AMERICAN UNITY GROWS VISIBLY UNDER WAR STRESS

British Observer Sees Far More Than a Financial Triumph in Liberty Loan Success—Allies Determined That This Country Shall Get Its Money's Worth for Its Sacrifices

By P. W. Wilson

American Correspondent of The London Daily News

NOT long ago I happened to be at work in a convenient little room overlooking Broadway. It was midnight, and, by a coincidence, three brass bands, evidently under unified control, executed a converging movement in all save their tunes, which agreed to differ. Automobiles hooted, bells rang gayly and ships sirened in the distance, while the orchestra was completed by the soft tones of the uplifted human voice and the equally dulcet notes of a Browning gun.

I had heard something of what diplomatists call the concert of Europe, but the concert of America seemed to be even worthier of comparison with Psalm One-Fifty, and there was, in addition, the sudden appearance of a charming young lady outside the window, who, as sky pilot, evidently preferred a rope or a ladder to an elevator.

During the festive weeks before that night even the most absent-minded beggar could not entirely forget about the Liberty Loan. My banker, by a letter of characteristic courtesy, secured my first bond. After that I wore a button, which, however, proved to be more of an attraction than a safeguard. On Fifth Avenue the American girls, whom Charles Dana Gibson has taught both hemispheres to admire, greeted me with every indication of unrequited affection. When I would lunch at the Biltmore a gracious Statue of Liberty, pacing like a goddess, barred the way to paradise. Daughters of the Revolution picketed the railroad depots. Hardly an hour passed, either in my own or anybody else's office, without some young citizen popping in his head and asking in accents of profound sollicitude whether I would buy just one more bond.

Then the Trift Stamp Sale

As the festival drew to a climax thrift stamps cleared out the small coin which alone remained. Children sprang from the pavement, showing no quarter themselves, but an insistent readiness to receive quarters from others. And the end of it all was that twenty millions of patriotic human beings have backed the United States with their dollars, and so assisted in the prosecution of this fateful war. Over a continent as big as Europe, an elaborate organization focussed human effort to one objective, and one thought occupied every mind. Such unanimity is a valuable precedent for the future.

That surely is an event of far more than merely financial importance. There was an old lady in a country district who turned pale as paper when she handed over her carefully gathered nest egg of $200 and thereby trusted her future to the good faith of Uncle Sam. The wageworker, too, who saves one dollar a week to pay for his bond has a new and increasing stake in the country. These boys and girls at school who are putting their pocket money into stamps will be the less likely to turn against America in the years to come. Brilliant artists have generously drawn cartoons. Actors and actresses and movie stars have done their bit, and it was a big one. Great churches have organized impressive services. Soldiers and sailors, with their mothers, wives and sweethearts, have marched on parade. Every man with a voice has worn it out, in street and theatre, where people congregate. Even in America there has been no national effort so vigorous, detailed and farreaching as this. It marks an epoch in the evolution of a free and responsible citizenship.

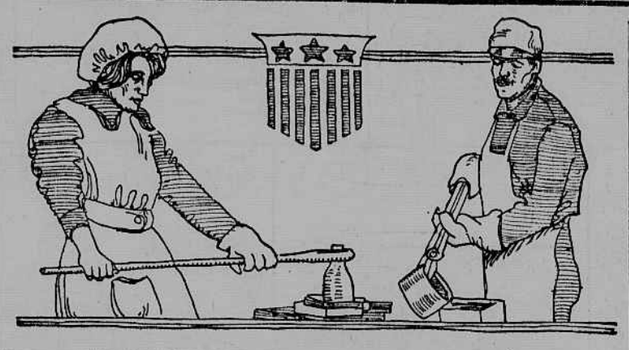
For it means, once for all, that no one can live, even in this free country, and take everything without giving everything in exchange. It is not enough to refrain from disloyalty. You must be loyal or you must be an outlaw. There is no statute compelling a man to buy a Liberty bond. But there is public opinion, and public opinion is backed by precise information. If your name is not on the list, there must be a reason why, and doubtless you will not mind stating it.

