EVENING LEDGER-PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1918:



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THE AVERAGE NET FAID DAILY CIRCULA-ON OF THE EVENING LEDGER FOR AUGUST WAS 95,618.

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 23, 1915.

an soho has last his good name is as to recover it as the man who

has lost his umbrella.

SO IS POLITICAL HISTORY MADE

BOUT one man in ten thousand is willing to think. That weary looking clerk whom you leaned against in the subway last night is ready to carry out orders, but he at have the orders. Like a flock of sheep, mass of humans look for leadership. They want somebody to think for them, dy to tell them what to do. To coneive something on his own account, to initiate a great enterprise, is a task far too adous for the ordinary individual. He ds must have some one to tell him what to de

This being the case, it is not remarkable, is it, that thousands of citizens are glad to have this or that leader select a Mayor for them? They are used to just that sort of thing. They have been sheep for years, in the ordinary course of their activity, and sheep they will remain so long as breath remains in them. But now and then some fellow breaks away. He opens his eyes, he has a vision, a thought filters through to the seat of his intelligence, he flaps his wings, crows, leaps out into the golden sunshine of achievement and behold a Jackson, a Lincoln, a Grant, a McKinley, an Edison

Popular government presupposes intelligence on the part of the people, a willingness to think. But the boss knows that they will not think. So he greases the machinery, sets it into motion, converts dollars from the public treasury into his private vault and becomes a great man. It is so easy. And the sheep gather at the trough, take what they can get, and are passively grateful that somebody has stepped forward and reserved them of the necessity of using their own gray matter. So is political history made

VILLA WAS A BAD BET

WHEN the Washington Administration staked Villa after forcing Huerta out of Mexico it showed had judgment. Villa has never for a moment justified the confidence put in him. The experts who lescribed him as one of the greatest fighters since Nathed the and their pervices will not again be in demand when it is necessary to appraise Mexican soldiers or Villa has been defeated time statesmen. after time in the past year, and he has at last been forced out of Chihuahua by Carransa. So long as he is alive and remains in Mexico he will make trouble, but he has ceased to be an important force to be reckoned with by the United States in making plans for the future.

approaching Constantinopie from along the southern shore of the Black Sea, conquering the dissatisfied Turkish provinces on the way with the ultimate purpose of making the Black Bea a Russian lake and extending Russian dominion not only to Constantinople, but over a large part of Asia Minor. A Russian force can be landed on the south shore of the Black Sea within marching distance of the Bosphorus quickly enough to arrive before Germany can get her troops through Bulgaria to the same destination. For the next few weeks, therefore, the campaign for the control of Constantinople ought to absorb the attention of those who wish to follow the most significant moves of the

WAITING TO SMITE THE GANG

armies.

TENS of thousands of good Republicans remained away from the polls on Tuesday. They knew that the primary was "fixed," that the Organization would drive its cohorts. to the voting places and take care of the nomination. They preferred, therefore, to ignore the preliminary election and walt until November to voice their protest against the seduction of the party and the overt conspiracy to drain the treasury of Philadeiphin.

It was not surprising, in view of the situation, that 100,000 of those registered did not vote. But it was amazing that so many ballots were cast for Mr. Porter. Evidently there were many who wished to register their protest twice-once in the primary and once in the general election. The enormous vote prophesied for Smith failed to materialize. On the contrary, the Porter vote augure a formidable beginning of the campaign to retain good government in this city and rebuke the pretensions of McNichol and the Vares. It is a campaign which will gather strength as it progresses, and as the people become more and more sensitive to the insult which has been heaped upon them.

The Organization carries an air of jubilation over Tuesday's voting, but it has cold chills running down its back nevertheless. It realizes that it is facing a real battle, and that the pillage of Philsdelphia will not be accomplished until the resources of good and forward-looking citizens have been utterly exhausted. There is no togs on Smith yet. and he has a long way to go before he lands in City Hall. _

A VALUABLE PUBLIC SERVANT

ANTHONY COMSTOCK, who is dead at 71, after a life spent in protecting the public morals, won notoriety by his mistakes. His substantial reputation for honest, conscientious and effective work was won by deeds of which the public knew little. The indecent and obscure publications of one kind or another, the suppression of which he secured, were not advertised by any proclamations from his office. He had them seized by the Government and the rest was silence. If his record could be examined it would be found that he did ten wise things for every foolish one. If his successor can do half so well he may consider himself fortunate.

