

PERSONAL STORIES

BY FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

There has been but one American order of knighthood, and its members were known as the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." This order was born during the time of Sir Alexander Spotswood, one of the colonial governors of Virginia, who organized a body of gentlemen, woodsmen, soldiers, and slaves, and rode to the western rim of the blue Virginia hills to see if it were true, as the Indians had said, that a great ocean could be seen from the heights. It was a journey rich in adventure, and while on sea filled the world beyond, they looked upon a valley rich in possibilities that the later centuries realized. In memory of this long journey, and of the good comradeship they enjoyed, Gov. Spotswood called the members of his cavalry the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." He wrote to his king telling of the journey, of the great industrial possibilities that the New World offered in that wilderness, and of the new order he had instituted.

In recognition of this, and to show his august approval, his majesty ordered to be made upon the royal looms a rich, yellow brocade, starred at intervals with golden horseshoes. When completed the gift was forwarded to Lady Spotswood, the governor's wife. This rare piece of cloth was afterward cut into garments, samples of which have passed down from generation to generation. One of the last pieces known to be in existence is carefully framed, and hangs on the wall in the home of Mrs. J. Harvey Mathes, of Memphis, Tenn. This lady is a direct descendant of the founder of the "Knights of the Golden Horseshoe." Before her marriage she was Miss Mildred Spotswood Cahoon, and she takes great pride in her distinguished forefather. She recently organized the first Pocahontas "Wigwam," the members being descendants of the Indian princess, and the object of her organization being to erect a monument to her at Jamestown.

The case of Frank Steinhart, American consul general to Cuba, is a refreshing contrast to the usual rules pertaining to political life. While so many men are trying persistently to get into office, Steinhart is attempting vainly to get out of it. Speyer & Co., the New York bankers, want Steinhart to work for them, and made a contract for his services at a salary of \$5,000 a year. But Uncle Sam doesn't want to let Steinhart go. He knows so many people in Cuba, has such a thorough knowledge of conditions there, and is so altogether indispensable to American interests in the island, that on three different occasions the President, Secretary Taft, and Secretary Root have appealed to Speyer & Co. to let Steinhart stay in the government service "just six months more." He has already been held over eighteen months in this manner, and it will be most difficult to replace him when he finally quits the service.

Frank Steinhart speaks four languages, and has been nicknamed "the consul of all nations" because of his ability to help the people of other nationalities besides his own. His success has not been accomplished in the way that most politicians get on. He doesn't "mix" much in the general sense of that word. During the nine years that he has lived in Havana he has never been inside any of the numerous theaters in that city. He never dines out, but always goes home to be with his family. His popularity and popularity are based solely on the fact that he is business from the word go. Mr. Steinhart has been in the service of the War and State Departments for twenty-two years. He is coming to the official stock is shown by the fact that his grandfather was chief of police of Munich until he died at the age of 101.

Miss Maund Powell is the greatest woman violinist. She is famous because she is a great artist, and she is great because she measures up to the standard of violin playing established by virtuosos of the highest rank, without any allowance being made for the fact that she is a woman. "She is a blood descendant of Spohr," wrote a distinguished critic of her last winter, "when she tucks her fiddle under her chin, she makes a solemn reverence before the altar of music and officiates as priestess in the temple." Miss Powell studied with the greatest of her fathers, and his knowledge of music was limited to the old-fashioned hymns that were "lined out" by the preacher. Her mother, however, is musical, though she never had an opportunity to have her talent cultivated. She says that she has achieved through her talented daughter what she was never able to do herself.

Miss Powell studied with the greatest living violin teacher, Herr Joachim, who is now past seventy-five years of age, and still teaching in Berlin. He was a harsh master, and rarely failed to make his pupils cry when they came to him for instruction. Miss Powell always answered with spirit when he spoke roughly to her, and he paid her back by giving her harder lessons than any of the rest. She always made it a point to master what he gave her, and so the lessons became harder and harder. Finally on Tuesday he gave her the "Moto Perpetuo" of Pergolesi to make ready for Friday. It was an almost impossible task, but she set to work not only to master it for him, but to give him a little surprise as well. When she came for her lesson she closed the music and stood ready to play. He asked her with an unbelieving grin if she expected to play it from memory, thinking it would be a farce of short duration. She nodded an affirmative, and before the piece was half over the skeptical master was sitting forward on the edge of his chair, showing in every way his anxiety that she should not break down. After that he offered no more sarcastic comments, and they got on famously.

