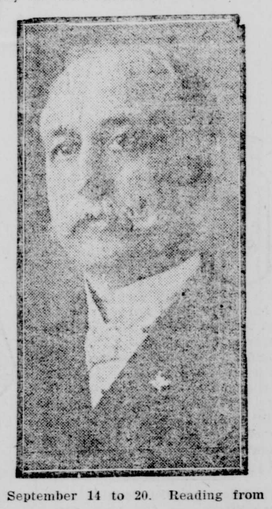
OFFICERS OF GRAND LODGE, OF MARYLAND I. O. O. F.



Above are four of the officers of the Grand Lodge of Maryland, Odd Fellows, who are directing preparations for the international Centennial Celebration and Sovereign Grand Lodge Convention to be held at Baltimore, September 14 to 20. Reading from right to left they are Grand Master John B. Spence, Baltimore; Deputy Grand Master H. Dorsey Etchison Frederick; Grand Treasurer J. F Plummer, Baltimore, and Grand Secretary William A. Jones, Baltimore.

Studio Days

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS

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West put a few lingering touches on his canvas before the setting sun told him that he must wait until another day before finishing the delicate portrait's head. A riotous little air fell from time to time from his lips, but its measure became gradually subdued while the soft veil of twilight captured the artist's soul and bade him express his joy in a more quiet manner.

A sunny smile lurked in West's eyes; the gold of his hair was rumpled and his smock shockingly dirty, but little did he care since the studio rent was paid for the following month. Also the canvas on his easel would easily insure another six months' living.

And outside his door stood a girl whose eyes held all the wistfulness in the world and whose heart was absorbing every note of that magic, happy lilt that fell from West's lips. Finally she knocked.

West was not prepared for a visitor, and such a one as he found on the landing was a challenge to the most sturdy of heartbeats.

"May I come in?"

"Absurd waste of words," West said, and with the little courtly bow that was a part of the man he watched his visitor cross the threshold.

The wistfulness vanished swiftly and a tremendous gladness that took the form of glistening tears stood in the girl's eyes. She fled to the small window that held the glow of the setting sun and stood silently for a moment. Then West saw her brush a hand across her eyes before she turned again to him.

"You are not to think me mad," she said tremulously. "For three long years I have hungered to be in this studio again, and now—now my heart's thumping like a bird gone mad—just because I am here." She laughed softly with so much of glad emotion that West found the world an even more wonderful place to dwell in.

He started to prepare tea on the improvised tea cart beside his easel, but the girl slipped quickly over.

"I want to make the tea," she insisted. "See! I have brought some cinnamon cakes from the same old corner bakery that was there three years ago. I somehow felt I would be allowed to stay for tea—if I came in."

Her eyes were so adorable with their new-found happiness that West said frankly, "I would have dragged you in had I known you were out on that landing—so make yourself perfectly at home."

The girl threw her great moleskin cape on the dusty armchair just as carelessly as in the old days she had tossed off her threadbare tweed coat. Her gown was a dream and her small toque a brilliant-hued affair with an absurd something wabbling uncertainly over the edge. Although she was as chic as any wonderful poster, she pulled off the toque and with a swift gesture rumpled the conventional, smooth coiffure into a bewildering head of burnished copper.

"You have utterly no regard for a poor bachelor's heart, have you?" West inquired. There was warm, boyish admiration in his glance. "But I will try to remember that you are just a little wraith that has blown into my Bohemia for a cup of tea."

"The little wraith would very much like a smock—if you have a second one," she laughed back at him.

"It would take four of you to fill it up," he said after a successful rummage.

They both laughed like children at the result and for the first time in three years a happy lilt of song fell from Gretchen's lips.

"Oh, yes—my name is Gretchen McVicker," she told him by way of tardy introduction. "I saw yours on the door as I came up the creaky stairs. I used always to think those stairs would cave in. They are just as frail as ever, but I loved every creak they gave out for me."

She was exploring all the while she talked and it was not long before a dainty tea was ready and they sank on opposite sides of the quaint cart West had fashioned. They were both Bohemian enough to enjoy the rare unconventionality of the moment without any strain.

