VOLCANOES GIVE KAMCHATKA COAST MAJESTIC ASPECT

Wild Shore Strewn With Bones of Ill-Fated Ships From Japan and Far Lands; Peaks Tower.

By Frederick McCormick
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Belongings of mine are flotsam and jetsam on the wildest Kamchatkan coast.

It takes just so much time and ceremony to be shipwrecked. All of that was mine, and the occasion, place and event. By which it has been given me to know: That if you must be cast away in the wildest and most savage manner, let it be where most fitting—on the shores of Kamchatka.

Kamchatka is a tremendous, man's country, vast in scale and power. It is in the cyclopean North, in easternmost Siberia, the ancient Cossackland. And the way to see it is with abruptness ordained, which, in one way or another, cannot be avoided owing to the way in which Kamchatka looms upon the visitor.

Everything Kamchatka could ever know of us, is pigmy. Without a warning supernaturally unreal and outrageous, it could not discover us with the gauge it uses in its affairs. Its foot rule is too big. And I have found out one thing: The way to turn up in Kamchatka on a visit from the outside world is on a tidal wave, from a ship broken over a rock, torn to splinters and rendered consciously ridiculous before the awful forces of nature which are Kamchatka's everyday playthings.

SEACOAST IS WILD

If Kamchatka noticed me it was because of my strict observance of the Kamchatkan conventions. I arrived in August on a steamer which completed a baker's dozen of merely Japanese ships piled up and turned into kindling on the shores of Kamchatka in a year, most of which Kamchatka never noticed at all. But if it had set out beforehand to do the best possible for my East Siberian letters, it could not have excelled itself as it seemed to do.

On the east side of the peninsula, which gives its name to the great Siberian province of Kamchatka, is Cape Shipunsky. Give it a wide berth. If you cannot wreck on any other shore, leave it to Shipunsky, one of the most terrible guardian angels of those charmed beaches where sirens dwell and which the ocean strews with shells. I passed it by on the other side and went on to the great sable coast lying between the Pacific ocean and that vast and peerless pile of volcanic mountains which possesses the loftiest peaks and ranges in a stretch of 6000 miles across the earth from Alaska to India.

SEA FILLS GRAVEYARDS

Kamchatka is indescribable. I never could have imagined the reception which actually it accorded, nor dreamed that it could have framed up for me or anyone out of a story book, such a fortnight as that which followed my stormy arrival. It acquainted me in two short weeks only, with what it is like on a foggy, squally night, ghostly with magnetic disturbances making the compass dance, midnight exhalations from sea and shore and diffusions of inexplicable light, to be shipwrecked on an uninhabited, unexplored, wild, trackless, precipitous, rock-ribbed and rock-bound coast; among the highest, grandest and awfulest volcanoes known; thundered at by earthquakes and roared over by measureless volcanic eruptions; admonished by the shaking of the ocean and rise in temperature of the sea water; escorted by droves of leviathan bears and herds of wild reindeer; yelped at by the seal herd and scolded by sea lions; screamed at by sea birds; hissed at by waterfalls and cataracts; bellowed at and washed away by rivers; pelted by rain; whipped by wind; and, more appalling, snapped at from the sea by a giant, death-dealing surf whose victims I discovered beforehand lying in rows in lonely burying grounds on the sea-side steppes and headlands, ghostly with their leering, white, orthodox Christian crosses.

VOLCANOE REMARKABLE

Alaska possesses some of the most remarkable features of our coast; Kamchatka possesses some of the most remarkable features of Asia. Both Russia and the United States get nearer heaven at the point where they approach nearest each other, in the North Pacific. In Mount McKinley in Alaska, America reaches its highest measurable altitude. And while there probably is nothing in Siberia to tie it in sheer height Alaska's volcanoes, so celebrated, rise only to 8000 or 10,000 feet.

