

TO THE BALKANS BY WAY OF THE BALKANS

Correspondents in Balkans Go Far Without Even Little Glimpse of Battle.

AMERICANS ARE FAVORED

Frederick Palmer Finally Reaches Tehtatalja and Finds Only Hope of Seeing Fighting Is in Attack on Adrianople.

BY FREDERICK PALMER.

MUSTAPHA PASHA, Nov. 24.—With the battle of Lule Burgas the decisive action of the war was over. There yet remained Adrianople, Tehtatalja and the business of cleaning up the remaining Turkish garrisons scattered over European Turkey and cut off from communication with Constantinople. However, I still hope to see something.

"Impossible. You will not be allowed to go. It is orders," said the chief censor in Sofia, showing me the telegram from General Fitch.

Therefore I went to see the Minister President Guechof. He ought to have a little influence with the army as Premier and Minister of Foreign Affairs. It was suggested that Americans who had traveled 5000 miles might be made an exception to the edict without leaving the security of ally arrivals from Europe any reason for complaint of favoritism. This included "Jimmy" Hare, who has photographed a number of wars, and naturally felt that this one would not be complete without his personal attention. Mr. Guechof saw that reason was with us. He telephoned to General Fitch, with the result that we won the first step, for which we had worked as hard as if it guaranteed us seats among the immortals.

Correspondents Are Disgruntled. Statesmanship turned us over to the army, and the initial army pass allowed us to go to Stara Zagora, where the polyglot brigade of correspondents in a town well inside the Bulgarian border had their patience worn down to brittle irritability while the early battles were fought, with no information to work on except the brief official bulletins. They thought that Sofia was getting the complete details, and Sofia thought that they were. After Lule Burgas they were sent on to Mustapha Pasha, just over the frontier, and within sound of the guns of Adrianople. They complained that although they were nearer the army, they saw nothing, the bulletins were less frequent and later, and the telegraphic service was worse.

Several were once more in Stara Zagora when I arrived. They had been sent back from Mustapha for riding beyond the four-kilometer circle set as their bounds, in the hope of seeing a battle. They did not see the battle and were arrested. They were not happy, and they freely said so in all the languages of Europe, using the most effective words of two or more languages to strengthen the emphasis of their views.

Officers Not to Blame. The number of brilliant officers of the Bulgarian army, which was a very low one. As a medium for making reputations for special envoys and winning congratulatory telegrams about "your great bear" it was not within the pale of progressive civilization. Some of them said things to officers of the bureau of censure which, in some countries I know, might have resulted in a black 'em as an accompaniment of the red armband of discouragement which bore the correspondent's official number. Of course, the officers were not to blame. They were between the fat and the fire, mostly teachers and professors in retirement, unless given expert orders from above and supposed to make their breasts an Arnold von Winckelried buffer to the bayonets of publicity, which, by the way, is a very little in common with military secrecy.

In their baffled anger the correspondents swore that they would influence the public opinion of Europe against the Bulgars and for the Turks who certainly needed their help at the time. The point which the higher officers, who told the censors how to treat them, missed was that they might partly succeed. This in spite of their motley appearance when drawn up in company formation. Their clothes had been made by tailors' apprentices, the tailors being away with the reserve in Sofia in a hurry. Their spirit of corps was that of a Marathon free for all. Every one was a wild individualist who wanted to get his telegram to the office before the others and have something exclusive in that telegram which no other correspondent had.

Many Are Adventurers. Among the lot were blackguards and adventurers and amateurs who had secured a credential only in order to see the war. An experienced correspondent could readily select the sheep from the goats, but an artillery expert could not let alone a censor. At home sitting in an editorial office some of them counted for a good deal in the way of public opinion. Their friendship was worth having for any army. It was pretty humiliating for them to send state news which might be thrown into the wastebasket or printed in the lower right-hand column next to advertising "on an inside page because we had paid for it and after all it is from our own man and we want it known that we have one at the front." In their improvised costumes—I counted no less than six different kinds of leggings on six different men—their dignity, as they besieged the censors' office, was about as impressive as that of a lot of applicants at a stage door for a chance to carry a spear.

