

PRINCESS CANTACUZENE FROM YOUTH IN WHITE HOUSE

Granddaughter of U. S. Grant Describes the Happy Days She Spent as a Child With Her Illustrious Kinsman and Her Farewell to Him as He Lay Dying

BY CLARA WHITESIDE.

"ALTHOUGH I was born in the White House during my grandfather's presidency, my horizon during my brief stay there was very limited indeed," laughed our Russian princess, "for I was only two years old when my parents took me, I am sure reluctantly, away. However, although I have no memories of the White House, my recollections of my grandfather, General Grant, in the later years of my childhood, are quite distinct, even to this day. I remember so well his big, affectionate nature—the loved children.

"When I was about 6 years old my parents moved to New York. We had been living in Chicago, as my father and been personal aide-de-camp to General Sheridan, who was stationed there. My father left the army and rejoined his family in the east.

"It is then that I best recall my grandfather's love for the old square in its coat of arms and to whom she looks, and all civilization looks, to carry forward the reconstruction in Russia.

I was waiting to see the princess—she had promised to talk with me—and I used the minutes in looking out across the old square in its coat of arms. Unconsciously my eyes followed a woman who came directly toward me across the park. Tall, erect, with her hands in her coat pockets, she attracted my attention and held it, perhaps because she walked so well. As she came nearer I found to my surprise it was the princess. Personality is a strange thing. It cannot remain hidden, but always crops up, sometimes when you least expect it. In her tailored black sport suit and simple black hat, with a cluster of gardenias in her coat, she was a princess through sheer mentality.

"She was to talk before a representative group of women that afternoon, and a number had come from a distance to see and hear her—women who had known her years ago and miles away. While we were talking in a room apart woman came toward us hesitatingly and said to the princess:

"A wonder if I may interrupt for just a minute. I want to give this to you," and she handed her a small white box.

"It is a piece of your wedding cake, like wine, improves with age—but not women. Dear me! I am getting old. This cake reminds me that I have been married 20 years."

And then another woman came to her and asked:

"Oh! responded the princess with the most pleased surprise, "how very kind you are to bring it to me! I will



remember me, I know, but my grandfather gave you grandfather a pair of Arabian horses. I wonder if you ever rode behind them in your childhood?"

"Do I remember them? Why, most assuredly I do," laughed the princess, holding out her hand impulsively.



"He made those horses fairly fly," says our princess of her grandfather, General U. S. Grant.

"Many are the times I've flown behind those beauties with my grandfather. I'm so glad you came to me," and tears were very near the surface.

"Were it not for the suffering and chaos in Russia I should be very happy indeed over here. In the two years I have been back in America I have experienced so many kindnesses and encountered so much appreciation of my grandfather that my heart is full of most of the time. My husband has been here but a short while, coming directly from Kolchak in Siberia.

"Oh yes, indeed," she answered to my question whether her husband spoke English. "He is like most continental and speaks many languages. I knew no Russian when I was first married and went to Russia to live, but I acquired it very easily. I do not speak it correctly even now, but I have had no difficulty for years in making myself understood. I can even read the newspapers.

"My family is all in America now. My son is a junior at Harvard, and my two daughters are in Florida with their Russian governess. While I loved Russia, I never enjoyed the native sports; but for that matter I never was athletic, nor enjoyed strenuous exercise to the extent of making it a playtime. My children love all the Russian sports and do them well, I think—shooting, hunting, riding and fencing. The Russian people are very loving. They received me



so warmly when I first went there—a stranger. That is their attitude toward all Americans, and they have shown it six or seven times over in our country's history. Did you know that during the civil war Russia sent a fleet over to 'stand by' should we need it? An old veteran who served under my grandfather wrote me only the other day, 'We felt more comfortable in those days, when we heard the Russian fleet was in the harbor.'

