Jungle Fever

By R. RAY BAKER

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An "M. D." was the cause of the rupture in relations. No, it was not a doctor; it was just those two initials.

Carrie Crothers wanted to put the letters to her name, and Austin Fredericks strongly opposed. Of course, the right to the initials would involve a course at college, but Carrie was prepared for that. Austin was not prepared. He wanted Carrie to settle down with him, and cook and sweep and do sundry other household duties.

But Carrie was willing—after she wrested a career from the world. When she had proved to herself and everybody else that she was capable of making her own way she would be content to give it all up and be plain Mrs. Fredericks, subtracting and discarding the "M. D."

"But that isn't reasonable, Carrie," he protested. "If you're so determined to do something, why don't you be a teacher? That won't take so long, and besides—well, anything but a woman doctor for me. It isn't their place—not by a long shot. Now, women make fine teachers, and I rather admire them, and think what a fine thing they are doing in educating the rising generation. Of course, you know I want you to get married right away, but I know your disposition enough to realize that you won't until you learn some kind of profession. But make a little concession to me and be a teacher. Give up this doctor idea. Women doctors are no good."

Carrie took umbrage at his attitude. Women doctors were just as good as the men variety, and a lot better in many cases, she contended, stamping her foot and growing red with anger. Did he mean to intimate that she could not be a good physician or anything else she chose to be? Very well, if that was all the faith he had in her, he might as well take his hat and coat and go, and he needn't come back unless it was on her terms. She'd show him whether a woman could be a successful doctor. Maybe some time he'd get down on his knees and beg for the services of a feminine physician.

Austin was desperate. He realized Carrie would not yield a point, and somehow he was bound to admire her for her ambition.

"By George!" he pondered. "I believe she will do it at that. But who wants a doctor for a wife? People would pass me on the street and remark: 'There goes Doctor Fredericks' husband.' That's all I would count for, because she'd change her mind about giving up practice, once she got her degree. I can't do it, that's all. I'll wait a few days and see if she won't change her mind, although I'm almost certain she'll stick to it."

He was hardly prepared for the swiftness with which things developed. His morning paper two days later made public the fact that "Miss Carrie Crothers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Crothers, 853 Jefferson avenue, left last night for Ann Arbor, where she will take a six years' course in the study of medicine at the University of Michigan."

Austin was so dejected that he ate only one of the two doughnuts furnished him for breakfast at the arm-chair lunch and drank only half the coffee. He went around in a daze for three days, and was constantly afraid that, in his capacity as assistant teller at the bank, he might cash a cigar coupon for a hundred-dollar check or commit some equally tragic error.

In desperation he wrote her a special delivery letter which came as near being of a pleading nature as his rather proud spirit would permit.

The answer came the next day on a postcard:

"After six years. No sooner. Wait or not, as you see fit."

The reply and the manner of replying aroused Austin's wrath.

"She's going to show me, is she? Very well, I'll show her, too," he whispered vengefully to himself, and he went to the bank and resigned, after drawing out his savings account.

He was determined to go away. He had no idea what his destination would be, but it would be somewhere out of the civilized world where he would try to forget and at the same time give Miss Carrie Crothers a good opportunity to think things over and come to her senses. At the end of a year, he decided, he would come back and see if things were different. It was going to be hard for him, but it would be harder to stay and "take her insults," as he put it in conversation with his aggrieved self.

By chance he picked up a newspaper which announced that Thomas Stevenson, the explorer, was preparing to sail in a week for Africa on a new expedition.

Austin's eyes brightened. Here was his chance. He had accompanied Stevenson on the latter's first exploring journey into the African wilds, and he would arrange to go with him this time. Invoking the aid of the telegraph, using as the address the name of Stevenson's favorite hotel in New York, Austin ascertained that he would be a welcome addition to the party.

The young man found the explorer packing up in his room. There was a hearty handshake and a brief exchange of words, and a week later Austin sailed with Stevenson and five others for Durban, on the southeastern coast of the dark continent.

Arriving there they employed three Zulus and two Hottentots to make up the remainder of the expedition and do the work. Many weeks later found the party north of the Transvaal, through which they had passed, and shortly afterward they began exploring in earnest.