"How long have you been in this studio?" Gretchen asked between munches of cinnamon cake.

"I've managed to pay the rent here for three years," he told her.

"Oh! You came in just as I left, then. I was here for the two happiest years I have ever had," Gretchen said, and the wistfulness clouded her eyes. "I used to sing just as you were singing when I came up. Of course, I never expected to set the world on fire through my art, but somehow I made a scant living—scant as to money, but overflowing with joy. I did not always have enough money to buy cinnamon cakes," she laughed, but her lips were tremulous.

"And then," urged West.

"Then I married. After that it didn't seem as if life held a thing for me. There were no quaint Bohemians strolling in and out of my studio, no much-needed checks coming to me from inspired drawings and, worst of all, there was no freedom of thought or action. My husband gave me a gorgeous limousine for my last birthday, but it didn't bring even one atom of the joy that my first hard-earned check gave me. I have everything on earth that money can buy."

"But why didn't you keep up your art work—your Bohemian friends—wouldn't that have helped to make you happy?" West was kindly sympathetic, but there was beginning a great urge within him to try to keep this rare girl within his circle. It seemed sheer and unadulterated madness to want to keep her, since she was married to a wealthy man and her fancy for Bohemian life and studio days were perhaps but passing desires, but there—she was answering his question.

"It was not worth while my working at art when I didn't have to. If I had possessed genius or even a great degree of talent I would have kept at it. But I only have talent enough to keep the wolf from the door. As for my Bohemian friends—well, I tried keeping them in my life, but my husband called them all 'nuts' and made me so unhappy about them that I gave them all up. Oh—I just can't tell you what it means to me to be actually back here with a smock on sitting in my very own studio."

"We won't quarrel either about the studio or the smock," said West. "I am only glad that I happen to be the tenant here while you have chosen to play at studio days again."

"So am I," greeted Gretchen and gazed contentedly at the slim boyish man the while she realized that he possessed tremendous charm. "I might have found a crusty old maid who wouldn't let me in at all." She was thoughtful for so long a while that West looked apprehensively at her and wondered if he had done anything to displease her. But before he could form words to inquire, Gretchen asked coaxingly: "Are you going to want me to come again?"

West was just a bit puzzled. He also knew that he wanted her very, very much indeed. It was difficult to know how best to express his thoughts. He decided that his habitual frankness was the best course and after that she must take the situation in her own hands.

"You have asked me a straight question, little wraith," he said and despite himself a great softness crept into his voice and eyes, "so I must tell you that if I had my own way I would not let you go out of the studio again. You have come in of your own free will just to humor a whim which will perhaps pass as quickly as it came, but you have thrust something into my studio and into my soul that I desire greatly to keep."

So brilliant a color flamed into Gretchen's cheeks and so tremendous a light into her eyes that West stopped speaking. He had annoyed her beyond forgiveness.

The sun trailed down and away from the window, leaving but the steady warm glow of twilight.

"I should not have told you this," he continued finally; "you are the wife of another man—"

"But I'm not—now," Gretchen put in quickly, tremulously. "I would not have come back to studio days had he been still living. And now I'm all alone with so much money that it weighs me down and I just want to come back to Bohemia and paint dreadful pictures and get snippy little checks for them and—" It was she now who stopped, blinded by the happiness that West's eyes reflected.

"Then you are free—free to sit at my tea cart every day—free to let me keep that which has come into my heart and free to be happy in the dear old studio way?"

Gretchen nodded silently and because West wanted to take her in his arms but didn't think it quite the thing he walked over to the window and stood looking out at the twilight. Gretchen arose swiftly and stood beside him her slim hand touching his sleeve.

"Love makes the world a very wonderful place to live in, doesn't it?" she asked softly.

"That smock is so absurdly big it is difficult to find you in it," observed West.

"Still, I feel that you found me," laughed Gretchen as together they gazed happily out over the housetops from the studio window.

PUMPKIN PIE ALWAYS GOOD

Therefore Observer Wants to Know Why It Has Not Been Served in the Springtime.

