NICHOLAS II-LIQUOR DEALER. RUSSIAS CZAR SHOWN TO BE WORLD'S BIÇCEST SALCONKEEPER.

of 400 Million Dollars racy and Drunkenness in the Degradation of the People.

BY K. DUNBAR. seeper? I do not mean the hest known laure in the throat irrigation busithat galley. But considered from the flew-point of rank and dignity the philosopher of the Archy road is a bad scend to Nicholas II. Caar of All the

Nicholas is not only the man of lighest rank ever employed in this lucrative trade, but he owns a larger number of wine stores and spirit sacons than any other individual in the iniverse. He has over 20,000 kabaks-Russian for drinking saloon-complete tilleries, and rakes in a yearly total of hetween \$360,000,000 and \$400,000,000 by selling vodka to the dutiful soukers of his realm.

the history of the civilized world, he latest statistics prove that the vodka revenue of 1910 was just 60,000,000 more than that of the year efore. His managers expect and hope that the next returns will show a still

This business is in fact the Czar's propoly. His subjects who are fond trink to the "Little Father," who farms be liquor trade, is an action that overs desire with the cloak of loyalty None are allowed to compete with under pain of heavy fines and ven, on occasion, imprisonment, The ourest subject who doles the spirit of a bottle for money pays \$200 to the Crar, so jealous is he of his monopoly. No distillery in the empire may sell their spirits to anybody else. at home or abroad, without his special permission-which is never granted till the petitioner has spent large sums in greasing the palms of the Czar's spe-

Drinking salcons are opened by imerial command in Russia. There must se at least one in each hamlet, no matter how small. Larger villages have a minimum of two, lest the monfik he wearied and turn home without leaving his quota at the Czar's store. In

He Runs 30,000 Saloons, 4,000 Distilleries and Gains a Yearly Profit -Russia Under the Double Curse of Autoc--Grafting Officials Aid PETERSBURG, May 24.-(Speworld's greatest liquor saleon-"Mr. Dooley" is an easy first in than 160,000,000 subjects.



Saldser Victim of Volka Habit gnorance and vodka, which depraves [men, women and children till they can object lesson. New salcons are opthink of nothing else. They therefore arranged to shut down half the saloons and get the people to spend money on a school or two and a few agricultural machines instead. Many communities took up the idea with Oldish moujiks could be seen poring over primers and copy books and tilling the land in a more intelligent way. But the government drove them back to the drinking-hells; the police ordered the saloons to be reopened and the village schools closed. and fixed the communes for abolishing drink and starting education. Drunkenness pays too well. That is what the government said in effect when the communes protested; and were about right. Moreover a

the vodka into the gutter, set a light quels, to it, and dance around the flames with

ened, prices are lowered and the harin drink and more and more drunkpoverty, disease and filth the miserable wrecks who prowl about the countryside or huddle in city slums.

Czer Nicholas, Who Own.

30.000 Liques Steps

The price of drink is never raised, even in a dear year like the present that they could not finish their con-The difference is covered by putting gress. But, though several were arup the price of methylated spirits, used for lighting and heating, by 40 per cent. As bread is the staff of life, so liquor is the staff of the autocracy.

Russia's national drink is distilled from potatoes and cereals in such a neither read nor write, drink must play way that the proportion of sulphuric a chief part in the national life. But acid to spirit is as nine to ten. It is the government did not see the point. tuddled vodks soaked brain does not very strong, fiery and always swalworry about reforms.

Quelling the Rioters.

very strong, fiery and always swallowed rapidly. It easily affects the explained, "and discontent spells revobrains of drinkers, who consequently lution. We find drunkenness far more often become vodka-mad. Fierce quar-When upsets happen the rioters often become vodka-mad. Fierce quar-make a bee line for the saloons, pour rels and stabbing are the common se-

Reaction brings suicidal depression.

Men in touch with the working and | ception of Western citizens. He knows peasant classes are horrified at the neither games nor sports; football or heavy list of drink victime, for 80 per cent of the town population become confirmed drink fiends before they are and he has a lot—is spent toping 25 years old, while 45 per cent of the under the shadow of the Csar's porvest gathered in, so that each year 25 years old, while 45 per cent of the sees more millions of dollars spent girls between 7 and 12 fall into the vodka habit.

