In the World of Books

BY HECTOR FULLER.

The sins of our poor favorite authors! They will not let them rest. As if it really mattered about the loves of Burns and Byron, the drugs of De Quincey, the madness of Charles Lamb, the deer stealing of Shakespeare. All that matters is that these men did their work and that we find infinite joy in it to-day in spite of the sins of those who created the work and—have gone to their long reward. Myrtle Reed, who has written so much that is charming, was written now an essay on Poe's love affairs and dwelling especially on his wonderful love for Helen, love which, however, was not stronger than that other passsion which ruined his life and cut it short. How poor Poe fought against the enemy that assailed him! They have resurrected a letter written by him to Helen during one of his "good times," when he was fighting down the evil appetite with all his strength. And what a letter:

In little more than a fortnight, dearest Helen, I shall once again clasp you to my heart; until then I forbear to agitate you by speaking of my wishes—of my hopes, and especially of my fears. You say that it all depends on my own firmness. If this be so, all is safe—for the terrible agony which I have so lately endured—an agony known only to my God and myself—seems to have passed my soul through fire and purified it from all that is weak. Henceforward I am strong; this those who love me shall see, as well as those who have so relentlessly endeavored to ruin me. It needs only some such trials as I have undergone to make me what I was born to be, by making me conscious of my own strength. But all does not depend, dear Helen, upon my firmness—all depends upon the sincerity of your love.

Even as he wrote it he was on the verge of stumbling yet again, and Myrtle Reed writes: "Yet once again the castle of his happiness crashed suddenly into ruins. Preparation had been made for the wedding, and he had written to Mrs. Clemm to expect him, with his bride, upon the appointed day, when Mrs. Whitman was informed that he had broken his pledge. She sent for him, and though there was no outward sign, she knew at once with swift womanly intuition that it was true. As they looked into each other's eyes, the inner conflict in the soul of each was all at once made clear. She knew that he had fought and lost. He knew that the 'Helen of a thousand dreams' must ever be a dream to him."

The mayor of Lichfield makes an appeal for money to restore the house in which Samuel Johnson was born, and which since 1901 has been a public museum and memorial of the illustrious moralist. The building, unfortunately, has for lack of funds fallen into a state of dangerous decay.

The record for book popularity at the Public Library during the week just passed shows that in nonfiction the call was for Ibsen's "The Doll's House" and Ramacharaka's "Hathayoga." In fiction the call was for Webster's "Jerry, Junior" and Chambers' "The Tree of Heaven," while among the juveniles the demand was for Andrew Lang's "Orange Fairybook" and French's "The Junior Cup." Other subjects of especial popularity were psychology, in which field two books were in demand—Funk's "Psychic Riddle" and Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena." The subject of child labor also attracts readers; the two books most called for were Beveridge's "Employment of Child Labor" and Goldmark's "Child Labor Legislation."

We mentioned, some time ago, the death of Rev. George B. Nicols, an English clergyman, whose death was notable because of the link his life formed with the literary past. He was the little-known husband of Charlotte Bronte, and he had survived his brilliant wife nearly half a century. Last week his effects were sold, and these included some interesting relics and manuscripts of his famous wife. Among the lot were some schoolbooks of the author of "Jane Eyre," containing her comments and some drawings. There was also her copy of Voltaire's "La Henriade" and Anne Bronte's Bible, with Thackeray's presentation copy of La Fontaine's "Fables." There was a workbox of Charlotte Bronte containing the visiting card of Thackeray, who was much attracted by her and pleased by her praise. The manuscripts proved particularly interesting, including as they did many juvenile writings and seventeen chapters of an unpublished story, "Caroline Veruva," which she wrote under the name of Charlotte Townsend. At the sale there was also disposed of Charles Dickens' own copy of "The Christmas Carol," from which he used to read publicly; and another item was a receipt from the famous actor, Edmund Kean, which reads: "Received, the sum of two hundred and fifty-six pounds for eight performances of 'Othello' (less one pound for the benefit of the call boy, who, damn him, never does call).

In the literary department of the North American Review for July 19, Maxim Gorky's "Mother" is reviewed by Louise Collier Wilcox, and Walter Savage Landor's "Commentary on the Life and Character of Fox," by Edward Porritt.

An unusually varied and distinctive list of new fiction may be expected from the Macmillan Press during the coming season, some of its more distinctive titles being Marion Crawford's "Arethusa," Jack London's "Love of Life," Alfred Ollivant's "Red Coat Captain," and Zona Gale's "The Loves of Pelleas and Etaire." Other than fiction the Macmillans will issue a "Life of Theodore Roosevelt," by James Morgan; a book about birds, by Mabel Osgood Wright, with the title "Gray Lady and the Birds," and a new tale for girls by Christina Gowans White, author of "The Story-Book Girls." In biography the first English translation of the memoirs of the elder Dumas will appear in six volumes, the first being announced for the 1st of October. No less interesting will be "An Artist's Reminiscences," by Walter Crane, and the "Letters of Dean Hole." In history, besides the second volume of Prof. Edward Channing's "History of the United States," the concluding volume of Dr. Henry Charles Lea's "History of the Inquisition of Spain," and a new volume in the Cambridge Modern History, an important new work, is promised on "British Colonial Policy, 1754-1765," by George Louis Beer. The second volume of the Collected Poetic Works of W. B. Yeats, comprising his dramatic poems, a new book of verse for children, edited by E. V. Lucas, and a new series of standard poets to be called "The New Globe Poets," will also appear, and important books dealing with sociology and economics will include Jack London's remarkable story of his experiences, "My Life in the Underworld;" a text-book entitled "Essentials of Economic Theory," by Prof. John B. Clark, of Columbia University, and a volume on "The Government of European Cities," by Prof. William Bennett Munro, of Harvard.

