

THE INITIAL STEP IN THE CREATION OF A FUTURE AMERICAN ADMIRAL

How Uncle Sam Secures Recruits for His Greater Navy.

But 25 years old and almost boyish in appearance, Lieut. C. R. Miller, U. S. N., has already undergone more strange experiences than usually fall within the lifetime of any man.

Born in California this young American entered Stanford University, left that institution for the Naval Academy at Annapolis, graduated with honors, took his initial cruise on board the famous Oregon when that stanch bulwark of the waves rounded the South American continent in the spring of 1898, fought with Schley when Carver's fleet went down, and then—when peace had been proclaimed—waded through blasts of volcanic fire in the effort to save the doomed and deserted at Martinique.

Today Lieut. Miller is in charge of a temporary naval recruiting station in this city. Tomorrow he will be gone, perhaps forever. The party of which he is the chief will spend the coming week at Salem and will then go farther South.

Fought On the Oregon.

During the famous battle of Santiago harbor, when the pride of Spanish power crumpled and was transformed to smoke, Lieut. Miller directed two 5-inch guns in the forward turret on the port side of the mighty Oregon, the ship that bore the brunt of the enemy's attack and exceeded, during the battle, the best speed she had previously developed, even when tested by her makers.

After the cessation of military operations in Cuba Miller obtained a transfer from the Oregon to the Massachusetts and went with Gen. Miles' expedition to Porto Rico, taking part in the bombardment of Ponce before the landing of troops. He was booked to cross the Atlantic with the fleet that was to make a demonstration against the Spanish coast, and when that course was abandoned he was again transferred, this time leaving the heavier batteries and taking station on a lighter and faster cruiser, the Cincinnati.

Escaping death by shot and shell Lieut. Miller came very near to meeting his final end in the blast of fire that swept down from the summit and fissures of Mount Pelee on May 30, 1902.

In Pelee's Shadow.

When news of the wiping out of Martinique and instant death to 30,000 people reached the outside world, the cruiser Cincinnati was at San Domingo, 700 miles away. Lieut. Miller was with the ship. Instantly upon receipt of the information the great engines were set full force, to the task of driving the vessel forward in the effort to save those who might have escaped the first fierce blast and to succor the destitute. Although the stanch little warship was heavily damaged, the end of her journey was reached nothing but a blackened and desolate waste greeted the eyes of her crew as she steamed with break-neck speed into the harbor containing dangers unknown. To all appearance not a soul was left alive.

At the head of a party of sailors and marines Lieut. Miller went ashore and exhorted the blackened and blackened bodies of those who had sought refuge in the American consulate. It was during this work that the second and most violent eruption of Mount Pelee came. When the first rumble of thunder reached the ears of the natives that were working under the superintendence of Miller and his men, they fled and no amount of coaxing could persuade them to remain. Down to the beach they hastened and pushed off their boats, making for the mouth of the harbor and safety, far from the dangerous and yawning fire pit.

Duty or Death.

"But we had gone with the intention of rescuing at least the corpses of the consular officers and their families," said Lieut. Miller to a reporter for The Journal, "and neither my companions nor myself had any thought of going back until we had secured that for which we were sent. But we did not take any more time than was absolutely necessary, you may be sure. We worked fast and got the bodies down to the beach as rapidly as possible, boarded the vessel and put to sea. The eruption that followed close upon the heels of our departure was the most violent the island ever experienced and had the effect of almost entirely wiping out any indication that a city had ever existed on the site of Martinique.

Awful Blast of Death.

"There is no describing the terrible destruction of that one all-destroying blast," he said. "Ereign cannons, which had been mounted along the water front for ornamental purposes, were torn from their bases and cast many feet away and an iron statue of the Virgin, which must have weighed several hundred tons, was torn from its pedestal and hurled 200 feet.

"In all that city only one man escaped. For a petty offense he had been thrown in jail, and one of the freaks of nature permitted him to live while his prosecutors were smothered and suffocated, cooked and carried away."

