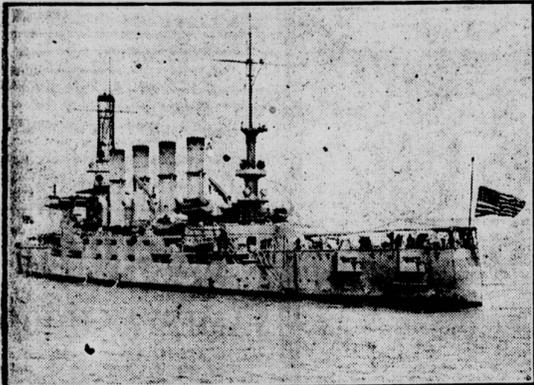


### The Armored Cruiser Montana



The armored cruiser Montana is a vessel of 14,500 tons, with a speed of twenty-two knots and carrying four ten-inch guns, besides smaller ordnance. Her keel was laid in 1905. The North Carolina is her sister ship.

## SILENT AND DARING

Secret Service Agents Who Do the Work of Uncle Sam.

THEY LIVE DODGING DEATH.

Known Only to the State Department and Listed on the Private Records Only by Numbers, Their Brave Deeds Never Win Them Public Honors.

The secret service of the United States government, that little band of men who are known only to the state department and whose names appear in the secret archives of the United States as "A-1" or "C-2175," live lives that for adventure and heroism make the average "best seller" hero look like a tarnished imitation.

So little is known by the general public of the secret agents of our government that to the average person it seems probable no such body of men exists. As a matter of fact, the vast majority of the citizens of the country seem to think the secret service, which in reality is attached to the treasury department, is entrusted with diplomatic work of the "underground" order.

This, however, is not the case. Although it is the duty of the secret service and the department of justice operatives to run down plots of different kinds that are brewing almost continuously within the confines of our own borders, they are sent out of the country only on special occasions or when a cloud on a foreign horizon seems to warrant the mission.

In far off Russia, in China, Japan, Germany, France, England, South America, and, in fact, every inhabited part of the globe, there flits the diplomatic phantom—the "secret agent."

How many times he has intercepted such documents as the Zimmermann note will probably never be known outside of diplomatic circles, but that particular feat is a good example of the work done by these "watchdogs of the mist." Using fictitious names and numbers, I will outline their work.

When the war broke out in Europe, broke with all the suddenness of a furious thunderstorm, it was no surprise to those engaged in the great game of "dodging death." In Berlin a dapper youth of decided Teutonic appearance, listed under our own banner as "B-45," was fully alive to what was afoot and kept Washington posted.

On the Russian border Ivan Muscovitz, whose reports were signed with another number and letter, straightway informed Washington of the Russian preparations, while in France and England Andre Le Rene and Cyril Frothingham respectively reported the doings of these two great nations.

The youth of Teutonic appearance is killed by a taxicab, plainly an accident, yet the taxicab had followed the Teutonic youth many blocks and was in all probability driven by a decrepit old chauffeur, who was known to Wilhelmstrasse as X-997,681 and who had received notification of the Teutonic youth's activity in the vicinity of some district of military importance.

So died the Teutonic youth. On the register at Washington "B-45" is crossed off as dead, and "B-X" rushes from Dresden to take his place. The Teutonic youth is an American, born and raised, fighting to protect his country.

but, even knowing that his life is in continual danger, he can make no appeal for aid. He has done his duty. He is dead.

A "secret agent" is a secret agent in all that the word implies. He must serve his country in silence. He may do braver deeds than those accomplished by the soldier or sailor in battle, but the world cannot know of them. No decoration graces his breast, no honors are thrust upon him by an admiring public, yet he continues on his perilous way doing his duty, a man without a country, who is invaluable to the nation, but yet one whom the nation cannot recognize.

Often French, American and British secret agents work hand in hand. The Frenchman may discover while doing some work for his own government that there is a plot being hatched for a German invasion of the United States through Mexico. He passes the information along to the British and American agents.

Suddenly a fleet of British and American warships get sailing orders. They depart, "destination unknown." There is no invasion.

The American may uncover a message of vast importance to France. His friend, Paul Ledoque, has worked often with him. Paul shall know.

And so it goes on, the never ceasing state of activity throughout the world. Men come and go, come full of the enthusiastic desire to do for the best interests of the nation, and go by the more violent yet expected route of "sudden death."