It is always vodka, never beer, as in Germany. Doctors and engineers met at Moscow last year to talk over some way of fighting the fiend, but the police worried them to such an extent But, though several were arrested before two days were passed, they did manage to adopt a resolution asking the government to open schools throughout Russia, thinking that, as

So, while the government pays just 316 cents per head for education in one year, each citizen leaves sums varying mad, derisive yells, as if they were rejoicing at the death of their worst foe. Temperance agitators, themselves portion with the advance in vodka conon the walls, to remind all comers of mum of two, lest the monfix he rejoicing at the death of their worst led and turn home without leavised and their worst foe. Temperance agitators, themselves on the walls, to remind all comers of their duties toward imperial revenues. This leaves the bareat his saloons are likely to come the country on the walls, to remind all comers of their duties toward imperial revenues. The work in the volk a receipts. Native temperance and their worst foe. Temperance agitators, themselves on the walls, to remind all comers of their duties toward imperial revenues. The kabek is the one bright spot in the volk a receipts. Native temperance and their worst foe. Temperance agitators, themselves on the walls, to remind all comers of their duties toward imperial revenues. The kabek is the one bright spot in the volk a receipts. Native temperance and their words and their words

trait.

Early Origin of Monopoly, Liquor saloons and the sale of vodka have been the crown's monopoly, without a break, since the 16th century; that is, when the weakening of the strong drink a free hand. In those days, when the Czars of Murcovy, as they were then called, wanted cash to make war, quell a tumult or fill up the ravages of famine, they farmed out their kabaks to the highest bidder, getting cash in advance. Then they went back to the old plan and ran the saloons themselves. They have not farmed them out since 1865. Since then the trade has increased by leaps and bounds, and reversion to the farming system would now mean a yearly loss of \$87,000,000.

Right here was the reason why, when start a branch of the Salvation Army In St. Petersburg, he was refused. The cheapest shoddy But army purveyors

the people, the advantage is not altogether on the credit side. The Czar's flend. General Keppen, who has been trying in vain to propagate ideas of that 95 per cent of the crimes committed by soldlers are done when they have been drinking heavily. He admits, too, that many young men take to drink when in the army. The soldiers spend the little money they get in the regimental saloons, while their officers get drunk at the supper tables way comes quickly back. Each regiment of 2500 men awella

Seneral Keppen Staff Who has the Booston Wor Staff Who has Fought the Vocika-fland Unavailing by for Years.

the Czar's receipts for wodka by \$24,ficers declare that the Russian soldier could not live without drink, as the food is too had and scanty to satisfy him, and the barracks are kept so cold kept to the week tea supplied by the government. Only one-fifth of the fuel allotted goes into the stoves, and the pound of meat per man shrinks to less than a quarter before it reaches the soup caldron. Purveyors and the foodsupply committee get the benefit of the difference. The regimental boots General Booth asked permssion to are made of brown paper, and the uniforms and underclothing are often the

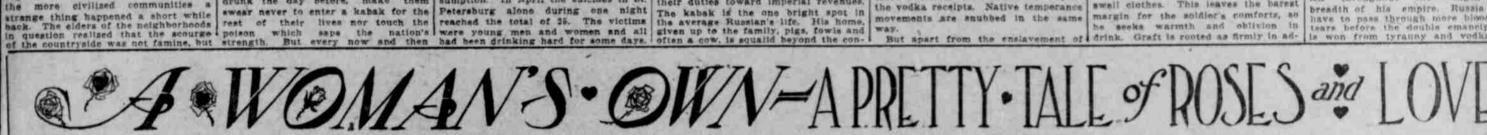
ministrative Russia as ignorance is shackled on the poor.

A Volka Provoct, Russias Czar Ovned Ormashops PM

Besides these saloons and distilleries, the Czar owns vineyards in the Crimea. The wine goes to France, where it is doctored to a certain extent, and re-imported as French wine. His Majesty army suffers much from the vodka owns the oldest vintage in the world Some years ago, workmen on one of his Crimean estates dug into what seemed to be a cave. When opened by Greek colonists some 2000 years ago. The wine had nearly all evaporated from the amphorae, or Greek wine jars, closely sealed though they were. But the fumes of 20 centuries had covered the inside of the cave with a growth whose very smell made the workmen blind drunk.