"I was struck with the attitude of our Russian people at the time of the war with Japan. They hated to fight the Japanese; they knew nothing about the quarrel and less about the Japanese; but it was not that way during and before the world war. They had felt and disliked the German influence long ago. Germany was the sinister influence in Russia, as it is in this country right now."

"Come," said the chairman, entering the room, we need the princess.

And this is true, we do need the princess. We need her for her fearlessness and her clear vision, and then she belongs to us. It is as an American she is now pleading for us to help Russia, "Russia," she says, "never has asked for aid, and I cannot break the tradition. But because of my birthright I ask the help of America for these wonderful, intelligent, suffering people. They have been a strong ally in the world war they have come to the help of America many times and have always been our friends—help them help themselves."

"With the background of her childhood, and a girlhood of memories and associations distinctly American; with the added background of 20 years spent in Russia as a Russian subject and 20 years of love for her adopted country, Julia Dent Grant, Princess Cantacuzene, is nevertheless more woman than princess, more woman than an American citizen. She gave to Russia loyalty, and she brings to us from Russia a 'clear call' and a woman's faith in America's response.

Deserves Reward.

"Have you really done anything to deserve the gratitude of the people?"

"Yes," the candidate responded. "I have, though they do not know it. I haven't made a large number of speeches I was tempted to make,"

others, but because it is the one and only revelation from God and of God to mankind.

"Having seen the great Bible, no one will ever forget it! Some will approve it and some may not, but all will have had their attention drawn to the purpose of its construction. Having seen these words indicating this purpose, God grant that no one shall ever forget them and that each may honor this written word as God requires that they should, and that each may unite with the 'Bible crusade' in impressing that sacred duty and inestimable privilege upon all mankind. Then and then alone will the purpose for which this great manuscript Bible has been prepared be accomplished."

A feature of the great Bible is that it will be written entirely by hand. Not more than three verses of the text will be written by the same person. Kings and field marshals will, side by side with paupers and workmen, testify their belief in the Holy Scriptures. At the side of the piece of text which they write all will sign their names to the following:

"As my testimony that I acknowledge the Bible—as originally given to mankind—to be as it is in truth, the word of God, I append my signature."

Authors Twelve Thousand.

The biggest Bible, when completed, will not only be the largest example of the word of God, but it will constitute the world's completest autograph album, with signatures, it is anticipated, of most prominent English and foreign men and women from kings downward. Twelve thousand people will be needed to complete the text.

Twelve large goatskins have been used in providing a cover for the biggest Bible.

When standing on end the volume is more than 5 feet 2 inches high and nearly 3 feet 6 inches wide, so that when it is opened flat it measures about 7 feet 10 inches across.

The whole volume now lies at the Oxford University Press. It awaits the advent of Bible year and the gift by some wealthy crusader of a special motorcar, which is needed to take it on its mission in England and overseas. Perhaps the great Bible will visit America if invited to do so. The special car which is to be designed to the great book will contain a folding pulpit and a special platform for exhibiting the text of the biggest Bible and the signatures.

Sermons of Prophecy Found.

