

HOW THE TURKS CHECKED BULGARS

Desperate Defense of Adrianople
Saved the Capital.

UPSET PLANS OF THE ALLIES

Frederick Palmer Tells of the Furious
Fighting by the Ottoman Armies
That Bafled Demetrieff
and Ivanoff.

By FREDERICK PALMER,
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Record-Herald in the Balkan War.

Mustapha Pasha.—The minarets of
Sultan Selim!

Needle-like, I have seen them rise
over the indistinct mass of Adrian-
ople from the distant hills, then as
substantial columns from the nearby
hills, and again so close from the
shellproof of an advanced infantry
position that I could make out the
tilings on the dome of the great
mosque itself.

The simple, grace of the minarets
dominated town, and landscape, and
siege. Weary drivers of the weary
oxen of the transport and still wear-
ing artillerymen, bringing up addi-
tional guns through seas of mud, saw
them for the first time as a token of
defiance, of work unfinished, of bat-
tles yet to be fought, and of lives yet
to be lost.

Infantrymen in the advanced
trenches saw them as the goal
against a foe which had fallen back
without any adequate rear guard sec-
tion, but which had begun to fight
desperately under their shadows.

That Turkish garrison, as it with-
drew into the shelter of its forts,
seemed to find something of the spirit
of old Sultan Selim the Magnificent,
for whom the mosque was named,
but with this difference: Sultan
Selim was not given to falling back
on forts and minarets. He stormed
forts; he went ahead to plant new
minarets in the soil of Christendom.

Rouses Old Turk's Spirit

From the first in this war the Turk
took the defensive; from the first he
accepted it as his part and portion of
the campaign.

In Bulgaria, where many Turks still
live under Christian rule, we had
seen the Terrible Turk, the great
fighting man of the past, whose soul
was supposed to be above lowly toll,
as a heaver of wood and a carrier of
water. He did odd jobs in the ab-
sence of the Bulgarian at the front.
The lion of the past had been trained
to dog harness.

All the early victories of the Bul-
garian army completed an impression
of a one-time lordly race demoralized
and enervated, who retained only the
fatalism of "Kismet," in its lexicon.

The warrior's cry, "For Allah!" was
lost forever. But at Adrianople "For
Allah! For the Minarets! For the
Padishah!" rose again to the dignity
which abandoned bravery always com-
mands.

The sheer, impetuous fearlessness
of the Bulgarian, well drilled and
coolly manipulated, was the first
great revelation of the campaign, and
the second was how, in the hour of
hopelessness, his desperation aroused
the old qualities of the Turk.

Every situation, every development
in the war reverted to Adrianople. It
was the nut to crack in the first plan
of strategy of the campaign. It hovered
over the first army before
Tchatalja as a nightmare. It stood
in the way of the prompt supplies of
bread and bullets for the first army;
it delayed the signing of the armistice
for ten days; it has been the main
subject of contention before the
London peace conference; it was
responsible for the treatment of the
military attaches, who saw nothing of
the war, and of the correspondents—
who saw little.

War Hinges on Adrianople.

Even our phlegmatic little English-
speaking censor assistant at Mustapha
would lose his temper at the very
suggestion of any peace terms
with Adrianople still in Turkish pos-
session.

"We shall have a revolution if we
don't get Adrianople," I have heard
many officers say.

"We shall not go home without
Adrianople," the wounded soldiers
returning from the front kept repeat-
ing.

Such were the instructions which
Dr. Daneff, the Eliliu Root of the Bal-
kans, took with him to London. Ad-
rianople was graven on the minds of
his countrymen. By diplomacy he
must get a fortress which was not
yet taken by force of arms.

Glance at a map and you will see
that the whole success of the allies
depended on bottling up the Turk on
the peninsula, so that all the other
Turkish forces from Scutari to Ad-
rianople, from Kumanova to Hasana,
should be cut off from communica-
tion. The Greeks, Serbs, and Mon-
tenegrins were the backs. The Bul-
garians undertook to buck the line.