Investments Test of Loyalty

In some workshops there has been a tendency to persuade men by those forcible arguments which they cannot fail to understand, while, in other places, they tar and feather the too obviously reluctant. Speaking for myself only, I prefer the tenderer tyranny—the more beautiful Bondage of Fifth Avenue.

But the point here is that just as the hammer of Hindenburg is welding the nations of Europe into one solid alliance, so is that same weapon forging the United States into a strong girder for the upholding of democracy. Racial sections are merged in the molten mass—the young men by the draft and the rest of the family by the bond.

The other day I heard Colonel Roosevelt. He referred to the German population here in terms which seemed to me to be strictly equitable. A German must either become a loyal American or he must get out. One test of loyalty is his investments. And another is his language. Americans with whom I talk are quite determined that they will never allow the situation to arise in their country which is troubling Canada, where, over a considerable area, English is not taught in the schools. It is no question of English, as such. Nor is there objection to other languages being spoken as alternatives. But no country can afford in these days to sacrifice to local sentiment the indispensable medium of speech which should be common to all its citizens. For the United States, the English language is the American language—the official languag eof the Republic. Indeed, some people think that a distinct variant of the parent tongue will here develop, and if this does not happen, it will only be because the interchange of people and print, back and forth across the Atlantic, will, as it were, keep the evolution of words and phrases in unison over all the English-speaking lands.



Irish Problem A Different One

The Irish are another distinct racial group. With them the difficulty of absorption is not language, but a sense of ancient wrong. For America they are enthusiastic. I attended the recent meeting of Sinn Feiners at Madison Square Garden and noted how the Stars and Stripes with service flags were decorating the place in association with Irish republican colors. The strain comes when America fights side by side with England, and my own hope is that gallant American soldiers of Irish extraction will in this war see England themselves as England really is, and not as England has been described.

At this meeting the violent speeches came not from Americans, but from visitors to your shores, who criticised the new American spirit. The audience consisted largely of women with generous and easily stirred emotions, and the theory was developed from the platform that England intended to massacre a considerable portion of Ireland's civil population and so clear the land for discharged British sodiers who might need employment. Warnings were uttered against plans by England to violate Irish women and slaughter Irish children. Over such balderdash one need not get excited, but I do ask the question how it helps the cause of Ireland. Ulster, which is the real dfficulty, was not mentioned, except most casually. But it is Ulster that an England, committed to Home Rule, has to face.

What the people cheered was a proposal to make Ireland an independent republic. Have the people who quite honestly cheer an Irish republic considered precisely how their own situation as Americans would be affected thereby? I find it hard to believe that America desires a solution of the Irish question which might transform this island into a larger. Helgoland set right athwart America's main trade routes, where the Lusitania sank and the Tuscania also.

England must put herself in the right as regards Ireland. But as between America and England there is now a larger community of interests—nay, of peril—and an Ireland exposed to German intrigue might sever or threaten to sever the link between America and her own sons in the field—between America and France.

Aliens Welded Into the Government

A third racial section has been classed, broadly, as Bolshevik. Even in London we have had to deal with the alien immigrant who fled to us from continental militarism and then objected when conscription followed him into his adopted home. Our East End rang for a time with the complaint that while British boys marched to the trenches Russians and Poles remained to take their jobs. Ultimately an adjustment was reached.

Here the Loan drive has brought into Americanism many of those classes which have regarded America merely as a city of refuge from tyranny. An English minister of religion, who has lived here for twenty-five years, said to me the other day: "At home the government is something above us—apart from ourselves. Here the government is me. I am identified with it. I put up with all sorts of sudden commands and I pay my money because I am in the business and not outside it." The loan extended this sense of solidarity—identification with authority—democratic patriotism—where no propaganda has hitherto reached. Subscription to the loan is a definite act. It commits the man. It commits his household. And the poorer he is the more does it commit him. In our factories and workshops the steady collection of money has in the same way stiffened opinion. It is like making the men and women members of a club in which they have a common concern.