Now make note of those of Kamchatka lying in sight of Alaska. They begin where ours leave off and we know go on up to twice that height and nearly as high as Mount McKinley itself. We do not know how much higher they may be; there is in Kamchatka now a scientific expedition from the Swedish Royal Geographical society, which is trying to measure them accurately and already it has discovered a new altitude record for Kamchatka's volcanoes of the Avatcha group near Petropavlovsk which it proposes to announce to the scientific world next year. The highest volcanoes are farthest north. The northernmost important volcano in Shiveluch, 9900 feet high. Ichinsky is over 16,000 feet. That believed to reach the greatest altitude, Kluchevsky, is within a man's reach of 17,000 feet high. It may be higher.

VOLCANIC CHAIN LONG

Kluchevsky is the greatest single thing in Kamchatka's province. And there is no scenery in Siberia which in grandeur surpasses that of the rugged volcanic ranges forming the backbone of Kamchatka peninsula to which it belongs. The eastern watershed of the Stanovois leading down to Okhotsk sea forms the western part of Kamchatka province. The long, level tundra steppe of northeasternmost Siberia occupies all the northern part down to the neck of the peninsula. From the south comes the volcanic chain called the Kuriles or "smoking mountains," once a part of Kamchatka and finer in volcanic beauty than anything in Japan. They have Alaid, extinct volcano, loftiest of the Kuriles, reaching upward 7640 feet. It is only one of the stepping-stones to what awaits the traveler to Kamchatka.

Fifty to 100 years ago the natural wonders of Europe were greatly overestimated and travelers who visited Kamchatka made little impression on the artificial ideas of Western countries, with their descriptions of its wonders. Kamchatka gives its name to a region covering 429,000 square miles, with a population which is about that of Alaska. English and American explorers and travelers have been visiting it for 125 years.

RANDOM GLIMPSES OF SOLDIERY ON PARADE IN PORTLAND ARMISTICE DAY

Above, left to right—Detachment of overseas nurses and Sergeant Davis of the marines; wagon trains from Vancouver barracks. Center—A veteran from Australia. Below, left to right—The colors; detachment of mounted men.

The Amazing Armistice

Inside Story of Premature Peace Report

By Arthur Hornblow Jr.

[In the accompanying article, reproduced by permission from Century for November, Arthur Hornblow Jr. discusses the premature peace report of November 7, 1918, under the caption "The Amazing Armistice."]

It will not be difficult to recall that astounding November 7, when an allegedly unemotional nation indulged in a demonstration of universal and hysterical gladness such as the Parisian boulevards have yet to equal.

I trust I may be pardoned a brief explanation of my humble place in the proceedings. For a few months prior to November 7, 1918, I had been the army intelligence officer of the military port area based on Brest.

My duties, in addition to the major one of conducting counter-espionage activities within the base, called for the reception and care of newspaper correspondents who came to Brest.

When, therefore, shortly after the arrival of the rapide from Paris at 9 o'clock on the morning of November 7, Roy W. Howard's entrance into Brest was signaled by my gare control, I expected to see him shortly thereafter. Howard, as I knew, was president of the United Press. Most newspaper men made a point of reporting promptly at the office of the local "I. O." in order to hear if any news had broken locally, and to be facilitated generally in getting around and seeing things and people.

"A REGULAR GUY"

It was accordingly a matter for surprise and gratification when Howard strolled in casually shortly before noon and disclosed himself to be what we in the army were wont to call a "regular guy." (There is no higher form of decoration in the army short of the congressional medal.) Still in his early 30's, or seemingly so, Howard was the typical newspaper man, genial, natural in manner, and alert.

"I'm due to sail at 2 this afternoon on some ark that takes two weeks getting home," he lamented. "I'd like to make better speed if possible. Want to catch President Wilson in time to come over here again in his party."

The man knew even that the president was coming. I sensed something of what goes to make the successful newspaper man.

By telephone I learned that the steamship Leviathan was due to sail the following morning. As she made the trip across in six days or so, Howard could save a week by waiting a day. Accordingly, arrangements were made to shift him from the sailing list of the one ship to that of the other.