Unknown, unhonored and unwarded, they play with death as you play with your own particular amusement, accomplish their ends by any means in their power, yet guarding the nation from more dangers than you ever dreamed could exist.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

#### Two Banks.

"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows," he said dreamily.

"And I know a bank where the interest on the mortgage grows," said his wife. And it was no dream.—Puck.

If you have half an hour to spare don't go and spend it with a man who hasn't.—Sidney Lewis.

#### Tense Faces.

Many women allow their faces to become tense and set and then wonder why lines develop. Relax the muscles, cultivate a pleasant expression and remember that lips which curve upward and smile are much more attractive than the drooping sort.—Pittsburgh Press.

#### Expectant.

"What did the doctor advise?" "A change of scene." "Do you think you will get it?" "I have hopes. It's about time for some new advertisement to be painted on the billboards out my way."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

#### Polite Reticence.

Guest—Why, Willie, your plate is empty. Don't you like pie? Willie—You bet, but we've got to wait to see if you want a second help.—Baltimore American.

#### Still Fishing.

He—Pardon me. I didn't catch your last name. She—I haven't caught it yet myself.—Boston Transcript.

Do what you should; attempt what you can.—Chateaubriand.

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## TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS.

First Find the Kind of Work to Which You Are Best Suited.

A friend of mine who is as good a man in his line as anybody in the United States stood in my office a few days ago and said a surprising thing. I had been complimenting him on one of his latest achievements. His face lighted up as he remarked: "Of course I got a lot of money for that job; but, between you and me, I'd do these things for nothing if I couldn't get anybody to pay me for them. I'd rather do them than eat. It's a shame to take the money. Don't give me away, or they'll be asking me to cut down my price, and I'll be doing it."

That sounds like bunk. But wait a minute. Think clear through the proposition. This man will never be cutting down his price at all. It is exactly the other way around with him, and he knows it. The truth is that his income goes on rising, because those he works for keep bidding for his services. What he meant was that he has found the secret of progress and enjoyment—namely, a field of activity to which he is suited and in which he is so interested and happy that he works as if he were playing. No wonder he performs miracles!

Naturally he is glad to have the large sums of money he earns. They are a sort of crude measurement of his efficiency. They show in a rough way how other people estimate his value. But the main point is that he has found his niche and that he concentrates on his job for days and weeks at a stretch. All his thought is concerned with what he can put into his work, not what he can get out of it. Lucky man!

The moral is simply this: Don't fake for years and years an interest in something that bores you. Don't pretend all your life, for the sake of fancied appearances, to enjoy some form of work that you really dislike. Of course you should give yourself a fair trial at a job before throwing it up, because often a man learns to like something that he didn't like when he set out. But you know what I mean—don't keep at it indefinitely. Quit and try something else. Cut and run before it is too late.

The acid test to apply to your job is this: If you had money enough to live on would you stay at it without pay? If you don't love it that much hunt for another—that is, if you are young and free from the responsibilities and obligations which govern older men. The greatest successes of the world are "crazy" about their work. Look at Edison. Look at Paderewski. How those men enjoy their jobs! Can anybody imagine that they love money more than work? And yet each, because of his jealous devotion to his work, has been richly paid in money. Both men are great artists. They have found what they wanted to do and stuck to it. Treat yourself as if you were an artist. To a certain extent you probably are in some line if you will avoid shams and give yourself fully to your job.—American Magazine.

#### Chest Expansion.

Men and women can increase their lung power—chest expansion it can be called technically—by five minutes' exercise morning and night. Stand up straight on the balls of the feet, head thrown back, and inhale deeply, first inflating the lower part of the lungs, and then the upper. Leave the air out of the lungs slowly, letting the chest sink first. Do this fifteen times morning and night, and the average person will be immune from colds and catarrhs.

#### How to Tell the German Flag.

The flag of Germany used in every place except on a battleship is composed of three broad stripes, red, white and black, which run the full length of the flag. No other mark distinguishes it. The flag used on a German battleship is white with two black stripes the length and width of the flag, making a large cross and three small black, white and red stripes and a small cross in the upper left hand corner.—Cedar Rapids Gazette.

## NEVER NEGLECT A COLD

A chill after bathing, cooling off suddenly after exercise and drafts, give the cold germs a foothold that may lead to something worse. Safety requires early treatment.—Keep Dr. King's New Discovery on hand. This pleasant balsam remedy allays inflammation, soothes the cough and repairs the tissues. Better be safe than sorry. Break up the cold with Dr. King's New Discovery before it is too late. At your druggist, 50c, \$1.00. (2)

## MOTHER OF HERO IS PROUD OF HIM

Son of Blind Texas Woman Carried First Flag at Vimy.