A mere man asked me the other day, "Why doesn't the housewife make pumpkin pies in the spring when fresh eggs are cheapest?" Why, indeed?

The fact is we are creatures of habit, and are inclined to follow traditions in our cooking. Our foremothers made pumpkin pies in the fall because the pumpkins are ripe at that time. She continued the pies through the cold weather as long as she could keep pumpkins in her cool cellar. Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners always included pumpkin pie. The pumpkin supply was exhausted about this time, and therefore no more pumpkin pies were possible until the next autumn.

Times have changed. Now we have the pumpkin in sanitary cans all ready for the pie, and we can use it at any time we please. Pumpkin takes the place of fruits, which are already scarce as time goes on.

The springtime is the time for pumpkin pies—eggs and milk are then most plentiful, and therefore cheap. It is the time for custards. Our grandmothers established that custom, too. Pumpkin pie is after all a custard in which the pumpkin pulp predominates, therefore belongs by right in the spring and summer.

This is just one more instance in which we should drop the traditions which are outgrown and adopt a custom suited to our times.

Our family is sure to be surprised to find the luscious pumpkin pie served for dessert, and undoubtedly, like Oliver Twist, it will ask for more.—Exchange.

FLOWERS' HOURS OF SLEEP

That They Differ Is a Proof of the Adaptability of Everything in Nature.

That flowers sleep is evident to the most casual observer. The beautiful daisy opens at sunrise and closes at sunset, whence its name "day's eye." The morning glory opens its flower with the day. The "four o'clock" awakes at four o'clock in the morning, but closes its eyes in the middle of the day, and the dandelion is in full bloom only while there is strong light. The habit of some flowers is certainly curious, and furnishes one of the many instances which prove the singular adaptability of everything in nature. The reason is found in the method by which this class of flowers is fertilized.

Flowers which are fertilized by night flying insects derive no advantage from being open by day; and, on the other hand, those which are fertilized by bees would gain nothing by being open at night. Nay, it would be a disadvantage, because it would render them liable to be robbed of their honey and pollen by insects which are incapable of fertilizing them. It is possible, then, that the closing of flowers may have reference to the habit of insects, and it may be observed, also, in support of this, that wind-fertilized flowers never sleep.

Caught at Last.

A father said to his pretty daughter one morning:

"What time did you send that young Simpson home last night?"

"Oh," replied the girl, "I don't think it was very late."

"It must have been close to midnight!"

"Why, father?"

"Didn't you send him out the back door and hurry off to bed when you heard me coming in?"

"Why, father, I had been in bed for hours."

"You heard me, then?"

"Yes, you woke me up."

"And you had been in bed for hours?"

"Ur huh!"

"That certainly is funny!"

"Why?"

"Because when I went to light the lamp I nearly burned my hands off on the hot chimney."—Youngstown Telegram.

TOO WILD IN CELEBRATION

Americans in Paris, Released From the Horrors of Trenches, Somewhat Astonish the French.

Not the least of our pride in the expeditionary force was its good behavior. For general morals we were the prize winners. But, of course, soldiers in a nonprohibition country will get drunk now and then. One reason for our prohibition wave is the fact that many Americans have no moderation in their use of alcohol, and that they sometimes tend, when drunk, to tear up the sidewalks, writes Will Irwin, in the Saturday Evening Post.

Your French poilu, who, in his reaction from the trenches took to liquor, got a blissful and genial jag, which expressed itself in talkativeness and in flirtation. The American whooped it up.

As two coyotes on a moonlight night can give the impression of a whole wolf pack, so two drunken Americans could give the appearance of a drunken army. They might be surrounded by fifty poilus, all half seas over; it was the Americans whom one noticed.

This tendency brought its most deplorable effects in Paris. The capital of the world was not a leave center. Nevertheless all sorts of commissions and activities centered there; soldiers were constantly coming and going on military errands; moreover, though Paris was officially barred, men nevertheless got Paris leave by pull or cajolery. In spite of the provost marshal and the military police we always had the American drunk with us; and when present he always announced himself. The French, who, as I have said, grow merely genially expansive with liquor, did not like this.