When old Dominic Hodges, a Yale man, found himself in the barrens of Kentucky in the early '50s, out of money and out of a job, he applied at the home of one of the prosperous farmers of the "Chicken Bristle" neighborhood for a night's lodging. Hodges knew Latin, and Greek, and mathematics. The farmer had a son fourteen years old and a nephew twelve. Hodges was engaged to tutor the boys. Eugene was the elder and Will the younger. Eugene excelled in history and the humanities—Will was always far ahead in mathematics. When the storm of the civil war was about to break, the scholarly Hodges wanted to go back home to spend his old age. He took sorrowful leave of his two pupils, and addressed his patron concerning them. "Eugene," he said, "will know more than anybody about history, but he will never have money. Will, however, can do any kind of business, and he will be a rich man." Nearly half a century has gone, and Metcalf County, Ky., knows those two boys as its most distinguished sons. One of them is William H. Newman, president of the New York Central Lines, and the

highest salaried railroad man in the world, receiving \$135,000 a year. Eugene is known all over the country by his pen name of "Savorador." His entertaining essays on political subjects show a wonderful fund of information, but he is not rich like his cousin. Thus he is the prophet of old Dominic Hodges been fulfilled.

Mrs. Joseph F. Knapp is the best-known hymn writer in the United States. She lives in beautiful apartments at the Hotel Savoy, New York, and her suite of ten rooms is rich in rare tapestries, costly bric-a-brac, Oriental fittings, and suggestions of Egyptian gorgeousness, modified in the room known as the "Sunshine Melody Bower." Mrs. Knapp has entertained many distinguished people, and has given many artistic entertainments. Here is the organ where she composes her hymns and cantatas. Presidents, bishops, and literary people have been among her guests, and have felt themselves honored at the attention of this gifted woman. Her talent for rhyming and hymn writing came early. In fact, her first lyric, "Better Rub Than Rust," was penned when she was nine years old.

Incidents from real life contribute suggestions for her hymns. Once when impatiently waiting for two shop girls to get through gossiping and wait on her, she heard one say to the other: "Well,

LINCOLN NO. 2.

BY GRANT LESTER.

For a good many years people had said that Farmer Johnson's wife was head of his house, but that he was a great incumbent to her. They had a farm just outside a thriving town, and had it in their minds to sell it, there were many promising speculations that would have entered into it. She was allowed to boss things around the farm, but when it came to outside matters, the husband would take no risks. When his death finally took place, people looked to see Aunt Betty, as she was called, though only forty years old, carry out some of her ideas and make things hum. They were not disappointed. She went into strawberries and made money; she went into the dairy business and made money; she went into poultry and made money. It was said that there was not half a dozen men in the county who had her business sense.

Aunt Betty had a daughter nineteen years old, by name, Prue. Prue did not run to business. She was simply a sweet-tempered and lovable girl, who attended school in town in the winter and helped about the housework in summer. Up to the time of the father's death, the mother had not "suffered aspirations" regarding Prue's future. It was tacitly understood that she would marry some young farmer and settle down to the humdrum life. But after the mother had become a business woman, there were other plans for the girl. She was to be educated in music and other arts and made a lady of.

Just how Prue Johnson and Darius Livingstone first met is of no great consequence. He was twenty-two, and had graduated as a lawyer and settled in the town. He was a slab-sided young man, tall, and angular, and ungainly. There were a few people who said that he might know more than he showed, but the majority were of the opinion that he didn't know whether potatoes grew in the ground or on trees. It was Prue who with the majority it was rather singular that the young lawyer should have come driving out to the farm one June day to inquire for her. She was upstairs at the time, and it was her mother who received him. At the first glance she thought him the homeliest young man she had ever seen. After the second she took him for some peddler of music, and went upstairs and said to Prue:

"There's a bean-pole down stairs asking for you. I never saw such a gawk. He says his name is Livingstone. He's enough to scare a setting hen off the nest. Did you ever hear of any such fellow?" "Why, ma, he's a lawyer in town, and we have met three or four times," replied Prue, as her face flushed scarlet. "A lawyer—humpf! If you was to put a club in his hands he wouldn't know how to pound sand. What's he here for?" "Why—why, he said he might call some day. I don't see why you call him homely. I've heard lots of folks say that he reminds them of Abraham Lincoln." "Ever gets that way?" Prue asked, and she turned away. Prue went down and received her caller, and though Mrs. Johnson was rather busy around the house and yard she saw and heard enough to satisfy that the young man was "im-terested." He remained for an hour or so and then left, and while his back was yet in sight Prue was properly warned. "I shall have to have a son-in-law some day," she added the mother, "but I want one whose looks will suit all the folks."

