

GENERALS and OTHER PEOPLE



ONE takes off almost any old hat to General Plumer, with seven affixes to his name, in recognition of his great work commanding the Second Army that did such work in the Ypres sector a while ago. We remember how for weeks—or was it months?—Plumer's sappers tunnelled out under No Man's Land, under the German trenches, quietly, with mole-like stealth creating an underground route. Six hundred tons of high explosives were trundled in there on a track; and when Plumer's time fuse went off—Well! In recognition of which Gen. Plumer is now chief of the British Forces operating with the Italians.



WHEN handing around medals for grand old unheralded heroes, let His Majesty not overlook Gen. Sir J. P. Legard, who is the oldest British officer on the war front. He was 68 and right on the spot when the war began. He is now commanding a division.

DO not blame the Count of Turin, Commander of Italian cavalry, cousin to the King, if he looks as though he were disgusted—contemptuous—somewhat devilish. After all the marvellous engineering, the cloud-capt exploits of artillery, the toilsome Excelsior in the Alps, the incomparable grand opera of war as they had it up on the Isonzo to beat all those miserable retreats, losing his White Lancers—ah! Disgusto! And all on account of a horde of those lumbering Teutonic, not to ride with pennants fluttering into Trieste—bad enough; but to reflect that after all the Huns got their morals from Machiavelli—and Machiavelli was a Florentine!

BY the set of Joseph P. Cotton's jaw be it known that he will regulate the meat-packers in the U. S. He is the Meat Controller. Already he has told the packers that their profits shall not go higher than 2.5 per cent. of sales, and 9 per cent. on the capital necessarily used in the business.



IF ever a new commander took over a desperate job, General Diaz is doing it. Younger than his recent great chief, Cadorna, he has been for years on the Italian General Staff. A man of intense action, he loves his cigarettes, as Gen. Petain does his French pastry, and he looks every inch a respectable first cousin to a noble bandit. He saw some stiff service before the present war, down in Libya, the black man's country, where he was once so badly wounded that they wrapped him in a flag. And his countrymen from the Julian Alps to the Straits of Sicily will give him a flag of gold on a staff studded with diamonds, if he beats back the Huns from the Plave.

RUMOR has been busy over this young lady who used to be the Princess Tautiana, daughter of the late

OF all the military figures that have come up and gone down, Gen. Dukonin has had the most meteoric career. Just the other day he was put in chief command of the Russ armies by Levine and his Bolsheviki; almost the next day he was deposed for refusing to ask a general armistice on all fronts; the next thing he was massing the loyal armies of South Russia against the Bolsheviki and in league with Kaledines, the Cossack; and three days later he was dragged from a train by the infuriated Bolsheviki and beaten to death.

Czar; more recently Miss T. Romanoff, 23 Exile St., Tobolsk, Siberia. New York newspapers declared, a few days ago, that she had mock-married a son of a former chamberlain of her father and with him made her escape from Tobolsk out to Harbin, on the Pacific Coast, thence to Japan, and on to the United States, where she intended to go ballet-dancing and writing fairy-stories for the Russian Civilians Relief. Another legend had it that she got her hair cut short, dressed as a man and scudded to Moscow, thence out to Archangel and down to Newcastle. Some sceptics think she is still moping in Tobolsk. Anyway, several weeks ago, according to Felix Navorny, she escaped from the town, eluding the guard of 400 soldiers, and went presumably to America. She came back after two weeks. She had been on a flying visit to Irkutsk, which is a livelier town than Tobolsk.