Reaction Inevitable

The policy of Germany has inevitably assisted this determination by Americans of alien race. The Kaiser has backed up the Turk against the Armenian and the Jew. He has robbed and deceived the Russian. He has brutally maltreated the Pole. He has ruthlessly thrown down the Bolsheviki, the Socialists, the pacifists. A reaction is therefore inevitable among those people, here and in England, whose sympathies are thus trampled upon. Public opinion makes no protest when German newspapers disappear, when religious services are changed to the national language, when compulsion to learn German is dropped in the schools, and when artists who favor, or are supposed to favor, Germany drop from favor. America, as it seems to a spectator, has to be just to herself, to her institutions, her citizenship, before she can be generous to her enemies.

How far it is necessary to carry the vigilance to the point of discrediting the classical German composers—Beethoven and the rest—may be open to question. A gentleman the other day argued for the abolition of German music and I had to beg him to make an exception of our national anthem, which has a suspected, though not entirely convicted, pedigree. My own view, for what it is worth, has been that Bismarck was the enemy of Beethoven and Bach—his system made music difficult, and latterly impossible, in the old sense, for Germany. You cannot construct violins out of blood and iron.

This week's vote in the House of Commons shows that the British Parliament and people are as united as yourselves—I cannot put it more strongly than that—on the war. If twenty million Americans have put their money into this job they may reckon that Italy and France and Britain are out to see that you get your money's worth. Each nation has its viewpoint. Ours may not in every detail agree with yours. And it is the same with all belligerent allies. It must be. For myself, I am not sorry that the British viewpoint should have been clearly stated in the recent discussion. Your Liberty Loan has meant that you are out to win at whatever cost in men and money. It is due to you and to us that you should know how completely we share that resolution.

WOTAN—A French War Story by Maurice Level

Translated by William L. McPherson

Here is a war story off the beaten path. It is the story of a French dog—a collie—whom his master ordered to stay behind in the occupied territory when he himself fled before the Germans.

This dog felt none of the severities of the German occupation. He received only kindnesses from the invaders. But his heart never passed to his new masters. Like the men, the women and the children he reacted in his own way to the fact of alien intrusion. And his reaction was simple and tragic.

"YOU have a beautiful dog there, lieutenant."

"Yes, haven't I, captain?"

"What breed is he?"

"A Beauceron collie—a 'red stocking,' as the French breeders would call him. He is still a little spiritless. But he is beginning to perk up. I found him lying at the foot of a tree some two weeks ago, and I believe that if I hadn't picked him up he would have died of starvation within a few hours."

"A beautiful animal, a beautiful animal," repeated the captain. "What do you call him?"

"Wotan. He doesn't answer well. But that will come. Isn't that so, Wotan?"

The dog made no sign. The captain stretched out his hand prudently.

"Can one pet him?"

"Yes, yes."

"But he hasn't a very friendly air about him."

"There is no danger. See. I don't even put a muzzle on him. Nevertheless, he is terribly armed, this fellow. Look at his teeth."

"But he ought to be less formidable than our mastiffs or our sheep dogs."

"Yes, I think so. Our dogs are true fighting dogs. Here they are of a milder strain."

"Is he a good watchdog?"

"No. The first days, to test him, I made him sleep in my bedroom. He didn't growl even when the orderly entered."

"Then why do you keep him?"

"Ah! To divert my mind. When I am tired of him it will be different. Shall we go? Get up, Wotan! We're off."

The dog stretched himself and got up. He had a strange gait, wearied, inelastic and dragging. Without any reason, at the cross roads, before an open house, he stopped, raised his head, sniffed the wind, his ears erect, one paw lifted like a hunting dog who points, and then started off again. Little by little he learned to know his master and to come when whistled for. And as he followed docilely enough the lieutenant stopped using a leash.

Nevertheless, in spite of his docility and his gentleness he had less the air of a companion than of a guardian, never playing and never responding to caresses.

"He is sad,' said the lieutenant, noting that at meals he refused sugar and scraps of meat.

"He is very stupid," answered Lieutenant Baron von Pietz, shrugging his shoulders.

Time passed. Wotan had recovered his glossy coat and his firm muscles, but he did not recover his gayety. The Saxon regiment changed quarters frequently, Wotan trotting on the flank of the column. Sometimes, when they entered a village, he seemed nervous and restless and whimpered during the night.