Austin understood well before going that it was a hazardous undertaking on which he had embarked, for the dangers from both disease and uncivilized natives, especially the Bushmen, were many and serious. However, he wanted excitement to occupy his mind.

The expedition continued for months, always heading northward, climbing over mountains and passing through jungle regions. In many places wild beasts were to be reckoned with, and Austin's experience with the elephant rifle and other weapons stood him in good stead.

Stevenson wrote constantly concerning his observations. He said he was in quest of an undiscovered river, hoping to rival Roosevelt's feat in finding the River of Doubt, and he pushed on with few rests.

In the vicinity of the Zambezi river Austin was taken down with jungle fever, and Stevenson reluctantly detailed two of his Zulus to carry him back to the coast. The journey was long and laborious, but it finally was completed and Austin was taken into the home of a hospitable English settler in a small colony. Austin was out of his head most of the time, but at rare intervals he came out of the fever world and heard snatches of conversation, to which he sometimes replied, usually with an erratic remark.

During one of these near-lucid moments he heard a man's voice.

"He's got to have a doctor, and we'd better summon that woman who arrived here last month. They say she's a regular physician, although I've always been skeptical about the ability of a woman M. D. She's the only medic around here, though, so we'll have to have her."

"No woman doctor for mine!" shouted Austin, but, of course, his words bore no weight with the others.

After weeks of struggling with the fever, one morning Austin awoke to find himself back in the world. He felt weak, but otherwise no traces of the disease remained with him. He stared round in wonder at the strange walls that surrounded him. Slowly his memory came back; that is, the part which dealt with events up to the time the fever had got a strong hold on him.

Strange jabbering noises outside the window at his side attracted his attention and his eyes encountered a number of half-naked black children engaged in various grotesque forms of play.

"Well, how do you like it?" said a gentle voice at the other side of the bed.

"The woman doctor," he thought, recalling the words he had heard while in the throes of the fever. Turning his head slowly he looked into the pale blue eyes of Carrie Crothers.

"You!" he ejaculated. He was too astonished to articulate any further words for a moment, but mechanically he reached out his hand and took the small one extended toward him.

"Then—then you brought me out of this," he finally said. "You're the lady doctor!"

She smiled, captured a vagrant strand of brown hair and replied, with eyes sparkling in a strange way:

"No; the lady doctor is Elsie Shaw, an elderly woman, and she brought you out of this. But of course I helped nurse you when I could find the time. You see, I'm pretty busy."

She pointed out the window.

"Those black youngsters keep me pretty well occupied," she went on. "You see, I'm a teacher in the mission school, and they are the rising generation."

QUEEN GETS MARVELOUS VEIL

Belgian Lace Experts Worked on Piece Four Years—Designed by Artists.

The Queen of the Belgians has received from the lace and embroidery works of Belgian Flanders a marvelous veil. Surrounded by all the misfortune and misery of war these loyal subjects have toiled in secret for four long years to produce a unique piece which they offer in homage to their queen.

Such is their devotion to their sovereign.

A French publication describes the veil—designed by the most famous of Belgian artists and executed by the most expert workmen, perfect in every detail of mesh and motif.

Twelve thousand hours were required in workmanship, for the veil contains not less than 12,000,000 points. It displays the almost unknown art of light and shade, a difficult effect and one of rare beauty. It solves for the first time, perhaps, the question of perspective. The entire piece weighs but four and one-half ounces.

In the center of the veil are the Belgian arms, and in the four corners of the central panel the arms of the cities of Ypres, Nieuport, Poperinghe and Furnes. The four side panels represent the industries of weaving, fishing, hop picking and dairying.

Frost Discussed in Bulletin.

Discussions of the formation and seasons of frost and how growing plants may be protected from it, are contained in the department of agriculture's Farmers' Bulletin No. 104, "Notes on Frost," which may be obtained by application to the department. The weather bureau is preparing a more up-to-date publication on the subject of frosts, and expects to have it ready for distribution soon, but in the meantime farmers and others may benefit by reading the old bulletin, which treats the technical theme in a popular manner.