New Crimean wine, put into this cave, becomes mellow and very choice in a couple of years. Its bouquet can not be told from that of old Hungarian wine. As there are only a few amphorae in the cave, they are only pronched on the rarest occasions, one of them being the christening of the little Czarevitch. Only the imperial family s served with this curious wine, so that courtiers shake their heads when asked what it tastes like and admit their ignorance. But onlookers say that it affects the feet, if not the head,

and tends to sadness rather than mirth Though thousands of serious mer and women in Russia look upon the Czar's kabaky as one of the country's greatest scandals, none can put a stop to them. Czars have not been their subjects' saloonkeepers since 400 years



WE roses at the old King Place were in their wonted early-June perfection. The Martha Washington, the Baltimore Belle, and the Prairie Queen close together on the south side of the walk whence their blended fragrance challenged the exotics. Sofranc, Golden Gate, and Sombreuill, La France stood in the southwest corner alone. La France accepted no challenge. She was easily queen and she knew it-queen for all the Summer except two weeks in mid-June when the said: great Hundred Leaf rose-tree flung shout the sweets of Araby, spice and and the roses. I know I can do it."

Sarah did do it. But she wore one nuck and ambergris, and a dezen others

Hundred Leaf was showing vivid sink at the tips of her buds now, Sarah King saw as she came in from her 10hour day at the schoolhouse. Sarah was strangely tired, and she sat down in the porch before going in to Grandma King's sharp-eyed inspection, Surely the front yard was a soothing prospact for weary eyes. The fences were irreproachable in fresh white paint, the graveled walks innocent of the tinlest spike of weed; and the three acres of ground were a veritable dream-garden

too subtly blended for analysis.

The roses at the old King Place were traditional. Nobody could remember when they had not been there. During June court, when the long windows of

ness, but the keeping up of the place money. The fences must be repaired, the graveled walks taken care of and then the flowers, the roses. Three acres of John Dexter lived alone with two fam-

deal for a 15-year-old girl to contemplate, but Sarah did not once falter. The first of her meager school money went to fertilize the roses. Grandma a good child. Sarah. We'll pull together and mebbe after all we can keep up the place-and the roses, yore

Grandpa's roses." The wistful look in the old eyes made Sarah's own fill, but she threw back her strong young shoulders and "I will always keep up the place-

gray suit three years, and sturdy, sen-18 she gave up the May day picnic bedollar from the hoard for the purchase of the Fall roses.

"Yore Grandpa always bought every new rose that came out in the catalogues," said Grandma King wistfully whenever the mail brought one of the seductive, gorgeously colored "annual announcements."

The purchase of new roses alone was no small thing to a \$15 salary, which was no salary at all for three months of the year. Then there was the money paid to Jim Carithers for labor -the big roses required a man's han-dling-and the fertilizer, and the fresh paint. There was nothing left for per-

when they had not been there. During June court, when the long windows of the courthouse were wide open, visiting lawyers were aware of something they could not analyze, a subtle something that brought unhidden pictures of the long-age to them. Once when Hundred Leaf was in full bloom Judge Broadnax had unaccountably charged the jury favorably to the poor devil who, by all right of law, deserved state's prison.

People walking past the old King Place in the late twilight inhaled the delicious breath of the roses as a matter of course. To be sure they sometimes thought "Sarah King's a good girl to look after her grandma's place as she does—not many girls would take such interest in flowers."

The girl who sat now in the porch was aware of this kindly approval, and it was not enough. The grandma's place as whe does—not many girls would take such interest in flowers."

The girl who sat now in the porch was aware of this kindly approval, and it had been sweet, but she was II and it was losing its flavor. This duty of "keeping up" the old place in its traditional beauty had begun to weigh. When she was 16 Grandpa King died. Unbesitatingly Sarah put on the yoke. Grandpa King left enough to feed the two womenfolk and cover their nakedness, but the keeping up of the place would require money, ready money.

She looked across the first had left visible as margin of blue series skirt had left visible ones, but the keeping up of the place would require money, ready money.

lery rail in sweet confusion; weeds peeped fearlessly between the crum-bling bricks of his pavements. Nobody could say that John "kept up" the place he had inherited. John went through his days screenely, nearly al-Was it the tantalizing laugh in the eyes or was it the big muscular frame? Sarah did not know. But she sat yet longer in the porch before she dared Grandma King's eyes.