Bulgaria did not have to consider
a reserve army. European public
opinion and the jealousies of the powers
acted as efficient substitutes, for the
Bulgarian military statesmanship
understood that if Bulgaria were beat-
en the powers would never permit
Turkey to take an inch of Bulgarian
soil. It was a case of "Heads I win,
tails I don't lose."

Turks Awake to Crisis.

The Turks knew this, too. It was
an old situation to them. Successful

war meant no aggrandizement only
that no more territory would be taken
from them. This is enough, after
some generations, to breed the defen-
sive instinct in any soldier.

The Turk must have his back
against the wall in order to fight well.
His attitude is that of the mad bull
against the toreador; and a very mad
bull, we know, sometimes gets a horn
into the toreador's anatomy and tosses
him over the palings. This hap-
pened in a way at Adrianople.

"Victory is to the heaviest bat-
tallions," Bonaparte said this, but after
Caesar said it after some general of
Egypt, Babylon or Nineveh.

The allies knew that their success
depended on speed in a fall campaign
—speed and the shock of masses pour-
ing over the frontier. There was a
hundred-yard dash chance.

The Serbs at Kumanova, their criti-
cal battle, had odds of at least four to
one.

The Greeks never had less favor-
able odds, usually much higher.

As for the Montenegrins, who had
a small show, what they did in one
way or another did not matter. They
had work to keep them fully occu-
pied, as it developed in the siege of
Scutari.

The only one of the allies who dis-
claimed modern organization, their fail-
ure to make any headway again em-
phasizes the wide difference between
a body of men with rifles and an ac-
tual army.

Bulgars Bear War's Brunt.

So the Bulgarians took the great
and telling work of the war on their
shoulders. You have only to know
the Bulgarians to understand that this
was inevitable.

There is stubborn and aggressive
character enough in Bulgaria to spare
for all southwestern Europe.

Bulgaria made a hundred-yard dash
with ex cart transportation, and made
it around an obstacle—Adrianople.
The main railroad line and the great
Constantinople highway ran by Ad-
rianople. It was on the direct line of
communication from the center of the
Bulgarian base to the center of its
objective.

In the center of Thrace, it was the
only real fortress on the way to Con-
stantinople. Kirk-Killissah, or Losen-
grade, as the Bulgarians call it, de-
spite their willingness to allow an im-
pression of its formidability to be
spread abroad, was not in any sense
well fortified.

Now, the first thing was to surround
Adrianople; that is, to strike at it
from all sides, as the key to the po-
sition. A branch of the main Sofia-
Constantinople railroad line runs to
Yambol. With this as its base, Demet-
rieff's, or the First, army swung
around Kirk-Killissah, which was taken
in the first splendid ardor of the
campaign. With its fall anyone can
see from a staff map that any battle
line of defense with Adrianople as a
part of it was impossible for a force
of the numbers of the Turkish main
army.

Two or three hundred thousand
men who were homogeneous might
have held on, but not half that num-
ber when badly organized. There-
fore, Nazim Pasha had to fall back
to a new line and leave Adrianople
to care for itself.

Reveals Bulgar Courage.

The next step was the decisive bat-
tle on the line from Lule Burgas to
Bunnarhisar.

There, again, superiority of num-
bers, as well as organization, count-
ed; that superiority, which makes a
heavy turning movement possible
while the enemy's front is engaged.

In short, the Bulgarians had the
Turks going. They gave the Turks
no rest, and they had a sufficient nu-
merical preponderance, in addition to
the dependable courage of their in-
fantry to guarantee success.

So there was nothing wonderful
about the strategy of the campaign,
nothing new, nothing startling. The
old principle of the swift turning
movement had been applied to the sit-
uation in hand.

By the flank the Japanese kept put-
ting the Russians back from the Yalu
to Mukden. By the flank Grant put
Lee back to Richmond.

There was just one, and only one,
startling feature in this war—Bulgari-
an courage. That enabled Demetrieff
to gain at Kirk-Killissah and Lule
Burgas in a hurry what with most
armies would have required much
more time.

