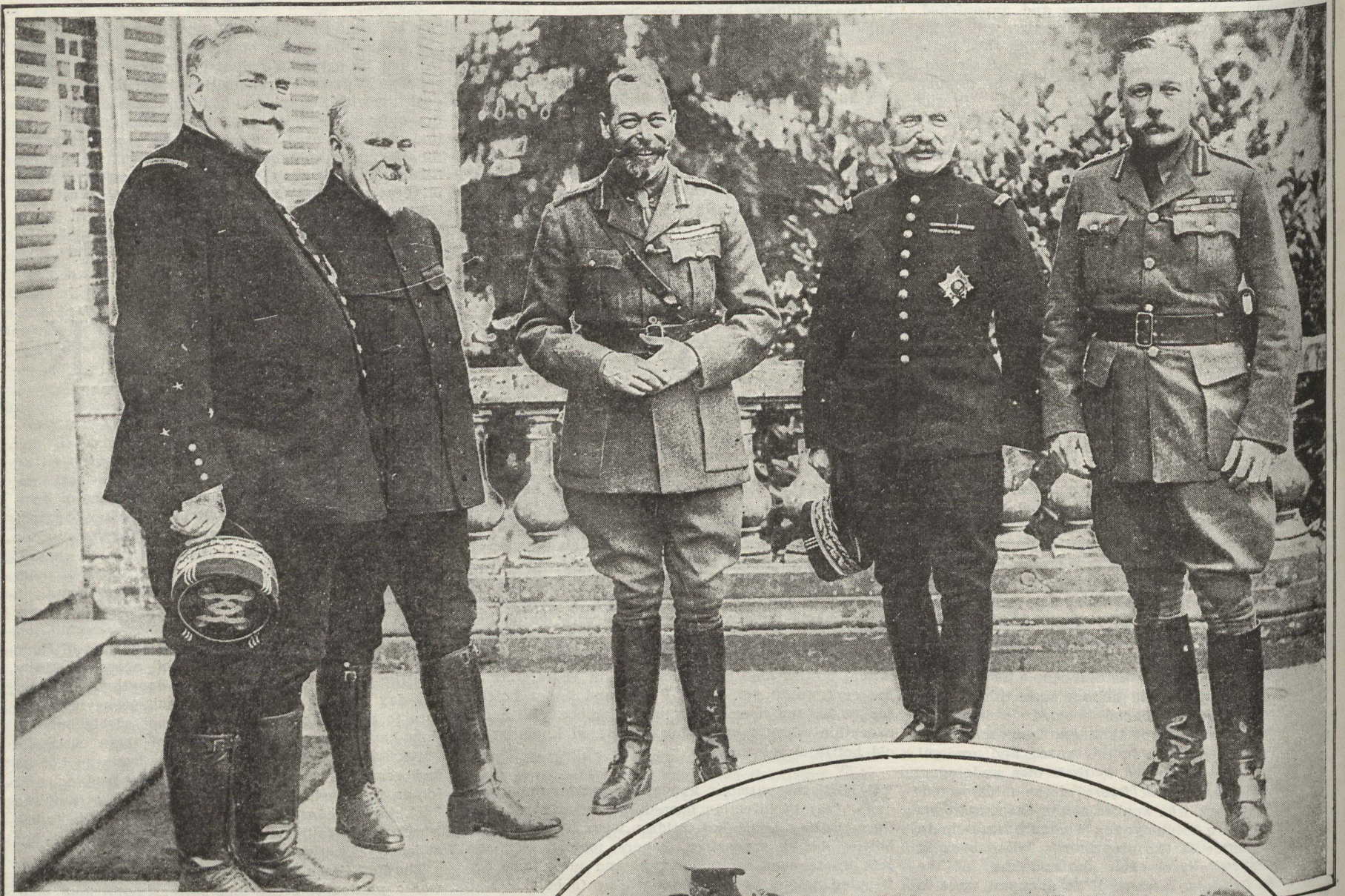
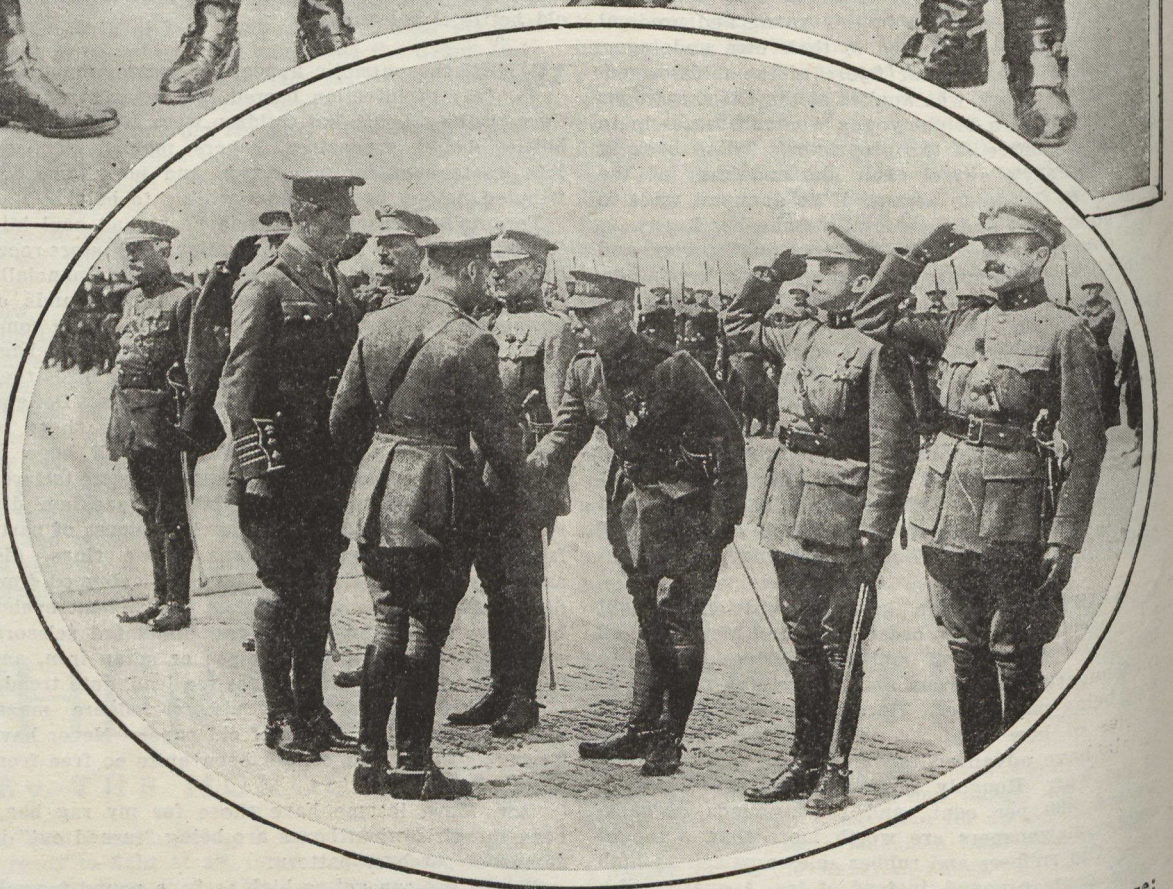