Jimmy Kerr came up the front walk

lling: "Sarah, I brought your mail from

"Sarah, I brought your mail from
the postoffice, and Ma says please send
her a bunch of roses to carry to Mis'
Level. Miss Level's real sick."
Glad of action, Sarah took the
shears from their nail in the perch
and cut a peck of the fragrant annuals. Afterward she looked at the manila envelope Jimmy had handed

"Another flower catalogue!"

"Another flower catalogue?" said in staring petulance, and went into the house and threw the envelope on the living-room table.

But after the supper dishes had been put away and she was again in the glow of the living-room lamp, Sarah opened the catalogue dutifully. It was not a flower catalogue at all, but one



mouth drooped pathetically. Why should any one send her such a catalogue? Her eyes were compelled by a color-plate. She had been mistaken after all; it was a flower catalogue no. But the pictured wares were strangely flower-like in their exquis-ite color. What were they? Sarah looked more closely at the page. The flower-like garments were silk blouses so folded that the overlapping frills Indeed simulated many-petalled roses.
They were green, crimson, manve, blue, pink—the pink was prettient. It was like one of Hundred Leafs blossoms. Grandma King dozed peacefully in her chair. Still Sarah held the catalogue in her chair. Still Sarah held the catalogue open at the same page. Could she? Jim Carithers would not be able to do the Summer work on the rose garden now anyhow. He was at work on a job over at Beda which would keep him a month. She had the \$12 she would have paid Jim for the work if he had been able to do it. Dared she? With cheeks scarlet for shame Sarah drew the writing-pad close and dipped her pen in the ink.

Grandma King awoke just as Sarah on the ink on his way, saying to himself: 'It's a pity Sarah' doesn't know how pretty she is.'

By Friday morning Sarah's twinge of conscience had become a downright you're orderin,' Sarah? Roses or bulbs?'

The raked truth would hurt, Sarah.

Grandma King's marked sarah with the tapitalising smile in his eyes. Sarah King' was the prettiest girl he knew, and by long odds the finest. Strange how a girl could be as pretty as Sarah and not know it. John was not sure that a pretty girl was not prettier when she did not know it. He watched the round arms reaching for the topmost roses for a little, then went on his way, saying to himself: 'It's a pity Sarah doesn't know how pretty she is.'

By Friday morning Sarah's twinge of conscience had become a downright ache that vanquished her childlen self-pity. Grandma King's interest in the

that blew to sarah king the dry goods catalogue was at work early the next morning when it sent Jimmy for more roses "for Mis" Johnson's daughter's wedding bokay." As Sarah clipped the Marchal Nells and Microphylias the dreary prospect of the procession of the years awoke in her unwonted self-

the years awoke in her unwonted selfpity.

"You'll never need to bloom for me,
except for my coffin," she told the
white rose-tree in a voice she knew
was maudin but couldn't suppress
"and even then there will be nobody
to put you on."

Jimmy took the flowers, but came
back to the porch to say:

"Got anything for the postoffice? I'm
goin right past there."

Sarah asked Jimmy to wait a minute.
Then she walked deliberately to the
living-room and took from her portfolic the letter she had written the
night before. She inclosed two hills
from her purse and gave Johnny directions for registering the letter. As
she hurried to the schoolhouse she tried
to justify herself:

she hurried to the schoolhouse she tried to justify herself:
"I am going to live out my life in the same old way. Nothing to look ferward to but white roses on my coffinat least there'll be nobody to put them on." She was growing mixed in her logic and her eyes were misty with another access of self-pity when she findered."

John Dexter had passed by on his letaurely way to his office, while Sarah cut the roses for Mrs. Johnson's daugh-ter's wedding bouquet, but Sarah's back had been to the control of the c arms on the fence and watched Sarah with the tantalizing smile in his eyes. Sarah King was the prettlest girl he knew, and by long odds the finest. Strange how a girl could be as pretty as Sarah and not know it. John was not sure that a pretty girl was not

The naked truth would hurt. Sarah could not explain what she did not herself understand. She took the easiest way: "A rose."
"What color, child?"
"Pink," lied Sarah mizerably, and resolved not to send her letter with the foolish order.

But the naughty wind of destiny that blew to Sarah King the dry goods catalogue was at work early the next. morning when it sent Ilms.



bunch of roses so that he might more carefully examine the superacription of the letter in which he had with his own eyes seen sarah King put two five-dollar bills.