Demetrieff had willing flesh for a
necessary sacrifice. He threw his in-
fantry against frontal positions in a
cloud, into shrapnel and automatic
gun fire, without waiting to silence
the enemy's batteries.

Expected to Take Adrianople.

And after Lule Burgas the next step
would have seemed the storming of
Adrianople. When peace negotiations
should begin, it was a vital point in
their favor in the negotiations to have
Adrianople in their possession.

The Bulgarian treatment of the cor-
respondents is one of the many in-
dications that the Bulgarian staff did
at one time expect to take Adrianople
by storm.

It was argued by serious corre-
spondents who did not feel that they
ought to waste their time or the
money of their papers in idleness,
that the Bulgarian government ought
not to have received any correspond-
ents at all. But this was not logic to
the government. The press repre-
sented public opinion. It could serve
a purpose, and all the college profes-
sors in the land who spoke any for-
eign language found their work in the
common cause, no less than grand-
father found his in driving an ox cart
and the women in making bread.

The plan was well thought out, and
the regulations, which would fill a
column, left nothing that occurred to
officers or college professors out of
consideration. No mention was to be

made of the wounded, nor even of the
weather, if it were bad, for bad weath-
er might tell the enemy that the roads
were bad.

While many an imaginary account,
because it had the similitude of nar-
rative which characterizes all con-
vincing fiction, was hailed as real
war correspondence, the Bulgarian
staff, when it came to actual reports
of actions (exclusive of massacres),
was scrupulously exact and exasperat-
ingly late and brief.

All praise by the press kept the ball
of the prestige of victory rolling. It
helped to convince the powers and
the Turk that the Bulgarian army
was irresistible. The stage climax
of the whole campaign would be the
fall of Adrianople. Therefore were
the correspondents moved to Mustapha
Pasha just as Lule Burgas was
being won; and Constantinople, being
then supposedly defended only by a
demoralized army, which could not
make a stand, every report from Mustapha
Pasha which showed that
Adrianople was on the point of capitu-
lation added to the stage effect of
Bulgarian triumph.

Turks Defy the Bulgars.

As the first Bulgarian army drew
near the Tchatalja lines, the mise en
scene was complete; but Nazim
Pasha, making use of the elapsed time
to fortify the Tchatalja lines, rather
than submit to the humiliating terms
offered, bade the Bulgarian hosts
"come on."

Success had turned the heads even
of the Bulgarian staff. They had be-
gun to think that the old fighting qual-
ity was out of the Turk, and so willing
was the Bulgarian infantry to under-
go slaughter that it was only a case
of recording another charge of flesh
against shrapnel and automatic gun
fire, and the day was won.

Alas, an old principle of war, deal-
ing with an impossibility of the same
order as squaring the circle in math-
ematics, was now to bring generalship
back from the clouds to solid earth.

You can take strong positions in
front only with time by sapping and
mining and all the weary operations
of a siege, as the indomitable Grant
learned by the failure of his first rush



General Demetrieff.

at Vicksburg and the indomitable
Nogi learned by the failure of the first
rush attack at Port Arthur.

In a week, any army that has
spades and a few of the resources of
material which should be part of the
storehouse at its base should make
such a position as that of the series
of rising hills back of Tchatalja fully
tenable against any but siege attack,
unless there was room for a flank at-
tack.

Turks Turn the Tables.

And the breadth of the position
open to infantry approach in any at-
tempt at storming was only 16 miles,
while from either sea side of the nar-
row strip of peninsula the Turkish
navy could bring into play more pow-
erful guns than any Demetrieff had at
his disposal.

At the same time there is to be
kept in view the generally accepted
tenet that you must not send in-
fantry against any well entrenched po-
sition until its batteries are silenced
or it is known that they can be kept
under control during the infantry at-
tack by a well concentrated fire of
your own batteries.

Demetrieff used his guns for a day
in trying to develop the strength and
location of the enemy's batteries. But
the Turks would not be drawn. At last
the tables were turned.