WOULD MEET ADMIRAL

That done, we discussed ways and means of his killing time advantageously, and Howard, inspired by some mischievous fate, decided that he would like to meet Admiral Henry B. Wilson, commander of the American navy in French waters, whose headquarters were in Brest.

I suggested strolling around to naval headquarters, which were near by, and we left my office about noon, it then being not quite 7 a. m. in the land across the sea that little suspected what had started to brew for it.

As we turned from the rue du Chateau into the old public square, Place du President Wilson, we paused before the office of Brest's daily newspaper, "La Depeche," to examine the bulletin, and saw that the Germans had evinced a desire to quit and that their plenipotentiaries were reported to be coming across the lines to sue for an armistice. A small, excited crowd was discussing the tidings and waiting eagerly around for more. Oddly enough, a rumor was seeping through it to the effect that an armistice had already been signed, and Howard told me that he had heard the same thing when he came in at the station that morning.

The sight of "La Depeche" office inspired Howard to pay it a visit, due to his company having relations with it that I was soon to hear about. We walked inside and stopped first at the telegraph room, which was the nearest the door, and Howard entered animatedly into conversation with the operator on duty in a French that was as utilitarian as it was full of gestures. I gradually gathered a fact that was to have tremendous bearing later on.

It seems that, apart from our own signal lines, there were only two ways of communicating by telegraph between Paris and Brest. One was by the regular wires of the public telegraph service; the other was by the private wire of "La Depeche." Users of the public service—and this included correspondents sending their communications through to be cabled to the States from Brest—had to wait their turn, a matter usually of several hours, and the United Press had scored a brilliant "beat" by getting the consent of "La Depeche" to share its special wire, thereby avoiding delays in transmission to Brest and being able to gain the cables ahead of its competitors.

TO SEE THE ADMIRAL

After Howard had given greetings and remerciements to everybody on "La Depeche" staff, we went along to naval headquarters. I thought that Howard would be able to see the admiral at once, as the latter was almost always in his office and exceedingly easy to "get to." He was one of that small, but eminently successful, group of service executives who, despite the stature of their war tasks, seemed always able to see any one and for any length of time.

But fate was still having its bizarre way. The admiral was out, and his aide, Ensign Sellards, made an appointment with Howard for 4 o'clock that afternoon. On such slender threads as this does history hang! Had the admiral been in when we called, and Howard had spent half an hour or so with him at that time instead of later in the day, the famous armistice celebration of November 7 would never have occurred.

At 4:30 or thereabout, as I sat at my desk mulling over some reports, I heard a great shout go up somewhere in the general direction of the Place du President Wilson. Exuberant behavior of all sorts being more the rule than the exception of the Yankee burdened Brest of those days, I paid no attention to the racket; but shortly afterward one of my men entered with the report that official news had been given out to the effect that an armistice had been signed and the fighting had ended at the front. Had been given out, what more, by naval headquarters!

Astounded at the suddenness with which truth had been given to the old rumor that had hovered over Brest all day, I started inquiries that quickly disclosed what had occurred. It was not for some time that I located Howard, who, with Major Cook of General Harries' staff, was going from one official bureau to another in his endeavor to procure additional information. From him I learned that the armistice tidings had been pronounced official by Admiral Wilson and that Howard had sent a cable to the United States saying that the war was over.

MESSAGE IS SENT

If the news was true, Howard probably had scored the biggest news beat of history. And from Howard's recital of the facts there seemed to be no question of the news being authentic. Back in my office, he told me what had happened, beginning by tossing on my desk a copy of his message to the States. It was addressed to the United Press office in New York city and read:

Urgent. Armistice allies Germans signed 11 smorning hostilities ceased two safternoon.

It was signed "Howard-Simms." Simms was the United Press man in Paris. Apparently Howard wanted to let him share the glory of his "beat." Where and how the latter had arisen so suddenly in Brest, several hundred miles from the front, I could not imagine. I looked up wonderingly and heard the story.