Lawyer! Lawyer! Why the poorest lawyer we've got in town would make your young man look like a bob-woolchuck if he had a case in court." Prue ran away without talking back, and things quieted down for a week. Then the mother came home from town one afternoon to blurt out: "Do you know what I heard this afternoon? At least half a dozen people told me that you and that scarecrow young lawyer were in love."

"Oh, mama!" "Oh, mama!" me. If you've fallen in love with any such man I'm ashamed of you. Why, that red-headed, cross-eyed Sue Williams wouldn't look at him." "We are not in love," stoutly protested Prue. "Then what are you looking so red for?" "Because—because we are simply friends. That is, he's awfully smart when you come to talk with him. I've been reading the life of Lincoln, and it's wonderful how much alike they are." "Wonderful, boss! Abe Lincoln was smarter'n a whip as a lawyer." "But Darius is going to be if he ever gets a case." "Ever gets a case! I'd like to know who'd trust him with a case!" The young man called again in about a week, ostensibly to make inquiries concerning the strawberry pest, and while Mrs. Johnson didn't order him off the farm, she gave him what she called a chilling reception. The fact that he didn't seem at all put out aggravated her, and but for a business engagement taking up her attention she would have had much to say to Prue. Four days later she came into the house, to say: "Well, when I dreamed of black hogs one night last week I knew that trouble would come. I've got a lawsuit on hand. It seems that those three owls I bought over in Delaware last week had a chanted mortgage on them. I must either pay or

DELTA CHIS ARRIVE

Delegates Open Headquarters for Convention.

MEETING FOR THREE DAYS

Programme Includes Two Smokers, a Banquet, and Reception by the President—Visitors Will Be Welcomed This Morning by Commissioner Biddle—Canadians on Way.

Twenty-two universities, in different parts of the country, will be represented in the annual convention of the Delta Chi Fraternity, which opens this morning at the Georgetown Chapter house, 223 N. street.

Several New York delegates, accompanied by the visiting fraternity, arrived last night and established headquarters at the Raleigh Hotel.

A large crowd of Michiganders also arrived in Washington last night. Delegates from Canada, who are coming by way of Norfolk, leaving their native soil by boat, will get here this morning. Various other representatives from all over the United States will be among those on the incoming trains to-day. Altogether, several hundred delegates and visitors are expected.

The business sessions of the convention, which is to continue three days, will begin this morning at 10 o'clock, when the delegates will be welcomed to Washington by an address by Commissioner Biddle, John J. Kuhn, Cornell, will respond on behalf of the fraternity, followed by L. Barton Case, Michigan, on behalf of the alumni. W. W. Taylor, Cornell, will speak for the active chapters.

Give Smoker To-night. Luncheon will be served at the chapter house. The afternoon session will be followed by an automobile trip about the city. To-night the delegates and visitors will be the guests of the Georgetown alumni at a smoker at the University Club.

The complete programme for Tuesday is as follows: 10 to 12 o'clock, a meeting session; 12 to 12:30 o'clock, lunch at the chapter house; 12:30 to 2 o'clock, fourth session; 2:30 o'clock, reception at White House by President Roosevelt; 3 o'clock, convention photograph on steps of Treasury Department; 4 o'clock, baseball, Yale vs. Georgetown, at Georgetown field; 8:30 o'clock, smoker and initiation at the chapter house.

Wednesday: Business sessions morning and afternoon. The convention will be brought to a close, Wednesday evening with a banquet at the Raleigh, at which Secretary Cortelyou, one of the members, is expected to preside.

Officers of the fraternity are as follows: "A. A." John J. Kuhn, Cornell, 1882; "C. C." William W. Bridge, Georgetown, 1884; "D. D." George Hartigan, New York University, 1886; "E. E." Frank W. Atkinson, Michigan, 1887; "F. F." H. H. Hart, Northwestern, 1888; "G. G." Joseph Hartigan, New York University, 1889; "H. H." John J. Kuhn, Cornell, 1890; "I. I." Stuart McNamara, Georgetown; "J. J." William H. Moore, Osgood Hall; "K. K." James O'Malley, Cornell; "L. L." Basil Wiles, Northwestern.