Those who read newspaper and magazine accounts of the terrible tragedy at Martinique will remember that the steamer Kaddam succeeded in escaping from the harbor during the rain of fire, a portion of those on board her emerging from the furnace in safety. But the Koralma, anchored closer in toward shore was less fortunate. Lieut. Miller tells a strange story of how her mate alone of all her crew escaped the death that overtook his companions.

Life in the Midst of Death.

"When they saw the great black cloud



LIEUTENANT MILLER AND HIS ASSISTANTS.

sweeping down upon them and vomiting fire at every rift all those on board the Koralma sprang for the shelter of the hold," Lieut. Miller said. "By good fortune, for himself, the mate was first. Down the hatch he tumbled and on top of him came half a hundred others, completely burying him beneath a pile of human beings. This was all that saved his life, for the bodies of his shipmates protected him from the gaseous death, and after the blast was over he emerged in safety to find the others dead."

Three men who had been crossing the bay in a steam launch when the first eruption came also escaped, the shock of the out-driven air being less severe along the surface of the sea. These men, all high and honored personages of importance, were unrecognizable, charred and in a terrible condition when picked up by the Cincinnati soon after she entered the harbor.

Strange Freaks of the Air.

"While lying off the harbor at Martinique during the second eruption we saw many strange things," Lieut. Miller said. "The trade winds carried the great pall of ashes that the crater sent forth a distance of six miles into the air. First they would slant north-easterly with the wind, and then, after striking a counter current of air at a certain height, would double back upon their original course, still riding higher and higher. Large quantities of these ashes fell 60 miles to windward of Martinique. This seems unaccountable but it is true.

"I made about 50,000 miles on the Oregon," Lieut. Miller looked proud when he made that statement. "We had a crew of 500 men, when all souls were counted and there has hardly been a city I have visited since being assigned to recruiting duty where I have not met some of my former shipmates. Only one of them have I found to be doing otherwise than well."

Blockading duty was very severe off the port of Santiago, Cuba, but was not to be compared, in the opinion of Lieut. Miller, with the rigors of the voyage around the Horn, when the Oregon braved the whole Spanish navy to join the Atlantic fleet and hound the Christiano Colon upon the rocks after the remainder of Carver's squadron had been destroyed.

SAYS HE BEAT HER.

Carrie A. McMullen filed suit in the State Circuit Court today asking for a divorce from her husband Walter L. McMullen. The complaint alleges that the couple were married May 20, 1894, and one minor child, a girl, is a result of the union; that in March, 1902, the husband struck his wife and called her vile and abusive names, also charging her with infidelity; that he repeated the offense in November, 1902, while in a state of beastly intoxication. The wife asks for a divorce and the custody of the child.

LUMBER PILE OBJECTED TO

Serious objections are being made by the property owners and residents in the vicinity of East Eighth and East Alder streets to the use of the Alder street bridge as a store room by a lumber company.

TURNED ARROW MACHINERY

The machinery of the mysterious steamer Arrow was turned this morning and an effort is now being made to loosen up the working parts before the trial trip will be made.

WILL INSPECT COMPANY A

Major Charles E. McDonnell will inspect and muster Company A, Third Regiment of the Oregon National Guard, next Monday evening at Oregon City. The members of the company are instructed to appear in fatigue uniform on that evening.

COULTS VS. MANNING

In the case of Charles Coult vs. E. I. Manning a motion was heard before Judge Sears this morning to discharge property heretofore attached. The court took the matter under advisement.

Strenuous Career of a Young American Naval Officer.

From sheepherder to fleet captain; from newsboy to admiral; and to step from the humble occupation of a sweeper of crossings upon the first round of the ladder that leads through easy stages to the highest office in the navy of the United States: this was possible to the youth of Multnomah County all through the week just past. This was while Lieut. C. R. Miller and his recruiting detachment were carrying on operations in the Federal Building of this city.