Every now and then a new effort is made to run down the fugitive writings of Charles Dickens. The latest investigator—and evidently one of the luckiest—is Mr. B. W. Matz, the editor of "The Dickensian." Through an office book recently discovered, which shows the payments made over many years for contributions to "Household Words," he has been able to identify certain stories, sketches, and papers in lighter vein which the novelist wrote for that periodical. (Also this book has made it possible to prove that certain articles which experts have attributed to Dickens were really not produced by him.) Mr. Matz has made a selection of the great writer's anonymous contributions to "Household Words," and is now seeing it through the press. It will form part of two volumes devoted to his poems, plays, and miscellaneous writings, which are to appear in the new "National Dickens" being issued by Chapman & Hall.

The first literary work of Eliza Calvert Hall, the author of "Aunt Jane of Kentucky," took the form of poetry. Her earlier poems were published in the old "Scribner," when Dr. J. G. Holland conducted it.

D. Appleton & Co. announce for fall publication "Evolution and Animal Life," by David Starr Jordan, president of Stanford University, and Prof. V. L. Kellogg. This book gives a popular discussion of the facts, processes, laws, and theories relating to the life and evolution of animals.

At the recent fourth anniversary of the death of the poet William Ernest Henley, the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson, a monument to Henley was unveiled in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral. The monument is a bronze bust of Henley, executed by Auguste Rodin, and presented by him.

This last reminds us of the close and interesting friendship which existed between the French sculptor and the English poet, who first met in 1881. Henley did more than any one else to encourage Rodin to appeal to the English public, and in his capacity of critic worked hard to gain English appreciation of his French friend. In return for this, Rodin dubbed Henley a "glorious thinker," and used him as a model for one of his earliest portrait busts, a reproduction of which appears as frontispiece of the volume of "Poems."

Here is part of a singularly charming and pathetic letter which Henley wrote to Rodin and which is reproduced in Frederick Lawton's recent book on the sculptor: "Dear and great friend: I have done a good deal since you made me live in bronze. I am almost a somebody. People speak of me, my dear Rodin, a little, a very little, as they speak of you. I mean as of an artist who has always done as he thought fit without ever caring for other people's money or praises. * * * I believe my verses won't all perish. * * *"

The bust is inscribed simply: "W. E. Henley, poet, 1851-1903."

The Right Rev. A. F. Winnington Ingram, D. D., lord bishop of London, who is expected to visit this country shortly as the representative of the Church of England at the general convention of the Episcopal Church, is well known in the world of letters. Among his books, published in this country by Thomas Whittaker, are "The Gospel in Action," "A Mission of the Spirits," "Faith of Church and Nation," and "Banner of the Christian Faith."

Among the early fall publications of G. P. Putnam's Sons will be "The Love Affairs of Literary Men," by Myrtle Reed. In this book will be told the love affairs of such men as Swift, Pope, Dr. Johnson, Sterne, Cowper, Keats, Shelley, Poe, and Carlyle. Another book dealing with a kindred subject which will be issued in the fall is Stopford Brooke's "Studies of Poetry." This book will contain, among other papers, essays on Shelley, Blake, and Keats, and a general essay on poetry as an art.

"Paris," said G. W. Stevens, "is a place where they save sous." "It is more than that," says Roilin Lynde Hartt in an article entitled "What France Can Teach Us," in the July World's Work. "What the tourist usually sees tells only a tithe of the story. He sees parades of 'mutualistes' (societies for saving); he sees shopkeepers wrapping parcels in old newspapers; he sees children wearing black pinafores to protect their clothes; he sees countless establishments for mending and dyeing; he sees the middle-class Parisienne lift her precious skirt ere she takes a seat upon a bench at the wayside, and sit upon her less precious petticoat; he sees people eating forgotten portions of beeves and sheep. Then he says, wisely: 'Ah, yes! Steevens was right. Paris is a place where they save sous.'" Mr. Hartt adds:

Once, being in a great hurry, I boarded a street car within four blocks of the end of the line. That is, I partly boarded it. The conductor, beside himself with compassion, put me off and shouted back to me, "Good heavens, monsieur, the car is only going four blocks." Not for half a kingdom would he have allowed a fellow-mortal to pay a fare for so short a ride.