LEARNED MUCH IN FRANCE

Doughboys, Back in America, Are Not Quite the Same as When They Left.

"The boy just back from France is a mighty different chap from the lad who went over there," says William Howard Taft, adding, with a laugh: "He's learned a lot he didn't know before. Take two instances that came to my notice recently.

"One was the case of a doughboy who before the war had been a hotel clerk. On his return to America he applied in New York for a place.

"'What references have you?' demanded the manager.

"'Been over in France a year, and before that—'

"'Never mind the 'before that,'" said the manager. 'If you've been in France a year you know all about domestic work. I'll make you head chambermaid.'

"The other one," continued Mr. Taft, "was quite different. He, too, had come back from France, and he, too, had learned a lot.

"'Do you think you could ever learn to love me?' he asked the girl of his choice, and she answered;

"'I don't know. Anyhow, you might continue your course of instruction. Gee! It's so different!'"

Cause of the Querry.

As soon as women have the vote and the league of nations becomes a reality, says Dr. Anna Howard Shaw, she is going to be a "gay young girl." As it is, no one would suspect her of being past seventy. And she likes to tell stories on herself. This is one she told in Indianapolis to a group of friends:

"When I was in California recently, folks kept coming up to me and saying, 'How young you look,' in most surprised tones. Well, it began to wear on me. Why shouldn't I look young? So when a young girl came up and said it for the 'steenth time, I said, 'So do you look young.'

"And then I learned the reason for all the surprise. The newspapers had been told that I was in California in '96 with Miss Anthony. It had somehow got twisted to read: 'Dr. Shaw was ninety-six when she was here with Miss Anthony.' That would have made me about 120 years old."

First Odd Fellows' Funeral.

The first public funeral of an Odd Fellow was held in Baltimore early in 1823, nearly 100 years ago. Andrew Wark, a member of Franklin Lodge, No. 2, was drowned in Chesapeake Bay while overseeing the operation of his shad boat. His funeral was held at night, the cortege leaving his home shortly before midnight and, with the way illuminated by torches, slowly walked with the casket to the cemetery, where, at midnight, the body was laid to rest. Not a word was spoken during the ceremony.

TEACH LOYALTY TO FOREIGNERS

FORD ENGLISH SCHOOLS INCULCATE PRINCIPLES OF PURE AMERICANISM IN STUDENTS.

TRIAL DRAWING TO A CLOSE

Attorneys Begin Final Arguments After Ford Counsel Presents Dramatic Testimony On Educational Work.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.—Henry Ford's counsel kept until the final day on which testimony was presented, the strongest arguments in their possession. Not until the trial was within a few hours of its close did they bring to the witness stand Clinton C. DeWitt, superintendent of the Ford English school.

"Mr. Ford," said the witness, "was of the opinion that you could not successfully put over one idea while there were 52 languages spoken in the factory, so to promote that one idea, which was and is Americanism, he insisted that every workman must learn to speak the 'American'—not the English—language.

"There were 3,000 students in the school before the United States entered the war and the factory was practically turned over to government work."

Sample lessons were read by the witness. Parts are given as follows:

"Every good American loves and respects the United States Flag.

"Our flag stands for liberty, justice and peace.

"Its colors are red, white and blue.

"The red stands for love, the white stands for purity, the blue stands for truth."

"American flags," said the witness, "were used profusely in the school room and a silk flag always flutters before an electric fan.

Teach Americanism.

The men are taught that there is no greater title than "American citizen" and are urged to accept the advantages of education offered by this country so that they may fit themselves, through knowledge, to defend their liberties.

Pictures of great Americans adorn the class rooms, special exercises are held on the birthday of great leaders of the nation and finally, when the class graduates, it is presented with souvenir American flags and is given membership in what is known as the "American Club." The Federal and state courts recognize a diploma from the Ford English school as an evidence of adequate preparation for citizenship, it was shown.

