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THE AVERAGE NET PAID DAILY CIRCULATION OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR MARCH WAS 109,671.

Philadelphia, Friday, April 27, 1917. Warm spring weather seems to be in the "slacker" class.

Long before the war began the Kaiser went on record as opposing Mongolia.

There is very little difference, after all, between the compulsive power of public opinion and the compulsive power of government.

The House ballots today, the Senate tomorrow, on selection. We shall know by Sunday morning whether we are to look forward to an effort to end the war as soon as possible or to a needlessly prolonged conflict.

Our anxiety over the likelihood of Russia concluding a separate peace is often comforted by counter-balanced by tales that Austria and Turkey are still more eager to stack arms.

"So far as Missourians are concerned," thunders Champ Clark, "there is precious little difference between a conscript and a convict."

As historical "good form" seems to prescribe, April as the month in which America usually received war declarations, Bulgaria is guilty of a breach of etiquette if she doesn't hasten to challenge us before May Day.

Prohibition of the sale of fireworks is being considered to save gunpowder. It is not only the powder that must be saved. July 4 enthusiasm can well be conserved until we have made the meaning of that day a permanent fact for the whole world.

The scraps at Hartsburg do not get the publicity given the little affair going on over in Europe, but unless citizens keep their eyes open they may wake up to find that the battles at Hartsburg have cost them more money than the battles in Flanders.

Sir Ernest Shackleton blames "the silence of the polar night" for keeping him so long in ignorance of what the word Anzac means.

sand prisoners. But to construe the great action now being waged as a terminal battle in the tray is to be as foolishly optimistic as England and France were in the early days.

NO TIME FOR HYSTERIA

THERE are two kinds of economy. One kind is sensible and the other kind is hysterical. The Government is not proposing to send any money out of the United States. It is proposing to extend large credits to our allies.

There are commodities in the use of which the utmost frugality is imperative. There is only so much food in the world. Every ounce of it wasted is that much taken from the mouth of some person who needs it.

We shall win the war by doing business as usual, by upstating as little as possible the accustomed modes of trade.

NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE

THE submarine menace grows mightier. England's shipping losses for the last week are greater than those of any previous seven-day period since ruthlessness began.

Germany once called the proposed construction of the Panama Canal a sheer impossibility. Yet we succeeded. It is Panama Canal energy, and even vigor more intense, that we must now invoke.

"WHAT DID YOU DO IN THE GREAT WAR?"

THE slogan, "Every Boy Scout feed a soldier," is cheerful, and the way the scouts are organizing for farm work promises the fulfillment of that splendid ambition.

But Scout activity is cheerful in other than in actual accomplishment in these depressing days. We builded better than we knew when seven years ago we laid the foundations for this manyfolded leadership in which there are now enrolled in America about 290,000, one-fifth of all the scouts in the world.

Those who were boys during the Civil War have confused and painful memories of the time. They could not help. They were helpless in the presence of tears and sighs—they were told to run out and play and not be in the way.

THE STORY OF DEAD CHURCHES

German Frightfulness Responsible for the Ruin of 327 Village Sanctuaries in Northern France

By HENRI BAZIN. Reporter of the "Cronik de Guerre," Member of the Council of the League of Nations and Special Correspondent of the Evening Ledger in Paris.

QUITE excluding the many in Belgium, in northern France alone three hundred and twenty-seven village churches have been entirely destroyed by the Germans. I have not only seen some personally, but have examined official photographs of each and every ruin.

By "village church" I do not mean in any instance, and therefore do not include, places of worship in towns or cities of even relative numerical importance; but the simple, modest religious sanctuary of the "peasant," the farmer, the tiller of the soil.

Simple and unadorned as it was, the village church of northern France was thus not only a holy thing full of ancient records and tradition, but the most beloved and protected building in many an inhospitable, house-holding, God-fearing community.

The Angelus Will Sound No More

The bell in its tower had sounded the Angelus from "a great white steeple," the Angelus heard afar in beetfield and vineyard, waited for as a daily part of many a simple, beautiful, pious life.

Monsieur le Cure was godfather to him, as another Monsieur le Cure had been to those before him, still another might be to those coming after him, aiding in counsel, solacing in suffering, seated at the place of honor at the wedding breakfast.