Readers of Harper's Weekly are given in detail an account of the proceedings at Williams College by which the degree of LL. D. was conferred on Henry M. Alden, for many years editor of Harper's Magazine. The president, Mr. Henry Hopkins, with Mr. Alden at his right hand, headed the procession into the church, and at the close of the exercises the honorary degrees were conferred by the president. Those receiving the degree of doctor of laws came last, and Mr. Alden, as the oldest, last of these. It was the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. Out of the twenty-five survivors of his class fifteen were present, and these stood up, in the place assigned to them in the audience, when he was decorated with the purple hood. In presenting Mr. Alden for this degree, Prof. Rice thus designated his record:

For the honorary degree of doctor of laws Henry Mills Alden, graduate of Williams College in the class of 1857, of Andover Theological Seminary in the class of 1860, lecturer of the Lowell Institute during the winter of 1863-64 on "The Structure of Paganism," editor of Harper's Weekly, 1863-69, editor of Harper's Monthly 1869 to the present day. Is there any one who does not know the genial writer of the editor's study? Author, also, of two volumes entitled "God in His World" and "Study of Death." Rightly is there added to the title of the former volume the subscript: "An Interpretation." In all ages and among all races God's voice has been speaking to the hearts of men, a still, small voice heard only in the silence of the night or in the depths of consciousness—the prophet, the seer, the poet, have given to that voice their interpretation. The measure of its truth become a standard of civilization for its generation. This book is like a pool in the forest; according to the vision of the beholder it will mirror infinite depths of sky. In the year of its publication Williams College gave to the author the degree of doctor of letters, a degree that asserts the supremacy of the word, in trust that it shall prove an interpretation of the divine. Not out of obscurity, certainly, though out of a retirement most kindred to his nature, his alma mater summons him once more to receive her highest meed of honor; not as if there were advantage in such publicity for one whose seventieth birthday the brotherhood of letters in America and England only six months ago met to celebrate, but as claiming in due season her share of the distinction his abundant merit reflects upon herself.

Rider Haggard is a rapid worker with his pen. "She," for instance, was written in six weeks from the time Mr. Haggard began it till it was ready for the publishers. He is also thorough in his preparations for writing a book. He makes a habit of spending months among the scenes in which his plot is to be laid.

The Frederick A. Stokes Company announces for its fall fiction "Under the Southern Cross," by Elizabeth Robins; "The Van Rensselaers of Old Manhattan," by Weymar Jay Mills; "The Angels of Messer Ercole," by Duffield Osborne; "Winston of the Prairies," by Harold Bindloss. Other books, not fiction, that will be brought out by this firm are by Gelett Burgess, Dr. C. W. Saleeby, Charles H. Callan, Grace McGowan Cooke, and Joel Chandler Harris.

A new novel by Justus Miles Forman, author of "The Island of Enchantment," was published this week by Harper & Brothers. The title of the new book is "A Stumbling Block." In this new novel Mr. Forman is said to have done even more distinguished work than in the past.

Madison Cawein, the Kentucky poet, has been selected to write a commemorative ode on the occasion of the dedication of a monument in honor of the Massachusetts Bay Colony, which will be unveiled at Gloucester on August 15.

David Graham Phillips, whose "Second Generation" attained to a place among the six best sellers this spring, has delivered to D. Appleton & Co. the manuscript of "Light Fingered Gentry," his next book, to be published this fall.

L. C. Page & Co. have in preparation for early fall publication an unusually large and important list of books of travel in foreign countries, including the following titles: "Castles and Chateaux of Old Navarre," by Francis Miltoun; "Castles and Keeps of Scotland," by Frank Roy Fraprie; "Turkey and the Turks," by W. S. Monroe; "Umbrian Cities of Italy," by J. W. and A. M. Cruikshank; "A Woman's Journey Through the Philippines," by Florence Kimball Russel; "Mexico and Her People To-day," by Nevin O. Winter.

This is the tribute paid by Owen Seaman, editor of Punch, to Mark Twain, and read at the lunch of the Pilgrims' Club, in London, at which "the most popular writer in the world" was entertained:

Pilot of many Pilgrims since the shout
"Mark twain!"—that serves you for a deathless sign—
On Mississippi's waterway rang out
Over the plummet's line—

Still where the countless ripples laugh above
The blue of halcyon seas long may you keep
Your course unbroken, buoyed up on a love
Ten thousand fathoms deep!

LITERARY MORALITY.

From the New York Mail.

An interesting question of literary morality has been raised by the recent publication of Mr. Wilfrid Scawen Blunt's "Secret History of the Occupation of Egypt." He has been taken to task for publishing old letters and conversations of public men who are still living, and he has sent to "The Athenaeum" a long defense of his course. "The only question to determine," he maintains, "is at what precise point the necessities of current politics, which admit of lying, end, and history, which demands truth and truth only, may begin to say her word. Is it to be after 100, or fifty, or after what lesser number of years, or generally after the death of all concerned, or, again, when no one living can seriously be injured?" He explains that much historical and biographical matter has been published without establishing the truth as to Egyptian matters, and that, believing his knowledge on the subject to be of value, he decided to publish "as one decides on calling out to a traveler taking a wrong road." He points out that if he had asked permission to publish the letters and remarks of certain personages still living, "the conventions of diplomacy and official life would have certainly obliged all these old friends to say 'No.'" Yet Mr. Blunt leaves the question just where he found it.