In the course of marches and counter marches they returned to the region in which the officer had picked him up. Everything was changed. The trees of the forest were bare of leaves. The fields showed dull brown under a leaden sky. One could hardly recognize the former roads, trampled by the horses and broken by heavy wagons and cannon. Winter approached, heralded by chilling rains.

By the side of the fire in the lieutenant's chamber it was cosy and comfortable. But the dog disappeared one morning as the snow began to fall. They hunted for him all day, and they didn't find him until the next day, at the foot of the very tree where the officer had run across him in the month of August.

The regiment was shifted again. That night, when they marched, Wotan responded with a plaintive call to the cattle that lowed and the invisible dogs that barked in the misty shadows. Then suddenly he dashed across the fields and returned in excited leaps to take his place in the ranks. He was no longer the spiritless beast of other days. He uttered cries of delight, he jumped gayly in the air, and when the men halted he barked, impatient to go ahead.

"Truly," said the lieutenant, "he is not an ordinary animal. I shall finish by making something out of him."

They went into camp in a village. Winter had arrived. It snowed. Wotan ran before the officer from door to door, stopping, waiting for him, leaving him with sudden turns and then dashing back to his side. The lieutenant chose for his quarters a handsome house, standing back in a garden. It had a pointed roof and was surrounded by wooden balconies. Close behind him Wotan ran from room to room, galloping up the stairways, drying on the carpets his coat covered with snowflakes.

They lighted a fire. But he refused to lie alongside the wooden logs and ran across the garden, inspecting it in every nook and corner—the greenhouse, the cellar, the shed, where a hundred miscellaneous objects were stored; a dog house in which some straw was rotting. During the day he never entered the house. In the evenings, when the officer whistled for him to give him his dinner, he did not respond. The orderly wanted to chase him away. Then for the first time he showed his teeth.

"Let him alone. When he gets hungry he will come," said the baron.

Night came on. The moon shone down on the white surface of the garden. Wotan resumed his rounds, trotting indefatigably from bush to bush. A deep silence hung over the country. The last fires were extinguished. The clock in the church tower struck ten.

A sound of footsteps and of laughter came from the frozen road outside. Then a man advanced alone. A figure appeared behind the iron grating and the garden gate creaked on its hinges. It was the lieutenant returning, somewhat intoxicated. He whistled. Nothing happened. But as he arrived at the doorway of the house, without a sound, with a spring so sudden that the snow flew from under his paws, the dog jumped at the officer's neck and stretched him on the ground.

It was freezing cold that night. The next morning a peasant who was passing saw the gate open and went into the garden. The Prussian lieutenant lay there, stiff and stark, in the blood-stained snow. Crouching over him, his jaws still ready to bite, Wotan barked and wagged his tail.

Then the peasant ran away and, reaching home breathless, said to his wife:

"What do you think? Trim, who we thought was lost; Trim, the dog of M. Langlois; well, he has come back. I have just seen him. He has killed the German officer who ordered the house opened. Ah! he had reason, M. Langlois, to love his dog! He is a true watch dog, don't you think?"

Child Training at Home

By Mothers Who Have Been Kindergarten Teachers

By Mrs. Ethel G. Young

PEOPLE often remark that my children do not seem to annoy me. Of course, they do at times. I find, however, that it is the way I feel and not the child's naughtiness that is the cause. Do you ever stop to think that to-day you scold your child for something that yesterday passed unnoticed? It was a wise person who said "Always count ten before beginning to scold. That gives you a chance to think who is in the wrong and how much he is in the wrong.

I have just finished reading an article by Thomas L. Masson the subject of which was "Can Parents and Children Get Together?" This question was answered in the few words: "Yes, through love and patience." The article showed that parents as well as children need bringing up; that the child is not only what he makes himself, but what he makes himself plus what the parents make themselves. Therefore, parents need to watch themselves in order to understand their children better.