# OUR ARMIES, GREAT AND SMALL



**S**UCH simultaneous smiles from so many distinguished war people caught by a single camera can have only one ultimate meaning—Victory. Allowing for the evident pose arranged by the photographer, it is certain that Joffre, on the extreme left, would not smile so unless he were feeling inclined that way by recent events on the Western front. He is too grimly busy a man for mere poses. President Poincaré is always urbane and is particularly so here. There's a reason. King George does not always smile so cordially. He sometimes



King Albert, head of the littlest army on the Western front, introduces his generals to King George; a brave, soldierly remnant of a great little staff whose heroism has been and still is inspired by the gallant head of a long-suffering and stricken people.



H. R. H. the Duke of Connaught also smiling at the garden party given in honour of his farewell last week to Toronto, at Government House in that city.

has a sad look. His recent investigations along the Western front have given him the right to smile, as the commander-in-chief of the potentially greatest army on that front. Gen. Foch, next to him, looks a trifle grimmer. Next to Joffre, he is the biggest French general. According to despatches of a correspondent in the New York Tribune, he is a most remarkable personality. General Foch is only five feet six inches in height. What first impresses the person who looks at him is his eye. He has a large, well-shaped head, rather thin iron grey hair, and a broad, high forehead. His nose is large, his mouth wide and straight. His moustache comes down over the corners of his mouth and then points straight up to his eyes. From any point of view his chin is massive. His eyes are grey, set wide apart, and have that appearance of boring through one, and

while they bore they burn, and all the time they smile. Truly, wonderful eyes. At this headquarters "somewhere in France" there is no fussiness, no trappings to warn the interviewer that he is in the neighbourhood of one of the great directors of the mighty struggle.

During a battle General Foch is to be found in his big room at headquarters. He stands before one of those large scale maps with a pencil in his hand, and the telephone receiver at his ear. His staff stands in a semi-circle behind him. There is perfect silence, and the only movement is of the general's pencil on the map as he follows the battle and ponders the detail of the district where the fighting goes on. Sir Douglas Haig, at the extreme right, is a commanding figure. His smile is a mere twinkle. But there is an immense reserve of strength behind it.