Mr. Page's Writings.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

Some of these writers had already interpreted various abnormal aspects of Southern life, generally the picturesque life of the negro, the "cracker," the mountaineer, and the creole. While there was in all of them the suggestion of the life before the war, it was reserved for Mr. Page to portray, in short-story, novel, and essay, Southern ante-bellum civilization with some degree of fullness. Using the negro as the medium of expression, he yet left the impression in all his works of the old-time mansion seated amid the immemorial trees, and of the gentlemen and gentlewomen who lived and loved and died, always animated by what now seems to be certain old-fashioned ideals. It is true that the life of which Mr. Page writes is almost altogether that of the Virginia plantation, and so not representative of the lower South—and yet this is the tradition of Southern life that has been everywhere cherished by Southerners as the ideal toward which all Southern society moved. The Scotch-Irish element in Southern life, as well as others, has been subordinated in the popular mind to this tradition of cavalier Virginia, which, in turn, has always been greatly influenced by the traditions of cavalier England.

UNCLE JO.

I have in memory a little story,
That few, indeed, would rhyme about but me;
'Tis not of love, nor fame, nor yet of glory,
Although a little colored with the three—
In every truth, I think as much, perchance,
As most tales disembodied from romance.

Jo lived about the village, and was neighbor
To every one who had hard work to do;
If he possessed a genius, 'twas for labor
Most people thought, but there was one or two
Who sometimes said, when he arose to go,
"Come in again and see us, Uncle Jo!"

The "Uncle" was a courtesy they gave—
And felt they could afford to give to him,
Just as the master makes of some good slave
An "Aunt Jemima" or an "Uncle Jim;"
And of this dubious kindness Jo was glad—
Poor fellow, it was all he ever had.

A mile or two away he had a brother—
A rich, proud man that people didn't hire;
But Jo had neither sister, wife, nor mother,
And baked his corn cake at his cabin fire,
After the day's hard work, hard for you and me,
But he was never tired—how could he be?

They called him dull, but he had eyes of quickness
For everybody that he could befriend;
Said one and all: "How kind he is in sickness,"
But there, of course, his goodness had an end.
Another praise there was, or might have been given,
For one or more days out of every seven.

With his old pickax swung across his shoulder,
And downcast eyes and slow and sober tread,
He sought the place of graves, and each beholder
Wondered and asked each other who was dead?
But when he digged all day nobody thought
That he had done a whit more than he ought.

At length one winter, when the sunbeams slanted
Faintly and cold across the churchyard snow,
The bell tolled out—alas! a grave was wanted,
And all looked anxiously for Uncle Jo.
His spade stood there against his own roof-tree,
There was his pickax, too, but where was he?

They called and called again, but no replying;
Smooth at the window and about the door
The snow in cold and heavy drifts was lying—
He didn't need the daylight any more.
One shook him roughly, and another said:
"As true as preaching, Uncle Jo is dead!"

And when they wrapped him in the linen fairer
And finer, too, than he had worn till then,
They found a picture—haply of the sharer
Of sunny hope, sometime; or where or when,
They did not care to know, but closed his eyes—
And placed it in the coffin where he lies.

None wrote his epitaph nor saw the beauty
Of the pure love that reached into the grave,
Nor how, in unobtrusive ways of duty,
He kept, despite the dark; but men less brave
Have left great names, while not a willow bends
Above his dust—poor Jo, he had no friends!

—Author unknown.

RUSSIA IN ALASKA

Influence of Priests Is Said to Be Great.

ARE IN PAY OF GOVERNMENT

Bishop Made Demands on State Department Some Years Ago—If Natives Are Allowed to Give Their All to Russian Church, This Government Must Support Them.

It is hardly to be expected that Russian bureaucracy and officialdom would concede the superiority of the American mode of government over their own. And it should therefore constitute no cause for wonder that, whenever officials of the Czar are brought in contact with representatives of the American government in connection with certain questions concerning Alaska and its inhabitants, a great divergence of opinion should result.

Alaska, before being acquired by the United States, was part of the dominions of the Czar. It was brought under the Stars and Stripes in 1867, and yet complaints are received at the State Department and the Department of Commerce and Labor to this day about the demands of the priests of the Russian orthodox church and their influence over the natives of Alaska. When it is considered that every priest of the Russian orthodox church is an official in the pay of the Russian government, the importance of their activity may be realized.

Demands from Bishop.

Only a few years ago the State Department received a request from "his grace the Bishop Nicholas" that the United States government "grant him, his assistant and the priest of the Unalaska circuit, the right to visit the Pribilof Islands without asking every time the permission of the officials living on the islands." He further asked that he be permitted to go there on board of "the United States cruisers, because the ships of the North American Company do not go often to these places," and he deprecated the interference of government agents "in the church affairs, especially concerning money matters."