Promptly at 4 o'clock Howard had been presented to Admiral Wilson. They had been chatting a while when the admiral remarked that he had just received a message which might possibly interest Howard, and handed it to him for his perusal. Howard beheld an official telegram signed by Commander Jackson of Admiral Wilson's office in Paris and naval attache at our Paris embassy. It said:

Armistice signed this morning at 11 all hostilities ceased at 2 p. m. today.

Howard was amazed. So the war had ended! Rather suddenly, perhaps, but none the less surely. There could not possibly be any doubt about it. Any question as to the authenticity of the report that might have arisen in the minds of the two men was justifiably dismissed by a consideration of the telegram's source. Naval officials are scarcely given to making so flatly the report of a highly important fact unless it is based on truth; much less so to the commanding naval officer in France, whose receipt thereof might entitle him to believe that submarine warfare had likewise terminated and that his destroyers might relax their vigilance. It was incredible that, however surprising, the message might be fallacious.

No other official source, French or American, appeared to have the great news, and, desirous that the people of Brest learn of it, Admiral Wilson dispatched an orderly to bulletin the tidings in the public square, where the naval band happened to be giving its weekly concert.

The tiny spark of news set a flame that within 10 minutes had spread like a prairie fire from one end of Brest to the other.

Howard had done what any other skilled newspaper man would have done in similar circumstances. He had seen the opportunity of his lifetime, of any war correspondent's lifetime. Here he was at Brest, the cable point, with hot news just off the official griddle that apparently no one else had, that perhaps had not even yet been given to the press in Paris. He could beat every competitor in the business on the biggest news break in history! He could get his message to the States in time for the afternoon editions. The others might not get there until morning.

WILSON GIVES AUTHORITY

Admiral Wilson expressed his willingness that Howard should use the report. In company, therefore, with Ensign Sellards to assist him in arranging things, Howard rushed to the postes. But desiring to file a typewritten message so there would be no possible misunderstanding or misreading by the French cable operator, Howard dived en route into the near-by telegraph room of La Depeche and demanded a typewriter, explaining hurriedly his reason.

By a further coincidence the telegraph editor undertook to type out Howard's message, and used his own telegraph instrument to do so, it being possible to type on the ribbon with the local telegraph key as well as with the transmitting-key in Paris.

Then tearing off the tape, the obliging Frenchman pasted it as usual on a telegraphic form and, lo! the message was clear and ready for immediate filing. What is vastly more important, it looked exactly as though it had been transmitted from Paris, as were all other United Press messages, and had been censored there!

PARIS DENIES STORY

I called the Paris intelligence office by telephone and, to their apparent astonishment, explained what had occurred. No word of any armistice had reached it; nothing more than that enemy plenipotentiaries were expected to meet Marshal Foch that afternoon at 5. I requested the Paris "I. O." to get into immediate touch with the French Ministry of War and advise me of consequences as soon as possible.

But seeming set-back did not serve to shake Howard's confidence. On the contrary, it indicated to him that his "beat" was all the bigger. He protested that the news was probably just out, and that the Paris embassy had received it before the "I. O." a perfectly possible occurrence. And always present was the incredibility of Admiral Wilson's office in Paris imparting such news to him unless it were true.

Then suddenly came the crash, just as it had to come, out of a sky that was blue and beautiful, out of a sky the horizon clouds of which I had come near to forgetting. I had left word for any wire from Paris to be sent to me immediately at dinner at a Brest cafe where I was in company with Howard and other friends. In the midst of a din that was getting louder momentarily, a signal-corps orderly entered the room unnoticed and made for our table. A feeling of chilling apprehension seized me as I grasped and opened the message that was handed to me. I felt Howard's eye on me as I read, and the blood rushed to my head.