Those with more ego than manners in their cosmos, unused to army ways, forgetful of the fact that there was a nation in the supreme prosecution of life and death, its treasure and its blood thrown into the crucible, made the mistake of thinking that because they were subjects of larger and older nations, and Bulgaria was a little country, its men in uniform could be bulldozed. It is about as easy to bulldoze a Bulgarian officer as to bulldoze a chocolate soldier of the Balkan comic opera is that of a lapdog to a mastiff. He is singularly stolid. It surprises him a little that anybody should be agitated over gaining an hour's time in a press telegram when his country, fighting on meager resources, does not use the wire to send lists of casualties, and he does not know whether his own brother, who is at the front, is living or dead.

Passports Are Honored. As for the side is much like that of a surgeon in the middle of a major operation who is interrupted with a telephonic inquiry as to how the patient is doing or with a request that

DAUGHTER OF JOHN HAY, WHOSE PHYSICIAN NOW SAYS SHE WILL RECOVER FROM RECENT SERIOUS ILLNESS.



MRS. PAYNE WHITNEY.

he pose for a flashlight photograph. If it had been announced, "no correspondent is to be allowed to see the patient," it could have made any logical complaint. But for a while the staff received all the cards from their legations, and so far as known, the legations refused no one who had a passport and presented a sheet of paper written in ink from the office of any publication.

"It was the great war of our history," said a Bulgarian officer. "We had to strike hard and swiftly, and win our advantage in a few weeks if we were to win it at all. We must win it with our own courage and skill. We had learned from experience that we could expect help from Europe. But what we won we felt that Europe would allow us to keep. Therefore we could take no risk in safeguarding our plans."

That is the all-inclusive military answer to the correspondents' complaints. Yet I could sympathize with their impatience when I had to wait at Stara Zagora for three days for a pass to go to Mustapha Pasha while Adrianople still continued to fall in every day's rumors. The business of a correspondent is no less to get to the front than for an army to make war. On the third day I received a slip of paper assigning me to the second army and a little red folder with a photograph pasted in it for identification. (There were no Bertillon measurements.) Here and myself the two American "exceptions" to the staff rule, who had campaigned together before, were at the railroad station for the 4:30 train to Mustapha Pasha. Of course this meant the first train on its way to Mustapha. In war time you get on a train and stay on a train until you arrive, and if you are any philosopher and have had any experience of war, you are thankful if it makes the journey in half of the usual time.

Vanquished Writers Return. We were still waiting at 11 in a pouring rain when the homeward-bound correspondents, after their three days' quarantine at Stara Zagora, with all their different kinds of gaiters and their heterogeneous baggage, climbed into the empty space of a boxcar of a long train of wounded—as many kinds of men, indeed, as there were European nations, and more kinds of equipment—all vanquished and broken after their gallant charge against the censors of little Bulgaria.

Their friends had seen them say off from the home railway station, by it in Berlin, Paris, St. Petersburg, Rome or London; they were primed with letters from home statesmen and generals, which may or may not remain on file; and they were ambitious to bring home the reputation of a mighty war correspondent to the editorial room of the News, the Figaro or the Tribune. The results were a nightmare. But they had at least kept their promises to their wives and sweethearts by not allowing their dashing natures to take foolhardy risks on the firing line.

The saddest of all were the photographic contingent, with the moving-picture men expressing the final word of misery. Naturally, the "movies" could not expect to make a reel of a real fight. They could not get near enough for that; and, alas! all the Bulgarians were so busy looking after the Turks that not even a half company could be induced to pose for a theatrical imitation of the real thing. Unaccommodating and heartless army! Selfish and ill-mannered army! Meanwhile it is likely that night bayonet attacks lighted by the flashes of shells are being shown in New York on a background of New Jersey hills.