ACCIDENTS ARE ONLY ACCIDENTS

NOTWITHSTANDING all the assumptions to the contrary, man is neither omnisclent nor omnipotent. The inevitable demand after every accident that the persons responsible shall be punished to the full extent of the law is the form in which the belief in man's omniscience usually finds expression. The public-that is, you and your neighbor and the man who lives next door to your neighbor and so on down the street-is unwilling to admit that an accident can happen. They forget that an accident is something that happens because it was unforeseen and unexpected. By its very nature it cannot be guarded against. If we know that the surface of the street is going to sink, as it sank in Seventh avenue, New York, yesterday morning, and that it will engulf scores of people and kill several, and do not take precautions to prevent it, the thing that happens is not an accident, but a crime. It loses all the essentials of the unforeseen and the unexpected without which there are no accidents. Yet so insistent is the vanity of man in the mass that three or four different investigations are making into the Seventh avenue disaster for the purpose of fixing responsibility, punishing some one, and satisfying the demand for a victim. It is forgotten that the road over which the world advances is paved with disaster. Progress is made because we learn by the unexpected and unforeseen wrecks that destroy our castles, and then provide against a repetition of the same calamity. When the span of a cantilever bridge under construction across the St. Lawrence River collapsed a few years ago because of the buckling of some of the girders the engineers discovered that their estimates of the proper weight of such supports were wrong. The lesson was expensive, but it has been learned, and engineers now err on the side of safety when they err at all. It is too much to hope, however, that the public will ever learn that accidents are accidents as really as "pigs is pigs."

FROM LOUVAIN TO PHILADELPHIA

Professor Carnvoy as He Takes Up His Work in His Adopted Homeland-Some Personal Traits of an Optimist

By CHARLES VINTON WATERS. THE average optimist is one who has no I particular reason for being anything else. It is only the man who can bear up bravely and smile cheerfully under an accumulation of misfortunes that deserves the name.

Under any definition,

however, Dr. Albert J. Carnvoy, a Bel-

gian scholar, who

has come to the Uni-

versity of Pennsyl-

vania as research

professor in Sanskrit and Greek in the

Graduate School, can

justly lay claim to

the possession of true

optimism. That he

does not do zo makes

his title all the more

clear. In Doctor Carn-DR. CARNVOT voy's case, to the

misfortune of losing nearly all his worldly possessions, of seeing his home destroyed and the well-defined and apparently bright prospects in his chosen career snuffed out, has been added the greater trial of expatriation. Many of his fellow countrymen have been compelled to endure similar tribulations in the last year, but it is doubtful if any of them has been able to show a more cheerful philosophy than radiates from this exile from his war-stricken land.

After Louvain

Fourteen months ago Doctor Carnvoy was peacefully engaged in as peaceful an occupation as can well be imagined. As a professor of ancient languages in Louvain University, the oldest as well as the largest of Belgium's educational institutions, he had found what to him was an ideal vocation. Years of preparation and application at Louvain, at Cambridge University and in Berlin had fitted him for his congenial task. and he looked forward with assurance to a future that would be useful, pleasant and profitable. The coming of the Germans changed everything. Compelled to flee from his home, at first he found a haven of refuge in that same Cambridge where, years before, he had been a student. But it was not for long. Within six months the little group of Belgian university men who had gathered there with the laudable purpose of continuing their studies was broken up. King Albert's call for soldiers took so many of the physically fit to the front that only a handful was left. Besides, the great English university itself had fallen upon evil days, and in the absence of so many students, gone away to the wars, it could hardly find sufficient work for its own instructors.

Six months ago Doctor Carnvoy came to this country. An invitation from Columbia University to deliver a course of lectures, while it held out no promise of permanent employment, was yet too good under the circumstances to be refused. With only a small part of the scholastic year remaining. the newcomer in the field of American education had small opportunity to prove his mettle. Yet his work was of so high an order that it attracted attention both in and out of the New York school, and finally prooured for him the offer of a chair at Philadelphia's great university.

Fond of Bicycling

Doctor Carnvoy is still on the sunny side of 50. Well above the average height, he gives the impression that he would have been a good athlete had he followed the bent of the average American student of the present day.



A DEATH GRAPPLE IN THE NORTH SEA

Today Is the Anniversary of the Famous Engagement of the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard-A Famous Reply. Jones an American to the Last

By CHARLES F. KINGSLEY

THE Great War has broken many records, L but it hasn't yet destroyed the distinction of the famous battle of the Serapis and the Bon Homme Richard as the bloodiest naval engagement of modern times. Today is the anniversary of that

conflict, a battle of the good old days when ships were lashed together and the sailors fought hand to hand. Upon the outbreak of the Revolution, Jones, a Virginian, born in Scotland, offered his services to the Continental Congress. At the age of thirty he was placed in command of the Ranger, the first naval vessel

on which the Stars and PAUL JONES.