Altogether contrary to the spirit of the Constitution, Bishop Nicholas demanded "permission to the priest to teach the gospel in the public schools on Saturdays and Sundays if it cannot be done every day of the week." It was claimed by the bishop that the population on the islands was of the Greek orthodox religion.

Referring to the support of the Russian priests by the United States government, Bishop Nicholas said: "The allowance given by the United States government to the present priest should be continued to his successor. The costs of living being very expensive in Alaska, the bishop solicits that the allowances granted by the United States government to the priests on St. Georges and St. Pauls islands, if possible, should be doubled."

Agent Crowley's Report.

Reporting on the peculiar conditions brought about by the Russian church on the Seal Islands, Treasury Agent Crowley said in his report to the department some time ago: "Because of the peculiar conditions existing on the Seal Islands, where the natives, through no fault of their own, are paupers, dependent on the general government for subsistence, where the clergy are Russian priests filled with the traditions of 'church and state,' and teaching the supremacy of the church in temporal as well as spiritual matters, it becomes a delicate question to answer when we are asked whether we will allow the native to donate his scanty earnings to the church, and then expect the government of the United States to furnish him with the necessaries of life. On the one hand stands the native, poor, lowly and ignorant of his rights, believing that his eternal salvation depends upon the amount of his annual contribution, and confronting him stands the church dignitary, who teaches that 'it is better to give to the church and afterward die of starvation if necessary than to refuse the donation and lose your soul.'

"In a long interview with the bishop, who visited the islands, I tried to make him understand how differently our government managed the church question from the way it is managed in Russia, and when I spoke of constitutional rights and limitations, he broke out in a tirade against the wickedness of the age that dared to question the church's absolute power over both body and soul, in matters temporal and spiritual."

Newspaper Organ's View.

The "Russian Orthodox American Messenger," a New York monthly publication, the organ of the Rusisan church in this country, not long ago offered the following observation on Alaska. "The spiritual bond between Russia and her former colony of Alaska has never for a moment been broken since the colony was ceded to the United States. The sympathies of the inhabitants are with Russia now as much as they ever were. They still live on the memories of that past, which cannot yet be called remote, not improbably on dreams of a possible restoration of those happier times. And Russia listens with attention and sympathy to news from those distant lands. Cheerless news."

Referring to the moneys collected from the natives by the Russian priests, the paper says: "This capital has been collected by the Bishops of Alaska at various times; it has always been accounted for to the clergy and parishioners of the Aleutian diocese by the Alaskan diocesan office.

"This capital is kept in Russia, because the banks over there are more reliable than they are over here, where banks come up like soap bubbles and burst with the same promptness."

Paid by Russian Government.

That the Russian priests are in the pay of their home government is shown by the following statement: "Besides these sums saved by the bishops from the greed of the self-appointed guardians of the Aleutian orthodox flock, Bishop Nicholas succeeded in obtaining for the priests on the Pribilof Islands a yearly salary of 600 rubles in gold apiece from the Russian government."

In another part of the article, the following complaint is made: "The government agents interfere not only in public, but also in domestic affairs, and even in purely ecclesiastical matters. So that official guardianship is extended not only to the unfortunate seals, temporary and occasional denizens of these islands, but also to the consciences and the property of the permanent human inhabitants."

AGED NEED NOT FEAR

Government Will Not Discharge Old Employes.

RUMORS OF REFORM ALARM

Committee Appointed to Devise Means to Increase Service in the Treasury Department Decides Veterans Should Be Retained—New System, However, Recommended.

Uncle Sam is a friend of the old.

The old, the feeble, and the infirm employes of the Treasury Department can rest in peace—Uncle Sam has decided to see that they hold their positions until their dying day.

Several weeks ago a committee was appointed for the purpose of increasing the efficiency of the service. This was done at the suggestion of Secretary Cortelyou. Those on the committee are James B. Reynolds, acting Secretary of the Treasury; Assistant Secretaries Winthrop and Edwards, Comptroller Tracewell, and Auditor Person.

For a time it looked as though there was a possibility that the committee might do away with the services of many of those who had grown gray and weak in the department. Meetings were held and the question discussed. Most of the executives were in favor of reform, but at the same time keeping the pensioners. And at last this was decided upon.

The Treasury Department has in its employ more veterans of the civil war and other aged citizens, both men and women, than any other branch of the service. They occupy positions in all parts of the great building. Some of them have been there practically all their lives. One of these is E. B. McSwyney, ninety-two years of age, the oldest man in the service of the United States government.

Loyal and True Employes.

These people have been loyal and true to old Uncle Sam. Their work has been their ideal, their future, and their livelihood. And then the news was whispered about the great corridors and through all the various offices that a reform was to be instituted. Naturally the veterans in the service became anxious. Many of them are without any support in the world except their salary, received monthly from the government.

One of the characteristic sights of Washington is to see the government clerks going to and leaving their work. Many of them at the Treasury, and the other departments, too, for that matter, some in different styled antiquated vehicles. Some of these are old night liners which are nearly worn out, after years of service here in social lines and other duties, when many notables occupied the cushioned seats.

