

GENERAL HARBORD'S ESCAPE IS RELATED

U. S. Mission Attacked by Bands of Turkish Nomads.

SHAMIL BEG TO RESCUE

Chieftain of Tribe Saves Members of Party From Customary Fate of Captured Caravans.

Chatterboxes on October 24 told briefly of the escape of General Harbord and his associates of the United States mission to Armenia when they were attacked by bands of Turkish nomads in the desert and mountain regions of Armenia. Turkey, War is. Harbord, of the Associated Press, was a member of the Harbord party, and reported the incident in the best of graphic dispatch that he received by mail from Erivan, capital of the Armenian republic.

ERIVAN, Capital Armenian Republic, Oct. 29.—(By a Staff Correspondent of the Associated Press.)—The attack on and detention overnight of the Harbord mission to Armenia by bands of Kurds, Tartars and Turks is illustrative of the lawless conditions existing throughout the Black sea countries.

While fraught with extreme danger, the members of the party were neither robbed, stripped of their clothes and turned adrift to make their best of their way to some friendly city, or even killed as happens to other caravans, because of the magic name of America.

It was the mind of Shamil Beg, chieftain of the nomad band entrenched against the Armenians in the village of Kulp, which saved the lesser members of the mission from the customary fate of captured caravans.

Shamil Beg came to the knowledge of the mission members after this fashion. For three months he had been traveling from Constantinople, intent on really seeing the lands of Asia Minor as these lands have probably not yet been seen by outsiders. They had come up from dusty Aleppo by train across the North Tripoli and shimmering Mesopotamia desert, until reaching Mardin, the magnificent stone city set upon a mountain. There the seven automobiles of the party had been taken off the flat cars of the Bagdad railway and after countless adventures with the nomads on the roads, bridging the unbridged Euphrates and the Tigris, climbing and descending a range of mountains which gradually climb their height to the plateaus of Ararat, the party crossed the Turkish frontier into Russian Asia Minor, or Armenia as is now called parts of the country.

American Flag Protects.

A few miles out of Kagizman, in the almost dry bed of the Araxes, General Harbord's car was stopped by a humble patriarch offering a horse carried by his son and the latter's strangely beautiful little girl, dressed in a bundle of rags. There the mission's forward machines met a wild old man on horseback, who talked vaguely, possibly to disguise his spy character.

Following the lonely valley, while "Elly" Poland, of the commission for Belgian relief, was in the midst of his riches, next the mission rolled around a gigantic bend of the road to behold the river bottom covered with cattle and tents of some nomad tribe. Then Major H. W. Clark of Boston declared he heard shots from the mountains to the right. At the same time General Harbord's car was seen to stop, and the track in the rear began to hasten its speed.

The Harbord car had been stopped by a much alarmed rifleman dropping to his knees and starting to fire pointblank. The rifleman's gun was shoved aside by a graybeard chieftain when he saw the American flag borne by the car. Directly the whole throng was swarming with a motley throng of tribesmen dressed in sheepskin turbans, ragged white shirts overmantled by short jackets of dark cloth, armed with long squirrel rifles and curiously carved knives or short swords. In the background stood their women, all in a group.

General Harbord left his machine and walked over to the chieftain, an old man of scrawny beard who proudly gave his name as Shamil Beg. When he learned the party was composed of Americans he told a story of having been driven together with his band from their mountain homes by the Armenians, saying that now they knew not what to do; that winter was coming on and he feared they would starve. He had appealed in vain, he said, to the British and the Turks, and if he thought the Americans would come to establish peace he would sacrifice the sheep of his tribe in a grand feast of rejoicing. He gladly offered to let pass the rear automobiles and took a note which he said he would deliver when they came.

Snows of Ararat Glisten.

After a warm leavetaking the automobiles proceeded to higher ground and a wider valley, when the glistening snows of Ararat came suddenly in full sight. The party had come on a Saturday, the first day of the week, near the place of fabled flood when the human race had been preserved by Noah's ark landing until the waters cleared.

Next the saddened ruins of Kulp were reached. As the party swung through the picturesque spot, a short halt was made to speak to a startled horde of Moslems thronging with their rifles about the machines, while hundreds of their women and children sprang up in the rear, staring curiously. They told a brief story of having no bread, of being hunted by the Armenians, of having had their homes destroyed, of having destroyed the Armenian village of Kulp in retaliation.

The two forward machines, the first carrying General Harbord and Mosley, went 20 miles further, climbing out upon the bare, homeless plain above which Ararat now shone in sunset splendor, the creeping shadows of copper vaguely reminding of the delicate beauties of Venice's green church domes.

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BEY, BRING THE ONLY ONE WHO SPOKE TURKISH, SPRANG FROM THE MACHINE AND WALKED COURAGEOUSLY TOWARDS THE TRIBESMEN, WITH HIS RIGHT HAND ON HIS HEART, SHOUTING "PEACE, WE ARE FRIENDS."