Madrid to Have Subway.

A few weeks hence there will be a subway in Spain, and subway trains running under the streets of Madrid. Then the people of Madrid will have their first opportunity to travel underground the Rio del Solo to Cuatro Caminos, the first half of the line being constructed more than sixty feet below the street level. Madrid itself is rapidly modernizing, reports say. New thoroughfares are being constructed; new office buildings going up; and the new subway is but the beginning of a metropolitan system in a city of crowded streets.

TUBERCULOSIS DEATHS INCREASED BY "FLU"

Dr. Sloan, Of Eudowood Sanatorium, Finds 16 Per Cent More Cases Resulting From Epidemic.



No one is safe from tuberculosis and this year the people of Maryland are in special danger.

Maryland was one of the states in which the Spanish influenza last winter prevailed in especially severe form. The death roll was tremendous. There were, however, many victims of the "flu" who recovered. Statistics compiled by medical experts show that a startling number of these "flu" cases have since developed tuberculosis.

Dr. Martin F. Sloan, superintendent of Eudowood Sanatorium at Towson, Maryland, says that an increase of at least 16 per cent in the number of tuberculosis cases has resulted from the "flu" epidemic of last winter. Out of the patients admitted to the hospital, 16 per cent of them were perfectly strong and healthy before contracting the "flu." That disease so weakened their constitutions that they are unable to fight the tuberculosis germ and practically all of these cases are hopeless.

There is still fear of a recurrence of the "flu" scourge. Already there have been enough cases to alarm the public health officials. There will be cases of it in all parts of the state and in the wake of the disease there will occur increased numbers of cases of tuberculosis. To prevent and to cure these cases, the Maryland Tuberculosis Association as the state representative of the National Tuberculosis Association, urges every county and every community to organize its forces to help fight the White Death.

There is scarcely a family in the state that has not or will not feel the touch of this twin pair of scourges influenza and tuberculosis. Many of the counties now have organizations to push the work. Every community that has no organization and wants to get into an active fight against this enemy can do so by going to work and lining up the citizens of the community. Then, notify the Maryland Tuberculosis Association, and suggestions for work, printed matter and other assistance will be gladly furnished.

All of the county work can be financed by the sale of the Red Cross Christmas seals, of which Maryland is expected to buy 12,500,000.

The quotas of the counties are as follows: Garrett, $800; Allegany $2,500; Washington, $2,375; Frederick $3,100; Carroll, $2,000; Montgomery $925; Baltimore, $2,750; Harford $1,660; Howard, $875; Anne Arundel $825; Prince George, $825; Calvert $200; St. Mary's, $200; Charles, $200; Cecil, $700; Kent, $700; Queen Anne's $700; Talbot, $700; Wicomico, $700; Dorchester, $700; Somerset, $700; Caroline, $700.

MARYLAND HAS 35,000 TUBERCULOUS

In the State of Maryland last year 2,914 persons died of tuberculosis. And there were 3,669 persons reported suffering from it, according to the State Board of Health's statistics. Practically every community has nine times as many cases as are "reported," if the expert investigations and surveys of the National Tuberculosis Association are to be trusted. This means that there are over 35,000 cases of tuberculosis in Maryland today. To wage a winning fight against this dread disease, the Maryland Tuberculosis Association needs $125,000. This must be raised through the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seals.



ALASKANS ARE MAKING GOOD

They Show Marked Inclination Toward Good Citizenship and Patriotism.

What the Alaska natives are doing and are willing to do as proof positive of their fitness to live under the Stars and Stripes is impressed on all who come in contact with the natives and their numerous activities along lines of advanced citizenship and patriotism.

By way of a minor illustration that shows which way the wind blows with them: The natives in Juneau, through the press, advocated the killing of dogs, that there might be more food for human consumption. They advised their native friends to protect the deer from their dogs that might kill deer during their helpless condition following this last winter's deep snows, when many starved and all were weakened for lack of food.

Down at Kake the natives have only about one-third to one-quarter the number of dogs that they had last year. One who went through the village last fall and again this spring remarked on the fact that there were almost no dogs in town.

