

WHO'S NEWS THIS WEEK

By LEMUEL F. PARTON
(Consolidated Features—WNU Service.)

NEW YORK.—People who send questions to radio quiz programs have been missing a chance to collect on "Who is the president of China?" The usual answer, as we try out *Of Ancient Wisdom* the question, is Chiang Kai-shek—the generalissimo and not the president.

Lin Sen, serene and venerated patriarch, has been president of China for 10 years. He could be called doctor, and he has many honorary titles, but he likes to be called Mr. Lin Sen. Just now, he is casually and obscurely in the news, with word of powerful generals making pilgrimages to his peaceful retreat, not to talk war, but to visit him as they might a priest or physician.

He is a benign old gentleman, bespectacled, with a snow-white goatee, a scholar and an artist, wise and humorous and, above all, serene. He is one of the most famous choreographers of China and, so that he may quietly practice his art, he made a studio in a ruined garrison, with walls 10 feet thick. There, on bamboo paper, faced with silk, he copies the classics in swift, beautiful brush strokes, schooling himself in their wisdom. Sun Fo, president of the executive yuan, takes care of the merely temporal and practical details of the presidency. Mr. Lin Sen is free to practice wisdom and virtue and impart it to his people in beautiful characters.

Mr. Lin Sen was a missionary student in San Francisco's Chinatown, studied western civilization diligently and, returning to China, preached a careful distinction between a civilization and a culture. He said China must be modernized, and joined Dr. Sun Yat Sen, to that end, but insisted that China would lose its soul if it took only guns and machines from the west—that force alone always failed, even when it seemed to be triumphant. He maintained that true morality would in the end prevail even over bombs and bullets. But the latter, he believed, were all right in their place and in 1931 he became president, as the advocate of vigorous resistance against the Japanese aggression. His gods have generously answered for him an ancient Chinese prayer: "May your writing wrist be as limber as a willow-wythe."

JOSEPH B. EASTMAN used to be a social settlement worker in his young days. It has been apparent that in this he experienced a certain disillusionment as to the grand solution, for in his later years he has been a pragmatic liberal and it is as such that he tackles one of the most important jobs of the war, as chairman of the new office of defense transportation. All he will have to do will be to gear all transport into a working unit, to keep things moving on railroads, air lines, truck lines, inland waterways, coastwise and inter-coastwise shipping lines and pipelines.

It was a much simpler job when William G. McAdoo took it over in the first World War, with plane and motor transport negligible. Mr. Eastman, through his long service as chairman of the Interstate Commerce commission and as former co-ordinator of the railroads, has grown into it.

Socially minded from his Amherst and Phi Beta Kappa days, he became a hard-working "good neighbor" at the South End house of Boston, then counsel for the Boston Street Railway employees and later a member of the Massachusetts Public Service commission. When Woodrow Wilson named him to the ICC, he wrote a regretful letter saying he would like to serve, but there was a bar sinister in his career—he was a Republican. Mr. Wilson laughed that off and Mr. Eastman has served under five Presidents. Supreme Court Justice Brandeis had recommended his original appointment. Railroad moguls like him personally and denounce his ideas.

He threw a switch on the first Van Sweringen merger proposal in 1927, later on L. F. Loree's proposed merger of the Katy and the Cotton Belt with his own Kansas City Southern, and in valuation, rate rise cases, receiverships, recaptures, mergers and the like he has been sharply at odds with the rail barons and definitely aligned with the drive toward firmer governmental control. Senate Progressives got themselves into a great lather in 1929, preparing to fight and die for their demand that he be reappointed. But President Hoover fooled them by doing just that.

Aviators Must Train Muscles

Army Cadets Conditioned Specifically to Meet Strain of Flying.

MONTGOMERY, ALA.—What muscles does a pilot use in flying? This question arose in the office here of Ernest Smith, director of athletics for the U. S. army air corps in the southeast.