Living With Children

We say, "Come, let us live with our children." Children, without knowing it, say, "Come, let us live with our parents." Where is the little girl who does not want to make cookies like mother, who does not enjoy having an apron and cap to put on when she dusts? Where is the boy who is not proud to have a box of tools like father's? Bob said to me the other day: "Mother, when can I have collars and neckties like daddy's?" In all things our children copy us. What a responsibility for us!

It is a great thing to have kindergartens in the public schools, so that we can share our responsibility with the teachers. When we send our children to kindergarten we are placing them for a few hours each day in the care of some one who has been trained through years of hard study to give to them mentally, morally and physically just what they need. Perhaps all mothers do not know how to live with their children. It is a great thing then that their children can go to kindergarten and come in touch with some one who can live with them. A well trained sympathetic teacher will do more for a child than an unsympathetic mother. Teachers also have a perspective on a child, while mothers have only the close view. As soon as mothers realize that they can learn from many sources there will be better boys and girls in the world.

The Gift of Froebel

Send your children to kindergarten. They will come home and tell you what they did. Some day the teacher will call on you and invite you to go and see the children in the kindergarten. Accept the invitation and I am sure after spending a morning there you will understand what a valuable gift Froebel gave us when he started kindergartens.

While I was teaching mothers would come and ask how John or Lucy behaved. When I said splendidly they looked most surprised. They could not understand it, for their child was so naughty at home. I found that the trouble was mostly with the mother. She was sympathetic with or interested in her boy or girl. In kindergarten the child was allowed more freedom to express himself, and his interests were carefuly observed and fostered.

Another experience I had while teaching was with a child who did not want to come to kindergarten. For three days I used all my persuasive powers; he would come as far as the door and no further. The fourth day I got him into the room, but he would not sit down. The next day he took his chair, and after that, little by little, he became a part of the kindergarten. In the end he was one of my most helpful pupils. When I went to call on his parents I found that he lived over a saloon and that both his father and mother were heavy drinkers. He had been brought up with whippings, and that was the reason for his extreme distrust when he first came to the kindergarten.

From Four to Six

Many persons have said to me all that children do in kindergarten is to play. I always answer by asking if they have ever been in a kindergarten, and almost always the answer is no. Then I tell them to go and visit one and that after that I will talk to them.

Of course, children play in kindergarten. What ought children from four to six years of age do? The play, however, is so carefully selected and guided that throughout it all the children learn many things. They learn from pictures, games, blocks, etc. My Bobby, though only four, knows the simplest forms and shapes—the sphere, cube and cylinder, and the circle, square, oblong and triangle. Direction is also taught in the kindergarten. Through plays, pictures and games the children learn about the various trades and their benefit to us. These are only a few of the things they learn, and I wish I could go on and tell all. But even if I had the time I could not do so, for I do not know all myself, each day bringing forth something new.

The trouble with us as parents is that we do not play enough. Some mothers and fathers say to me that it is undignified. I answer, never, if carried on in the real child-way. Nothing is undignified that will help our boys and girls to be better men and women.

Fostering Interest

In closing, let me add that we as mothers, though we think we are doing everything possible for our children, can always find room for improvement and the kindergartens will help us every time. The good work we start they will carry on. Let us never be like the mother who said her boy was not interested in anything. For the boy's teacher when she called noticed that he had a box which he seemed to take great care of, and it was not long before she learned that it was a collection of caterpillars. Yet the mother said that her boy was not interested in nothing. The teacher at once showed her pupil that she, too, was interested in his collection. She learned from the boy a great many things about caterpillars that she did not know, and in turn taught him things he did not know. Teacher and boy became great friends; through this common interest others sprang up, and the boy c hanged from a sullen, inattentive boy to a broad-minded, wide-awake man. If the mother could only have shared her boy's interest, how much more helpful they would have been to each other.

Making an Aviator of New York's Ex-Mayor

LOS ANGELES, May 11.—From 7 o'clock in the morning until 4:30 o'clock in the afternoon Major John Purroy Mitchel, former Mayor of New York City, has been working for weeks under flight instruction at Rockwell Field, North Island. When the major received his R. M. A. license he made a record in aviation circles, as he is the oldest man in point of years who was ever accepted for flight instruction in the Aviation Corps. In spite of being beyond the age limit Major Mitchel completed his course in about thirty hours of flying, while most men require thirty-five hours.

