

PEACE DELEGATES IN A DEADLOCK

Continued from First Page.

the dreadful persistence of it gets on his nerves. "What's that hammering I hear?", he finally asks.

"The guns of Adrianople," is the answer. Far across the Bulgarian border that gigantic voice of pain is audible. Sometimes when I heard it in Kirk-Kilissch I thought of it as the shriek of an agonizing city around which the circle of fire and iron was narrowing fast.

"Nothing Can Save Adrianople."

The chief tragedy of all this stupendous noise is its utter futility and hopelessness. The howling of a wounded bull in the arena is not more pitiful. The gigantic splashing of a stranded and harpooned whale are not more ineffectual. For nothing can save Adrianople.

A Turkish Advance on that City is as much out of the question as a Turkish advance to the moon.

Much of this awe inspiring uproar is, as a matter of fact, the result of cunning tricks on the part of the Bulgarians. They display dummy guns on the edges of empty horizons. They light fires at night in unoccupied positions. They place rows of military caps (with no heads inside them) along the hilltops in order to give the impression that they are in force there.

Vote of the Lost City.

The Moleffs all slept together in an adjoining room, and before retiring to it the lady of the house asked me my opinion of the war. Knowing that her husband was in the besieging army at Adrianople I tried to reassure her and to make her believe that the war was over, but even while I spoke she shivered with a gesture like the chattering children who were clinging to her skirts and went to open the cottage door. It rained outside and was as black as Erebus. The lady of the house inclined her head in the attitude of one listening intently and signed to me to do the same.

At first I could only hear the moan of the wind in the darkened glen. Then I distinctly caught a faint, periodical throb, a muffled boom, like the tolling of a funeral bell at an immense distance. God in heaven! Could it be possible? For a second I was as startled as I have ever been in my life. A shudder of horror went through me when I thus suddenly discovered that in the rain and the night on that lonely mountainside a buried corpse was trying to communicate with me, that lips which I had thought to be sealed forever, faintly opened and emitting sounds, faint, inarticulate, but unmistakable and terrifying.

For it was the voice of the Lost City which I heard, the guns of Adrianople, a hundred miles away.

The woman at my side burst into tears. "When, O God," she cried, "will those guns be silent? I have listened to them day and night for the last week. I have got up to listen to them when the children slept."

How Peasants Hear the Guns.

To give the reader an idea of how the cannonading strikes Bulgarian ears I shall relate an experience that befell me while on my way under armed escort from Kirk-Kilissch to Sofia.

On Monday, November 25, after a hard day's riding, I entered the village of Popova, some distance across the border. On the previous day the echoes of the great siege still growled and tumbled among the hills on the Turkish frontier. Early on the morning of the 25th those echoes were so distant that they could hardly be heard any longer. They could only be felt, if I may so express it, as faint electric tremors in the air. Soon even those died away, and I thanked God devoutly that at last I was quit of them (as I thought) forever.

The gendarme who was in charge of me asked me to rest for a while at the village inn while he went to seek quarters for me. The barroom did not know at first what to make of me, but my guard must have spread a favorable report for soon the village drunkard made a zigzag advance from his corner to offer me incoherent congratulations and an unsteady hand. When Aziz, my Mohammedan servant, entered the village drunkard growled, but a general murmur of disapprobation silenced him, and the enemy took a seat without further opposition.

The house which the gendarme finally found for us was indeed a surprise. It was a clean, joyful cabin, painted white and brightly illuminated. The lady of the house was a comely woman, still several years on the right side of forty, and with her wavy hair four children—Tana, a damsel of 17, Dmitri, a lad of 13, Diana, a girl of 8, and Etokof, a boy of 4 or 5.

Tana Yaneva Moleva, the daughter, was a pretty, black eyed colleen, with rather shoes nor stockings on her feet, but with several gold coins suspended somehow on the upper part of her forehead, as is the custom among the women in this part of Bulgaria. Her long hair was plaited down her back in six different plaits, each plait being tied with a different colored ribbon. She moved about the house with the suppleness of early youth and was not displeased, I flatter myself, at having to wait on foreigners who had just ridden in from the wars. Both she and her mother wore those splendid peasant costumes which are nowhere so beautiful as among the women of the East.

Here's a Chance for Meddlers.

When by the way, they come to puzzle their cunning brains over next year's fashions, Bond street and the Rue de Rivoli might study with advantage those brodered Bulgarian dresses. They are as far above the hobbie skirt and every other inanities which fashion has manufactured for the last hundred years as Tolstoy is above Richard Le Gallienne. Peasants' national costumes are invented by the ancient genius of a people. Patriotic fashions are the work of dapper little tailors without as much brains among the lot of them as a sparrow hawk.