Smith was on the spot. Twenty-eight assistant physical directors, charged with whipping aviation cadets into shape, wanted an answer.

"I don't know," said Smith, watching a formation of planes nose up from a near-by flying field, "but come on—we'll find out."

And so 28 men, scheduled to go out to as many airbases as trainers for aviation cadets, followed the director. All, like Smith, were experts in their line—many of them college coaches—but conditioning a man to handle a military airplane was something else.

And Maj. Gen. Walter R. Weaver had ordered that all American and British cadets in the Southeast be conditioned specifically to meet the strain of flying.

Make a Test.

Smith halted on the flying line and said to a cadet:

"Mister, take off most of your clothes and get in that airplane there." When the cadet was in the cockpit, he added: "Now, please go through all the motions of flying."

The cadet "flew" as he had never flown before—without leaving the ground, without flying togs—almost without any togs at all. He went through all the motions of banking, looping, diving and spinning. And more spectacularly, he flew for long stretches at a time on a steady course.

This cadet had more eyes on him than ever before. The gallery of directors took notes, observing from time to time that there was stress on this or that leg muscle. They saw, too, that the cadet continually turned his head from side to side, watching the imaginary terrain "below" and the sky above as well as the air on both sides.

They jotted down certain exercises to strengthen the neck in the right places. They noted the rigid position of the pilot in the cockpit, the constant strain upon his abdominal muscles. They doped out ways to build up the muscles imposed upon.

Build Up Muscles.

The net result of this strange interview is that today every part of a gigantic physical training program now in swing in the Southeast is devoted to the building up of the muscles most used by fliers.

Aviation cadets bend, squat, stoop, wave hands and go through specialized calisthenics for one purpose and one alone—to become stronger and better co-ordinated combat airmen.

The new program ranges from hard toe-to-toe boxing to the gentle art of swinging Indian clubstomusic; from horseshoe pitching to the grim business of disengaging oneself from a sinking parachute in the swimming pool. It includes 35 sports, with as many different types of athletic equipment.

Leading authorities are convinced there is no better insurance against accidents and loss of life than physical fitness—clear minds and steady hands in the cockpits of the nation's combat ships.

Two groups left basic and entered advanced school a short time ago. One group has had the benefits of the scientific athletic training, the other had not. In a series of three tests, it was found those men with the training scored 29 per cent higher than the others.

Director Smith believes it is a fair indication that the athletic program is doing a lot of good for a lot of cadets.

Even Queen Can Be Late, British King Finds Out

LONDON.—When your wife keeps you waiting you know how you feel. When a queen makes a king wait . . . well, even kings have their human side.

King George VI and his queen were due at 6:15 p. m. at an A.T.S. center in Berkshire.

The king strode up and down, glancing at his watch almost every minute, and the words he muttered to himself sounded very much like the words an ordinary husband might have muttered, and when the queen arrived exactly 15 minutes afterwards her greeting was exactly like the one the ordinary everyday wife would have come out with.

"Oh, dear," she remarked brightly, "am I late?"

The king shot back his cuff and looked at his watch for the hundredth time. He spoke one word, "Yes."

Wants to Finish Sock Started in Last War

PHILADELPHIA.—Mrs. Caleb Fox Jr., production department chairman of the Red Cross here, reports that a middle-aged volunteer showed up with a half-completed knitted sock.

"Noticing it was an off-shade, Mrs. Fox inquired when it was started.

"During the first World war."

Use of Electricity On Farms Increases

Report on Rural Systems Praises Operation.

WASHINGTON.—An increase of 82 per cent over the previous year in the amount of electricity delivered to consumers is shown in a United States department of agriculture statistical report of REA-financed power systems for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1941. Consumers of these systems used 568,190,394 kilowatt-hours of electricity during the fiscal year 1941, compared to only 311,479,005 kilowatt-hours during the previous fiscal year.