Major Mitchel became a full-fledged reserve military aviator when he completed his fifth 'cross-country flight. Major Mitchel made the trips with four other officer students and Flight Instructor Lieutenant Kruss. The trips were to Fallbrook, Roderick Mountain, San Luis Rey, Ramona and Viejas Mountain, the pilots using maps and compass. The ex-Mayor made a 100 per cent record on the five flights.

When Major General George E. Squier, chief of the aviation branch of the Signal Corps, gave the former Mayor of New York the commission of major it was generally supposed that Major Mitchel would be in the ground service on account of his age. But he was not content with this and passed the rigorous tests necessary to enter the flying service, as his ambition is to fly on the French front and as soon as possible. Major Mitchel will be thirty-nine in June, and thirty is the usual age limit for accepting army fliers and most of the cadets are under twenty-five.

It would be interesting to know which Major Mitchel considers the more difficult—acting as Mayor of the greatest city in America or qualifying as a military aviator; but one must guess at that, for Major Mitchel determined when he received his commission "never to discuss the army or the work."

With all the energy and enthusiasm that he put into his political work in New York, Major Mitchel is mastering the art of military flying, whether it is studying motors in the shops, where he wears a pair of overalls, or in the more spectacular work of trick flying, looping the loop, making figure eights or spirals. In the weeks he has been at North Island Major Mitchel has accomplished one big trick that was not in the prescribed course. He has won the friendship and admiration of every one on the island, officers and privates alike.

Lieutenant Edmund A. Kruss, flight instructor for Major Mitchel, is a New Yorker also. Lieutenant Kruss lived in The Bronx and had followed Mayor Mitchel in many of his political campaigns in the East. Lieutenant Kruss was an enlisted man in the 1st Aero Squadron of the New York National Guard, the only aviation squadron that was ever formed in the National Guard. Later, he was sent to the Mineola government flying station when the National Guard was Federalized, and then to North Island. There he was made a civilian instructor, but recently was given a commission with the rank of lieutenant in the regular army.

MAJOR MITCHEL WAITING FOR A TEST FLIGHT

The trick flying or field work instruction of Major Mitchel has been under Lieutenant Robert Mairesse of the French Flying Corps. The tail spin, the Immelman turn, in which the 'plane goes wing over wing; the loop-the-loop, the half loop and many other difficult feats in the air have been performed by the former Mayor.

The first morning of the trick-flying instruction Lieutenant Mairesse flew the 'plane upside down over the sea and his pupil was covered with a shower of oil and grease. The dizzy whirl of the tail-spin is not the easiest thing in the world for the student flier, and in this case, as often happens, the student became sick and dizzy. This did not lessen the major's enthusiasm a whit, however, and he kept repeating the feat until he conquered the weakness.

Although Major Mitchel is mighty busy with his various classes at North Island, and is in addition summary court officer of the aviation school, he has found time for other demands made for patriotic purposes. A few days after his arrival at Coronado, a society circus was given there by guests of the hotel. Major Mitchel made a dignified ring master, led the opening tournament and gave the opening whistle that launched the show.

Queries and Answers

Cuba

L. B. (Buffalo): Could you kindly tell me the origin of the name Cuba?

The United States Board of Geographical Names a few years ago spent considerable time in finding the origin of the name Cuba, and the result was announced as follows: Cuba is the name by which the island was originally known by the Lucayan Indians, who were with Columbus when he discovered it. One of its villages or cities was called by them Cubanacan, and it is reported that from the similarity of sounds Columbus, still supposing himself to be on the coast of Asia, imagined that this must be the city of Kubla Khan, the Tartar sovereign celebrated by Marco Polo.

The survival of the original name of Cuba is a remarkable instance of persistence, as the island has been baptised and rebaptised many a time since its European discovery. Columbus first called it Juana, in honor of Prince John, the son of Ferdinand and Isabella. After Ferdinand's death it was called, in his memory, Ferdinanda. Subsequently this name was changed to Santiago, after St. James, the patron saint of Spain. Still later it was named Ave Maria, in honor of the Virgin Mary. But none of these names held, and the Indian name is still preserved.