The communication was in intelligence code, and the process of translation was slow and fearful. Finally it was done. I had only to read it aloud to that screaming mob about me to be torn to little pieces. The message said:

Armistice report untrue. War Ministry issues absolute denial and declares enemy plenipotentiaries to be still on way through lines. Cannot meet Foch until evening. Wire full details of local hoax immediately.

The message was signed by Major Robertson, my immediate superior at Paris.

THE SKIES FALL

The world collapsed about Howard's ears. The biggest "beat" in the history of journalism had turned cruelly into its biggest "bloomer."

The blackest of black skies cleared considerably the following morning when Admiral Wilson, every inch the gentleman and the man, took upon his own shoulders complete responsibility for Howard's fateful cable. In the admiral's statement, issued at once to the press, he did not even make mention of the official who had sent, or, at least, whose signature was affixed to the erroneous communication from Paris. To the latter he referred simply as "what appeared to be official and authoritative information."

The career of a lesser man might very well have been marred by this brave assumption of blame, but, then, a lesser man would probably not have made it. Not long after the closing of war-days, Admiral Wilson was placed in command of the Atlantic fleet, and just recently has been made commandant of the naval academy at Annapolis. So it is seen that he has not suffered in consequence of his courageous protection of Howard, whose journalistic fate, without that protection, would unquestionably have been a severe one.

WHO WAS TO BLAME?

But if the Wilson statement exonerated Howard, as it did and as it should have done, who was to blame?

It will be recalled that, on the morning of November 7, enemy plenipotentiaries were reported to be coming through the lines to sue for an armistice. It being a principle of the German intelligence system that "fixed operators"—namely, spies on permanent duty at one point—work actively on their own initiative and without orders, taking into consideration the news and needs of the day, it is reasonable to suppose that an intelligent enemy agent in Paris would set about doing his utmost on November 7 to create popular desire and demand among the allied people for the German-sought armistice.

The existence of such an attitude on the part of the people would make for a more certain and swifter cessation of hostilities and an avoidance of the terrible smashing blows that German arms and Germany itself seemed doomed to receive. From a psychological and somewhat typically German point of view the best possible way of making the public want an armistice would be to tell them that there was an armistice, and let them taste of the joy that would naturally await upon the news.

Had the American people not been rewarded with a real termination of the struggle a short time after their wild celebration of the supposed, it must be believed that the reaction of their disappointment would have been both severe and dangerous to home morale.

AN ORGANIZED PLAN

A similar effort to stampede the French press into announcing an armistice appears also to have been made. It was impossible, of course, to fool Paris, but St. Nazaire received the rumor, as did Bordeaux, Marseilles, Nice, Lorient, and other French points. It was present in Brest before Admiral Wilson's receipt of the message from Paris. London had it, but its press was highly conservative in passing judgment on its credibility, and, with one unimportant exception, did not announce it to the people. Holland and parts of Belgium had it. Possibly, too, many other localities; but I have named all that I know about save Mexico and parts of South America, where the celebration was hilarious, but more probably on the strength of the United Press report. Holland's having the "news" is strongly suggestive of enemy espionage effort.

Thus it would appear that an organized attempt was made to make the allied nations cherish an armistice, which, though not yet existent, was within easy reach if the people wanted it and showed clearly that they wanted it. I should greatly like to see the intelligence reports of our late enemy for November 7, 1918. The scheme is worthy of the German service in both ingenuity and execution, and does credit to the one or more persons who conceived it.

"Me, Mel an' Mac Done It"

Inside Dope on Murder Case

By Key Pitt Dark

Since everybody's started shedding light around the world at the rate of six bits a word and clearing up a lot of disputed points over things formerly fairly snug under the bushel, an old timer came to me the other day and wanted to know why I didn't let go the real dirt in the famous "Ten Thousand, Mel and Mac and Ten Me" case.

Even if you read the papers as carefully as the city editor you never knew the inside of that case. Mel and Mac had the classiest collection of stool pigeons on the coast. The babies that peddled those boys tips would make a regular detectives' scavenger look like a quilting party in a cosy corner.