Judging by the cleanliness of the garment worn by Tana and herself, I suspect by the way, that our long wait in the hostel had been due to those women insisting on getting into their Sunday best before the arrival of the stranger horsemen from Tchaatidja. That, however, is only a detail.

Mixed at first by the names that were given me, I thought that Tana was sister to herself, and I noticed that the housewife's eyes glimmered with pleasure when she heard me make this mistake.

For where is the mother who is not flattered at being mistaken for her own grown up daughter?

Dmitri, the elder boy, was a nice, bright lad whom I nicknamed the Utchen (savant) or learned ones because he could read. Whenever a deadlock occurred in the conversation I had recourse to my Franco-Bulgarian pocket dictionary and in a high, girlish voice, yet not without a certain air of responsibility, Dmitri read out the words which had caused the stoppage.

The head of the household was Stoiko Moleff, a village teacher, who had volunteered for the war and was actually in the army which besieges Adrianople. It was a brother-in-law of Stoiko's who introduced us to the house, a fine, erect old soldier with a gray mustache. In 1876 he had been a volunteer in the Turco-Serbian conflict which precipitated the great Russo-Turkish struggle of a few years later. I need not say on which side he fought in those ancient wars. This veteran had those courteous manners and that indefinable air of discipline and self-respect which so often mark the man who has throughout a long life followed the dangerous profession of arms. He had picked up some Russian on his travels, and it was that language which he employed as, with the sweeping gesture of a Prince, he indicated that the house and all in it was mine.

He then took his leave and Tana began preparing a huge bed for me. First she spread with soft flossers on the bare floor a large carpet of sheepskins, with the wool uppermost. Over that she laid a layer of heavy, home made cloth, manufactured, I should think (I speak not, God forbid! as an expert), out of cotton and wool with a basis of hemp. Another layer of this cloth served me as a blanket, and though it looked cold it kept me very warm throughout the night.

Features of Powers' Pact.

Servia's Railway to Be Guarded by International Force.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN. LONDON, Dec. 22.—The "diplomatic correspondent" of the Observer says: "The following are the chief features of the agreement which the Powers have concluded on the Albanian question: "Albania is to be autonomous under the suzerainty or sovereignty of the Sultan of Turkey. There has been no final decision as to its neutralization. "Servia will get commercial access to the Adriatic, thus: "Firstly, through an international railway to be known as the Danube-Adriatic, which is to be placed under control of the Powers. "Secondly, this railway will be guarded by an international force. "Thirdly, it will reach a harbor on the Albanian coast. "Fourthly, it will be a free harbor and will be open to any sort of traffic and no customs duties will be allowed. "By this arrangement Servia will be able to import and export goods without fear of the traffic being stopped or interference by a foreign customs administration. She will be able to import any war material. "Nothing has as yet been arranged as to Albania's frontier or government but the foregoing is regarded as a great result of only four days of the ambassadorial conference.

Nothing has yet been decided as to the Aegean Isles.

This is a very thorny problem. It is understood that the three main questions are: "First, Lemnos, Imbros, Tenedos and Samothrace, whose vicinity to the Dardanelles might invite armed violation of neutrality. "Secondly, Chios and Mitylene are so close to the Asiatic coast as to endanger the security of Asiatic Turkey. "Thirdly, how long will the Italian occupation of Rhodes and the other islands continue?"

Servia to Aid Bulgars.

Will Send All Assistance Possible to Tchaatidja.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN. BELGRADE, Dec. 21.—During the last few days Servia and Bulgaria have been negotiating for Servian assistance at Tchaatidja should the war be resumed. Such arrangements are contemplated in view of the fact that Greece could not be counted upon and has not yet been asked to assist. The proposal is that Servia place at Bulgaria's disposal all the available troops in the district already settled upon and the arrangements also apply to Monastir.

Rumania Buys Torpedo Boats.

Destroyers Built for Chile Purchased for \$2,500,000.

SPECIAL CABLE DISPATCH TO THE SUN. LONDON, Dec. 21.—Two torpedo boat destroyers of 1,430 tons displacement each and a speed of 31 knots an hour, which are being built in England for the Government of Chile, have been sold to Rumania. The price paid was \$2,500,000 cash.

Greeks Repulsed at Janina.

Special Cable Dispatch to The Sun.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Dec. 21.—The Valf of Janina telegraphs that the Turks successfully repulsed the Greeks after the fighting last Friday.

and the infant boy all waved us a tearful farewell from the doorstep.