"Yes," said a representative citizen, "the natives became convinced that from a sanitary standpoint and an economical standpoint they were keeping too many pets. As a result of this conviction they began reducing on dogs and improving on health and food supply."

Another point that impresses even a casual observer is that the natives all take local newspapers and read carefully—often very slowly—the events that are taking place locally and throughout the world. If a native is not a regular subscriber to a newspaper, you may be sure it is because he cannot read one word of English or any other printed language.

A Side-Show Romance

By JANE OSBORN

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Outside of her improvised tent Maia could hear the voices of the eager young "barker," shrill against the background of jazz music that came from the veranda beyond, and the buzzing of voices of the crowds that she could indistinctly see outlined through the canvas that hid her from the rest of the men and women, girls and boys who had assembled on the Woodmere lawn for the fete that was to raise enough money to tide over one of the local charities through the summer.

"This way to have your fortune told," went on the persistent young "barker;" "greatest gypsy in the world. Come and have your fortune told. Learn your past and know your future. This way, ladies and gentlemen."

Then another higher pitched boyish voice—the voice of the barker for a rival attraction.

"This way to see the wild animals! Greatest menagerie in the world! Largest alligator in captivity. Fiercest bear in the world! Eats 'em alive! Hugs 'em to death! This way, this way. Best show on the grounds."

And then the incessant "This way to have your fortune told. Greatest gypsy in the world. Cross her palm with silver and she'll tell you your fortune."

And still Maia sat within her close little tent, none too comfortable beneath the heavy load of chains and tawdry jewelry that embellished her costume. Moreover her hair was hanging loosely on her shoulders and the mask across her face was oppressive. But worst of all, she was sitting there in her tent wasting her time and the vocal energy of her willing young aid with the megaphone outside without having the satisfaction of taking in any money.

She wondered what she would tell the people when they did come; it didn't seem exactly easy. Still, it was all in the day's work, and if Mrs. Stanley Burton chose to keep her on at a graduate nurse's salary to idle her time away in this fashion, why it really wasn't going to disturb Maia.

For Maia had not been back from her long months of Red Cross duty in France many weeks, and even a respite such as this from the more trying sort of nursing was bringing welcome relief to overwrought nerves. She had gone to Woodmere to take charge of Bobby Barton's strained knee, but the ten-year-old Bobby had recovered rapidly.

Meanwhile Alicia Barton had flatly refused to sit in the stuffy tent telling fortunes, though she had been promised by her mother to the committee and duly advertised as one of the "side shows." As a last-minute substitute Maia, about to return to town, had been urged to stay a little longer for the purpose of taking Alicia's place. And Alicia had gone sailing and Maia had been put into the gypsy costume specially made for Alicia, and Mrs. Barton was sure if Maia kept her mask on no one would know the difference.

Meantime Bobby Barton, entirely recovered as to his strained knee and more than enthusiastic over the one who had brought comfort and diversion to his irksome days of convalescence, was continuing to "bark" outside her tent.

As minutes passed and no shadow darkened the entrance of her tent Maia was aware of a slight disappointment. Then she heard her barker:

"Greatest attraction on the grounds. Hey, why doesn't some one come and get their fortune told?" Apparently Bobby, too, was becoming discouraged.

Then through her mask Maia was aware that some one was rapidly making for the tent entrance. She felt an unexpected sense of confusion—stage fright, it seemed—and she shuffled her fortune cards nervously. She had gone into the operating room duty often with far less nervousness than this.

There was a fumbling at the tent flap, a sidewise shuffling of the feet and then a dark face was thrust inquiringly in. It wasn't an unkind face nor an especially ferocious one, and its expression was one more of inquisitiveness than anything else, but still one doesn't encounter even gentle brown bears every day and it was with difficulty that Maia changed a shrill scream of terror into a terrified, "Oh, please somebody do something. The bear!"

But somebody and a good many somebodies had done something. Bobby had seen the vanishing black legs of Bruno, dropped his megaphone and had seized the trailing rope.