Soon came up a short, active Turk, afterward known as Riz, whip in hand, driving back his fellows, lashing them mercilessly with a short whip; next an old crippled chieftain, Alexander by name, and a quieter chieftain, Shamil Beg. It developed that the truck with three men, one of whom was the party's chief, Monsieur Lutard, formerly with General Petain in France, was being held until the American general would return and vouch for it as American. The members of the searching party were also informed that they too must remain until the general had vouched for them. It was explained that the precarious military situation of the band made this necessary, though it was suspected to be a subterfuge to get possession of the truck.

Protection Is Promised.

After much wrangling and argument, with many differences of opinion, it was agreed that Chieftain Alexander and Riz would return with the automobile to the camping place of General Harbord and ascertain for themselves then that the party had come for the purpose of investigating the political difficulties in Armenia and other neighboring countries.

When they had gotten in the machine a voice out of the darkness denounced Hussein Bey as an Armenian and the argument was begun anew. Finally the two leaders departed, saw General Harbord, told him their wrongs and pleaded with him to have the Americans settle the troubles of the land, and left promising to free the prisoners and let pass the other four machines, which had as yet not arrived.

Meanwhile Shamil Beg took the prisoners to the center of his camp, had spread rugs for them to sit upon, brewed and a sheep killed in their honor. Then he entertained them with stories of the life of his band, of the troubles growing out of the war and declared the only way to bring peace to Asia Minor was through a strong foreign hand. More than this, he promised protection for the party and volunteered to rescue the other machines from the Kurds.

Shamil's Fate Mystery.

Short, dark-eyed, determined, yet polite, Shamil Beg sat through the night, guarding the party against his own robbers. The party by the fire

MEXICO CITY CROWDED

ITINERANT MERCHANTS SWARM IN STREETS.

Energetic Salesmen Dilate in Machine Gun Spanish on Wares to Prospective Buyers.

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 13.—Conditions in the republic which have crowded 2,000,000 persons in Mexico City, or more than 100,000 above its normal population, have greatly increased the number of itinerant merchants who set up shop where their whim wills. It is impossible to find a street in the city where some vendor has not set up a stall.

A person desiring to outfit a house can buy almost everything needed without placing foot within a regular shop. Let a prospective buyer merely hint that he is in the market for something and he is immediately besieged by a crowd of energetic salesmen who dilate in machine gun Spanish on the worth of their wares.

Sunday is the busiest day for these merchants. They foregather principally in the plazas, spread their goods about them and patiently wait for customers. Their numbers are augmented by men and women, boys and girls, all of them selling candies, fruits, shoestrings, pottery, tobacco, drinks, bright-colored ribbons, shoes, hats, dogs, cats, gophers and the dozens of varieties of food of which child is the most important component.

The plazas present an animated appearance. Bands are playing, whistles are blowing, newboys call their editions, a man with a

DAMAGED FRUIT SHIPPED

Hood Association Inspector to Watch Apple Shipments.

HOOD RIVER, Or., Nov. 29.—(Special.)—While the Apple Growers association has instructed its inspectors to keep rigid watch and prevent the shipment of any apples that show frost damage, it is reported here from railway authorities that independent shippers are allowing badly damaged fruit to be loaded out. While the association, which recently declined to accept a further delivery of apples affected by frost, controls the most of the local tonnage, it is feared that the independents will allow the markets to be affected by damaged apples at points of delivery.

The railway administration has taken steps for protection against claims for damages, and inspectors have been placed here to report on every car that moves.

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wheel of chance beseeches the credulous to try their luck, a boy with a huge basket balanced atop his head offers sweetmeats at 5 centavos each and following him comes a seller of ice cream, with his frozen dainties tucked away in a container which he juggles perilously on his head, but never loses a spoonful, and above all shines a glorious sun which gives no hint of brooding problems of existence.

It is a happy life the native leads on Sunday, when with a few centavos he may fill his stomach with sweets, bank in the warm sunshine and listen to music furnished by a Mexican band, than which there is no better in any land.

A man from the United States, who on a recent Sunday morning took a seat in a plaza, within a few minutes had his shoes shined, his nails manicured, his breakfast served, his morning newspapers delivered, his measure taken for a suit of clothes and was offered an assortment of diamonds and opals at a bargain. He concluded that there may be more modern methods of conducting business, but there certainly is none more picturesque than that employed by the outdoor merchant.

Kelso Young Folks Wed.

KELSO, Wash., Nov. 29.—(Special.)—A charming wedding took place

Thanksgiving day at the Albert Martin home on the west side when Miss Grace Martin, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Martin, became the bride of Herbert E. Gray, son of A. M. Gray, Rev. H. A. Wainwright, pastor of the Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony.

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mony. Both the young people were students together in the Kelso high school. Mr. Gray was in the navy early in the war.

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ALCAZAR

When the machine returned to Kulp, its streaming lights announced its arrival. In a moment the valley resounded with rifle shots, cries in the darkness from hundreds of men and dozens of fierce figures leaped about the machine as it stopped. Hussein