Meanwhile Adrianople also was tell-
ing. You may discuss as much as you
please whether the original plan of
the Bulgarian staff was to mask this
fortress or to take it by storm, the
fact remains that the only result was
to mask it, and the lesson was that
any garrison in the rear of an advanc-
ing army, though it is held securely
in investment, remains a mighty force
in being for the enemy's purpose.

Nature meant Adrianople to be a
fortress. Past it on the south flows
the Maritza river, taking its origin in
the Balkans and plowing its way
across the alluvial lowlands of Thrace
to the sea. A strong bridge crosses it
on the line of the Constantinople high-
way at Mustapha Pasha, some twenty-
five miles from Adrianople.

This bridge, which is not far from
the Bulgarian frontier, the Turks left
intact, a characteristic piece of care-
lessness in the earlier part of the war
in keeping with all other signs of Tur-
kish demoralization and wrongheaded-
ness, which might easily lead the Bul-
garians to think that Adrianople would
not resist a brilliant onslaught.

Mustapha Pasha became the head-
quarters of the second Bulgarian army,

under General Ivanoff, who was to
have the thankless task of the opera-
tions around Adrianople. While easy
glory was to be the fortune of Demet-
rieff, who commanded the first army
—until the first army had to take po-
sitions in front without any opportu-
nity for flanking, which was the na-
ture of Ivanoff's task from the start.

Ivanoff Wakes Up.

It was Papastepe and Kartaltepe
which wakened Ivanoff from his dream
of a final brilliant stroke in keeping
with the earlier ones of the war, just
as Tchatalja brought Demetrieff down
from the clouds of overconfidence.
Papastepe is one of many hills in the
narrowing ribs of the 203 Meter Hill
of the siege. With guns in position
there, Adrianople would be under
bombardment. The Bulgarians took
it by sending in the usual cloud of in-
fantry and losing about a thousand
men. But the Turks took it back
again. Four times, I am told, it
changed hands in the course of those
night actions which we observed only
by the brilliant flashes in the sky
above the hills.

Far up the valley in the mist was
Kartaltepe, that other important hill
which commanded the river bottom of
the Arda. We took Kartaltepe in No-
vember and a month afterward, in one
of their splendid sorties, the Turks,
so far as I could learn, had taken it
back; but it was as untenable for
them as Papastepe was for the Bul-
garians. Possibly because it was again
ours and very evidently ours perma-
nently, the Bulgarian censors had
found it worth while to confound
skepticism and persistent unfriendly
rumors by allowing the correspond-
ents to enter the promised land of
their dreams, where for weeks, be-
tween the batteries on the hills and
the infantry in the muddy river bot-
tom of the Arda, hell had raged in the
winter rains.

We did not know then, as we were
to know a few days later, that beyond
Kartaltepe in the direction of Dele-
gatch was another force isolated from
the Adrianople garrison and the main
Turkish army, that of Taver Pasha
with 10,000 men, caught in the literal
flood of that 100-yard dash of the
ready, informed, prepared aggressor
against the unready enemy taken un-
aware and hastening re-enforcements
to the scattered garrisons and trying
to adjust itself for the blow to fall
with the crash of a pile driver released
from its clutch.

Discloses War Secret.

But Taver Pasha's 10,000 were still
a force in being, with guns and full
equipment—a force in a box; a force
in desperation.

Do you see the Adrianople garrison
(which was in touch by wireless with
the Turkish main army) striking out
to connect up with Taver Pasha? Do
you see Taver Pasha trying out lines
of least resistance in a savage effort
to reach Adrianople or the main Tur-
kish army?

Something to stir the blood, this, in
the way of a war drama, while not a
single foreign correspondent or at-
tache knew even of the existence of
Taver Pasha's command until its sur-
render.

The news of this was conveyed with
the official assurance that now no other
Turkish force except that of Ad-
rianople remained in Thrace, when we
had been under the impression for
over a month that it was the only
one! The censors did not smile as
they posted the bulletin, but some of
the correspondents smiled—at them-
selves.