Stripes were holsted. The battle which gave him his lasting fame occurred on September 23, 1779. Jones for two years had been hovering about the coasts of England and Scotland, destroying shipping and capturing vessels. In August of in he had sailed from France with a squadron of five vessels, three of them American and two French. Off Flamborough Head he fell in with a fleet of 41 British merchantmen, convoyed by the Scrapis and the Countess of Scarborough. The battle that followed, just as the sun went down, was the battle of the Serapis and the Richard.

Nightfall and Battle

It was dusk when the Bon '....nme Richard came close to the Serapis. The Pallas was sailing for the Countess of Scarborough, but the other ships of the American squadron So it is quite evident that he remained had basely deserted their commander. In but one consideration was the Richard superior to the Serapis, and that was in the personality of the American commander.

"No! I have not yet begun to fight," was the heroic reply of Paul Jones. By 10 o'clock flames were bursting forth from both ships in many places. Lieutenant Dale went to Commodore Jones and asked permission to board the Serapis again. The permission was granted.

Followed by Midshipman Mayrant and a party of sailors he leaped to the British decks. An English sailor thrust a boarding pike into the midshipman's hip. The sailor was killed with a pistol. The Americans swept everyone from the main deck, and Lieutenant Dale rushed to the quarter deck where Captain Pearson stood alone.

Captain Pearson, the image of despair, now gave up all hope and struck his colors with his own hand.

Jones was the hero of Europe and America. The King of France decorated him with the cross of the Order of Military Merit. The American Congress gave him a gold medal and proposed to create for him the rank of rear admiral. It is certain that Jones aspired to that honor, which was never granted, and some have said that Jones considered himself ungratefully treated by the new nation in the West and that he left it in disgust. Catherine II of Russia offered him a command with the rank of rear admiral and Jones rendered valuable service in the war against the Turks. Probably the real reason of his acceptance of the commission was his love of adventure and naval life. Though he never returned to America after 1787, he was emphatic in his statements that he would never renounce his American citizenship. In 1792 he was appointed United States Consul at Algiers, but died in Paris before his commission arrived.

taint of the doctrinaire. He is, in a word, t ordinary man in an extraordinary degree-fea less of danger, imperturbable in action, fr alike from exaitations and despairs, cool who the temperature is highest and warm when it the temperature is nighest and warm when u blast is coldest, and, in all circumstances, in man, generous, a little hot-tempered, and a ways comprehensible. One would be tempt to say that he was the beau ideal of the Em lishman but for the fact that he is Irish-A fred G. Gardiner, in the Atlantic.

THE DUAL ALLIANCE

The propaganda and the periscope are don execrable team work .-- Cleveland Plain Deals

THE LONG ROAD

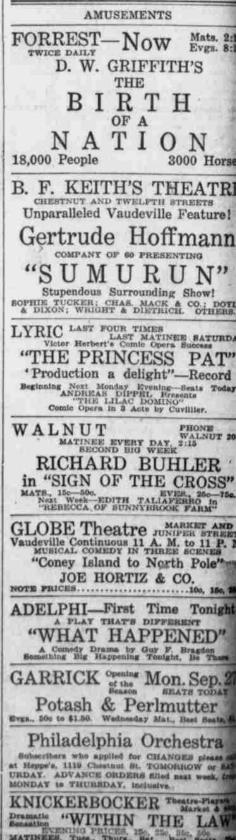
We are women together-my mother and me, With our eyes on the dull gray past, And the pain she knows is the pain I see, For our ways are one at last.

Oh, the roads were rough and the sharp w As she battered flercely ahead;

And my brain grew sick and my heart gre But I followed her whither she led.

For a mother's cry is a daughter's cry And the load is the same hard load, And the mothers lag and the daughters fly Till they meet on the fint-strewn road!

It was sweet to rush to her yielding breast, But it's better to clutch her hand, And we know our love is the love that's best For both of us understand. -Jane Burr, in New York Times



ROAD FOR MEDICINE TO TRAVEL

WHEN Dr. John B. McAllister, in his presidential address before the State Medical Society, said that there must be standardized education and training for physicians, he formulated a conclusion from which there is no escape if the suffering public is to be protected from the blunders of incompetents. No man ought to be allowed to prescribe for the sick who has not sived the best instruction obtainable in the fundamentals of the healing art.

seter McAllister might have gone further and have said that the time must come when there is a distinction between physicians and surgeons and when no man who has received merely a general medical education, without special instruction in surgery, shall be peritted to perform a major operation. There are men in the United States no more fitted than one of the beef trust's butchers to practice surgery. Some of them do not even understand anatomy. Yet the unsuspecting public entrusts itself to their hands.