Other figures similarly demonstrate substantial development during the past fiscal year, said Harry Slattery, rural electrification administrator, in the report, the most detailed yet prepared by REA for general distribution.

The report covers every phase of operations, including allotments, construction and financial statistics, of each of the 823 systems with allotments as of June 30, 1941. On that date, the report shows, REA co-operative systems were serving 780,482 consumer members, compared to 549,604 on June 30, 1940—an increase of 42 per cent.

Gross revenues of the systems in operation increased 68.8 per cent during the fiscal year, from \$17,376,016 in 1940 to \$29,356,462 in fiscal 1941.

The number of miles of line actually in operation grew from 232,978 on June 30, 1940, to 307,590 on June 30, 1941, an increase of 32 per cent.

REA systems are power distribution companies, most of them owned by the consumers who use the power. Their construction is made possible by loans from REA, but those loans must be repaid with interest over a period of 25 years.

Finds Sun Is 93,005,000 Miles from the Earth

NEW YORK.—The sun's distance from earth has been remeasured and is found to be 93,005,000 miles.

This is between 100,000 and 200,000 miles farther than previous measurements, which were the result of centuries of careful work.

The announcement is from Dr. H. Spencer Jones, astronomer royal of England, made in Monthly Science News, a new British publication.

The added gap between sun and earth is about as much as would be caused by moving the moon three to five times farther away. The moon would look only about half as big as now.

The new distance to the sun is the most accurate yet obtained. It is considered uncertain by a margin of not more than 10,000 miles. The former estimate, 92,850,000 miles, was uncertain by a 50,000-mile margin.

Astronomers would like to get rid of that last 10,000-mile error, for the sun's distance is the foot-rule of celestial measurement. As long as it continues uncertain, other measurements are affected.

Paramount's going to make "Wake Island" an all-star picture; it is being written by W. R. Burnett, author of "Little Caesar" and "High Sierra," and was suggested, of course, by the gallant fight put up by the marines on the tiny Pacific outpost.

Rock Collecting Fever Costs Woman Fur Coat

SALT LAKE CITY.—Mrs. Grace G. Dearborn of Boston, Mass., admitted that her "collecting spirit" had gotten the better of her.

Mrs. Dearborn, secretary of the Boston Mineral club, visited Utah recently to add a few crystal rocks, found in abundance in Utah, to her collection.

She had, at the same time, been saving her money to buy a new winter coat.

But when she saw some of the "rare and superb" specimens of stone, she did a little re-allocating and ended up using her "coat fund" as collection expenses in gathering up seven suitcases full of the formations to take home.

Fire Dyes His Chickens, Farmer Is Awarded \$235

HOUSTON, TEXAS.—Farmer Fritz Muesse got \$235 because an oil fire dyed his white chickens black and caused his daughter, Mary, 10, to suffer an attack of asthma.

A Shell Pipeline company pipe across his farm sprang a leak, Muesse told District Judge Ben Wilson, and the oil caught fire. It shrouded his home and hen house with black smoke.

Mary became ill and the chickens practically quit laying, Muesse testified.

"And they haven't gotten back on the job yet," he added.

Judge Wilson awarded \$235 damages.

X-Ray Found to Show Up Old Tattoo Marks

ALBANY, N. Y.—Invisible tattoo marks may aid in the identification of soldiers killed in future wars, the New York state department of health suggests, thus reducing the danger of error.

The markings become visible under X-rays, it is explained. They are made with compounds known as phosphors, which shine with various colors when activated by this means.

Star Dust

STAGE SCREEN RADIO

By VIRGINIA VALE
(Released by Western Newspaper Union.)

MICHELE MORGAN, the French actress who will make her American film debut in RKO's "Joan of Paris," will take to the South Seas in her second picture. That is, she will unless some new twist of world affairs makes the South Seas undesirable as a background for a picture. Nowadays, so many changes have had to be made in a hurry in so many scripts that motion picture executives are prepared for anything. Anyway, Miss Morgan is slated to do "Challenge to the Night"—a South Seas romance.

