

# AN EYEWITNESS DESCRIBES BATTLE OF LULE BURGAS

### Turkish Soldiers Unorganized, Unprepared and Literally Starving.

### In Pathetic Flight to Chorlu, Wounded Lay Down by Roadside to Die.

By ELLIS ASHMEAD BARTLETT in New York Times.

On the low hills in front of Sakizkoy Abdullah Pasha and his staff took up their stand on an ancient mound fifty feet high.

Neither of the combatants seemed anxious to renew the struggle, and it was nearly 8 a. m. before the Bulgarian artillery commenced a furious bombardment all along the line from Lule Burgas to Karagach.

Against this storm of shells the Turkish artillery could return but a feeble reply, for not a scrap of fresh ammunition had been brought up during the night, and those batteries which still possessed a few shells in caissons were loath to use them until the decisive moment arrived.

It was a sad sight to watch the long lines of infantry on the hills a mile to our front, the batteries of artillery and horse teams lying for hour after hour under this storm of shrapnel, unable to reply, unable to advance and unwilling to retire. Men and horses fell in scores, and soon a dismal procession of wounded men, bleeding from feet, hands, faces, shoulders, from anywhere where a hurt was not vital, came dribbling back past into the village of Sakizkoy.

Abdullah ordered Torgut Shekret Pasha, commander of the Second corps, to attack the firing line and in consequence suffered enormous loss. Had the Turkish commander in chief had a fresh army corps in hand or had he even possessed a spare division of infantry, some batteries of artillery or even ammunition for his batteries it is possible the attack of the Second corps would have been crowned with success, but as it was his troops were already worn out and decimated.

Nevertheless the troops of Torgut Shekret advanced bravely to the attack. The firing line was formed nearly half a mile long and swept forward over the open ground until it became almost hidden from view amid the low shrubbery.

For a short time it really seemed to us spectators as if the advance would be successful, for the infantry pressed steadily, and only the enemy's artillery opposed the onrushing Turks, but suddenly the deafening roar of musketry rent the air, intermingled with the tragic hum of machine guns.

The noise was infernal, but lasted for only a short time, when suddenly there appeared, rushing from the wooded ground, the remnant of the Turkish firing line. Fully 50 per cent had fallen, and the remainder, losing all semblance of order, dispersed in small groups and under a perfect rain of shrapnel dashed back on to the supports and reserves.

#### Lines Seemed to Melt Away.

Even here their flight did not end. In spite of the efforts of the officers the fugitives pressed on to the rear until they reached safety behind the ground on which we were standing.

The supports and reserves of the broken firing line were hurried to the front. They, too, reached the edge of the wooded ground, where they were met in turn by such a hail of shrapnel and bullets that the lines seemed literally to melt away to nothing under the withering blast.

While this desperate struggle was raging in front, the Second corps of Bulgarians was engaged in delivering a series of equally desperate attacks on Abdullah's left wing and the center. The brunt of this attack fell on the weakened Fourth corps, which the night before still held its intrenchments on the hills facing Lule Burgas.

Here again the Turkish defense was crushed by the immense superiority of the enemy's artillery fire. Here again the old story was repeated of Turkish batteries unable to play any part in the battle for lack of ammunition.

#### Turks In Despair.

Throughout the day the Bulgarian advance against the left wing made steady progress. Having gained possession of the railway station, they were able to outflank the Fourth corps and force it to retire. The efforts of Sali Pasha's cavalry to stem the advance proved utterly futile. They in turn had to give way before the terrible rain of shells and the gradual outflanking movement, and the retirement of the Fourth corps was plainly visible to Abdullah Pasha and his staff through the clouds of smoke thrown up by the enemy's shells, now bursting over the left wing of the army.

By 2 o'clock in the afternoon the position of Abdullah's army was critical, almost desperate, and the glasses of the staff were all turned toward the northeast, in the direction of Viza, from which point Mahmud Mukhtar, with the Third corps, was making tremendous efforts to come up. Messengers had arrived with news that Mahmud Mukhtar was driving all before him, that the enemy was becoming steadily demoralized in his front and that he hoped to come up to the relief of the Second corps.