Wounded Story by Themselves. "For the wounded" We are on the "fight train," said a French correspondent, who had not yet lost his sense of humor, as he got himself into a half-reclining position in his blanket on the floor of the boxcar among his fellows.

Two of these long trains of wounded passed through the station before our own train came. The first was like the second. They were a story by themselves, and I will tell it in another article about the wounded, the patient, stolid wounded of this war.

Mean while we are getting to the front, that interests you at all, it interested Hare and myself a lot. Our train did not go to Mustapha Pasha, but only to the junction of Nova Zagora. There we alighted at 2 in the morning. It was still raining.

There was no waiting-room; only a kind of cafe. In view of war's rush, the proprietor had given up any attempt to keep his floor clean. When we asked if we might not sit up all night there, he said that he was about to close up. Was there no hotel? None. However, our interpreter, who is always hearing rumors—including that of the fall of Adrianople—traced down one and found that there was a fact—a hotel—at the end of it. We tramped through the mud in the dark, and then upstairs, where we threw ourselves in two objects having the form of beds. If we had seen them the night before we might not have slept. A generation of occupants in a state of continuous muggy weather must have occupied them with their boots on.

"A peasant's hotel," the interpreter explained. It was still raining. We looked out at the muddy street throughout the morning, while downstairs old men and boys sang the Bulgarian national hymn, "Shum, Maritsa, and beat the floor with their heels to the tune. At 4 o'clock in the afternoon we were told that we might expect a train soon, and we went over to the station. It was dark and still raining when we climbed into a carriage which did not start until after midnight. The next morning we heard the sound of guns, we saw the play of the searchlight from Adrianople rimming the hills like some movable artificial sun before the real sun came up. Adrianople had not yet fallen. Moreover, it was not raining, which is of itself a thing to be thankful for in the Balkans at this time of year.

Mustapha Pasha Station Familiar. The Mustapha Pasha railroad station had a familiar aspect to one who knows terrain in time of war, in its congestion and in the effort of the Quartermaster's corps to bring about the state of order which can never be quite accomplished when a railroad cannot quite catch up with the demands on it. We waited more than an hour before our car was switched up to the station. Then some officers' mounts had to be detrained before our baggage might have its turn. Red Cross men, military attaches, correspondents and officers going and coming on missions, and officers who wanted to know why certain things had not yet arrived. The only tranquil living things were the oxen hitched to the multitude of carts waiting their turn to be filled and driven off pllegmatically as a part of the vast ox trains with which the Bulgarian army transports its supplies.

A happy commanding officer would have been as out of keeping with the surroundings as a bandmaster without a gesture. He was sleepy-eyed. He was trying to answer a half dozen questions while he gave as many orders. He must visit all passes, he must know why a package for the General had not arrived, if he kept his temper all the while things would not move. The loss of it a few times a day when he went here and there with sharp objurgations was as the whip to the horses when the wagon is a rut. Under his eye fell the two Americans and the three Britishers whose legation had succeeded in having their train restated in favor after they had been sent to Stara Zagora for breaking bounds.

Priest Comes to Aid. "Which of you are photographers?" he demanded, somewhat fiercely. The photographers stepped forward none too briskly, for their identification papers they found that they were not to be shot. But they were warned that no photographs might be made of the station. How, for the first time, we were to town, which was four miles away? Nobody knew, least of all the Quartermaster commanding. It was evident that he did not care, either. Conspicuously every driver of every animal and every cart we found that it was in the employ of the Army. Yet we must not leave our baggage at the station.