No, after the first rainbow hope of a
successful general attack was over,
Ivanoff was fully occupied in holding
Adrianople safely in siege. That bat-
tery of old Krupps, which fired over
the advanced Serbian infantry po-
sition, while a battery of Creusots in
turn fired over it, added their items of
evidence to the same end.

These Krupps were taken by the
Russians at Plevna in the war of 1877
78 and given to the little army of the
new nation of Bulgaria. Bulgarian re-
cruits had dragged them through the
muddy roads and over the pastures
and beautifully emplaced them, and
were working them against the enemy
with boyish pride. But the world was
thinking only of the modern Creusots
and their brilliant showing.

The Bulgarians almost proved that
you can make bricks without straw.
They won the war by the bravery of
their self-confidence as well as by
their courage.

Adrianople, which was about to
starve if it did not fall, had, I am con-
vinced, two months' supplies when the
armistice was signed. With the 19
and 20-year-old conscripts already on
the way to the front, with a casualty
list that is easily one-fifth of the whole
army, there was no sign of weakening.

The square chin of the stoical Bul-
garian was as firmly set as ever. I
wonder what would happen in Europe
if it included in its borders a nation of
100,000,000 Bulgarians!

Ancient Science.

It is generally supposed that those
who combated the opinion that the
earth was a sphere when Columbus
proposed his great voyage were only
giving expressions to opinions that
had always been entertained. But the
fact is that long before the Christian
era the Greek and Egyptian philoso-
phers entertained the idea that the
earth was round and knew vastly
more about eclipses, the motions of
the moon and other astronomical mat-
ters than many do even today. The
idea of Columbus had been anticipated
by the ancient philosophers by more
than sixteen centuries.

Seemingly Good Evidence.

"Is your son happily married?" "Yes,
I'm afraid he is. I've done my best
to convince him that she isn't worthy
of him, but he won't believe me."

WHO'S WHO AND WHY

SKY PARLOR FOR J. PIERPONT MORGAN



J. Pierpont Morgan, master of
multi-millions, now sits under a
smoking Egyptian pyramid, just 44
feet and 6 inches up in the air in
Wall street. He is the loftiest mil-
lionaire in New York.

This pyramid, which belches
smoke and steam all day long, is a
replica of the tomb of Halicarnassus,
in which were enshrined the remains
of Mausolus, ruler of Caria, who died
in 353 B. C. His widow, Artemisia,
erected it. Mausolus, from whose
name is derived the word "mauso-
leum," was an independent Persian
satrap. It is related of him that
every caravan which fared forth into
the desert had to pay him its tribute
of corn, wine and oil.

It is related of Mr. Morgan that
he is fairly independent, too, and that
railroads pay him something of a
tribute today. Mausolus fought and
whipped Artaxerxes Mnemon and moved
his capital from Mylassa to Halicarnassus.
His kingdom bordered on the Ceramic Gulf, on the southwest
coast of Asia Minor. Mr. Morgan today is interested in things ceramic.
Mausolus' statue in a quadriga surmounted the splendid pile. It is now in
the British Museum. Mausolus is shown as a man with a square, deter-
mined face, with eyes deep set under overhanging brows.

JOAN OF ARC IN THE SERBIAN ARMY

Servia has given the world an-
other Joan of Arc, Molly Pitcher, or
Barbara Frietchie; another woman
whose name perhaps will ring
through the poetry and patriotism of
all time when the war that now is
rending Europe is ended.

Her name is Sophia Yovanovitch,
and when some Serb historian rises
to tell the story of the struggle of
the little kingdom against the Turk
the name of Sophia will become a
household word in the Balkans.

