

ITALY'S KING PRAISED

Justifies Victoria's Opinion that He Is the Most Intelligent Prince in Europe.

By EX-ATTACHE.

"The most intelligent prince in Europe," was the verdict pronounced in 1891 upon the present King of Italy by Queen Victoria, on the occasion of his first visit to England...

Just at present all eyes are turned toward him, and his name is on every tongue. It is not alone by reason of the unselfish courage, the tireless energy, and resourcefulness which he has displayed...

But it is also for the reason that his attitude with regard to the Balkan imbroglio is a matter of profound concern, in connection with the efforts to avert a great European war...

The question of Mouraviev's successor is exciting attention and discussion in every European capital. At Berlin and in Vienna it is hoped that the appointment may be accorded to Count Witte...

From Paris and London, on the other hand, every influence is being brought to bear upon Emperor Nicholas to induce him to appoint as his new ambassador at Rome some diplomat who would work in unison with Camille Barrere and Sir Rennell Rodd...

This eagerness on the part of the various powers to obtain the good will and the support of the court of the Quirinal is all the more remarkable when the military and naval unpreparedness of Italy, to which I have recently drawn attention in these letters, is taken into consideration...

There are two things of which Victor Emmanuel entertains a holy horror. One is publicity concerning himself, while the other has to do with the question of his stature. The latter is a subject on which he is extremely sensitive, and yet it is necessary to refer thereto in order to portray him...

During the next few weeks, his name and that of his beautiful and gifted consort—a poetess, and one of the most gifted violinists in Europe—will be appearing at the head of so many hundreds of thousands of programmes as patrons of the innumerable entertainments that are being organized all over the United States for the benefit of the victims of the great earthquakes in Southern Italy...

In the first place, let me correct a popular impression which prevails over here about Victor Emmanuel, which is derived from his portraits. He is not dark or swarthy, as most people who have not seen him seem to believe, but blond, like his grandfather and namesake, who was, however, wont to dye his mustache and hair with the object of imparting a more martial appearance to his features.

The present King's eyes are of a piercing blue, and his mustache, like his hair, presents a striking contrast to the raven hue of the magnificent tresses of his Montenegrin-born consort, Queen Helen. His eyes attract and interest those who see him for the first time...

He entertains the utmost aversion for everything that is in the least degree shady or questionable. He has driven out of the army a number of officers who have rendered themselves guilty of unsavory financial transactions, he abhors speculation, and he has little or no mercy for the promoters of stock exchanges, or those speculative financial en-

kingdom can be furnished with the fact that the treasury has been able to reduce the interest of government bonds from 4 1/2 to 3 1/2 per cent, and that they nevertheless remain considerably above par.

What has contributed in no small measure to the improved economic condition of Italy, has been the influence of the King in bringing to a close that foolish tariff war with France, which was inaugurated by Crispien at the instigation of Bismarck, and which, by closing French markets to Italian industry, reduced the latter to the verge of ruin...

It is this that renders the attitude of King Victor Emmanuel in the Balkan imbroglio a matter of such profound interest. That his efforts in the past have been devoted to the maintenance of peace, and that his influence in this direction has been exercised with particular vigor in his brother-in-law's court of Belgrade, is well known. What the future has in store is a matter for speculation. But one thing is at all rates certain: King Victor Emmanuel's subjects can rely upon, namely, that whatever he determines upon, will be after the most mature and careful consideration, for the honor and welfare of United Italy.

STORIES OF THE WOMEN WHO LOVED POE

Continued from Page One.

With nothing but his minstrel harp as a fortune maker, where was the Good Samaritan to guide him; where the mother heart that would lead him through the gloom of want?

No door appeared open at first. The outcast of the Allan home, the court-martialed cadet, the broken-hearted lover with his muted love song was adrift at last. Where was refuge for this priest of letters in a world that has crucified its Jesus, its Luther, its Savonarola on the bitter crosses of indifference?

He would not go to the proud Baltimore Poes, the relatives who would not acknowledge his gentle mother because of her profession.

But among that haughty coterie of paternal kinsfolk was a "poor cousin," unfortunately alone in the world, who had corresponded with Edgar Poe. This was Mrs. Maria Clemm, aunt of Poe and from henceforth his "guardian mother," a gentle, ministering spirit whose labors for Poe's comfort were many and constant, and his closest with his death.

Harked His Stories and Poems.

Among the women in the life of Poe, Maria Clemm's selfless devotion is a white light of noble woman's love. She, undoubtedly, saved his genius for the world by protecting him. She even sold for miserable pittance his immortal poems, which she hawked from newspaper shop to newspaper shop, glad to get buyers for a dollar or two for the precious scraps of paper that are now worth their weight in gold.