I spied a Bulgarian priest in the press. He had a fine, broad face, which radiated an archbishop's beneficence. Already I had left my carriage and a good span of horses were his. When I said that I was from America he smiled and declared America a great country. He then took us to town, and then his carriage could return for our baggage. On the way he told us of the taking on the previous night of Papan Tape, the 200-meter identity of this siege; and he said that it was only a question of two or three days before Adrianople would fall. Despite the assurance of returning correspondents at the station that I would see nothing, I determined to wait a while. Patience is an important to a correspondent these days as a good charger was in Archibald Forbes'. Tehtatalja was already being fought by the main army. I had been five days in reaching Mustapha Pasha from Sofia. The distance is 150 miles. I might not be able to reach Tehtatalja in a month. Any chance I had of witnessing a shell burst before returning must be around Adrianople.

CITY'S CARLINE RUNNING San Francisco's Mayor Pays First Nickel Taken In.

SAN FRANCISCO, Dec. 28.—The Geary-Street Municipal Railroad, running from the center of the business district to the ocean beach, was formally declared in operation today, Mayor Rolph paid the first nickel taken in.

The road is five and a half miles long and the estimated cost of construction and equipment is \$1,543,721.

Madden's Election Questioned. WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—Charges that Martin B. Madden, of Chicago, obtained his re-election to Congress from the First Illinois District by expenditures in violation of the law were made in a notice of contest filed with the House today by Andrew Donovan, the Democratic and Progressive candidate from that district.

DAUGHTER IS PASSED

Physician Reports Mrs. Payne Whitney Will Live.

MOTHER IS AT BEDSIDE

Illness Following Birth of Child, Which Did Not Live, Has Been Serious—Literary Work Is Noteworthy.

NEW YORK, Dec. 28.—(Special.)—Dr. Allen M. Thomas today reported that Mrs. Payne Whitney, who has been dangerously ill following the birth of a child, at her home, 572 Fifth avenue, is out of danger. The baby did not live. Mrs. Whitney's illness has been regarded as extremely serious.

Mrs. John Hay, mother of Mrs. Whitney, is at her daughter's bedside, having been in constant attendance since shortly before Christmas.

Mrs. Whitney and Miss Helen Hay were married on February 6, 1902, at Washington. The wedding was the big social event of that season and was attended by the President and the entire diplomatic corps, the bride's father at that time being Secretary of State.

As a wedding present the bridegroom's uncle, Colonel John W. Payne, gave them their handsome home in Fifth avenue, between Seventy-eighth and Seventy-ninth streets. They have two children, a daughter 10 years old and a son 18 months younger.

Mrs. Whitney attained prominence as a poet under her maiden name of Helen Hay. She was educated at the Miss Masters school and at the Misses Mearns school, and was married as early as 1898 her first volume, entitled "Some Verses," was written and later privately printed. Her first book, "The Rose of Dawn," in 1901, which was followed in 1903 by "Beasts and Birds," "The Little Boy Book" in 1904, "The Rose of Dawn" in 1901, "The Punch and Judy Book" in 1906, "Gypsy Verses" and "Bedtime Book" in 1907, and "Herbs and Apples" in 1910.

RENFORO IS SET FREE

COMPLICITY IN SALE OF BOGUS STATE WARRANTS IMPROVED.

Court Decides Unsupported Testimony of Oklahoma ex-Official Is Not Sufficient.

GUTHRIE, Okla., Dec. 28.—(Special.)—On the decision that the unsupported testimony of William McBrine, ex-official clerk in the Auditor's office of Oklahoma, as principal, was insufficient to convict Charles E. Renfro of complicity in floating the specific amount of \$13,000 worth of bogus Oklahoma state warrants, Renfro today was discharged by Justice Seton. Renfro recently was brought here from Eugene, Ore., to which place he moved from Guthrie 18 months ago.

McBrine, who is under arrest here, charged with uttering approximately \$40,000 worth of forged warrants, testified today that he gave Renfro the bogus warrants to negotiate and paid him 5 per cent of the proceeds for his work. In April, 1911, McBrine was making preparations to abscond and went to Renfro and paid him a balance due of \$900, according to his testimony before the Justice.