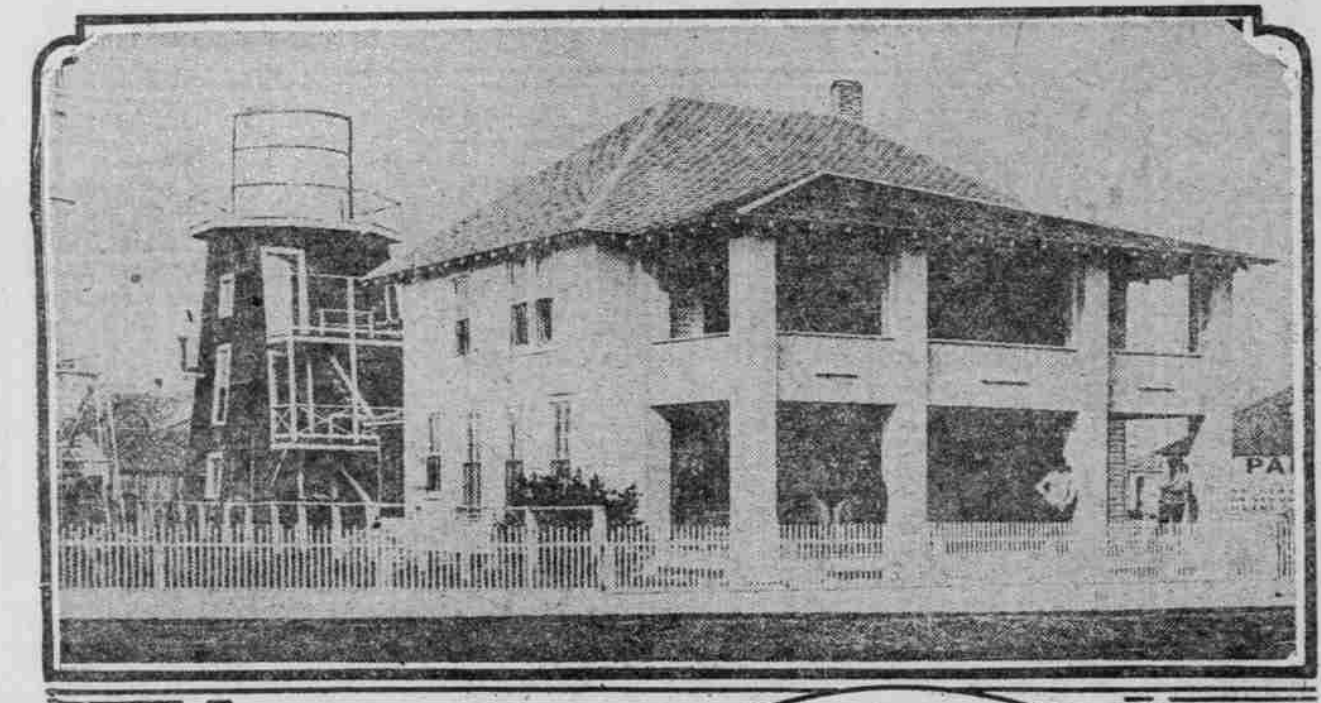
Asked what kind of sermons would be preached from the car, the Rev. H. A. Powell, crusade leader, declared:

"I am a strong believer in the prophetic side of the Bible and if I am permitted to accompany the great manuscript on some of its travels I shall preach on this subject. I want to impress upon people that the Bible is a guide to everyday life and that the events described therein prophetically are those which are happening in the world today."

Others, but because it is the one and only revelation from God and of God to mankind.

COUGH CAUSES TEACHER LOSS OF POSITION; WITHOUT AID SHE BUILDS BUSINESS

Mrs. Annie L. Langley's Hotel on Galveston Bay Is Not Any Too Attractive, But Her Southern Chicken Dinners at \$1 a Plate Bring Reservations Days in Advance.



BY FAITH HUNTER DODGE.

"Wanted—A competent cook; school teacher preferred."

THIS advertisement was published in a Texas daily, and this is how Mrs. Annie L. Langley, former school teacher and now proprietor of a hotel, explains it:

"Pure meanness was responsible for my getting so good a cook. I was peeved because the school authorities had sent out their new contract cards with such miserably small salaries and no promise of anything better. Not only my schoolman husband but many of my friends were hard hit. I was already earning three times as much money as I had ever earned teaching, and was able besides to see my husband and children in a pleasant, comfortable home with the kind of food they needed; and I intended to give some other teacher a chance, too.

"The next day after the advertisement appeared quite a refined voice came to me over the long-distance wire: 'Is that ad you have in the Chronicle intended seriously?'

"I asked the owner of the voice to come out and talk business. She was a normal school graduate and had taught four years; and cried when she told me how desperate she was to get away from the one-room almost tenement quarters she was occupying with her child on a teacher's salary. Out here she receives as much cash as before and in addition has a real home and real food for herself and her child. I had to persuade her to fill hungry stomachs with wholesome, satisfying food as important and edifying as to feed little brains with facts and fiction, rules and regulations—and far more advantageous. You see, I had lived through that struggle myself."