Through this testimony counsel sought to bring out that the man who taught 3,000 foreigners to love their adopted country and to respect its flag could scarcely be called an anarchist and that a man who sought every possible method to instill love for the Stars and Stripes in the hearts of those who come to it from foreign shores, could never have made the slanderous statements attributed to him by Tribune counsel.

Mr. Ford, it was shown, loaned all his educational workers to the government at the time war broke out. The war department found the methods used in the Ford English school so valuable that they introduced them in all training camps. Henry Ford paid the salaries of the men he loaned to the government for the work.

Closing Arguments Open.

Closing arguments in the case opened the last of the week. Attorney Wm. Lucking led off for Ford counsel. He called attention first to the testimony which showed that The Tribune, hot for intervention in Mexico because it thought such action would lead to conquest or at least to great riches for the United States, had found Henry Ford blocking its path just when its long campaign gave promise of bearing fruit. Thereupon, said the attorney, The Tribune set out to destroy Mr. Ford's influence, to sweep him out of its path and to still his voice which pleaded for a course which would help the bleeding republic to the south to regain her feet and to strike forth on a new highroad of education and freedom.

Attorney Weymouth Kirkland opened for The Tribune. He declared that what Mr. Ford had done since 1916—when The Tribune called him an anarchist—had nothing whatever to do with the situation as it was when the newspaper stigmatized the manufacturer as an enemy of his country. He did not deny that Mr. Ford had done an immense and valuable work for the government during the war but he claimed that this did not alter the facts as they were before war broke out. Mr. Ford, the attorney insisted, was an anarchist at the time The Tribune described him as such, and the truth he said was sufficient justification for the attack.

Her George.

George was known to his neighbors as one of those mountaineers who never engage in any form of labor, except as the opportunity offers itself to make "moonshine licker." His wife, Lena, was never idle, and looked upon her husband, the trifling George, as the one grand man, and could never explain to herself why she had been so extremely fortunate as to marry him. Hence she was always anxious to make the most plausible excuse for any of his shortcomings to which her attention was directed. One summer day when the noonday sun was broiling down upon a small cornfield, and Lena was vigorously hoeing, a passer-by inquired why George, who was on the porch attempting to "fiddle," was not hoeing the corn. "Wall, you know," said Lena, "the hoe 'anel, hit don't fit George's han'."—Everybody's Magazine.

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NO ANARCHY IN FORD'S VIEWS

BISHOP WILLIAMS TESTIFIES IN THE $1,000,000 LIBEL CASE AGAINST TRIBUNE.

WON'T TELL "HALF-TRUTHS"

Noted Divine Says If Manufacturer's Theories Are Anarchistic Then He Is In Danger Of Becoming Anarchist Himself.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.—The Chicago Tribune rested its defense in the $1,000,000 libel suit which Henry Ford has brought against it after spending seven weeks and two days in attempting to prove that it was justified in calling the manufacturer an "anarchist." The 12th week of the trial opened with Ford counsel offering rebuttal testimony against The Tribune's defense.

The first witness for Mr. Ford was the Rt. Rev. Charles D. Williams, D. D., Episcopal bishop of Michigan, who appeared on the stand in rebuttal of the testimony of Prof. J. S. Reeves, professor of political science in the University of Michigan who had previously testified that Henry Ford's views were distinctly anarchistic.

Bishop Williams said that Mr. Ford's views were far from being anarchistic and were, in fact, Christian, common and often commonplace.

The Bishop refused to be led by Tribune counsel in his answers and insisted on telling "the whole truth." Asked whether he thought Henry Ford's declaration that all armies should be disbanded, all navies destroyed and all material of war converted into commerical implements was anarchistic, the witness answered:

Would Be Good World.

"I could quote a half-dozen passages from Scripture that express almost that idea. I should say that the main theme of these statements by Henry Ford are distinctly Christian, commonly preached in Christian pulpits and that if they were lived up to this would be a pretty good Christian world."

"Bishop," asked Tribune counsel, "do you believe that Mr. Ford has quoted, 'patriotism is the last resort of a scoundrel.'"

"I have often said so," responded the witness. "I have often seen it so."