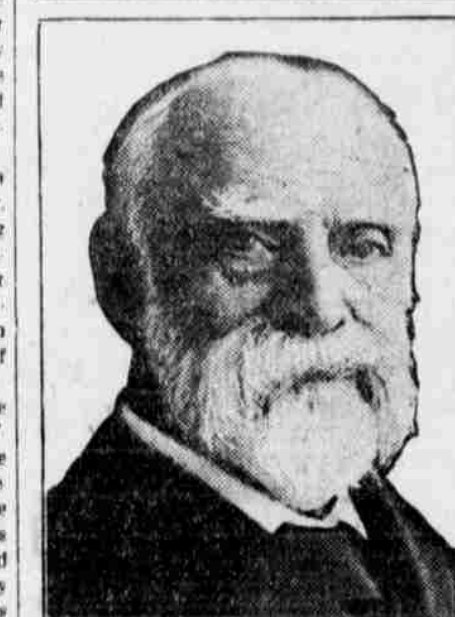
When the war cloud that has hovered
for twenty years over the Bal-
kans broke and little Servia sprang
to arms, Sophia was one of the most
ardent patriots. There were three
young men avowedly suitors for her
hand, and to each of them she gave
the same order—not to ask her to
marry them or to seek her love un-
til they had volunteered and proved
their worthiness by serving the
country as soldiers in the army.

Two, both Serbs, at once rushed to the colors, but it is related in Bel-
grade that Dmitri hesitated and finally was ordered by the girl either to
enlist at once or to renounce forever all thought of marriage with her. Also
it was evident that Dmitri loved Sophia more than he loved Servia, for he
enlisted.

Sophia Yovanovitch did not know that Dmitri had enlisted. Stirred by
her patriotism, she decided upon a plan. That night in her boudoir she
called her maid, and, ignoring the protests of the maid, she clipped short
her great mass of black hair, her crowning beauty, and, attiring herself in
a suit of clothes belonging to her younger brother, she went to Merderi, out-
side of Belgrade, and enlisted as a private.



BRYCE SAYS WARS COME FROM FOLLY



James Bryce, the British ambas-
sador, told the committee for the cele-
bration of the centenary of peace be-
tween English-speaking peoples at a
dinner in New York the other night,
that nearly all wars had been due to
human folly or human passion.

He dwelt on how much better it
was to celebrate the wisdom which
had ended a war and avoided any sub-
sequent conflict, rather than the want
of skill and wisdom which made war
possible.

The ambassador described what
had been accomplished during his
official stay in Washington to remove
differences between the United States
and Great Britain, and to avoid dif-
ferences in the future. He reviewed
the three arbitrations and several
treaties leading to a settlement of
the Canadian boundary dispute; the
Newfoundland fisheries question; the
matter of the use of the waters on
the boundary and minor points long
at issue, between Great Britain and the United States, and continued:

"All these treaties furnish an admirable illustration of the dictum once
delivered by Mr. Root, that where two nations and governments desire to
come to a fair agreement it is always possible for them to do so. With good
will everything can be accomplished."

DAVIS TO QUIT ACTIVITY IN BUSINESS

Henry Cassaway Davis, the vener-
able ex-senator from West Virginia,
who ran for vice-president on the
Democratic national ticket with Al-
ton B. Parker in 1904, is to retire
from active business. He will be
succeeded as president of the Coal
and Coke Railway of West Virginia
by Richard C. Kerens of St. Louis,
the present American ambassador to
Austria-Hungary.

Mr. Kerens has made all arrange-
ments for leaving the diplomatic
service. He will have a home at
Elkins, W. Va., but expects to spend
much of his time in Washington,
where offices of the railway company
are located.

Mr. Davis is eighty-nine years old.
He has had an active career in busi-
ness and politics and is wealthy. He
served in the United States senate
as a Democrat from 1871 to 1883 and
declined re-election for a third term.
His son-in-law, Stephen B. Elkins,
Republican, came to the senate from West Virginia in 1885 and served until
his death last year.

Davis Elkins, named for his grandfather, is a candidate for the senate
to succeed Senator Watson, Democrat, whose term will expire next March.

The West Virginia legislature, elected on November 5, will have a
majority of Republicans. Davis Elkins is a brother of Miss Katherine
Elkins, whom the royal duke of the Abruzzi wanted to marry.