These cabs have fallen into the hands of old negro drivers and many of them have their regular customers, whom they carry to and from their work every day. Not a few of the employes use crutches. Others are still strong enough to get along with the assistance of a cane, and riding on the cars, wend their way slowly through the immense structure to their respective quarters. Some of those arriving in their own or hired vehicles almost have to be carried into the building and to the elevator.

The report of the proposed reform spread like wildfire. The dear, old women and the trusty men of years were almost broken-hearted. To work for the government is second nature with them Without their positions they would be virtually lost, out in the world, with a home, maybe, and still with a feeling of homesickness. They feel that if their services were dispensed with they would be like "men without a country."

The anxious ones were kept on the anxious seat for weeks after they first heard the news. Then gradually the talk spread that old Uncle Sam had shown his hand. There was to be no weeding out of the old and the feeble and infirm just because they were not as young as they used to be. Because they had grown old in the service, it seemed to the officials, was all the more reason why these certain employes should be retained.

Old Uncle Sam has made good again—his old faithfuls are to be kept at work, every last one of them, until the very end.

The committee, however, has decided to increase the efficiency of the department along some other lines. A study of the different divisions will be made and eventually the Treasury Department will have a new system installed.

System to Be Improved.

The work of the department has been on the increase for years. The result of the reform movement will be that the force is not reduced, the old retained, and a system brought into use whereby the employes will be kept up with the work without the employment of any extra help.

With a view of saving money for the government, the board of awards of the departments has appointed a committee to devise a plan of uniform schedule for purchasing supplies during the next fiscal year. A central purchasing bureau was recommended by the Keep Commission some time ago.

The uniform schedule, as arranged by the committee, will be submitted to the contractors for the various departments. In this way, instead of buying singly, it is believed the government will save money when buying pencils and paper and other office materials.

A "WHARF RAT."

(Written for The Washington Herald.)

Just a little wharf rat, but he's full of pluck and go;
He's always up and smiling, and has no tale of woe.
Born close beside a gutter—lips never taught to pray—
But an unseen power teaches him to walk in wisdom's pleasant way.

Just a child of chance, to hardest fortune born.
Always up and smiling, for blows, abuse, and scorn
Never once a murmur nor a groan against his fate;
Never begs for justice from his degraded state.

He isn't worth a copper; he hasn't any "style;"
He wears trousers full of patches and a broad and happy smile.
He's dirty and he's ragged, with a mop of unkempt hair;
His little face is never clean, his feet are always bare.

But he's "all boy!"—has a soul that's full of grit.
If you ask him if he has a home, he'll only laugh and say:
"Gwan! what'cher given me; has I got a home? Nit.
I jist roosts on anything that's haps to come my way."

Just a little wharf rat—poor, despised, unclean—
But he is no "mollycoddle;" his wits are bright and keen.
You'll find he is no beggar by your bounteous bounty fed;
You can trust this little wharf rat to earn his daily bread.

Just a little wharf rat; with grit he trudges on.
His heart is full of sunshine, his throat is full of song.
He may not be as free from guilt as he is from wealth,
But his soul is full of heaven's peace and his body glows with health.

Just a little wharf rat; no mother's hope and joy;
But he bears a Napoleon mark, this little orphan boy.
He does not want your pity; he does not cringe and cry;
And if you call him "coward" he'll fling you back the lie.

Just a little wharf rat; but his laugh rings out true;
He's not afraid to look at you with his honest eyes of blue.
A wharf rat, a little pauper, at whom you fling your bone.
I'll chance him with you or me to reach the Great White Throne.

ALLIE SHARP BALCH.

The Majestic, Washington, D. C.

Latter-day Abdications

BY EX-ATTACHE

Abdication is always a momentous act, involving, as it does not merely a change of ruler, but likewise a reversal of policy. Moreover, it is comparatively rare. Until last week there had been none since King Milan was obliged to surrender the crown of Servia to his son, the ill-fated Alexander, in 1889. Consequently, the abandonment of his throne by the Emperor of Korea the other day, after a stormy and eventful reign over the oddly misnamed "Land of Midnight Calm," deserves more than passing attention. This Oriental monarch's abdication was not of the voluntary character implied by the use of the word. It was only with the utmost reluctance that he surrendered the insignia of the sovereignty to his feebleminded eldest son, the crown prince, after all his cabinet ministers and the so-called elder statesmen had impressed upon him very humbly, but yet firmly, that by his misgovernment, by his alternate weak submission to the Japanese, and his childish intrigues against them, he had brought about such a crisis as to endanger the existence of the empire, even as a vassal state and as a distinct nationality. His foolish dispatch of secret emissaries to The Hague Conference to appeal to its members against the application to his country of much the same treatment to which Egypt is being subjected by England, with such beneficial results, proved the last straw, and the Japanese did what the British would have done in an analogous case with Khedive Abbas. That is to say, they insisted upon his vacating his throne, but were clever enough to accomplish their purpose through his own ministers and through the most eminent and respected of his countrymen.