"Hey, you menagerie people, your bear's loose," he called to the group of tents across the path, and before Maia had time to think just what was the wisest course of action when meeting a bear single-handed, "the menagerie" people had come, four or five of them, and had dragged off their entirely harmless and spiritless beast, who had prowled off in an unguarded moment.

But every one in that part of the Woodmere lawn had heard the commotion, and like wildfire spread the information that a ferocious bear had broken into Alicia Barton's tent, that there had been a narrow escape, that one or the young men from the menagerie tent had performed the rescue and that on the whole the affair had been very thrilling.

That seemed to turn the tide toward the gypsy's tent. For now they came eagerly, they stood in line outside, and the eager Bobby was more occupied now in timing the applicants to see that no one stayed more than five minutes than in shouting through his megaphone. And Maia, between those five-minute interviews, noticed over the cambourine in which she put the silver with which her palm was crossed was getting to look very tempting, and some of the "silver" was really paper.

She rather regretted that Alicia Barton would have all the credit, for as yet her mask had not been removed and she had heard more than one remark from outside that Alicia certainly looked charming in gypsy costume.

The afternoon was almost over and Maia was beginning to feel the strain of her unaccustomed work when some one came who caused her heart to beat faster than had the inquisitive bear.

"Perhaps you had better knock off, Miss Barton," he began. "You must have had quite a fright from the beast." It was Dr. Rodney Hill—Rodney Hill, by whose side Maia had worked during those most trying days and nights in France; Rodney Hill, who, when they parted four months ago, had held Maia's hand in his own and had told Maia that she was the pluckiest girl in the world and had told her that he didn't know how he was going to get along without her. Maia had not heard from Doctor Hill again, and there were times when she had had to confess to hers'f that in her disappointment there was greater cause for the exhaustion she had felt during these months back in America than was the memory of all the work in France.

Maia didn't intend to take off that mask even then, but once she spoke Rodney Hill knew her and he knew it was not Alicia Barton, to whom he had been sent to give any professional aid that she might need after the bear episode, which had been getting more and more interesting as the afternoon passed.

He was holding her hand again and telling her that she was the pluckiest girl, and Bobbie had been told to give them "double time," which meant ten minutes.

"But I didn't know you were one of these people—money and society and all that sort of thing," he told her.

"And I never dreamed that you were," she said. "You never seemed like these Woodmere people or that you knew girls like Alicia Barton."

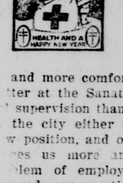
"But I'm not, and I don't," protested Rodney. "You see when I got back from France I'd rather lost my grip. I had just finished medical college when I went over, and exhausted as I was I wasn't in shape to put up the fight that would be necessary to start in on my own. Then I got in touch with these millionaire Dorkinses who wanted a resident doctor for the summer to look after old Dorkins' gout and Grandma Dorkins' bad temper. Well, to tell the truth, it was because of the fat salary that went with it that I accepted it for the summer.

"I wanted to make sure I had enough to keep the pot boiling for a year and then I was going to look you up and ask you whether you'd help me to start. I wanted to tell you back there in France, that night when we left, but I knew we had both been through too much to think of ourselves then. Besides, I wanted to have a home to offer you before I asked you Maia dear—"

"Ten minutes is up," called out the cheerful barker outside, and then, "This way to see the greatest gypsy in the world. Learn your past and know your future."

TO TRAIN THE TUBERCULOUS

ocational Work To Make Dischargees Patients Self-Supporting.



"It has been repeatedly demonstrated to us," says Dr. Martin F Sloan, of Eudowood Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Towson, Md. "that patients are able to work soon and more comfortably and hold up better at the Sanatorium under medical supervision than when they return to the city either to an old or to a new position, and our experience convinces us more and more that the problem of employment of the diseased consumptive has not been solved, and never will be until institutions are equipped with vocational training industries that will find something suitable and profitable for every arrested case to do and at the same time to keep him more or less under medical supervision in a community life country."

The National Tuberculosis Association is laying special emphasis on the very question of vocational training for the tuberculosis patient. It has just appointed specialists in vocational work to cooperate with the army doctors in training soldiers and sailors disabled by tuberculosis and now under treatment in government hospitals. This work is financed largely through the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals. Everyone is urged to help by buying seals. It is planned to sell 12,500,000 of them in Maryland.