Mrs. Langley, as Annie L. Burt, loved teaching; but she received empty notice to remain at home, without salary.

After a few weeks of home and rest and much good food bought with the last of her savings, Annie L. Burt would have been an excellent advertisement for the "after taking" claims of a spring tonic; her own



Mrs. Annie Langley and her first hotel, which consisted of this building alone, but now a big dining room has been added and a small city of tents takes care of the overflow of guests.

doctor laughed at the word "lungs." So did the school authorities, but too late. So did V. W. Langley, broad-shouldered, six-foot-two Texas school teacher, who carried her off to Niagara Falls with him on their honeymoon. So would anyone who sees her now or her three rollicking youngsters, as sturdy a trio as any these United States ever produced.

But a nice home in a large, growing city with enough nourishing food for a healthy family of five, and a school teacher's \$200 a month (or less) are "incompatible," as Mrs. Langley puts it. She believes in school teaching exactly as she believes in foreign missions, and she had no intention of perverting Mr. Langley's equally idealistic views on the subject or of proselytizing him away from his chosen profession.

She hadn't a cent of capital. And she had three small children. She also had plenty of courage and considerable faith.

First she picked out the most healthful spot she could find for a

their road sped off to Europe every summer. She furnished it bit by bit, the dining room first.

Then she announced chicken dinners at \$1 the plate. From the first she has been paying a family of colored boys to raise chickens for her with the aid of an installment-paid-for incubator, and in the first year their three-by-six pen grew almost to the dimensions of a small Petaquina farm. Fish and shellfish are abundant and free for the catching. Salads and vegetables come from the hotel garden.

It was past the middle of July the first year before business was rushing, but from that time on—well, it now keeps one person busy during the entire forenoon answering phone calls from neighboring cities asking for dinner reservations. The dining room, built from blue prints Mrs. Langley herself made, is a large open-air structure, well screened and divided.

From the ceiling in each dining room hanging plants and ferns are suspended. Mrs. Langley has made these dining rooms quite the most popular thing for motorists who drive out from the city, take a good swim, eat a good evening meal in a cool pleasant place and just before driving back again have a moonlight dip in the salt water of Galveston bay. If they wish to spend the week-end, they find accommodations in the long gayly striped tents close to the hotel proper.

Feeding people was always Mrs. Langley's specialty. It all began with one cake—like Franklin's kite, a plaything with a big future. She was 7 when her colored mammy permitted her to experiment. The result is what is still her chef d'oeuvre.

Just make one of these and you'll see why dinner reservations made long in advance include the clause, "With the special cake."

Here is the secret: Three layers of rich cake with this filling: Cooked icing mixed with one cup of raisins, one cup of pounded pecans, one cup of grated coconut, one tablespoon of grated bitter chocolate. The juice of one lemon and one orange. Just as New Orleans is famed for Antoine's split orange dessert and Begay's liver and bacon, so Annie Langley bids fair to achieve fame through this cake and southern fried chicken.

But here we are, "way ahead of our story. Fortunately Annie L.'s mammy had let her experiment considerably in the old southern kitchen. When Judge Burt and his wife died Annie found herself the oldest of five sisters and head of the family. After two years of normal school she added to her four sisters the 48 children in grade 2, public school, and that was already quite a family, but not yet sufficient for her motherly instincts.

One Sunday morn'g in the choir loft of her church she felt her attention distracted from the sermon and hymns by the peaked face of a hungry-looking school teacher from the north.

"Why, but she's thin! I wonder what it is she doesn't get to eat!" And pondering the subject, Annie determined to find out. The pastor told her that the teacher from the north lived at the Hotel H.