Madeleine Carroll has had to do a bit of plan-changing herself. She was determined to go back to England, you know; had got a year's leave of absence and was set to go home and entertain troops or do anything else that would be useful. As soon as "My Favorite Blonde" was finished she'd be on her way. But our entrance into the war has changed all that; she'll stay here, and probably play a lead role in "Her Perfect Mate."

Metro's writers seem to be turning Robert Taylor into a tough guy, making him discard his gentlemanly ways for two guns and a swag-



ROBERT TAYLOR

ger. He was a vicious killer in "Billy the Kid," and in "Johnny Eager" he emerges again as a cruel gangland leader. Even slugs Lana Turner!

"Dumbo," Walt Disney's latest feature, has been voted one of the ten best pictures of the year in a nation-wide poll of junior film critics, conducted by the National Board of Review. "The Little Foxes" and "Citizen Kane" were also included.

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Dorothy Lamour has 60 new spring hats! She won them—the California Millinery guild voted her America's Best Hatted Girl, and donated the bonnets as a reward. Maybe they just wanted to make sure that she wouldn't join the hatless brigade, that's giving the nation's milliners so much to worry about.

Come weal, come woe, Edward Small goes right on filming those swashbuckling tales of Dumas. The latest, "The Corsican Brothers," with Douglas Fairbanks Jr. playing both of them, was given its first showing at Washington, D. C., with practically everybody of importance on the invitation list.

Elizabeth Wayne, the Mutual chain's young American representative in Batavia, Dutch East Indies, is the envy of many veteran newsmen and broadcasters. After being on the air only seven months, she suddenly found herself in a most important spot. She's a free lance journalist, and was writing for local Batavian newspapers when the Dutch radio chain, Nirom, asked her to broadcast to America. Since then she has been heard regularly over Mutual.

From now on you're likely to hear any of 14 dialects in any language, spoken by anyone from 18 to 80, on the "Joyce Jordan-Girl Interne" radio serial. The reason is the fact that Luis Van Rotten has joined the cast. He's been signed to play a straight role, but how in the world can a script writer resist making use of his amazing talents as an imitator?

ODDS AND ENDS.—Pat O'Brien and Brian Donlevy are teamed in Columbia's "Trinidad," with Janet Blair making her screen singing debut—she was the vocalist with the late Hal Kemp's dance band. A film trade paper reports that Gene Autry has risen to second place in national film popularity. "Tarnan's Secret Treasure" will soon be released, and "Tarnan Against the World" has gone into production—evidently we needn't worry about our Tarnan supply. Lew Ayres has given up that idea of making a picture in China, naturally, he'll make "Fingers at the Window" next, forsaking Dr. Kildare's stethoscope.

Gay Parties With G-Men Cause Stir In Department

Pretty Girl Foreign Agent Responsible for U. S. Embassy Scandal.

WASHINGTON.—G-men of the Federal Bureau of Investigation are working energetically to erase from their shield the smear left by a mysterious girl, known under several different names in New York, Chicago, Detroit and Minneapolis, who was sentenced recently to a year and a day in federal prison.

She has called herself Lois Lockner, Paula Lockner, Carol Davis, Paula von Luckner, and claimed kinship with Count Felix von Luckner, the German sea raider of the old World War.

With a number of other pretty girls she was a frequent guest of agents of the FBI at their suite in the ultra-modern glass and brick Beaux-Arts apartments in midtown New York.

But Lois made the mistake of posing as a G-woman herself and, in the resultant scandal, a number of agents were dismissed, while others were hastily transferred to points far, far removed from the scene of their gay parties.

Perils of Beauty.

The revelations in this particular case called attention to the fact that G-men, and agents of the government generally—especially those in the diplomatic and consular service—are daily subject to perils from beauty as well as bullets.