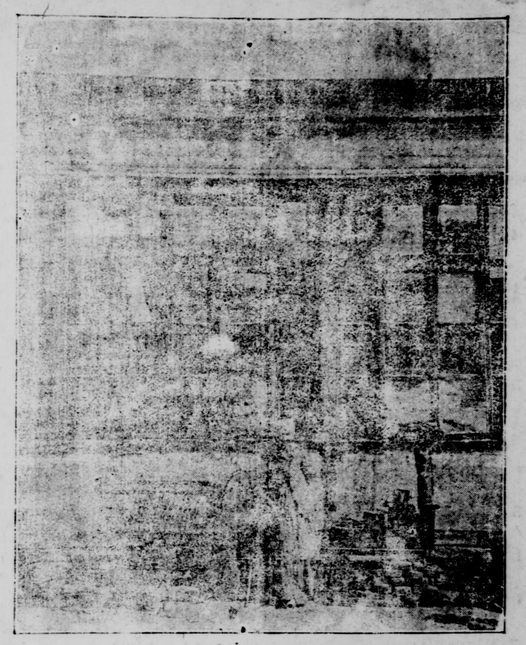
Instinct in Spiders.

Spinning webs is second nature with spiders. After they are hatched from the eggs in a cocoon they cling together for about a week. Then they separate, but their legs do not carry them very far. Facing the wind and standing on the tips of their legs, the baby spiders raise their abdomens and emit a silken thread. The faintest current wafts the gossamer in the air, and when enough is let out to permit of aerial flight the insect drifts away. When it wishes to land it hauls in the thread. Wherever it lands it can spin webs without the slightest instructions from older spiders. Older male spiders seem to lose this gift. There are about 550 species of spiders in America, but only two, the house and garden spiders, are well known.

Literal Minded.

Mrs. X. (returning home)—"Mercy! However did the child get that awful bump?" Green Girl—"You told me to let him play on the piano, and he fell off."

A JEWISH REFUGEE GRANDMOTHER



A grandmother refugee—one of hundreds of thousands of Jews in Eastern Europe who live on soup gotten at American Jewish relief kitchens, and set up housekeeping in the streets, or in the open fields.

JEWISH RELIEF TRAINS FOLLOW WARRING FORCES

American Supply Trucks Come In When War Machines Drive Out.

Here on the heels of the Polish [illegible] that recently captured the city of Minsk from the Bolsheviki after a long siege, went a record-making American motor truck corps with a big supply of American milk and American crackers for the thousands of children suffering from hunger and disease as a result of the fighting.

That expedition furnished a rare example of efficient relief work. Details concerning it, conveyed in reports received by the American Jewish Relief Committee, a constituent of the Joint Distribution Committee show that the trucks had been waiting, loaded and ready, days before the fall of the city.

Dr. Boris D. Bogen, in charge of relief in Poland for the Distribution Committee, learned that in Minsk a large number of Jewish children, as well as other little folk, had been reduced to the verge of starvation by the investment of the city, and the generally deplorable conditions caused by the war; and he acted promptly. Day after day the trucks were kept in readiness for a dash into the place and within five hours after the Polish Army had been victorious, distributing stations had been established and were in full operation.

American milk and American crackers were given out freely to all the needy little ones of Minsk. Conditions there were found to be terrible.

How quickly the starving, terror-stricken people sensed the difference between the military motor car of the invader and the food-laden automobile of the relief unit has been graphically described in reports which have reached the American Jewish Relief Committee.

During the five miserable years of war the hum of an approaching car meant but one thing—an armored car bearing troops or machine guns. In course of time the relief cars of the Joint Distribution Committee rolled into the battered villages, but it was a long time before the terrorized natives, hidden in their hovels, could be coaxed into the open. On many occasions it was necessary for the relief workers to sound whistles and horns to attract attention. After a while, however, the people learned to understand the difference, and frequently the news that unit was passing through the country sped ahead from town to town. Then the greetings were pathetic. Often the miserable villagers wept aloud as the cars drew near.