The Delta Chi Quartet—Editor, Fraser Brown, Cornell; business manager, Walter Beale Williams, Georgetown.

List of Delegates. The delegates, most of whom will be in attendance, are as follows: Cornell, H. G. Stutz, W. W. Taylor, and G. F. Rogalski; New York University, Joseph Hartigan, H. T. Gashaw, and F. G. O'Connell; Michigan, C. T. Knapp and J. G. Mullaly; Michigan, C. J. Malier, F. W. Atkinson, and R. S. Simmons; Dickinson, T. S. Smith, W. R. Conner, and S. M. Bushman; Northwestern, H. M. Donham, W. V. Brullman, and P. H. McCaughan; Chicago-Kent, G. C. Guthrie, E. H. Williams, and C. Gray; Buffalo, John F. Rees; Indiana, E. W. O'Connell, Edward Miall, and E. W. Wright; Syracuse, H. J. Howard, F. E. Ryan, and Joseph Meadard; Union, W. H. Edge, Joseph Vandenberg, and G. M. Quackenbush; West Virginia, B. S. Stedden, Ghoben Arnold, and J. C. Hamilton; Ohio State, O. P. Cokerline, J. R. Harshman, and C. S. Hatfield; Chicago University, Oscar W. Carlson; Georgetown, C. B. Weicker.

LOWER RATES JUSTIFIED.

W. C. Dodge Discusses Reduction of Insurance Premiums.

Editor The Washington Herald: When I saw the statement that the local rates for insurance were to be reduced, it struck me as a very sensible thing to do, as every one knows, and as the records show, the risk and loss from fires in Washington are very much less than in other cities.

This is due to our unusually wide streets and to our excellent fire department. In cities having narrow streets it is not an unusual thing for a fire to cross the street and burn buildings on the opposite side, especially when there is a strong wind. During the forty-seven years that I have resided here I have no recollection of a single instance in which a fire here has crossed a street. It is, therefore, obvious that the rates here ought to be less than in other cities, just in proportion as the risk is less. Formerly I had my property insured at reasonable rates by agents who represented mostly foreign companies, but when the board of underwriters was organized the rates were nearly if not quite doubled. I considered that most unreasonable, and transferred my insurance to our two mutual companies, who have had it ever since, a period of sixteen years. One benefit of patronizing our local companies is that instead of foreign money the money paid for premiums is retained and paid by our own citizens, whereas that used by foreign companies is taken away and used elsewhere, and, of course, is of no benefit to us, except the commissions paid to the local agents. Whatever may be the outcome of the present movement, it is perfectly clear that the rates here ought not to be governed by the rates elsewhere, and that they can be safely reduced, and ought to be.

CRITICS MUST BE IMPARTIAL.

Paul C. Chamberlain Replies to Arranger of Crapsey.

Editor The Washington Herald:

In your Sunday issue of March 17 you printed a letter from J. B. N. Berry in criticism of A. S. Crapsey and his kind. Though I do not intend to offer argumentative opposition to Mr. Berry's contention, yet his article leads me to ask the privilege of a few lines wherein to point out a fundamental which he seems to have omitted.

It is undeniable, whatever our personal views on the divinity of Jesus, or the actual performance of miracles may be, that if we look at the matter impartially and in sober thought, we are brought to the conclusion that such furious attacks as have been made upon Christianity—or as Mr. Berry well says, "Churchianity"—by such as the Crapseys, the Ingersolls, the Paines, and the Bradlaughes many times do more harm than good.

"Churchianity"—I adopt the excellent word—is in need of criticism, and impartial and with due regard for the sensibilities of others—I, e., by such thinkers as Strauss, Renan, Huxley, Spencer, &c. The moment criticism of a religion is seen to be imbued with vindictiveness and intolerance it only angers its adherents, and therein loses its weight and does more harm than good.