Renfro did not deny handling some of the warrants as a professional warrant dealer and banker, but denied he knew the particular warrants were fraudulent.

LARGER PARK FUND URGED

Secretary Fisher Would Prepare for 1915 Exposition.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 28.—In order to have the National parks of the West in shape to care for tourists expected during the year of the Panama-Pacific Exposition, Secretary of the Interior Fisher estimates that an expenditure of \$733,000 will be needed in addition to the \$233,000 that Congress granted for the parks.

The National parks, says the Secretary, "constitute ideal recreation grounds for thousands of people, but the development and use of the parks are seriously retarded by the lack of adequate roads and trails."

ANNUAL MAILING

In purchasing the New Year's Oregonian, wrapped for mailing, the public is cautioned that green wrappers have been used exclusively. Unwrapped copies of the annual are on sale at the Oregonian business office, at all news stands and by newsmen at 5c each. Postage in the United States, Canada, Mexico and the insular possessions is 5 cents. Foreign postage, 10 cents.

Corn Acreage to Increase.

LEWISTON, Idaho, Dec. 28.—(Special.)—In the opinion of local seed dealers, the acreage of corn for the coming year will be increased fully 50 per cent, owing to the brilliant success experienced this year with this product. The corn has been sown largely on fallow lands, without irrigation, and has yielded heavily.

Praise This Remedy For Lung Trouble

If the voluntarily written words of grateful people living in all parts of the country praising Bekman's Alternative, a remedy for the treatment of coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles, are to be believed, this medicine is certainly doing a vast amount of good for such sufferers. We state none but facts and give to you named and words of praise of those who declare it benefited them—in many cases curing the most obstinate cases of cough, cold and throat trouble. This is a sample taken from many.

"Gentlemen: About seven years ago I was attacked with the dreadful disease, Tuberculosis, which was steadily coming on, and sleep nor eat, even could not speak out loud and could do no work. I had three hemorrhages, raised blood pressure, and suffered with night sweats, fever and chills. A specialist of Columbus, Ohio, pronounced my case hopeless.

"Nearly five years ago I heard of your Alternative and procured some at once, with the result that I soon found myself restored to health. For the past four years I have been able to continue my teaching and though I have always had heavy school work, I am also able to perform much manual labor. I am now in the best of health, and I am most grateful to you for your remedy for consumption. My superior permits this testimonial."

SISTER MARIE, Sisters of St. Francis, Bekman's Alternative effective in Bronchitis, Asthma, Hay Fever, Throat and Lung Troubles and in upbuilding the system. Does not contain poisons, opiates or habit-forming drugs. For sale by The Owl Drug Co., and other leading druggists. Ask for booklet telling of remedy and write to Dr. Bekman, Laboratory, Philadelphia, Pa., for additional evidence.

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Advertisement for 'The Best Dental Work at These Prices' featuring 'TEETH WITHOUT PLATES A SPECIALTY' and 'MANNING RURAL HOME LAMP FREE'.

Advertisement for 'The American Government' by Frederic J. Haskin, featuring a coupon and 'HOW TO GET THIS BOOK' instructions.

Desiring to render a great educational service to its readers, The Oregonian has arranged with Mr. Haskin to handle, WITHOUT PROFIT TO ITSELF, the exclusive output of his valuable book for Portland. Cut the above coupon from six consecutive issues of The Oregonian and present them with 60 cents to cover the bare cost of manufacture, freight and handling and a copy will be presented to you without additional cost. Bear in mind that this book has been most carefully written; that every chapter in it is vouchered for by an authority; that it is illustrated from photographs taken especially for it; that it is written in large clear type on fine book paper and bound in heavy cloth in an attractive, durable manner. A \$2 VALUE FOR 60 cents. Act quickly if you want a copy. Save six consecutive coupons and present them at The Oregonian office, Sixth and Alder streets. Each Book by Mail 15c Extra for Postage and Wrapping