In Mrs. Clemm's door in Eastern avenue, Baltimore, Edgar knocked. A glad welcome was given him and a rear attitude toward him which he contributes by little all, he had his share, and Mrs. Clemm supported the little family, her two daughters, Maria and Virginia Clemm, and Edgar, with needlework. N. P. Willis has written that Mrs. Clemm's devotion to Edgar and his fortunes as follows: "She was his ministering angel, living with him, caring for him, guarding him from exposure, and when he was carried away by temptation, amid grief and the loneliness of feelings unreprieved, and awoke from his self-abandonment, prostrated in destitution and suffering, begging for him still. If woman's devotion, born with a first love, and fed with human passion, hallow its object, as it is allowed to do, what does not a devotion like this—pure, disinterested, and holy as the watch of an invisible spirit, say for him who inspired it?"

Meets His Cousin Virginia.

In 1823, Poe was busy in his Baltimore attic. What to him were its bare boards, the cheerlessness, while outside was the blue sky, the song of birds, and within were those palaces of fancy he created. Virginia Clemm, a fragile, beautiful child of twelve, fitted in and out.

In 1828, the Saturday Visitor, a Baltimore paper, offered \$100 prizes for prose and poetry contributions. Poe sent in his "Tales of the Folio Club" and "Mosses from a Grotto." His "Water Poem" won the first prize. Home he rushed to Virginia and "Muddle Clem" and gave them the prize money. With it they moved into better quarters on Wilkes street. This first real literary success caused Baltimore society to try to honor him, but to little avail. Poe cared nothing for society and, besides, love had again awakened in his heart, this time for Virginia Clemm, his cousin, who was fast budding into early womanhood. It is said her exquisite voice first won his heart.

Edgar dearly loved his gentle child cousin, and wished to marry her. Her relatives thought her too young, but Maria Clemm was willing and Poe won his child- bride on September 22, 1834, in the other hall of his own soul. But she was the one drop of unalloyed sweetness in his bitter life cup.

Remove to Richmond.

She was too young and he too engrossed in his art for deep, passionate love, but Virginia was the good angel of his early manhood, the lode star that

LETTERS ARE HELD SACRED.

Information Obtained in Dead Letter Office Never Revealed.

From the World To-day. That every letter entrusted to the Post-office Department in the mail service is held inviolably sacred, so far as its contents are concerned, is admirably shown by the following history of an unmailable letter sent to the Dead Letter Office.

Upon being opened a name and address appeared, and the letter was mailed to the sender at the post-office mentioned. In a few days a letter was received from the postmaster of that town asking if he might be allowed to open it, as it was directed to a man who was wanted by the sheriff for horse stealing, and the postmaster argued that its contents might reveal his location.

A peremptory order was sent from the dead letter office either to deliver the letter or return it unopened, which latter was subsequently done. Upon being opened the name and contents of the information sought, but notwithstanding, it was then destroyed. The reason is clear. The postal authorities will not reveal the contents or even their nature to any person, and cannot return the letter to the sender or find the one addressed.

Real Soul Mate of Poe.

Mrs. Whitman was one of America's most gifted poets, a child of genius, a delicate, sensitive New Englander, and the real soul mate of that southern child of fire, Edgar Allan Poe. Their inner natures were atone. They had the same racial characteristics, Celtic-Norman lineage, warm romance blood, predestined to literary creation and sorrow. Indeed, in her veins ran the same kindred blood, for a mystic distant kinship sweetened their associations.

In 1848, a mutual friend introduced them, and Poe, ever mystical, was haunted by the belief that their fates were pre-destined connected. "I yielded at once," he writes, "to an overwhelming sense of fatality. From that hour I have never been able to shake from my soul the belief that my destiny were good or evil, either here or hereafter, is in some measure interwoven with your own."

Hope was reborn in the starved poet's heart. In her was food for his passion, food for his genius. The soul of a beautiful, talented woman. He wrote her burning words, exquisite love letters, monumental of their divine kinship, of letters akin to the "Sonnets from the Portuguese," meters rarely equaled in the annals of love.

Held Slave to Drink.

Like true lovers their intercourse was at times stormy. At one time, while Mrs. Whitman hesitated to marry him, Poe attempted his life. She was determined she would not marry him while he drank; he promised not to drink and the wedding day was appointed. Weakened by his long suffering and with his weak will shaken, he broke his pledges. Again and again, she tried him, loving him truly through all, mad for him, devoted to him. Finally, friends intervened, letters of remonstration passed between them and Poe never saw her again. The souls of these two ethereal natures were destined never to relapse into the commonplace placidity of marriage, although their souls were wedded from the hour they first met.

This tragedy of the heart colored darkly all the rest of Sarah Helen Whitman's life. It could not affect her appreciation of Poe's brilliant powers, nor diminish her love of his finer nature, the gentle shining side which revealed the man God meant him to be.