But they got results, Mel and Mac.

MEL CHAWED MANY SEEGARS

The reward was posted the day after the robbery—$10,000 dead or alive. It was a sensational case and it didn't take Mel and Mac long to get things to going right. I don't know how many cigars Mel chawed up and spit out before he got a line on the hop head who had the dope on a bum who knew a Jane in the North End who—well, even if you heard Mel tell it himself you couldn't follow him any farther than that, without a yegg's lexicon and a Pittman's guide to Portland. At that you'd probably want somebody to loosen your collar, open a window and flip water in your face.

Mel telling a story always reminds me of a man in a steam roller crossing a plowed field to catch a train just pulling out of the station. Mac usually contents himself with an admonition and observation, "Get this straight." "That's right." "He's giving you the real dope."

GET THIS STRAIGHT

Mel and Mac called for the wagon over on the East Side just in time for the last afternoon edition. The three burglars were in the city jail about the same time the story was on the street. The afternoon boys didn't lose any time getting the story in.

It was all over but the shouting, and that was where I came in. Oh, boy, the shouting! Baptising in a Georgia creek bottom would be a deaf and dumb convention along side police headquarters that night.

When Mel and Mac called for the wagon the chief sent out a couple of automobiles loaded with detectives. The gang surrounded the dump where the yeggs were cornered and everybody closed in on them. But there was $10,000 reward.

That night in the press room I was finishing up a follow on the capture. The First Me came in.

FIRST ME EXPLAINS

He shot a furtive glance about the press room—they learn how to do that pretty quick at detective headquarters—and assuring himself that I was alone he oozed over to my desk and tapped me on the shoulder.

"Yuh got the straight dope on the capture?"

"How do you spell incommunicado?" I grunted.

"Listen, Me and Mel and Mac done this. You'll hear a lot about who pulled this capture. There was a gang out there. But Me and Mel and Mac had the dope on them bords all the time."

I resigned myself to fate and listened to this new version of the daring capture. This Me had kicked in the door, in addition to furnishing Mel and Mac with the right tip.

Just before I jumped out of the window in sheer desperation, he left, and I returned to my story.

Enter Second Me, with a wise look on his face and a couple of cigars grafted in Chinatown in his outstretched hand.

JUST US THREE

"Lemme wise you up, bo; there's just three dicks in on that capture. You know that?"

"So I understand," I cooed blandly. His face lighted up with pleasure. In another instant he would have caressed me, for here, at last, he thought he had found recognition of his sterling qualities, recognition before explanation, which detectives admit is rarer than the Phoenix.

I told him the name of First Me who claimed to be the third man in on the capture and shunted him on about his business while he was still dazed, before he had time to bury me under a deluge of protest and expostulation.

Third Me popped his face through the door before I had collected my thoughts and began to motion for me to approach him, using that mysterious jerking movement of the head that is a detective's way of beckoning. No one is supposed to notice it except the man he wants to confide in. I guess that is why they use it.

"You got that story, didn't you?"

ETERNAL ME'N MEL'N MAC

I forced him to resort to words by sitting tight and staring at him blankly. I knew what was coming but was too green to know how to avoid it.

"You know me bo; whenever there is anything breaking, I always trot it in to you boys. But don't let on where it come from, see? I always shoot square with you guys and all the reporters shoot square with one. Help a fellow along, that's my motto. You boys got to live same as us guys, ain't you? Sure. Now about this capture—

"Me and Mel and Mac—"

Oh, eternal rocks and hills, again!

I took one of Second Me's Old Ironside cigars, stuffed it in his mouth and struck a match. I made him puff by working his arms up and down, first aid.

When he was too weak to talk I forced him to seek air by pulling down the window and shoving him gently toward the door.

STILL THEY CAME

Hardly had I finished congratulating myself on my strategy before Fourth Me wheezed in through the door, puffing and spluttering, his beady eyes squinted up like a sleepy boar's.