The would keep it as a reminder of the would seep it as a reminder of the would keep it as a reminder of the work would keep it as a reminder of the work would keep it as a reminder of the work would keep it as a reminder of the work would keep it as a reminder of the work would keep it as a reminder of the work would keep it as a reminder of the work it is a woman's own. And the fragrance of it may be as whole-actions by which she sends her to be above such things. She ran up-stairs and locked the box in her Irunk.

After tea Sarah did receive from Jimmy's hands a the vocabulary of the 'cultured' But the thing exists, potent, aternal. The work would keep it as a reminder of the work would keep it as a reminder of the work in the tragrance of it may be as whole-actions by which she sends her wireless message to The Right Beet See how I have docked myself for you!"

Jehn Dexter had passed by on his trial to her pattence. But Grandma trial to her patience. But Grandma King's attention waned visibly toward the end, and she could scarcely walt a reverent interval before saying: "Sarah, I've forgot what kind of a rose you ordered from Chicago, Seems

was compelled by the charming effect of the pink against the gray of her girdle. She had never known before how beautiful were just the right shades of pink and gray together. She went back to her chamber and unlocked her trunk.

Released from the narrow quarters of the box in which it had been malled, the shining frilled blouse expanded to it proper shape with a delicious rustle.

the shining frilled blouse expanded to it proper shape with a delicious rustle. Sarah locked the door, and when alse emerged a few minutes later she was a glorified Sarah.

She was still a glorified Sarah who

She was still a glerified Sarah who walked homewards about sundown and who even forgot the existence of a certain law office on the square. She approached the low frame building without knowing that abe did so. All our land of the same were engroased with the delightful fitness and daintiness of her apparel, a feeling she had missed all of her life. John Dexter happened to come to the door of his office at that moment. He was not conscious of the saw only the face above it. He forgot to put his hat back on his head, and stood there looking at the faded red brick of the courthouse behind which the slender figure had disappeared. The tentalling smile was gone from created was most favorable. A Madras

good ily servants. "Uncle Ephraim" had of the monster catch-dollars sent out the pleasure of wearing one garment dared not dwell on the hurt to gentle by duty and sacrifice to a summer instance. In accord with my taste before I die."

Were not very well ordered at John's mouth drooped pathetically. Why home. His roses tumbled over the gal-should any one send her such a cuta-bunch of roses so that he might more. Serah did roseive from limmy's hands a

King's neck Sarah told her happiness; 'We are to be married in September, but we are going to stay right here with you and keep up the place and the roses just as they have always bren."

rose you ordered from Chicago. Seems to be not considered from Chicago. Seems to be difference or considered from Chicago. Seems to be difference between three and four years? She would sell three to take the place of the ten dollars she had squandered. Then she would order the handsomest rose in the Fall catalogue for Grandma King.

But even for the third time the wind as you read to be fixed a red box with the money in it to buy the fixin's you need. There's pienty to buy them nice, white affecting played tricks with Sarah to have white affecting the continue of the large of the third time the wind at the back. There's pienty to buy them nice, white affecting the continue of the large of the l the Fall catalogue for Grandma King.

But even for the third time the wind of destiny played tricks with Sarah King when on Saturday afternoon, as she was starting down the graveled works. It the expects worse, pettlest in her face. Sarah stopped and picked a bunch for her beit, and as ahe fastened the mass of bloom she was compelled by the charming effect of the pink against the gray of her in the northeast corner to balance Lagrange and the pink against the gray of her in the northeast corner to balance Lagrange in it to buy the fixin's you need. There's plenty to buy them nles, white sitk stockin's and all. Brides have got have white sitk stockin's. I've been avin' the money ever since you were a baby. There, now, con't cry, dearle, when you're given you're g in the northeast corner to balance La France on the other side of the walk. There ain't anything prettier than a Hundred Leaf. I remember yore Grandpa set out one the year we mar-

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American Autos in India

U. S. Consular and Trade Reports. The outlook for future extensive business in American motor vehicles the slender figure had disappeared. Son wide comment, and the impression The tantalining smile was gone from his eyes. Did Sarah King know she was pretty? He put on his hat and set his feet in the path through the for official use at Delhi, states that the courthduse square, for the first time in his life a man in a hurry.

Farah did know. She had come into her own. Suddenly something had motor vehicles of American manubloomed within her, something choked