In the course of the afternoon this news temporarily raised the spirits of

the general staff, and for hours all our hopes and all our hopes were fixed on the Third corps. About 2 o'clock this engagement to the northeast became furious.

In the whole course of the battle I never listened to such artillery fire as that which arose from the contact of the Third corps with the enemy.

Mahmud Mukhtar, not having been engaged the previous day, was able to employ his artillery to good advantage and to meet the Bulgarian guns on more equal terms, but even here, in spite of its previous exertions and vast expenditure of ammunition, the Bulgarian artillery soon gained the upper hand.

#### Last Hope Fails.

Even the heroic efforts of Mahmud's hitherto unbent infantry could not drive back the enemy, who fought with unparalleled determination and ferocity, absolutely throwing away their lives in the Japanese manner whenever a point had to be won or held. About 3 o'clock in the afternoon it became obvious that Mahmud



Photo by American Press Association.

BULGARIAN OFFICER WATCHING SHELL FIRE FROM OBSERVATION PILLAR.

Mukhtar's advance had been completely checked. The smoke of his guns no longer steadily approached the right flank of the Second army corps—rather, it seemed to recede, as if he were being slowly driven back.

At about 5:30 p. m. Abdullah Pasha and his staff, seeing that the game was up, left the mound on which they had stood all day and returned to the village of Sakizkoy.

I took a final glance around the field of battle. Everywhere it was obvious that the grand army of Thrace had been beaten and was in full retreat or else barely holding its ground.

I rode over to the ground where the Second corps had been fighting throughout the day. Dead and wounded littered the soil in every direction, and the survivors sat around with a hopeless, listless look on their faces, all fully realizing that the battle was lost.

During the day my Turkish companion, Ismed, and myself had been too busy following the various phases of the stupendous combat to realize our own plight, but now that it had come to an end reaction from the intense excitement speedily set in, and the pangs of hunger brought home to us a realization of our own position. During the entire day we had not had a morsel of food or anything to drink except dirty water.

We were intensely weary and with only one equally tired old horse between us. The general had told us in the morning that we could pass the night again with the staff, but on arriving once again in Sakizkoy we found only Abdullah's servant. This man told us he had received orders to pack up Abdullah's baggage and to be ready to leave at any moment.

#### No Food to Be Had.

This was the final straw, and Ismed and myself both felt on the verge of despair. We asked the servant if he could obtain us any food, but he only replied: "There is none to be had. The

only thing my master has had to eat all day has been toasted mealie cob."

I sat down on a chair, and Ismed did likewise, both too apathetic to care what happened and both too weary to move another yard. I remember an endless procession of wounded men passing through the village, some dragging themselves along, others carried on improvised stretchers, others supporting one another, others falling to the ground as soon as they saw a pile of hay on which to throw themselves.

I also recollect seeing some desperate cases brought up to a surgeon, who was gesticulating wildly and explaining, Ismed told me, that it was useless bringing them to him, as he had no bandages, no medicine and no means of performing any operation.

Yet throughout all these horrid scenes I never heard even a groan or a reproach escape from the sufferers. Each seemed to realize that his number was up and accepted his hard lot with superb dignity and fortitude.

It now remains for me to describe the last tragic day in the breakup of Abdullah Pasha's army, how troops who had faced every adverse condition and fought heroically throughout three days finally gave way under the strain of starvation and exposure and each man, only thinking of his own salvation, sought safety in flight.

At 5 a. m. on Thursday, Oct. 31, I was aroused by Ismed shaking me. These were the words he whispered in my ear, not wishing to disturb other weary sleepers in the tent: "Come outside quickly. We can stay here no longer. Abdullah and his staff have left. The village has been evacuated. At any minute the Bulgarians may enter." I lost not a moment, but aroused the camp and set every one at work packing a wagon and harnessing the horses.