Army Salutes

M. O.—Salute to the national flag, the President of the United States and the presidents and sovereigns of foreign states, twenty-one guns; to the Vice-President of the United States and foreign ambassadors, nineteen guns; to the President of the Senate, the Speaker of the House of Representatives, Cabinet officers, chief justice, governors within their respective states or territories, governor generals of foreign states, general of the army, admiral of the navy and the same ranks in foreign armies and navies, seventeen guns; United States and foreign ministers plenipotentiary, assistant secretaries of war or the navy, lieutenant general or major general commanding the army and corresponding ranks in the navy and foreign armies and navies, thirteen guns; chargés d'affaires, brigadier generals, commodores and corresponding ranks in foreign armies and navies, eleven guns; consul generals, nine guns.

Science and Immortality

R. H.—What support, if any, does science offer to the belief in man's immortality?

None, for according to science our personality, in which we are chiefly interested and which consists of self-consciousness and memory, vanishes as soon as the consensus of living cells has been broken by death. True, science proclaims the immortality of matter, and that, incessantly revivified by solar heat, it is destined to live indefinitely. It also teaches the conservation of energy, in consequence of which everything imbued with vital activity must continue to live forever under some form of undulation or vibration which nothing in the limitless space of the universe can ever destroy.

Defeatists

S. D.—I searched in vain in the dictionaries for the word "defeatist," so often mentioned in recent time in connection with the attitude of the Socialists of this country to our war with Germany. Can you tell me what this appellation implies, and when and by whom the word was originated?

A defeatist is a person—anarchist, Socialist or pacifist—who wishes and works for the defeat of his own country in order to further the realization of his own Utopian theories.

The word is not of so recent formation as is generally supposed. Since 1905 Lenine and his like have been preaching that the salvation of Russia, her only hope of liberation, was to be found in a ruinous war, in a military defeat.

The Tricolor

F. P.—When and how did the Tricolor originate?

The Tricolor, the French national standard, of blue, white and red, divided vertically, originated during the first French Revolution. In 1789 the leaf plucked by Camille Desmoulins in the garden of the Palais Royal became a rallying sign, and green was to be adopted as the national color; but, remembering that green was the color of the hated Prince d'Artois, they rejected it on the following day. They at first chose, instead, blue and red, the colors of the City of Paris, and later added the white of royalty, that had been faithfully preserved by the National Guard. This new standard was adopted with enthusiasm. A few months after the taking of the Bastile, Bailly and Lafayette offered to Louis XVI the three-colored cocard as a badge of the reconciliation with the King.

Thus the Tricolor originated as the symbol of the liberty of the French nation, and it continued as such even when afterward the "reconciliation" with the King ended with his decapitation.

Ukraine Treaty

W. P.—Can you give me the names of the plenipotentiaries of the Central Powers at Brest-Litovsk who signed the treaty with the Ukraine Central Rada on February 9?

For the imperial German government, the Foreign Secretary, Baron von Kuehlmann; for the joint Austro-Hungarian government, the Foreign Minister, Count Czernin; for the Bulgarian government, the Premier, Mr. Radoslavov, and the envoys, Andrea Toschev, Ivan Staia Stoyanovitch, the military plenipotentiary, Colonel Peter Gantchev and Dr. Theodor Anastassov; for the imperial Ottoman government, the Grand Vazier, Talaat Pacha, the Foreign Minister, Nessimi Bey, Hakki Pacha and General Izzet Pacha; for the government of the Ukrainian People's Republic, Messrs. Alexander Saewrjuk, Mykola Ljubynsjkyi and Mykola Lewytsikyi, members of the Central Rada.

Dressing for Dinner

H. S.—When, where and by whom was the custom of dressing for dinner originated?

The custom of dressing for dinner was handed down to us from the Romans, who put on a loose robe of light texture, and generally white, before going to the most important meal of the day. Instances occur where it was kept in readiness for guests who came from a distance and had had no opportunity of dressing before arrival.