Verses to His Portrait.

On her wall hung a portrait of her poet, hidden by a silken curtain. It had his wonderful eyes. This picture was the subject of Mrs. Whitman's poem, "The Portrait."

After long years I laid the folds concealing That face, magnetic as the sun's beams, While slumbering memory thrilled at its revealing Like Memnon waking from his marble dream.

Again I saw the brow's translucent pallor The dark hair floating over like a plume, The sweet imperious smile, the laughing white Defied all portents of impending doom.

Mrs. Frances Osgood Sargent was another Poe lover, and they cherished a sweet, platonic friendship for each other. Through the slanders of a mutual "friend" they became estranged, but this did not prohibit Mrs. Sargent from writing in the most eulogistic terms of Poe. During the Whitman period of Poe's life there were two other women, both of whom he seemed to have loved as sisters. One was Mrs. Annie Richmond of Westford, R. I., the other, Miss Stella Robinson, afterward Mrs. S. D. Lewis, of Baltimore.

Mrs. Lewis is well known to Poe literature as one of the women defenders of his fair fame. She, like all the other women who interested Poe or were interested in him, was of high intellectual caliber.

Mrs. Richmond, "Annie," to whom Poe wrote many of his most beautiful poems and letters, he met in Lowell in the summer of 1848, while there on a lecture tour. Mrs. Clemm lived with the Richmonds, and they cared for her for some years after the death of Poe. So lecturing and writing, Poe, early in 1849, started for Richmond, Va., his boyhood home.

Feels Happiness of Youth.

Richmond received Poe with open arms. It was proud of its gifted, adopted son. Boyhood friends, now grown to manhood, and numbered among the Four Hundred of that truly aristocratic city, received him gladly and he was feted, dined, and otherwise entertained. It was a breathing spell of new joy for him, and he was content to visit old friends and feel again some of the happiness he had known there as a youth.

Among others he met his boyhood sweetheart, Mrs. Elmina Norcross Shelton, now a widow and still with a tender spot in her heart toward the brilliant poet. In a desultory manner he renewed his addresses to her and somehow they became engaged. Early in October, 1849, the fever called Living was conquered at last for Edgar Allan Poe.

I know of no way to finish this sketch of a poet's tragic life, surrounded by the nimbus of woman's love, than by the words of the immortal Shelley:

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep— He hath awakened from the dream of life— 'Tis he, 'tis he, who, in a slumber, kept With phantoms an unprovable secret, And, in mad trance, strike with his spirit's knife Inevitable shadows.

He has outworn the shadow of our night;— Envy and calumny and hate and pain, And that more ghastly specter, Death, (O'er touch him not, and torture not again; From the contagion of the world's slow stain Let us secure, and now can never grow.) A heart grown cold as lead grows gray;— Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn, With sparkling ashes laid an unattended urn.

While you think of it, telephone your Want Ad. to The Washington Herald, and bill will be sent you at 1 cent a word.

THE REPUBLIC OF CUBA

IV—The Triumph of Scientific Sanitation.

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN.

Havana, Jan. 14.—Scientific sanitation for the purpose of preventing epidemic disease has achieved its most spectacular triumph in the island of Cuba. For centuries this island had been scourged each year by the dreaded yellow fever. The natives became immune, but the immigrants were the prey of "yellow jack." From Havana the disease was often spread to foreign ports, and the southern portion of the United States paid dreadful toll to its progress.

American army medical officers discovered that yellow fever germs were transmitted by a certain variety of mosquito, that the mosquito must bite the patient within the first three days of his fever in order to carry the germ, and that the way to fight yellow fever was to destroy the mosquito. Under the direction of Maj. W. C. Gorgas, during the administration of Gen. Wood in Cuba, the war was waged relentlessly. The way to fight the mosquito was to deprive it of breeding places. That meant to clean up Havana and the whole island of Cuba were scoured and scrubbed. It was cleaner than any other 4,600 square miles of inhabited territory ever was, before or since.

Finally the day of triumph came, when, in September, 1901, for the first time, Cuba was entirely free of the fever. It had existed here in epidemic form since the days of Ojeda and De Soto. It was believed to be the scourge of God, and its absolute destruction was not believed to be possible. In that great victory the Americans were given the invaluable assistance of two famous Cuban medical men, Dr. Guiteras and Dr. Finlay. These two men know more about yellow fever than anybody else on earth. They formulated the theories which the Americans tested, proved, and put into practice.

Under the military government of the first occupation of Cuba, the general authority at Havana was supreme, and the sanitary work was carried forward all over the island. When the Americans left and the Cuban republic was established, the system was changed and the various municipalities were charged with the responsibility of sanitary work. In Havana, supported by the national purse, the work was kept up. In many parts of the island it was sadly neglected and in other places it was altogether abandoned.