That evening Annie L. was absent from the choir. She was at home kneading a batch of white flour bread. The following evening, with two big, warm, savory loaves under her arm, she called on the girl from the north.

"Bread! White bread! Did you ever go without it for three whole months? 'I've had my pleasure as a school teacher,' says Mrs. Langley, "now I'm having the double pleasure of seeing people well fed and of making it possible for my daughters—if some day they should want to teach school—to do it without worrying about the salaries."

home for her children—plenty of out-doors to play in, plenty of sea breezes, plenty of pure, fresh food, easily procurable, and all this sufficiently close to the city for her husband to commute to school in his flivver. She found a hotel "for rent" in addition to all the aforementioned commodities. To be sure, the food supplies were not visible and the hotel was quite dead. But there was an enormous property with artesian wells, a windmill, a water tank and a profession of roses, jasmine and ferns. Where roses can grow Annie L. can grow anything; there is something really weird about the old saw, "She can plant a broom handle and it will bear flowers and fruit," when applied to her. She used to grow head lettuce all year around in her window box.

The hotel didn't look any too attractive just at first—except for the flowers and the marvelous expanse of beach in front of it—"equal to Ostend," say those who before the war looked

SEA CHART OF STICKS AND SHELLS GUIDE TO MARINERS

Curious Device Made by South Sea Islanders Served in Days of Stevenson as Means of Interpreting Shoals and Currents.

—American Museum of Natural History, N. Y.

BY M. GEORGE EYRE.

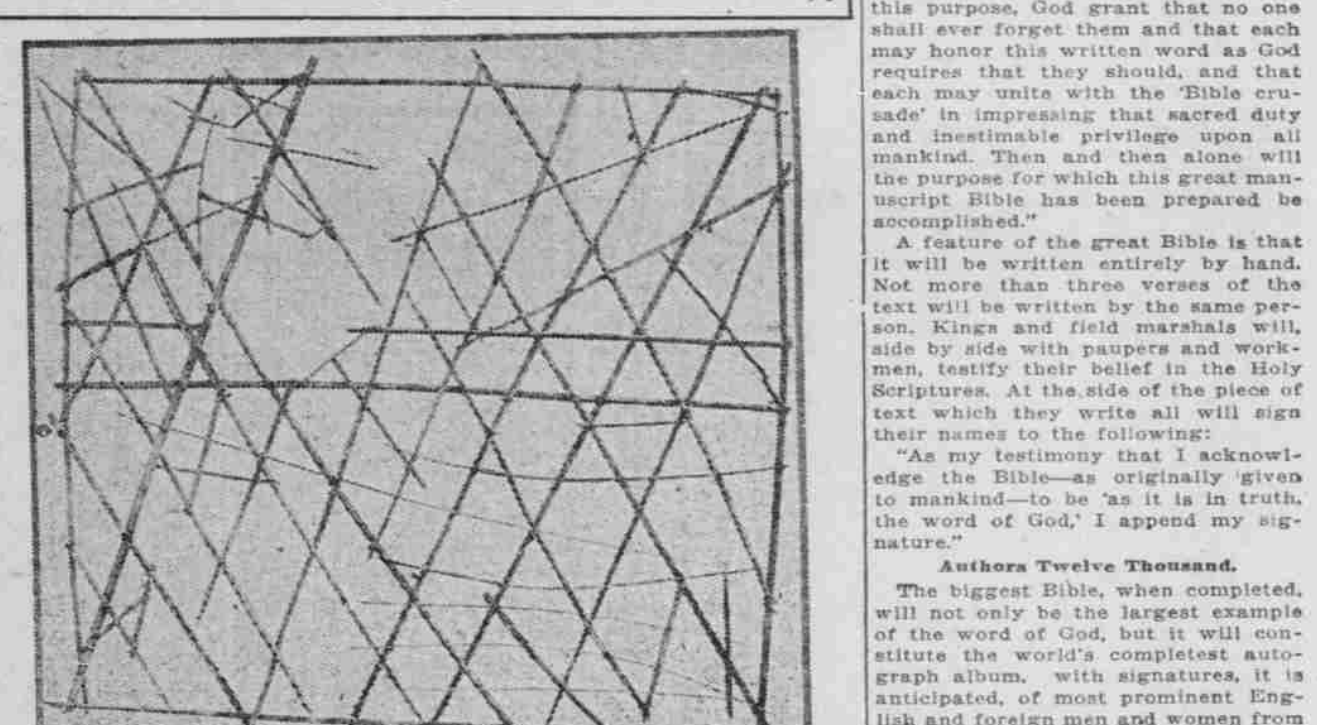
THE South Sea islands, land of mystery and strange devices, now give us a sea chart made from sticks and shells. It now forms an interesting part of the exhibits to be seen in the South Sea island hall of the American Museum of Natural History in New York. It served as an accurate and authoritative guide for the daring navigators of the Marshall islands of a generation or more ago, a guide just as accurate and authoritative as a modern engraved map of lands and waters and depths and shoals and winds and waves and currents is to mariners of the present day.