So, in the destruction of village churches in northern France, the Germans destroyed more than ancient graying stone and the beautiful evidences of Catholic piety and faith within, more than the sometimes marvelous ancient glass, the often valuable paintings and objects of ecclesiastical art, the marble and sculptured clay, the always beautiful and varied stations of the cross.

Tablets were destroyed, too; tablets in the memory that burnish and brighten in living contact with the altar where worshippers, the dear, dear dead of long ago, and of yesterday.

With these unadorned churches, as all who read know, have been destroyed more pretentious places of worship in towns and minor cities; the mighty cathedral of Arras, of the most beautiful and wonderful example of the Flemish-Spanish architecture of the thirteenth century; the cathedral of Senlis, the most lovely of smaller Gothic specimens; the cathedral of Soissons, a marvel of the Renaissance, to choose but three of the many within the line of barbaric invasion and retreat.

No house of God is intact that touched its paths of evil. There remains to it but the completion of an affair, the destruction of the cathedral of Rheims.

For Rheims is still within the range of German 218 and 174 shells from the hills of the Ardennes. "Abbas" quite within range of barbaric fire. And unharmed, this fire goes on, intermittently, willfully, savagely. It is only in the multitude of other evil that this final tragedy is not of daily world-wide record.

If they chose, the Germans could demolish Rheims cathedral tomorrow. Thirty-three minutes for the demolition of this crumble all that is left of this most noble of Gothic monuments. But they choose instead the systematic deliberate dropping now and then of a shell upon the north and south fronts and buttresses. They never bombard any other portion of the city of Rheims. And they never allow a week to pass without shelling the wounded cathedral; some weeks many, and some weeks few; one at a time always, one a day or one in seven days, well placed and truly aimed.

As a constant water will wear away rock, so constant periodical shell will eventually wear down the grievously scarred but still standing towers and trellised walls and buttresses. For the heavy, mighty company of arcades and niches, sheltered under angels in stone as they soar across the desecrated aisles in an light and airy harmony, an altar, a chancel, and glory to God within a "Christian" church. These buttresses are an elastic force, "supporting and being supported, neither too strong nor too feeble, equaling the construction without and within." A today, architectural authority. Constant attack upon them will decrease their supporting quality upon the great mass of lovely architecture dependent and interwoven with them. They are already marred by fire and shock, weakened and shaken by rains that fall within and without the temporary roof, a roof remade under fire. When the final straw of strain comes the cathedral of Rheims will fall. The world will read of its falling, associating the news only with the bombing and shelling of the city.

Tom Daly's Column

THREE TO ONE. Signor, remember yesterday. How mad I am bygone you say. Don't worry all Estation. Des good-for-nothing, lazy man!

I speak for all on 'ol 'ol of eet. Today ces you on dees street. Beey stronga man for deey do trauch. You theenk ces mebbe Dootch or French. Dees grand, bigga, stronga man?

You theenk ces lassy man dat weell so work, from carls mara outeell. Da stars ces china from do sky. He pile seex hundred spandell fish. Baysside da frank u'ce he reg throuk—Eh? how I know dat deca ves true?

GEORGE W. SCUDDER has a deep bass voice and we have long ears; that's how he happens to be able to report this. We sat near his customary luncheon table yesterday, and when George came in we heard his cronies reproach him for being late.

Poor Richard's "Patriotic Night" missed fire; at least, it bagged only 192 souls, by actual count, including the twenty-five U. of P. lads who drilled and the orchestra which played stirring national airs.

IN WARRING LANDS. Spring drifts across the greening Sligo hills. Moist veils the North Atlantic eastward spills. Its saline odors fresh from tossing seas, While new life astra in resurrected trees, Hope's pennants flutter far across the year.

Where pregnant winds of promise percyere— But all her thoughts adventure where he staid. In warring lands.

Night brings the drumming of the tender rains. Washin' across the leagues where plant life gains. And frost-imprisoned hearts in countless homes Thrill in the April day when morning founa. Along the eastern rim, and swift blood calls. Through lengthening days while silver laughter falls. But she sees naught but one on hostile sands. In warring lands. T. J. MURRAY.