Boys and men to become a part of their country's fighting force; to sail to every point of the compass and uphold the Stars and Stripes in the most under-estimated way that he sought—and from every class and condition, every walk of life and every occupation he received them. As long as physical conditions were up to the requirements; if the applicants were of legal age; if their guardians made no objection, then Lieut. Miller was happy and the ranks of the Navy were replenished.

The youth who learned to love James Fenimore Cooper and the element of which that worthy wrote was given a chance to become a sailor and truly sailor. The youngster who sneaked 5-cent novels beneath his desk at school and read glowing and intensely ocher accounts of how "Bloody Mike," the Scourge of the Seas, performed prodigious feats of piracy, found the chosen way lying even before him. The cowboy, tired of following the lowing herds, was given opportunity to cast a new rope in still a newer calling. The carpenter, the electrician, the cook, the clerk, the sexton and even the sailor—if he chose—could trade his freedom for a suit of blue, and for a certain period, and at a certain recompense, be sure of three meals a day and plenty of work.

And many availed themselves of the opportunity offered.

The Age Was Varied.

Boys from 15 to 18 years of age and young men from 18 to 25 were what the placards called for. In all stages of modern dress as well as in the deplete decomposition that follows rank neglect in any line, they responded. Straight or U-necked, stout or slender, tall or short, it was all the same. Like wheat into the mill, these young Americans were thrust before the doctor and his examining assistants—the worthy material came out through one door and the chaff through another. It was "take on" or travel, and while many did the former, the latter was a large delegation numbered with the rejected.

Bashful and awkward, a boy fresh from the grammar school came in. Twisting his hat and alternating in his attitude the youngster took his stand before the green-topped table behind which sat several examiners attired in the navy blue. The applicant's eyes told that he was not certain just what terrible form the initiation would assume, but he was prepared for the worst. Pale-faced was predominant. He stood long and searching at the railing; then at the floor. Never once did he dare to cast a glance in the direction of the awesome inquisitor encoined behind the table. "That would be presumption. He could not be so bold. That man must be an admiral at least."

"Give me your name and age?" The request came in the blandest tone, and if there was a faint indication of humorous appreciation in the sailor's eye it found no outlet in his accent.

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"The spell was broken. He who had come forward in fear and trembling received only kindness. Soon the feeling of strangeness had entirely disappeared and, laughing and chatting with those who put him through his paces, the boy nearly 18 months and in all that time I never knew him to be otherwise than a perfectly upright man. I knew he was engaged to Miss Nellie Gibson of Ashland, Or., and they intended to marry last January, but just the day before the time announced for the wedding Miss Gibson sent word she could not come to Portland at that time. The ceremony was postponed until February 21, when they were married by Rev. E. M. Bliss at 487 Union street.

He Was Worried.

"During the weeks of this year preceding his marriage Mr. McDiarmid seemed preoccupied. I have heard him speak fondly of a young married sister living in Boston. He seemed worried about her, but never told me any circumstances. I believe if he took his employer's money he did so to assist his sister."

A. M. Wright of the United States National Bank, who is well acquainted with McDiarmid, said this morning that he never was more surprised in his life than when he read last night's Journal. He said he had known the missing man for 18 months and never observed a suspicious action.

Alexander H. Birrell was equally astonished when he heard the story of McDiarmid's absconding. He said he had known him for more than a year and had always esteemed him as a man of probity and education.

As matters stand, the deserted young wife waits hungry for any news of her husband's whereabouts. She will not return to her home in Ashland for probably a month. If in that time no tidings come she will go to her parents.

Mosters!

Mosters!! Mothers!!!

Mosters!!!

Mosters!!!

Mosters!!!

Mosters!!!

Mosters!!!

Mosters!!!

Mosters!!!

GIANT STRIDES

THE SALES OF

MOET & CHANDON CHAMPAGNE

IN THE YEAR 1902 WERE... 3,733,744 BOTTLES, A FIGURE NEVER REACHED BY ANY OTHER CHAMPAGNE HOUSE

THE INCREASE IN THE UNITED STATES FOR 1902 OVER 1901 WAS

367,116

BOTTLES, A RECORD NEVER BEFORE ATTAINED IN THE HISTORY OF THE CHAMPAGNE TRADE IN THIS COUNTRY, MARKING AN ADVANCE EQUAL TO 564 PER CENT

Greater than the combined increase of all other Champagne Houses.