Additional interest is lent to the chart in that it was the gift of Robert Louis Stevenson. In 1839, the man in which the author of "Treasure Island" began his four-year residence in Samoa, which, incidentally, marked the last chapter of his life, Stevenson voyaged in the steamer Janet Nichol among the islands of the South seas. Mrs. Stevenson and her son Lloyd accompanied him, and in her "Cruise of the Janet Nichol" she refers to the charts of the natives.

"These charts," writes Mrs. Stevenson, "are curious things made of

WORLD'S LARGEST BIBLE TAKES 12 GOATSKINS FOR COVER

Great Work Will Be Written Entirely by Hand and 12,000 Writers Will Append Autographs to Their Work.



A SOUTH SEA ISLANDER'S CHART, MADE FROM BAMBOO.

sticks, some curved, some straight, caught here and there by a small yellow cowry. The cowries represent islands. The sticks both currents and winds and days' sailings. The distances between the islands are nothing to do with the number of miles but with hours only. These charts are very little used now, only one old chief knowing how to make them, but the time when each young chief must pass his examination in the charts, knowing them by heart, as they were never taken to sea, but kept at home for reference and continual study.

In spite of many differences of opinion regarding the correct interpretation of the charts, it is generally believed that the cowry shells represent islands. Authorities at the museum of the University of Pennsylvania say, however, that while the popular explanation of the sticks is that they represent currents, as Mrs. Stevenson says, a more accurate interpretation would be far more involved, owing to the procession from the four quarters of the sea of four distinct sets of swells during the season of native navigation. The behavior of these swells was closely studied by the native navigator, and the results of his observations were incorporated in the charts.

bookmaking that England can produce.

But why produce the biggest Bible? The answer to this question is given by the "Bible Crusade" as follows:

"The great Bible is intended to rivet public attention on the primary importance of the Bible as the fountain and source of all truth. As this unique volume is magnified in size above all other volumes, so the grandeur of the Bible ought to be magnified in value above that of all other books, not merely because of its literary, its poetical, its historical, its archaeological or its moral beauties, which are confessedly superior to all

MINTO RANCH TO OPEN

Son of ex-Canadian Governor-General Plans Stock Farm.

CALGARY, Alberta.—The Earl of Minto, son of a former governor-general of Canada, is in the process of buying over from England to his ranch in southern Alberta 12 thoroughbred mares, including a 3-year-old filly by Radium out of Charmeuse. Minnefeld, a 5-year-old by Rockwood, a Derby winner, is also included in the shipment from England.

The Earl of Minto will remain in Alberta until June, going back to England and returning later to his ranch.

Hen Pen Brings Big Sum

OTTAWA.—The leading pen in the international egg-laying contest being conducted at the centre of the experimental poultry farm here has been sold to a Quebec farmer for \$275. The pen consisted of ten barred Plymouth Rocks.