THE PLACE TO WATCH NEXT

DR. E. J. DILLON, one of the most expert observers of the signs of the times, prophesied in London on August 28 that Constantinople would be in the hands of the Ailies within a month. The time has expired and the Turkish capital has not yet fallen, but all indications point to its extreme peril. There is no other explanation for the massing of German troops on the Servian frona tier preparatory to forcing a way through but Servin and Bulgaria to the Dardansiles and the Bospherus.

The Turks are short of ammunition and re in need of coal. The Allies have been tering at the gates persistently for months and their blows have left breaches in the defenses. There has revolutionary rioting in Constantin d the supremacy of the Young Turk party threatened. The downfall of the Young the would make it necessary for Germany wat control of whatever new party ased the roins of government. So Germany ares to strike hard and to strike quickly tile there is yet time. The success of its

servers of the grand strategy of the r arm not discioused, but it has been sugof with some show of plausibility that deposing of the Grand Duke Nicholas command of the Rissian armies is mary, and that he has here to the Canenaue for the purpose of instal as junk.

So versatile an impromptu speaker as Mr. Bryan is naturally opposed to preparedness.

The man who is making soap for the Moros ought first to have asked them whether they had any use for it.

Not every man is so fortunate as to get the Wharton Association to act as his press agent without charge.

It sounds bigger to call the Stonehenge pillars megalithic monuments than to refer to them as just big stones.

A bronze statue of Dante has been put into the melting pot and turned into a cannon. It will be no novelty for him to pour hot shot into his enemies

That bale of hay mistaken for a floating mine in the English Channel must have been dropped there by the Germans to feed the mounts of the horse marines.

Having humiliated the nation, Mr. Bryan now proposes to lead the fight to make it defenseless. He was just as anxious to make it bankrupt in 1896 and failed, so why should anybody worry?

The old frigate Independence has been burned for her copper. Let us hope that Uncle Ham's one-time copper-riveted independence may never get in such a bad state of repair that any one will be tempted to mut the torch io it is order to recover the

"Athletics in the form which the American and English youth have known it for so many years had little place in the regard of the Belgian students of my day," explained Doctor Carnvoy. "Their leisure was devoted to play, not to sport as the American student sees it. Of late years there has been a decided change, and now Belgian university boys indulge in many of the time-honored sports of England and this country."

"At least, they did," he added, with a smile that had more than a suggestion of personal grief back of it. "Now there is little or no exercise among the youth of my country save the exercise of arms. In fact, for the time there are no university boys and no universities. Education in Belgium today is confined to the elementary and secondary schools."

The slight stoop of Doctor Carnvoy's shoulders, not unusual with tall men of middie age, and in his case suggesting scholarly habits carried almost to an excess, does not mean that he is not an out-of-doors man. On the contrary, he takes every opportunity to get out into the country, either for long walks or for bloycling trips.

"I cannot understand," he exclaimed, "why Americans should have given up cycling, as apparently they have. There is no other means, certainly, of enjoying the beauties of the country that can compare with it, unless it be walking. And Americans do not seem to walk much, e.ther, I find. They prefer the swift-moving automobile, which permits one to mee only a very little and not to appreciate even that little."

America's Oaks

Another thing that takes Doctor Carnvey outdoors whenever the chance presents is his admitted hobby-botanizing. "In an amateur way only," he hastened to explain. "I am only an amateur, but I find much that delights me in the floral wealth of this country, so much that is new and strange. It does not seem as if Americans half appreciate the bounty that has been bestowed upon them. Look at the oak, for example. America has, I believe, some 12 varieties, while Belgium must be content with only one.

Doctor Carnvoy's work at the University of Pennayivania will be devoted largely to teaching in the Graduate School; but he will also come in touch to some extent with the undergraduates, concerning whom he apparently has no little curiosity. "I like their looks," he said, "especially their trank, hon-est eyes: but I have been told that they are not inclined to hard work unless they think it absolutely necessary. The graduate stu-dents with whom I came in contact in New York were much the same type of serious-minded young man that I knew doing similar work in Belgium. The undergrad-unte may be different. That I have yet to

The breeze was so light that the two vessels approached each other slowly. When almost within pistol shot and coming together, how to bow, the captain of the Serapis halled the Richard.