Fourth Me crossed the room without a word, but kept his eye on me like a setter pup on a covey of quail. He seemed afraid I was going to make a break for the door. Perhaps I would have tried it if it hadn't been for the mountain of flesh and bulk of beef bearing down on me. I assumed the attitude of Nathan Hale and waited.

Fourth Me took a ratty stump of a cigar from his wet lips and leaning over until his nose was almost tickling my ear, tapped me slowly three times on the shoulder.

His earnestness might indicate he was about to say: "Arise, Sir Knight of Raspberry," but I knew only too well what was to follow.

He had me cornered and I had to sit through it until he spluttered himself out like a glass of brome seltzer. He paused at the door on his way out to draw the cigar stump down in the corner of his mouth and make a downward and sideways sweep with the palm of his hand, a sort of "You know me, Al" gesture.

Then they began coming at me in earnest. I was too weak to resist them. I was helpless. Me after Me. Sly, knowing, with winks and whispers. Crafty, cunning, with inside tips and promises. They all got in some time during the monologue—Me and Mel and Mac. There was $10,000 to be divided.

SOME PUBLICITY HOUNDS

Even on a dull day the detective is a worse publicity hound than any society climber trying to jimmy names into the paper. But when there was a big reward to be divided reporters should receive an issue of complete suits of armor or asbestos ear muffs.

I'd rather gallop around my beat in helmet, cuirass and shirt of mail than listen to those Ten Mes again.

When the Tenth Me arrived I had reached the limits of all endurance. I stopped him at the door.

"Hold!" I bellowed. "Let me say a for you. At least I can change the pronoun. No power on earth can deny me that privilege.

"YOU AND MEL AND MAC—"

For an instant he stood like a wounded deer, then wheeled and fled, completely routed. Sometime later Mel and Mac dropped in the press room and found me muttering wildly. They soothed me as only Mel and Mac can and asked the trouble.

I asked the right to lay before them a profound question. I claimed the privilege, after all that I had gone through.

VERY LITTLE TO SPLIT

"Honestly, man to man, who is this third fellow, and how will this reward be divided?"

"Third fellow? Ask me, boy, ask me! Call him John Doe. You'll never know. One of our stool pigeons, see? The reward, say, there ain't going to be no reward, not to speak of. John Doe gets two-thirds of it; we had to sign an agreement with him before he'd squawk. The rest will be divided between all that gang of Sunday school picnickers that came out to help us hold the bag. About a hundred apiece, I guess, looking at the size of the gang. Can you beat it? An Me and Mac done the work."

And after the shouting, it became the rule at headquarters that in the future all rewards go into the police pension fund. Perhaps that's why Mel and Mac went back into uniform for general inefficiency.

Rode Raft to Town in 1851

Pioneer Tells of His Rambles

A. ("Daddy") Watson lives in a little cabin at the eleven mile center on the Base Line road, the extension of East Stark street. He came to Vancouver, then a part of the wilderness known as the Oregon country, on a raft from The Dalles, when 14 years of age, and that was the popular method of transportation at that time. Some traveled in flat-bottomed boats and others in Indian canoes.

"Daddy" Watson is 84. He was born in Buffalo, N. Y., on the site of what is now the railroad depot of that city. His father, B. Watson, was a raiser of fine horses and cattle and a prominent citizen and merchant of Northern New York state.

On the road across the plains young Watson assisted in caring for many cholera patients and in conducting the simple and often hasty funeral services that followed in scores of cases.

CHOLERA TOOK TOLL

"Cholera killed hundreds of them," said Watson. "We buried them at all hours of the day and night. It killed them in a few hours sometimes. We dug a shallow grave—often very shallow, for we were almost worn out digging graves—rolled the body in a blanket or buffalo robe, maybe, and most generally somebody would read a little out of a prayer book and hustle away."