Among several pretty Nazi agents who pleaded guilty in recent espionage trials in Brooklyn federal court, New York, was Lilly Barbara Carola Stein, erstwhile Viennese model.

Shortly after she was brought into the investigation, Ogden H. Hammond Jr., socialist diplomatic career man, and a son of a former United States ambassador to Spain, appealed to the district court here to enjoin the state department against dismissing him from service.

Later, Hammond presented an affidavit from Miss Stein, declaring their relations had been "purely platonic."

But Lilly Stein pleaded guilty, along with another pretty German agent—Miss Elise Wuestenfeld—to indictments charging them with conspiracy to transmit United States defense secrets to Germany. And the district court decided it would let Hammond's dismissal of the state department stand.

Mysterious Kent Case.

Then there was the mysterious case of Tyler G. Kent, former attaché of the American embassy in London, who is serving a seven-year sentence in England as a German spy. Born in the United States, a son of the late Consul General A. H. P. Kent, he was convicted a year ago with Anna Wolkoff, a Russian-born Nazi spy, with whom he was infatuated, with stealing Anglo-American messages.

Kent, in charge of cipher codes at the embassy, was passing messages along to the seductive Miss Wolkoff who, in turn, was smuggling them to "Lord Haw-Haw," renegade Briton who broadcasts in English over the German radio. She also was sentenced to prison, getting a term of 10 years.

Forty-nine defendants were indicted in a sweeping prosecution of Nazi activities. Most of them pleaded guilty to minor offenses under the espionage act and 16 went on trial almost four months ago.

Map of Wyoming Loses Small Town of Moskee

MOSKEE, WYO.—This little lumber camp whose name has always been misspelled is no longer on the map.

There's no longer a post office of Moskee, and few people.

Once a rip-roaring lumber camp, the lumbermen here now get mail three times a week delivered by carrier from Lead, S. D.

About 29 years ago, when the lumber industry was booming, it was decided to establish a post office here.

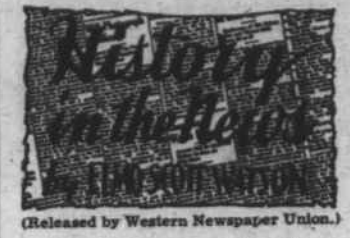
Herald Haas, now of Rapid City, S. D., was named postmaster for the nameless post office. "What'll we call it?" he asked a rugged rancher.

"It makes no difference," he replied.

That answer set Haas to thinking. "Then," answered Haas, who had spent a number of years in Mongolia, "we'll call it 'Moskee'—which in Chinese means 'it doesn't make a bit of difference.'"

Proves That He's He-Man, Trees Bear Before Girl

ABERDEEN, WASH.—On the way home from a movie with his girl, Jim Clark showed her what he-men are like. He treed and shot a 200-pound bear that had roamed the outskirts of the city. They sighted him near a river bank. Clark waved a flashlight and the bear took to a tree. Edith Olson rushed to Clark's home for a shotgun. One shot was enough to kill the bear and prove that Jim is indeed a "man."



COMMANDER D. S. McDOUGAL

who didn't know what fear was, which, combined with a clear insight into the motives for action, made an ideal officer," says Maclay in his "History of the Navy."

"Making directly for these vessels, he shook out his colors, but reserved his fire, intending to attack the vessels first and give his attention to the batteries afterwards. The sight of the American flag seemed to act like oil on the fire, for now the Japanese opened for their batteries with savage ferocity. McDougal's shift from the main channel somewhat disconcerted their plans, as seen by the fact that most of their shots took effect in the Wyoming's rigging."

The American vessel was now engaged with the three Japanese ships. By a well-directed fire the American gunners succeeded in sinking two of them, despite the fact that the Wyoming had run aground and was in danger of being rammed by the third. But the fire of the frigate soon drove that enemy ship off and silenced her guns.