Concerning the doctrine of nonresistance Bishop Williams declared he did not believe in such a theory but that many Christians did.

"It is the belief of anarchists," said Tribune counsel.

"Yes and the belief of Christians."

"Will you be good enough to answer the question," retorted counsel.

"Anarchists say that and Christians say that. I am afraid I am going to tell the whole truth."

"Now Bishop—"

Would Tell Whole Truth.

"I am going to tell the whole truth."

"You are telling something I have not asked you to tell."

"You have not asked me for the whole truth. I have to follow my conscience. I am a simple man."

"I am afraid," continued the Bishop, "that if this is anarchy I agree with it mostly."

Ford counsel then called William A. Dunning, professor of history and political philosophy in Columbia University, to testify concerning Mr. Ford's theories and utterances.

"When Henry Ford," said counsel, "said that we should stop talking about one factory, one state and one country and begin to talk about the world, was he preaching the doctrine of anarchy?"

"No that is the general thought of cosmopolitanism—human inclusiveness; it has permeated all speculation on political philosophy ever since there was such a philosophy."

"Is there anything peculiarly anarchistic about it?"

"No."

"Is it in any way essential to anarchism?"

"No."

"Mr. Ford also said that he believed humanity could make mistakes but could do nothing worse; he said he believed everything tended toward the good, and that even the terrible world war would result in blessing to the world. Is there anything anarchistic about those ideas?"

"They were commonplace before an anarchist was ever heard of. The idea that man is naturally good is the basis of Plato's morals. It has permeated moral philosophy ever since."

Prof. Dunning was then asked to run through the articles and interviews sponsored by Henry Ford and indicate the portions which would convince a critical examiner that Mr. Ford was not an anarchist.

The witness promptly pointed out numerous references to the government and to the use of the ballot which showed, he said, that Mr. Ford believed in the orderly processes of government and therefore could not be an anarchist. In no writing or interview, he said, could he find a single indication that Mr. Ford was an anarchist, either in the common or philosophical conception of that term.

SAW MERIT IN TRANSLATIONS

James Russell Lowell Pointed Out How They Come to Serve a Very Definite Purpose.

I would have a public library abundant in translations of the best books in all languages, for, though no work of genius can be adequately translated . . . yet some acquaintance with ancient and foreign literatures has the liberalizing effect of foreign travel. He who travels by translation travels more hastily and superficially, but brings home something that is worth having, nevertheless. . . . Looked at from any but the esthetic point of view, translations retain whatever property was in their originals to enlarge, liberalize, and refine. At the same time I would also have the originals of these translated books as a temptation to the study of languages, which has a special use and importance of its own in teaching us to understand the niceties of our mother tongue. The practice of translation, by making us deliberate in the choice of the best equivalent of the foreign word in our own language, has likewise the advantage of continually schooling us in one of the main elements of a good style—precision; and precision of thought is not only exemplified by precision of language, but is largely dependent on the habit of it.—Lowell.

Lettuce Grown on Field Scale.

Lettuce is being grown on a field scale in the Imperial and Salt River valleys of California, fields of from 30 to 40 acres being not extraordinary. At the height of the production season—January and February—it is not uncommon for 26 carloads of lettuce a day to be shipped to the middle western and eastern market. This lettuce, grown under irrigation, is produced by hand labor and is of extra fine quality. The industry was developed on a commercial basis about three years ago, and during the last two years has been one of the leading agricultural occupations of the state. These localities also produce carrots, peas, cauliflower and table beans on a less extensive scale.

Business as Usual.

Bob—Who was the handsome chap I saw you dancing with just after the intermission?

Anne—He is a stranger in town.

Bob—Dashing, isn't he?

Anne—Nerviest fellow I've ever seen.

Bob—I noticed he had his arm rather tightly about you.

Anne—I didn't mind that so much.

Bob—What then?

Anne—Do you know why he had me clutched that way?

Bob—Can't imagine.

Anne—Well, would you believe it, he had me that way so I couldn't escape, and all the time we were dancing he was trying to sell me some life insurance.

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