Few abdications can be described as having been entirely voluntary, in spite of the fact that the word is set down in the standard dictionaries as meaning "the voluntary renunciation of sovereign power." Usually a monarch abdicates in order to avoid the indignity of being deposed, possibly killed, and in the hope of preserving the crown to his son, to his family, and to his dynasty. Sometimes, too, the anointed of the Lord abandon their thrones because they find the nation committed to a policy of which they disapprove, and with which they do not wish to be identified in those pages of history that last for all time.

An abdication of this character was that of old Emperor Ferdinand, of Austria, in 1848. Forced by the sanguinary insurrection of that year to grant a national constitution that annulled many of the imperial prerogatives and absolutist rights which he had inherited from a long line of ancestors, unwilling to continue the bloodshed of his people in the defense of these powers, he chose to resign the crown rather than to be untrue to what he regarded as the trust of his dynasty. And on similar grounds his younger brother, Archduke Charles, waived his rights of succession in favor of his eldest son, Francis Joseph, the present Emperor of Austria-Hungary. Both Kaiser Ferdinand and Archduke Charles survived for more than a quarter of a century the rebellion of 1848, and I remember occasionally seeing them in the early '70's at Prague and at Vienna, both treated with the utmost deference and affection by Francis Joseph, and with veneration by the people.

Two other rulers vacated their thrones in that eventful year of 1848, namely, King Louis Charles of Bavaria and King Louis Philippe of France. The former had incurred to such an extent the indignation of his subjects by his extravagant infatuation for the notorious adventuress Lola Montez (who died many years later completely forgotten and destitute in America) that he was obliged to withdraw into private life in order to escape formal deposition. He spent most of the remainder of his life which lasted for another twenty years, in retirement at Rome. As for King Louis Philippe, who during the reign of the first Napoleon had earned a precarious livelihood in America as a school teacher, and who had been raised to the throne by the insurrection of 1830, he felt it necessary to redeem the revolutionary origin of his sovereignty in the eyes of foreign monarchs by adopting an extremely conservative policy. He set his face against all liberal reforms, and this, in connection with his money-grasping propensities and his avarice, enraged his subjects against him to such a degree that in 1848 they once more rose in their wrath and demanded his instant abdication. Louis Philippe at once yielded, resigned his crown in favor of his grandson, the Comte de Paris, who afterward served on Gen. McClellan's staff in the war of the Union, and fled—disguised as an Englishman, describing himself as "Mr. Smith"—to London, dying in exile at Claremont two years later. The French were so much disgusted with him at the time that they would not hear of his grandson, or of any member of his family, reigning over them, and proclaimed a republic, the Comte de Paris, then a child, and his mother, the widowed Duchess of Orleans, being obliged to follow Louis Philippe to England.

King Amadeus, father of that Prince Louis of Savoy, Duke of the Abruzzi, who has been spending two or three months in the United States, making many friends, abdicated the crown of Spain in February, 1873, a few days after the birth of the Duke of the Abruzzi. There was no compulsion in his case. But he found that, owing to the peculiar political conditions in Spain, it was quite impossible for him to administer the government in accordance with the terms of the constitution which he had solemnly sworn to observe on his election to the throne three years previously. Sooner than violate his pledges, he preferred to resign, prompted thereto largely, also, by the fact that his court was boycotted by the old Spanish aristocracy; that his family were looked upon with aversion as aliens, and that his enemies were, as he stated in his parting message to the Cortes, "not foreigners, but Spaniards." King Amadeus, though never liked by the Spaniards, was nevertheless profoundly respected by them for his honesty of purpose and for the chivalry of his character. The remarkable reply of the Cortes to the somewhat contemptuous message of abdication of the king gave expression to this, and renouncing both for himself and for his children all further connection with Spain, he returned with them to Italy, resumed his Italian title of Duke of Aosta, his place as a prince of the blood, and as an officer in the Italian army, and survived until 1890, when he died at Turin. His grandfather, King Charles Albert of Sardinia, had already set him the example of abdication. In 1849 the Sardinian monarch, having been forced into a war with Austria, sorely against his own will, and defeated at Novara by the celebrated Field Marshal Radetsky, preferred to surrender his scepter to his son, Victor Emmanuel II, rather than to submit to the onerous conditions imposed by the victorious foe, to whom resistance was no longer possible. He withdrew to Portugal, entered a monastery, and was about to become a monk when overtaken by death a few months later.