## HE WILL COME HOME SOON

Bob Davis, That "Unknown Texan," Always Was a Good Boy and Sent a Kiss Home in Every Letter From the Front—He Went Because He Saw His Duty.

A few days ago word rang through the land that the Stars and Stripes at last had appeared on the battle front in France. An "unknown Texan," the dispatches said, had carried the flag up Vimy Ridge when the Canadians captured that important link in the German line.

Maybe he was an "unknown Texan" to the rest of the country, but he wasn't unknown to a little white haired woman at Bland, Tex.

When neighbors read the dispatch to her—for she is blind—the wrinkled, gentle face lighted up, the bent form straightened.

"My boy carried the flag!" she exclaimed. "It was Bobby. I just know it was."

And the mother's intuition seems to have been right, for it has been pretty definitely established that Bob Davis of Bell county, Tex., was the man who first took the Stars and Stripes into action in the great war. Mrs. Davis has been notified by the British war office that her son was wounded in the attack on Vimy Ridge. The meager dispatches telling of the "unknown Texan's" exploit said he had fallen wounded during the battle.

#### He Will Come Home Soon.

Bob Davis' mother is probably the proudest woman in the United States today. The last two years have been full of sorrow and dread for her, but those anguished hours of foreboding are forgotten now. Her boy has proved himself the hero she always knew him to be, and, best of all, he will surely come home soon for one of his feet was shot away, and, of course, he can be of no more use on the battle front.

The battle of Vimy Ridge was the climax to Bob Davis' wandering, adventurous career. Finding life monotonous in the tiny Texas village of Bland, where his father, David Josiah Davis, was the neighborhood preacher, he left when a boy and wandered into faroff places. He was in the United States life saving corps and the regular army for several years and was in Canada when the war began. The conflict promised new excitement for the nerves of the tall young Texan, already jaded by the routine of civil life. He at once enlisted in a Canadian expeditionary force and was sent to Europe early in 1915.

Bob Davis was a good son. He never forgot his aged mother, and he wrote many letters to her. Knowing she was blind, he addressed the letters to his eighteen-year-old niece, Miss Mintie Jones, and the girl read them to the white haired woman and wrote the mother's replies. Every one of Bob Davis' letters ended with some such expression as this: "Kiss mother for me," or "Give mother a big hug and kiss for me." Each letter referred to some little incident of Bob's childhood that he knew would be engraved upon his mother's memory.

#### Fought For World Freedom.

It was not alone a spirit of adventure that prompted Bob Davis to offer his life for the allied cause. This extract from one of his letters proves that fact:

Quite a few of the boys who soldiered with me have been put out of action. They were good boys and great pals. If I am able to do as much as they did I will die as I know each of them died—satisfied that I have done my bit for the freedom of the world and civilization. I have served in the ranks before, but that was only for experience. This is different. I am here because I think it is my duty to be.

The Texas legislature plans to honor Bob Davis in some signal way, probably with a fund that will more than offset the handicap of his lost foot. And, too, there is being planned a big homecoming welcome for him when he shall return from Europe. But more precious to Bob Davis than these tributes undoubtedly will be the loving embrace of a little, white haired woman and the words, uttered as only a mother can speak them, "My boy, my hero!"

## SHINY NOSES IN PARIS.

New French Food Regulations Prohibit Use of Rice in Powder.

New regulations prohibiting the diverting of any foodstuffs for other use than rations is causing a tremendous stir among Paris women, because it prevents the manufacture of face powder from rice. Frenchwomen face an epoch of shiny noses, since it is prohibited to import luxuries and the existing supplies are light. Many Frenchwomen already have started laying in supplies, and many shops are sold out and prices have been raised in such as have any for sale.

It is estimated that there are 20,000,000 women in France, and 10 per cent of them use powder, averaging two grams daily. In 4,000,000 grams of rice face powder there are 6,000 kilograms of rice. A ration amounts to sixty grams, so the women waste 100,000 rations of rice daily.

#### Garden Paths.

Have all garden paths with some plants of fragrance growing alongside. In some gardens of larger size special fragrant pathways are built where they appear to pass through thickets replete with pleasant odors. But every path may easily have enough fragrance to keep the mind unconsciously in the garden spirit.

A watch's mainspring is two feet long.