"What ship is that?" he called through his trumpet. Paul Jones, in order to gain time, called

back: "What is it you say? I can't understand."

"What ship is that? Answer immediately or I shall fire into you," was the English reply.

Simultaneously from both vessels a broadside roared out. The flash glared over the waters and showed the gunners of both ships, stripped to the waist and at their guns. That very first fire was almost fatal for the Bon Homme Richard. The battle was on. The decks already flowed with blood.

Just as the Richard's rigging was shot away so that it was helpless, the bowsprit of the Serapis thrust across the stern of the Richard and struck the missen mast. Paul Jones saw his opportunity and made the two ships fast with grappling irons. That tied them together, side by side, and mitigated to some extent the British superiority in heavy guns.

The two ships now drifted along, locked in a deadly embrace. The Richard began to leak and Paul Jones soon saw that he must be defeated unless he struck an effective blow. He sent a party of 20 soldiers into the crosstrees of his ship and ordered them to clear the enemy's decks by a het musket fire.

Hadn't Begun to Fight

All this time there was not a moment's cessation of the cannonade. Huge gaps were opened in the sides of each ship. The Richard was leaking so hadly that the ship's carpenter, thinking all was lost, rushed to the fighting decks and spread the alarm. The gun crows rushed for the small boats and would have left the ship had not Commodore Jones and Lieutenant Dale met them with cocked pistols and ordered them back to fighting. The prisoners broke loose in the hold and threatened to swarm out and overpower the Americans. Guards soon mastered them and put them to work on the pumps. Behind the dense clouds of smoke that blotted everything from view Commo Jones now organized a boarding party of 100 men. He armed them with cutlas and pistols. With shout and cry they swarmed over the gunwales of the Serapia and onto its bloody decks.

Although they fought flercely the boarders were driven back. Half of their number and as many Englishmen were killed or and as many Englishmen were killed or wounded in the fray. As they came leaping back to the Richard's dacks, the two cap-tains, each on their own quarter deck, were only a few fest spart. In the darkness the flags could not be seen. Captain Prarmon, of the Berapis, called out: inve you struck your fing?"

American to the last.

THE BALKAN AMERICA

Bulgaria Seems More Like a Republic Than a Kingdom

Modern Bulgaria is only a couple of genera-tions old, and though all this part of the world has been invaded and reinvaded, and fought over since the beginning of things, the little kingdom (it seems more like a republic) has the air of a new country.

The aristocracy had been wiped out long be fore Bulgaria got her autonomy in 1578, and unlike Rumania, where the greater portion of unlike Rumania, where the greater portion of the land is in the hands of large proprietors. Bulgaria is a country of small farmers, of shepherds, peasants, each with his little piece of land. The men who now direct its fortunes are the sons and grandsons of very simple people. Possibly it is because we Americans are also a new becale with still second the people. Possibly it is because we american are also a new people, with still some of the prejudices of pioneers, that we are likely to feel something in common with the people of what has been called the "peasant State." Certain it is that the Bulgarians seem the most "American" of the Balkan peoples, the most "Western" of fhese Near Easterners.

"Western" of these Narah propies, the most "Western" of these Narah Pasterners." Snow-capped mountains rise just behind Sofia, and the brown hills thereabout, like the rolling plateaus along the shoulders of which the train crawls on the way down from Ruma-nin, are speckled with sheep. Sometimes even in Sofia you will meet a shepherd patiently urging his little fock up a modern concrete sidewalk and stopping now and then for some passer-by to pick up a lamb, "heft" it, and feel its wool before deciding whether or not he should take it home for dinner. People on the streets and in the parks were "mice" looking rather than smart, and the young officers from the military school, who were everywhere, as fine and soldierlike young and the common soldiers, with their fine shoul-dres and chasts and wiry torsos, looked as though they were made for their work and took to it like ducks to water. There is a music hall in Boffa, but on the

<text>

SIR JOHN FRENCH

Bit JOHN FRENCH Bir John French has not the grim slootness of commanders like Wellington or Elitchamer, nor does he cultivate the Napoleonic arts of flat-tery, But he is not inferior to any of these men in conveying their impression which is essential to the great general—the impression that he has the secret of victory in him. Without that as-mirance an army goes into battle robbed of its must powerful assit. Sir John Treach conveys the impression, not by suveloping himself in an atmosphere of remoteness and mystery, but by giving the sense of a singularity same bai-anced. daylight mind, firm in its polyments the fatel hiemist of ramity or ambitium a of vanity or ambilion,) of, yet whethy free from

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