Dear Boss—A P. S. on a letter just received runs thus. Please pardon topographical errors. JAG.

BOYS wanted with bicycles, all sections of the city. 45 minutes' work; lunch hour, 45 minutes. 6 p. m. to 4 p. m. ABEY, etc.

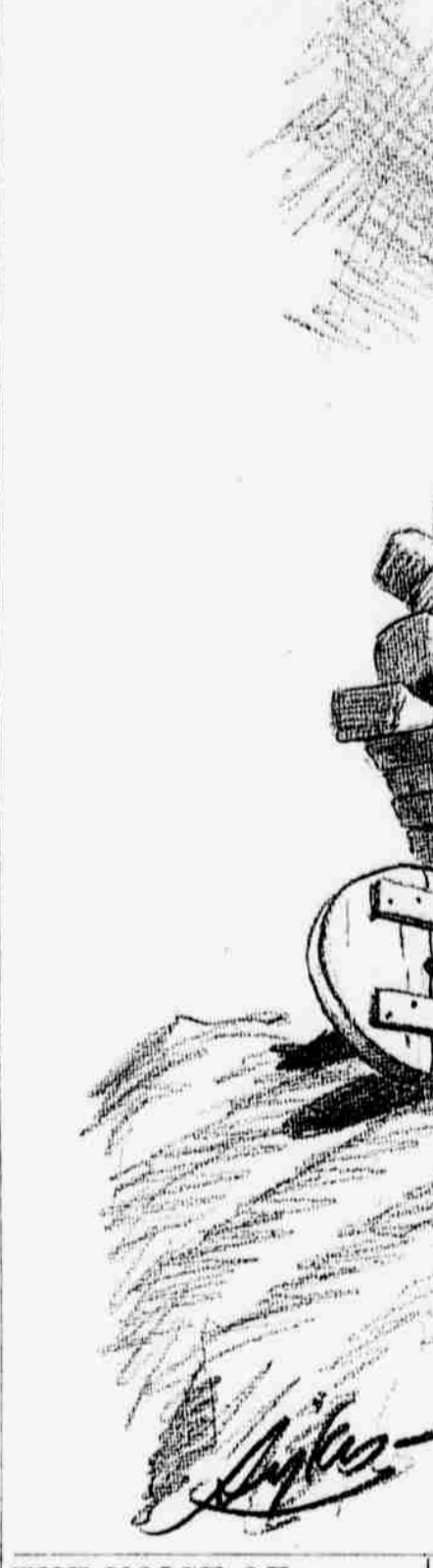
The above mystery will be solved as soon as our own Bill Sykes, who the classified ad columns of our own dear paper would have us believe, has opened a detective agency, gets through with the job we saw him engaged upon last. He was hunting for little Glory Dimples, lost in the woods and things just a healthy hook south of the ninth hole at Bala.

OUR COAT LAPEL is clutched by Rolfs: "Hand-to-hand battle with U-boat." "Say a hand. Can anything that has no heart have hands?" sez you. We might mention a clock, but you could come back with "the clock's heart ticks," and besides one never can tell these days where hands are going to sprout and how many. Frimstance, Irv. Cobb in the Saturday Evening Post tells us:

"In one withered, trembling old hand he held a box of matches, and in the other a piece of chalk. With one hand he scratched match after match, and with the other, on the wall of that little covehed, he wrote, over and over again, his name."

BEING, as we are, engaged in supplying (though in a small way, of course) the very desirable—er—commodity referred to, our chest visibly bulging when we read in the window of H. O. Hurlburt's...

HELL BENT



THE VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

Shortcomings of the Truant School—The Truth About Greece—A Suffrage Letter

This Department is free to all readers who wish to express their opinions on subjects of current interest. It is an open forum and the views of its correspondents, letters must be signed by the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith.

THE TRUANT SCHOOL

Sir—If the saying, "There are really no bad boys," is to become current, why in the world do we allow the truant schools to remain? It is an assured fact that they do not accomplish, nor have they accomplished, their object for boys "graduating" from such institutions are fit to enter any of our best schools.

THE TRUTH ABOUT GREECE

Sir—The organ of the representatives of the Athenian clique in Washington publishes today a new manifesto in the form of private telegram from Athens. As if the deposed King were really on the point of entering the war as an ally of the Entente!