Then McDougal concentrated on the shore batteries and, while deliberately retracing his course through the straits, kept up a most effective fire. The Japanese clansmen, fearless as they were, were greatly impressed by McDougal's boldness. They believed that he possessed more than human nerve in thus running the gantlet of fire which they had prepared for him and long afterwards they spoke respectfully of the "American Devil" who had defeated them in the Straits of Shimonoseki.

An even higher tribute was paid to him by a fellow-American. Theodore Roosevelt said "Had this action occurred at any other time than during the Civil war, its fame would have echoed all over the world." But the memory of Gettysburg and Vicksburg was fresh in the minds of the people of the North. So it was easy for them to overlook the valor of an obscure sea captain winning a minor battle on the other side of the world, heroic though his achievement had been.

Born in Ohio in 1809, Stockton entered the navy at the age of 19 and served as a midshipman on the sloop, Natchez, in the West Indies squadron from 1829 to 1831. After several years' service in the Orient, he was commissioned a captain in 1864 and placed in command of the steam sloop, Powhatan. In 1870 he became commander of the south squadron of the Pacific fleet and in 1873 he was made a rear-admiral. He was then placed on the retired list after nearly half a century in the service. He died in San Francisco on August 7, 1882.

That American 'Devil'

THE war now raging in the Far East is not the first time that American and Japanese armed forces have been pitted against each other. Seventy-odd years ago they fought a fierce naval battle and thereby hangs a tale of American daring and American heroism which compares favorably with the stories that have recently been coming out of Hawaii, Wake and Midway islands and the Philippines.

This battle took place in the summer of 1863 during the Civil war. Among the United States naval officers, who were detailed to patrol the high seas in search of armed Confederate vessels that were preying upon Union commerce, was David Stockton McDougal, commander of the steam frigate, Wyoming.

Ordered to cruise in Asiatic waters, McDougal arrived in the Orient to find that danger from Southern raiders was not the only threat to the safety of American shipping. For the mikado of Japan had issued an edict expelling all foreigners from the Flowery Kingdom, and fanatical Japanese clansmen already had made several attacks upon American and other foreign vessels in the Straits of Shimonoseki.

McDougal proceeded immediately to the scene of hostilities and on July 18 steamed into the straits. Ahead of him were bluffs from 50 to 150 feet high, on top of which were fortifications whose guns could sweep the waters of the straits. Besides these land batteries, there were three native vessels in readiness to repel any invader.

It was a situation which might have daunted the bravest captain that ever trod the deck of a man-of-war. "McDougal was the type

Public History

What is public history but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels of those who engage in contention for power.—Paley.

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JUST A DASH IN FEATHERS... OR SPREAD ON ROOSTS

Growth of Palm Tree

After a palm reaches a height of only about eight feet, its trunk rarely increases in diameter, even when the tree grows to be more than a hundred feet tall.

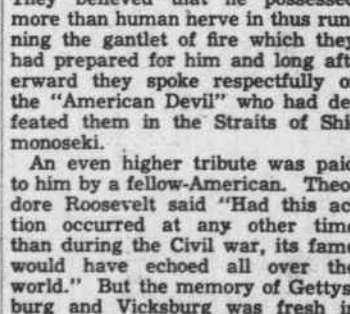
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Apparently Little Tommy Was a Movie Enthusiast

The teacher was trying to get the pupils to understand the dreadful business of conjugating verbs. "When I say 'I have, you have, he has,'" she explained, "I am conjugating the verb 'to have.' I want all of you to understand. Do you?"

"They did."

"Very good. Now listen carefully. 'I love, you love, he loves.' What is that?"

There was a moment of silence, and then up shot little Tommy's hand.

"Please miss," he said, "it's one of them triangles when someone gets shot!"



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On Roman Architecture

Although the famed architecture of the Roman Empire produced an extensive contemporary literature, there exist only two books on the subject that were written by Romans.—De Architectura Libri Decem by Vitruvius and De Aquis Urbis Romae by Frontinus.



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