Young Watson was tall for his age, and passed for 18. He remained around Vancouver a short time and visited Oregon City and Milwaukie and the little town of Portland. Then he packed his horse and struck out for fabled mines in the Rocky mountains. In Smoky valley of the Black Hills he was overtaken by a stampede of wild buffaloes, and only escaped being flattened out by taking refuge behind a very small tree.

AIDED BY INDIANS

"My, how that tree did shrink in size!" said "Daddy" Watson. "It wasn't anywhere near big enough to be comforting."

His little camp equipage was completely destroyed and his pack horse swept along. He afterward recovered his pack horse and friendly Indians equipped the lad with another outfit, more primitive, but quite sufficient. The chief was called Half Moon, and many years afterward, when "Rocky Mountain Charlie," as Watson was called, came back to Oregon Chief Half Moon came from the Warm Springs Indian reservation purposely to see the lad he had adopted—almost—into his tribe.

TRIED MANY TRADES

Rocky Mountain Charlie drifted into Mexico, where he married and resided a number of years. He drove stage, prospected, mined, conducted several lines of business, sometimes prospering and sometimes "going broke." In 1890 he came to Portland again with a theatrical troupe, two of them being his nieces, known as the Tittell Sisters, and played in the old Baker theatre.

Five of his daughters are known to him as Elsie, Anita, Centralia, Juanita and Gertrude. He declares he does not know their names now.

"I simply can't remember the names of their husbands," he said. "Three of them live in Mexico and are married to Mexicans and doing well. One is living in Texas but she has been married twice.

SHIES AT MOVIE LOT

"Gertie came up here from Los Angeles two years ago and wanted me to attend her wedding down there and give her away, but I told her she would have to give herself away, as she always did as she pleased anyhow. She is in the movie business and some of her pictures have been shown in Portland. She was known as Gertrude Watson, but I don't remember her husband's name. He is in the movie line, too, and Gertie keeps her own name on the pictures, so what's the use of trying?"

"Daddy" Watson is sure he can live to be a hundred if the automobiles and electric cars don't catch him.

YOUNGER THAN MOST

"I am younger now than lots of these city business men of 50," he said. "I enjoy life in my own way and take care of myself. My eyesight is good, and my appetite excellent. Nobody takes care of me. I can take care of myself better than many of these young bachelors. Gertie said she could get me into the movies if I would go to Los Angeles with her, but I don't like those movie people. They are too lively for me, and they are always taking this part and fixing up for that stunt or the other. Maybe I would have liked the movie show business when I was younger, because I liked the old theatre and chorus troupe line, but it is all too different for me to catch on now."

Prisoner Admits He Murdered Two Found in Old House

Portsmouth, Ohio, Nov. 12.—(I. N. S.) Exhibiting absolutely no emotion, Ray Chamblin, self-confessed murderer of John W. Newman and Miss Louise Doyle, whose bodies were found in an abandoned house, seven miles from the city, on October 23, pleaded guilty to murder this afternoon before Judge W. Thomas in common pleas court.

The judge will hear the evidence Monday morning to determine the penalty.

Chamblin denied that robbery was the reason for murder.

Woman First in Exam for Postal Job at Gresham

Washington, Nov. 12.—(WASHINGTON BUREAU OF THE JOURNAL)—The civil service commission today advises Representative McArthur that the Gresham postoffice examination gives the first three eligibles the following rank: Miss Elizabeth E. Johnson, first; David M. Roberts, the present postmaster, second, and Willard L. Gorsage, a rural carrier, third.

McArthur promptly recommended the appointment of Miss Johnson "because of her rating in the examination and her general character and qualifications."

Asks $10,000 for 'Fiddling' Fingers

St. Louis, Mo., Nov. 12.—(I. N. S.)—P. B. Hood of Perryville had "fiddling fingers" that were necessary to make a living, he says. An accident on the Frisco railroad, he alleges in a petition filed at Poplar Bluff, impaired his "fiddling fingers" and left arm so badly that he cannot "fiddle as good as he used to." He asks $1,000 damages.