The unkempt children of Lodz particularly touched the sympathies of the whole staff. For a time there was trouble in convincing the children that they were to be fed and not harmed. Finally won over, they ate ravenously. Then a woman worker handed to each child a cake of soap. Their astonishment would have been laughable were it not so tragic. Hunger and ignorance of what they had been given led the little folk promptly to try to eat it. They supposed the soap was food.

In the bakery windows were a few loaves of bread, and the hungry Jewish children, who live on a cup of soup a day from the American Jewish Relief Station, tantalize themselves with the sight of this food which they cannot get. They press against the windows, an uncanny crew, with old faces and unchildish eyes. The sight of the bread fascinates them. The warm fragrance of the bake-shop is wafted out to them when the door is opened. Those in front lick the bakery windows as if they are tasting the bread within. No poet could ever put into words the wistfulness of those famished children.

Feeding these children will be accomplished by prompt subscriptions to the non-sectarian appeal for funds which is being made throughout Maryland during Thanksgiving Week.



STARVING JEWS ASK AID OF ALL AMERICA

Campaign For Destitute Jews Of Europe To Be Non-Sectarian.

In every county of Maryland and in Baltimore City, 24 organizations in all an American Jewish War Relief Committee has been formed to bring before the whole state the urgent appeal for help, immediate help, that comes from war-ravaged sections of Central and Eastern Europe and nearby Asia. The campaign will last from November 23rd to 30th, inclusive.

Six million people in those stricken lands are without the necessities of life. They know no food but the one bowl of soup a day from the Jewish Relief Station. Many are too weakened by hunger and disease to go for that, and must depend on the bit of black bread brought back to them by fellow-sufferers. They are almost naked, many of them shelterless, and most in need of medical care.

There have been many campaigns in the interest of war sufferers, soldier and civilian, in the five years of war. There have been many committees formed to carry on these campaigns. But this campaign of the American Jewish War Relief Association during Thanksgiving Week will have as its outstanding feature the fact that for the first time American Jews are asking their fellow-citizens of other races and creeds to help them in aiding the war-stricken Jews of Eastern Europe.

The Executive Committee for Maryland, of which Julius Levy, of Baltimore, is chairman; Abram I. Weinberg, treasurer, consists of Dr. Harry Friedenwald, Former Governor Phillips Lee Goldsborough, Wm. G. Baker, Jr., Albert Berney, John R. Bland, Fred C. Boyce, Jr., Israel B. Brodie, H. L. Caplan, Leon C. Coblens, Mrs. Sydney M. Cone, Jacob Epstein, Eli Frank, Frank A. Furst, Solomon Ginsburg, Leon E. Greenbaum, B. Howell Griswold, Jr., George M. Marsh, Max Hochschild, Charles C. Homer, Jr., Edwin B. Hutzler, Louis H. Levin, William Levy, J. J. Nelligan, Sydney L. Nyburg, Rabbi Reuben Rivkin, Nathan Sauber, John T. Stone and Rev. Dr. William Rosenau.

The counties of Maryland, outside of Baltimore city, will be asked to raise $165,000 apportioned among the twenty-three counties as follows:

Allegany county	$ 27,700
Anne Arundel	7,700
Baltimore	10,125
Calvert	800
Caroline	3,850
Carroll	5,975
Cecil	7,000
Charles	1,400
Dorchester	7,700
Frederick	20,000
Garrett	3,700
Harford	5,700
Howard	2,600
Kent	4,000
Montgomery	4,200
Prince George's	6,000
Queen Anne's	3,300
Somerset	6,300
St. Mary's	1,000
Talbot	5,200
Washington	17,000
Wicomico	8,300
Worcester	5,460
	$165.010



Crook Forest Enlarged.

The president has signed a proclamation adding 29,440 acres to the Crook national forest, Arizona. The lands added are located in the Winchester mountains and southwest of the Galiuro division of the Crook forest. They are rough and broken in character and are not suitable for agricultural purposes. Practically the entire tract is covered with a stand of oak, juniper, and cedar timber of fair quality. Considerable of the area along Pine canyon is covered with a good stand of western yellow pine.

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