I have seen the hills of Thrace black with Bulgarian armies converging on Tchaatidja, but those triumphant legions did not give me as profound a conviction of Bulgaria's strength as did this peasant's cottage with its peace, orderliness and mutual affection, its simplicity, ceaseless toil and humble ambitions. Everything in the home of the Moleffs testified to that Roman perseverance and simplicity which leads straight to empire. With the exception of Dmitri's little collection of school books in a drawer, of some American agricultural machinery in an out-house and of an ikon of the Virgin and Child hanging on the wall, everything in and about the cabin was home made. The women of the house had made the clothes. The father and son had made the native shoes. The sheepskins came from the family's own sheep. So did the chops which we ate. There was a spinning wheel and a distaff in our room, also several generous sized bolls of sturdy, honest, home made woolen thread. Everything breathed of Shakespearean simplicity, the simplicity of the English yeoman in Elizabeth's spacious days.

Happy Bulgaria! Young and strong and climbing the hard, exhilarating road to empire; not suffering as yet from the disillusion and the satiety, the cares and the scores of the empire attained! Within reach of the Bulgar's armed hand is suspended, almost unguarded, the most dazzling prize for which a people ever strove. A few more years of patience, a few more years of work, and Bulgaria's that prize will undoubtedly be. If the Rhensish Lorelei tempted Germany, if the sea seduced England, how can Bulgaria resist the fascinations of Tzarigrad, the city of the Caesars?

Special Values Offered in Chiffon Cloth & Lace Waists

Chiffon Cloth Waists, elaborately trimmed with filee or shadow lace and satin, lined with mull. Several models to select from in black and colors. Value \$7.50 \$5.00

Chiffon Cloth Waists, tucked or plain net front, lace trimmed or chiffon vest with bands of shadow or silver lace. A number of models to select from in black and colors. Values to \$8.75 \$5.95

Several Models in Chiffon Cloth Attractively trimmed \$6.95, \$8.75 & \$12.75 Values to \$18.00

Lace Waists With net or chiffon cloth introduced \$5.95, \$7.50, \$8.75 & \$10.75 Values to \$16.50

Special Values Offered in House Gowns, Kimonos & Sacques

Messaline Satin, accordion pleated skirt, round collar, with fichu Val. lace trimmed \$10.75

Crepe-de-Chine, fitted model, Val. lace trimmed, \$6.95

Crepe-de-Chine, loose model, swansdown trimmed \$4.75

Two attractive models in albatross, accordion pleated skirt, Val. lace trimmed, or plain skirt, cluny lace trimmed \$6.45 & \$6.95

Several models in Albatross, Empire or straight effect, attractively trimmed \$3.95, \$5.45 & \$5.95

Kimonos

Flowered Satin, Empire model \$5.95

Bordered Satin or Jap Silk, Empire models \$4.45

Flowered Silk Mull, wool lined, satin trimmed \$3.95

Albatross, with or without collar, satin or cluny lace trimmed \$3.95

Albatross, Camille or straight model, with Quaker collar, scalloped embroidered \$2.65 & \$2.95

Several effective models in Flowered Crepe or Fleece-down. Empire or straight effect, very prettily trimmed \$1.25, \$1.45, \$1.75, \$1.95 & \$2.45

Dressing Sacques

Blanket or Eiderdown, with collar worsted edge. 98c

Silk Petticoats

Messaline Silk, in effective models. Black and colors \$2.95 to \$5.00

Silk Jersey Top Petticoats With pleated messaline flounce \$3.95 & \$5.00

Extra Size Petticoats Messaline and Chiffon Taffeta pleated flounce \$5.95

Black Wool Jersey Petticoats Messaline flounce \$3.95 & \$4.95

Christmas Linens

A Specially Arranged Sale at very attractive prices.

Table Cloths \$1.75 to \$11.80 Regularly \$2.50 to \$22.50

Napkins dozen \$1.85 to \$14.75 Regularly \$2.50 to \$29.50

Towels dozen \$2.85, \$4.50 & \$6.00 Regularly \$4.20, \$6.00 & \$8.00

Guest Towels dozen \$3.75 to \$6.00 Regularly \$3.75 to \$7.50

Hand Embroidered Towels, each 37 1/2c. to \$5.50 Regularly 50c. to \$7.00

French Cluny Lace Trimmed Linen Tea Cloths \$4.00 to \$11.75 Regularly \$8.00 to \$23.50

Madeira Hand Embroidered Luncheon Sets \$4.85 Regularly \$7.50

Broadway & 20th St.; 5th Ave.; 19th St.

Lord & Taylor Founded 1826

Afternoon and Evening Dresses and Coats Splendid Values

Special Values Offered in House Gowns, Kimonos & Sacques

Silk Petticoats

Christmas Linens A Specially Arranged Sale at very attractive prices.

Useful Gifts that will be a daily reminder of the giver

Highly Acceptable Gifts REYNIER Kid Gloves