Just as dawn was breaking the rattle of musketry from the hills outside the village from which I had watched

## COLUMBIA GETS DEAD RACE RELICS

### University Has Figures Made by People Antedating Aztecs.

### UNEARTHED IN RIVER BED.

#### Crude Objects With "Millinery" Found Far Under Mounds of Younger Nation—Almost a Thousand Pieces in the Collection.

Relics of the oldest civilization on the American continent have been placed in Columbia university, New York. The exhibition consists of broken figures and fragments of pottery which were found by the International School of Archaeology and Ethnology in Mexico city in the course of research in the Valley of Mexico. The collection is made up of almost 1,000 pieces and illustrates a sequence of cultural types in the valley of Mexico as worked out preceding and during the Aztecs' occupation of the valley.

Professor Franz Boas of the department of anthropology at Columbia believes the excavations of the school have turned up specimens used by primitive peoples and practically all of the pottery is well advanced. Many of the heads of the figures are covered with wonderful hats and headdresses, some of which have their counterpart in millinery of today. As a rule, the figures are very small and have been rolled by the water of a river long since buried.

The heads found in this river bottom were made by hand. Eyes and ornaments of the body consist of little pellets of clay added to the figure itself. Clothing, too, was stuck on the figure in the same way and remains only in fragments. Most of the figures bear evidence of having been painted.

That considerable time has elapsed since the depositing of the layers on the old river bed is made evident by the fact of the collection of twenty-six feet of surface soil and conditions are such it is almost certain the geography and topography of the country in and around what is now Mexico City have changed very considerably.

#### Report on the Discoveries.

This in part is a report which the Archaeological school has made in reference to the discoveries:

The bottom of the valley is composed of a thick layer of decomposed tufa, which is much used for making firebricks and sun dried bricks. Scattered over the surface are found large and small mounds, all of which contain archaeological remains. They are generally erected over a floor of a few layers of pebbles. All these and the surrounding surface soil contain remains characteristic of the Aztec period. It is evident, therefore, that these mounds were erected by the Aztecs and that they lived in the valley of Mexico during the period when the surface layer of the soil was deposited.

Descending farther down, the remains become a little less frequent, but they retain the same character until a depth of a little over twenty feet from the surface has been reached. In the hard decomposed tufa of this layer human bones are found every now and then, but no complete skeletons. In one place a large stone slab was encountered which covered the remains of a deer.

At a depth of twenty-one feet the character of the soil changes quite suddenly. In place of the decomposed tufa we find coarse gravel arranged in such a way as to show that a river used to flow here. The thickness of the river deposits is about seven feet. All the remains found in this layer have been rolled by water. The type which they represent is quite different from the type of the preceding stratum. The pottery is thick, and, although a large number of heads are found here also, they are much ruder and show a different technique.

### MARRIAGE KEEPS MEN SANE.

#### Government Report Shows That Bachelors Become Demented More Easily.

Insanity seizes the bachelor with greater ease than the benedict, despite the worry the married man is supposed to undergo, according to the report of the Government Hospital For the Insane, submitted to Walter L. Fisher, secretary of the interior. Another fact stated in the report is that of almost 3,000 patients in the institution only three are being treated for insanity brought on by the use of alcohol. That is contrary to the generally accepted theory which attributes to alcoholism a large proportion of lunatics.

It also is stated that there is a far greater proportion of foreign insane patients than American and that most of the foreigners are Germans.

That insanity in a large measure is hereditary is indicated by the statement that the asylum scientists have discovered a family in West Virginia whose history has been traced back through 675 individuals, of whom fifty-four were defective mentally.

### SEND IN YOUR OLD TEXTBOOK

#### Relics of the Little Red Schoolhouse Wanted For Government Collection.

Aged, musty textbooks, no matter how begrimed or dilapidated, are wanted by the United States bureau of education. The bureau has issued an appeal to those who may have some relics from the days of the little red schoolhouse and who might be induced to part with their keepsakes.

The intention is to make a collection of rare textbooks and to add to the existing pedagogic library which the bureau hopes to build up until it is the best equipped authority of its kind in the English speaking world.

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