Extract—Bonfort's Wine and Spirit Circular, January 16, 1902.

THESE NOTEWORTHY STATISTICS SHOW A FITTING TRIBUTE ENDORSING THE QUALITY OF MOET & CHANDON "WHITE SEAL" THE CHAMPAGNE OF THE DAY

Geo. A. Kessler & Co., New York.

BLUMAUER & HOCH

DISTRIBUTERS, PORTLAND, OR.

Directed physically by efficient gymnasts. Boxing, rowing, climbing—every exercise that a boy is supposed to love is there to be found and he is indulged to his heart's content—and sometimes more. At the expiration of seven months he goes to sea on a training ship and learns a seaman's duties. From that time on the way to promotion is open.

NEW TODAY.

Two Street Corner Lines, Building Post Broadway Addit'n.

\$300 to \$400 will buy you a good building lot in Broadway Addition, just East of the best part of Irvington, on Broadway and Hancock streets. Streets are to be graded, sidewalks and watermains in front of every lot. Good street car service, good surroundings. The best residences in Irvington within a few blocks. Street improvements included in price.

Don't buy without investigating this property. Easy terms.

Pacific Coast Abstract, Guaranty & Trust Co. 204-207 Failing Bldg.

"MT. HOOD" SHIRTS and OVERALLS

FLEISCHNER, MAYER & CO. Makers.

NEW TODAY.

ARBOR LODGE LOTS

Are Selling Rapidly

\$125 each for inside lots \$150 each for corners

\$450 for four lots two blocks from car line and school.

3 lots on Union avenue and Tillamook at a Bargain.

One lot on Sacramento St., one half block from Union avenue, cheap.

J. P. KENNEDY 44 HAMILTON BLDG.

A House--An Acre

A new house with four large rooms and one acre of land at Northern Hill for \$1,100, small cash payments, balance \$20 monthly. A new house with four large rooms and four lots at Portsmouth. Price cheap, terms small cash payments, balance \$20 monthly.

Francis I. McKenna, 151 Sixth Street.

Acres Tracts

Acre tracts adjoining Northern Hill for \$600 each, easy terms. Five-acre tracts on the Peninsula at \$250 per acre, easy terms, all grubbed.

Francis I. McKenna, 151 Sixth Street.

A Bargain

50x100 feet on 18th, near Northrup, east front, \$1,500. Easy terms. This is 25 per cent under the market price.

UNIVERSITY LAND CO. 151 Sixth Street.

NEW TODAY.

The Great Dry Dock

Goes to

ST. JOHNS

The price of every acre lot left on our Miner tract has been advanced to \$1000.

Last week you could have bought them for \$600.

We still offer a few quarter-acre, half-acre and acre lots in our Oak Park Tract at former prices. When these are sold all prices will be advanced.

INSTALLMENT PAYMENTS

Hartman, Thompson & Powers, 3 Chamber of Commerce.

Special Bargain

WE OFFER FOR SALE the southeast corner of East 10th and East Couch sts., with a 2-story dwelling, cement basement and all modern improvements. This house was only built a few months ago, and can be purchased for \$3,250. For terms, etc., apply to.

ROUNTREE & DIAMOND

241 Stark st., cor. Second.

City View Park

Lots \$150, \$200, \$250, \$300 \$25 Down

Balance \$10 per month; Bull Run water; streets graded; liberal discount for cash. Our representative can be seen at the Park all day Sunday.

TAKE SELLWOOD CARS.

Fields & Co., Agts. 208 Alamy Bldg.

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THE PURE GRAIN COFFEE

If you use Grain-O in place of coffee you will enjoy it just as much for it tastes the same; yet it is like a food to the system, distributing the full substance of the pure grain with every drop.

TRY IT TO-DAY.

At grocery everywhere; 10c. and 25c. per package.