To this day the abdication of Prince Alexander of Bulgaria remains shrouded in mystery. In August, 1886, the prince, idolized by his people, whom he had led a few months previously to brilliant victory in the war with Servia, was suddenly seized at night, in his palace at Sofia, by conspirators, consisting of Russian adventurers and Bulgarian renegades, and was carried off into Russian territory, where he was detained as a captive for several days by the Muscovite authorities, until Czar Alexander III was led by the indignation aroused throughout all Europe by the outrage to give orders for his release, and for his conduct to the Austrian frontier. Prince Alexander returned to Sofia, but in spite of the manifestations of joy, of loyalty, and affection by the Bulgarians of every class, he persisted in abdicating, withdrew to Austria, and, after marrying an actress, now Countess Hartenau, died there six or seven years later as a general on the active list of Emperor Francis Joseph's army. Inasmuch as Alexander, after the kidnapping outrage, had returned to Sofia with the backing of every foreign power, save Russia, with the sympathy and good will of all other foreign nations, and in the enjoyment of the warm affection of the Bulgarians themselves, his abdication is inexplicable, save on the ground that the late Czar, his first cousin, once his devoted friend, but afterward his bitterest enemy, was in possession of some secret affecting him, and was thus able to bend him to his will by threatening to reveal it to the world. Certainly the prince, who up to the time of his kidnapping had presented a bold front to Russia, resisting all her demands when they were contrary to the interests of Bulgaria, gave the impression, after his return to Sofia, after the kidnapping episode, of being wholly in the power of the late Emperor of Russia, and of being absolutely crushed thereby. He was the brother of Admiral Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was here two years ago, in command of the English cruiser squadron.

As for Milan of Servia, all sorts of stories are current as to the causes of his abdication, in March, 1889. Fear of assassination, execration by his people, irrespective of political party, the disgust excited at home and abroad by the scandals of his public and private life, and the discovery by the late Czar of gross frauds practiced upon him by Milan in connection with bogus mortgages and spurious collateral furnished as security for a large loan from the Emperor's privy purse, all played a part in inducing him to abdicate, in the hope of preserving the throne for his only son, and of being in that way able to eventually recover possession thereof. Milan's disreputable life after his abdication is too well known to need more than passing reference here. Perpetually in financial straits at Paris, owing to his losses at cards, he was always on the lookout for loans, great and small, many of which were furnished to him by chance American acquaintances, and when these failed he would betake himself to Servia and decline to leave the dominions of his son until his departure from Belgrade had been purchased by means of cold cash. Ultimately he was exiled from Servia by that very son to whom he had served as guide in the halfworld at Paris, a role which excited the disgust of even the most hardened and cynic boulevardier, and died, alone and abandoned, at Vienna, where he was buried at the expense and through the bounty of Emperor Francis Joseph, his demise being followed not long afterward by the shocking murder at Belgrade of his son.

There is but one case in history of the abdication of a Pope, namely, Felix V, and the Emperor of Korea is the only living ex-monarch who can be said to have abdicated, for the ex-Grand Duke Ferdinand IV of Tuscany, and Prince Robert of Bourbon, ex-sovereign Duke of Parma, were given no opportunity to abdicate in 1859, but were driven from their respective dominions by their subjects, who thereupon transferred their allegiance to the house of Savoy, contributing in this way to the formation of the present kingdom of United Italy. It is because they did not abdicate that both of these former rulers continue to regard themselves as full-fledged sovereigns, and their former lieges as rebels.

Whenever it is possible it is well to secure a formal act of abdication from the sovereign who is abandoning his throne, either voluntarily or by compulsion. For having once renounced, over his own signature, his rights to the scepter, he is precluded from putting forth pretensions for its recovery, and a possible source of mischief is thus eliminated. Moreover, rulers of constitutional monarchies occupy their thrones by virtue of a contract with the people, and when both parties to the contract agree to its abrogation, the sovereign by abdication, and the parliament, by the legislative acceptance thereof, the agreement is at an end, and cannot be made the basis of any further claim. The consent of parliament is indispensable to the validity of the act of abdication of the sovereign in the case of constitutional monarchies, and King Edward, for instance, no matter how much he might desire to divest himself of the heavy burdens of rulership of the vast British empire, could not do so without the consent of both Houses of Parliament. It is possibly this consideration that has led a number of monarchs to abstain from putting into execution the projects of abdication with which they were credited. Then, too, there is a sense of duty to one's country, one's people, and one's dynasty, which acts as a deterrent to abdication. Otherwise it is probable that we should find not one, but several names on the list of those who are tired of the weight of the crown and wearied of the throne, and that it would include King Oscar of Sweden, Nicholas of Russia, Charles of Roumania, Francis Joseph of Austria, the Grand Duke of Baden, and particularly King George, who is reputed on good authority to be heartily sick of Greece and of the Greeks, and anxious to retire to the beautiful home which he has built for himself at Copenhagen, for the avowed purpose of occupying it after his abdication.

The Prolix Shaw.

From the London Times.

There are limits to the faculty of attention. This elementary fact is often overlooked by mere writers, who sit solitary in their studies and cannot see their readers yawn. What is odd is that Mr. Shaw should overlook it—Mr. Shaw, who was a speaker before he was a writer, and who ought to know better than any one how little at a time the average audience can stand. One has to conclude that this is a case wherein native temperament has triumphed over training. Mr. Shaw is naturally, and it would seem incurably, prolix. You will find the same characteristic not only in his plays but in his novels, in his reviews, in his letters to the newspapers. He never knows where to stop. It is a well-established rule that lecturers who exceed the hour do so at their peril; and "Don Juan in Hell" is really a quartet of lecturers.