All such plots constitute the last machinations of the tyrant to save his throne. But the great decision has been obtained by the Allies, and soon we shall hear the verdict. So don't give the least credence to such imaginary fables.

SUFFRAGISTS AD GOVERNMENT

Sir—In regard to the defeat of the woman suffrage amendment in the lower house of the Legislature, we feel it is well to know just what our enemy is and to force it to the open. We shall use every effort to defeat and render harmless the invisible system of which the liquor lobby is a very tangible part, which system we all know governs Pennsylvania today, absolutely blocking every effort toward good government or progressive legislation.

Our members who were not at the conference will be interested to know that the State board has appointed Mrs. E. E. Kieran, Somerset, Pa., State chairman of suffrage agriculture; Mrs. R. E. Umbel, Uniontown, as State chairman of suffrage thrift for the State, and Mrs. William B. Derr, Philadelphia, chairman of thrift, which includes conservation of food for Philadelphia County.

We have the best and most active organization in the State, with headquarters, secretaries and office staffs. The suffragists are able to present to the Government a most efficient working body.

The Lycoming County plan, which was...



What Do You Know?

Curious general interest will be answered in this column. Ten questions, the answers to which every well-informed person should know, are asked daily.

- 1. Name one of New Jersey's two Senators. 2. Who is Shuckleton? 3. Pronounce "shibins." 4. Distinguish between the meaning of "laccerate" and "macerate." 5. What is the "bean ball" in baseball? 6. Who was saint Gaudens? 7. Correct the sentence, "I have drank some water" and explain. 8. What State has furnished the greatest number of army recruits this month? 9. Name the largest city in Florida. 10. What is the relationship between Count Ilya Tolstoy, now in this country, and the late Count Leo Tolstoy?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. The Department of Labor estimates that 2,000,000 men will be needed on the nation's farms this summer. 2. France aided the United States in its struggle against England for independence. 3. It is about 400 miles by rail or by water from Irbau to Petrozavsk. 4. "D. A. R." is the abbreviation of "Daughters of the American Revolution." 5. General von Falkenhayn is the new German general of Belgium. General von Falkenhayn is the new German general on the southeastern war front. 6. There is no final "h" in "helmet." 7. Representative Irvine L. Lenroot is from Wisconsin. 8. Haddock, sea fishermen, are called "Nimrods"; Nimrod is the favorite of the Bible as a "mighty hunter." 9. Lansing is the capital of Michigan. 10. Tobacco was not known to the white man until the discovery of America.

Washington's Address

R. Y. Jr.—George Washington's advice against "foreign entanglements" in his farewell address to the American people was as follows: "Against the insidious wiles of foreign influence—I conjure you to beware, my fellow citizens—the jealousy of a free people ought to be constantly awake; since history and experience prove that foreign influence is one of the most baneful foes of republican government. But that jealousy to be useful, must be impartial; else it becomes the instrument of the very influence to be avoided, instead of a defense against it. Excessive partiality for one foreign nation and excessive dislike for another cause those whom they actuate to see danger only on one side, and serve to veil, and even obscure, the arts of influence on the other. Real patriots, who may resent the intrusions of the favorite, are liable to become suspected and odious, while its tools and dupes usurp the applause and confidence of the people to surrender their interests. The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations, in extending our commercial relations, to have with them as little political connection as possible—So far as we have already formal engagements, let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop. Europe has a set of primary interests, which to us have none, or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves, by artificial ties, in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics, or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected; when belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war as our interest, guided by justice, shall counsel.

THE STAINLESS STANDARD

I can see the colors lifting. Where the April gale increases Streaming'er the urban miles. Seas of red and blue are drifting skyward as the silk releases. While a nation proudly smiles.

Memory holds no bitter taunting. When with other flags it flutters Far on China's restless floors. Not for gain we seek it flaunting. Nor withdraw it money-counted.

Graham Flour

H. H.—A pound of graham flour contains 1670 calories and a pound of rice 1530 calories, according to bulletin 28, of the United States Department of Agriculture. Various food values are given in this pamphlet, which is for sale by the superintendent of documents. Government printing office, Washington, D. C.