But in all this it seems to me we are "making a mountain out of a mole hill." No one, whatever the view held on certain transcendent questions, can deny the value of so pure and altruistic a system of ethics as that promulgated by Jesus of Nazareth. Though there may be little to praise in the conduct of his followers, yet it is in the original words of the Bible, it stands as probably the noblest and purest ethical code yet given to spiritual

This, then, is the essence of the matter. We recognize the value of such a system. We recognize that the experience of mankind teaches that only by adherence to some such code can we hope to progress toward ultimate happiness, and we recognize its truth—what matter, then, the question of the divinity or nondivinity of its promulgator? Truth is its own excuse. "Magna est veritas et praevalabit." Other great teachers of the world have succeeded in establishing systems in many ways—in their original forms—as uplifting that of Christianity, and they have done so without the arrogation to themselves of divinity, or the aid of the supernatural. These systems stand to-day, and claim more adherents than does Christianity. I am thinking of such as Buddha and Confucius. To be sure their present forms are far removed from the purity and austerity of their founders, but is the present "Churchianity" any less far removed?

Mr. Berry well says that what is needed is a return to the original fount. As for the sayings of Christ, which Mr. Berry quotes, we must bear in mind that many another religious enthusiast has made like utterances, and has come to firmly believe in them himself. Is there any evidence that Mahomet was not just as sincere in his belief in his divine mission, or that Alexander the Great did not succeed in deceiving himself with the idea that he was a son of the God Memnon?

We cannot but be happy, and we cannot but help make others so if we adhere to so noble a precept as that of the Golden Rule. It is, I humbly believe, the noblest utterance in any tongue and age, and is equally and eternally true, whether uttered by a Hebraean in 720 B. C., a Confucian in 550 B. C., an Aristotele in 350 B. C., a Pilyap in 300 B. C., or by the great Nazarene only about 2,000 years ago. PAUL C. CHAMBERLAIN.

AN ATTRACTIVE WORK APRON



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FROM WOMAN'S POINT OF VIEW. Frankness is a good quality, but, like other good things, it may be carried too far. It is never a good plan to be frank regarding personal affairs, to allow the world to become acquainted with one's makeshifts, to confess to poverty, to tell family secrets, or do other indiscreet things. The woman who pleads poverty is regarded as a nuisance in general, and gaining no sympathy she can expect no aid, can she? The majority of us have none too much money. There are numberless things we want and cannot have, but why should we go about saying so to those more fortunate than ourselves? We ought to be able to share the pleasure of others without a thought of our own desires—if we cannot accomplish it we must expect to be left much to ourselves. I think that, possibly, we get about what we deserve in this world, finding sunshine when we expect it and disappointment when we look around the corner for it. Self-confidence is quite the best quality to cultivate. It keeps a woman on the lookout for the best of life and those who seek find, you know. The self-confident woman may know poverty intimately, but she gives no sign of it in public. She may know a snub when she receives one, but she pretends ignorance and all its effect is lost. She takes enjoyment with a surety of pleasure and never stops to wonder why she is not as popular as some of her companions. Probably her good sense gives her the reward for that, for popularity is the reward of a combination of qualities which all women do not possess.

Women are their own worst enemies. From their own lips are furnished the weapons which others use to injure them. They tell their mistakes and follies, things which ought to be buried as far down as possible after the lessons they teach have been absorbed. A woman rarely secures a bargain without letting the world into the secret, and so destroys the effect of her position. Only the few have any respect for marksmen by which money is saved to others. I am continually finding women who tell me things they should keep to themselves. They find fault with their husbands, quarrel with their friends and tell me and a dozen others, I presume, all about it. I have the greatest admiration for a little woman whose life I know must be far from comfortable, for there are several disagreeable elements to it. The purse strings are in masculine hands, and stringency once that, and she toils day in and day out to make herself and her babies look respectable. There are other discomforts, worse than that, but never a word of them passes her lips. Everything is made much of, and her brave, smiling face never lengthens where there is anybody to see it. What would be the use of regaling the neighbors with the history of her domestic life? They might pity her—a doubtful attention—but she would not be likely to escape criticism. She is admired now, I know, and that is much better. She has a sister of the opposite type, a woman who is always wishing for something she cannot have and giving detailed reasons why she cannot do the things that make life interesting for her but disappointed never will have anything but disappointment as long as she expects them. Did you ever know failure for the girl who is confident that she can get work when she needs it? Never. The right place seems to appear at the right moment. But look at the woman who is eternally fearing disaster—what a bad time she has of it. BETTY BRADEN.

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