Japanese sashimi is raw tunny fish, sliced thin.

## TROOPS TO LEARN TRENCH SLANG

New Language Is Spoken on Europe's Battlefields.

## SOME QUIANT EXPRESSIONS

Americans, Famous the World Over For Coining Colloquial Phrases, Are Expected to Supplement the Vocabulary of Soldiers—"Fritz," "Alleyman" or "Boche" Means Enemy.

Undoubtedly one of the first things the American soldiers will learn when they get into the trenches will be the goodly assortment of nicknames and slang phrases to which the war has given birth. English, French, Italian, Canadians, Austrians, New Zealanders and last, but not least, the Hindus, have contributed to the immense vocabulary of army slang with which every soldier at the front is familiar. Based on past performances, as the dope sheets say, the Americans may be expected to add another entire volume to the vocabulary, for in no other country of the world do so many expressive slang words and phrases originate as in the United States.

#### Slang Words Are Legion.

The American soldier won't be many hours at the front before he will hear the quartermaster referred to as the "quarter bloke," and he will quickly get to know that gunfire is not gunfire at all, but the early morning drink of tea or coffee which he will get if he is lucky.

At the base he will hear of people who have the "wind up" or who are "windy," which is equivalent to the American term of having "cold feet." He will hear the enemy referred to as "Fritz," "Alleyman," "Boche" and several other designations that would scarcely look well in print.

Very often he will hear the word "scrounger," a term applied to any man who for some reason or other is dodging the fighting and the hard work. He will also hear him spoken of as a man who is "dodging the column" and as one who is "swinging the lead." A "lead swinger" is he who is shunning sickness in order to "dodge the column," but army doctors are not easily deceived, and there are few lead swingers nowadays.

#### "Coal Boxes" Are Dugouts.

Leaving the base for the trenches is termed "going up the line," which will not sound unfamiliar to the American ear. The soldier from the States also will readily become accustomed to "Jack Johnsons," "whizz-bangs" and "coal boxes," and, not content with calling his hole in the ground a dugout, he will learn to call it a "tambo" and many other names.

Often he will hear of a man who has got a "cushy" job—that is, a soft job. "Cushy" trenches are trenches where there are plenty of comfortable dugouts and not much shelling. The "it's a gaff" or "it's a doddle," in plain English it's simple, it's easy.

For all articles of diet the soldier in the trenches has his own name, generally one of Hindustan origin. Tea is "char," bread is "rooty," while butter is "muckin" and very often "Maggie Ann." "Pussy" denotes jam, and an onion is a "peadge," all of which are words brought from India. If a soldier wants plenty of gravy with his dinner he asks for more "gippo," and for cheese he asks for "bungy," while all puddings are classed as "duff."

There are scores of Hindu words which the soldier has appropriated for himself, such as "atch-a," all right; "dhole," washerman; "dhersey," a tall; "kn aphi," the barber; "garry-waller," generally a transport driver, and many others.

The war in the air has likewise evolved a new language of its own. Hundreds of quaint and peculiar words are in use among the airmen, and the list is being added to daily. No airman ever thinks of talking about a flight, for example; "dip" is the word he uses. For an allied airman to attack a German zeppelin is to "spikeboozle" him. "Huffed," meaning not killed, is another characteristic airman's word. Of the same meaning is the phrase, "He hasn't come back for his cap."

Another common expression among the airmen is "hockboo," which means a good many things, but chiefly that enemy aircraft are about. If Zeppelins or taubes are on their way a "hockboo" is "on." Anything, in fact, that is calculated to give the timid "cold feet" is a "hockboo." The word is really a distortion of an Indian word meaning eagle.

It is rather curious that the military aviators, being so fertile in the invention of new words, should not as yet have hit upon any generally popular term for themselves. At present they are airmen, not birdmen or sky pilots or any of the other fancy names which certain ingenious persons attempt to foist upon them.

#### Couldn't Get Away With It.

After doctor had removed adhesive plaster and cotton pad from under each heel, patriotic youth in Albany recruiting station was told he was inch too short.

#### Rhubarb With Raisins.

Peel the rhubarb and cut in half inch slices. For a pound of rhubarb take half a cupful of raisins and a cupful of sugar. Use seedless raisins. Cover the raisins with boiling water and let cook until the pulp is tender and the water is evaporated to two or three spoonfuls. Sprinkle the rhubarb, raisins and sugar in a baking dish in layers and let cook in the oven or on top of the range until the rhubarb is tender, but not broken.

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