For nearly four years there was not a case of fever reported from the whole island. Men began to believe that yellow fever was a thing of the past. This fancied security induced a relaxation of the guard. The quarantine restrictions were not strictly enforced, and in October, 1905, two cases of yellow fever were discovered in Havana. It was found that the disease had been brought from abroad. The epidemic did not assume great proportions, yet for two months it was quite serious.

In the year 1900, when the Gorgas war on the mosquito was begun, there were 219 deaths from yellow fever in Havana. In 1901 there were only eighteen. For the next three years there was not a case in the whole island. In the last three months of 1905, there were twenty-one deaths in Havana, in 1906 there were twelve; in 1907 and 1908 there was one death for each year. Since September 9, 1908, the island has again been entirely free from the disease.

After the reintroduced disease had been brought under control in Havana, there

It has already been arranged that under the new republic the sanitary department will be decentralized. The national government will have direct control of sanitation all over the island, and the expenses will be paid by the national treasury. A system of taxation has been arranged which will make the burden fall equitably. The sanitary department will be national. With the reorganization of the sanitary department, and with awakened vigilance, it is confidently believed that Cuba is free from the yellow fever for all time to come. If the co-operation of the governments of Mexico and the Gulf States of the American union is secured, it is entirely possible that within a generation the disease will be blotted out entirely.

Vigilance is the price of security. Everybody in Havana is expected to be a volunteer officer of the sanitary guard. If one hears a mosquito buzzing in his room he immediately telephones the sanitary office. Inspectors come and search the neighborhood, hunting for breeding places. The mosquito does not so far from his birthplace, and the stagnant water in the city is kept under constant surveillance. If possible it is destroyed. If it is a cess-pool or some other receptacle which can not be done away with, a liberal quantity of crude oil is used and the mosquito breeding business is discontinued at that place.

However, the sanitary department does not wait for volunteers to report the presence of mosquitoes. The city of Havana is divided into districts, each with an inspector and a corps of assistants. Every house in the city is searched once in every ten days for mosquito breeding places. The citizens must give the inspectors every facility for search, under penalty of a fine. The search is repeated so often that the everlasting cycle of the mosquitoes' life is broken into.

If mosquitoes are found, or if the wide-tailed and the insecticide larvae are taken to the sanitary office. There they are examined and classified. A record is kept of the number of mosquitoes and larvae, whether they are of the Anopheles or the Culex variety, or otherwise. The discovery of an unusual number of mosquitoes in any particular section means the enforcement of an extraordinary inspection and the use of more oil. Havana, last year, used 100,000 gallons of crude oil in the anti-mosquito campaign.

Havana has no sewerage system, and the presence of the inevitable cess-pools means a greater consumption of oil and a greater vigilance every day.

The first decade of freedom from the Spanish rule has made many changes in the life of the Cuban. Perhaps the greatest of all these changes has been accomplished by the sanitary officers. Yellow fever has been practically abolished, malaria has been placed under control, and the people of the small towns and rural districts have been provided with hospitals.

Whether or not the great sanitary work inaugurated by the Americans in the government of intervention will be permitted to lapse, as it did during the former period of the self-governing republic, is something that time alone can tell. This matter may be fraught with great political importance. If it is gained proved that the Cubans will not keep up the necessary sanitary work to prevent yellow fever epidemics, that fact will be a sufficient reason for the United States again to step in. The American government cannot permit an island at its very doors to become a breeding place for dangerous epidemics which are utterly preventable.

Leaving aside politics and questions of administration, the action of sanitation undoubtedly has achieved its greatest triumph in Cuba. To have destroyed the scourge of yellow fever is one of the greatest accomplishments in all history. That it was done by American army medical officers is something of which every American ought to be proud. Army medical officers died to test the mosquito theory of yellow fever transmission, under circumstances that called for a finer quality of courage than that of a finer charge of a battery or shell a ft. If the United States has done nothing else that is good in its whole career, as the elder brother of Cuba, the record of its sanitary work alone has been worth all the money and all the trouble that cost. (Copyright, 1909, by Frederic J. Haskin.)

To-morrow—The Republic of Cuba, V. Havana's Great Social Clubs.

AmBIGUOUS.

From the Chicago Record-Herald. "What's become of old Hugh Bixley?" asked the man who had returned after an absence of several years. "Oh, he's joined the majority," "What do you mean? Is he dead, or has he merely gone to the ball game?"

"BISHOP OF WALL STREET" AND HIS BRIDE.



REV. AND MRS. WILLIAM WILKISON. Clergyman well known in financial district of New York has just returned from Europe with his bride, who was Miss Mary Dickinson, of Wakefield, England.