

NICHOLAS II—LIQUOR DEALER

RUSSIA'S CZAR SHOWN TO BE WORLD'S BIGGEST SALOON KEEPER.



A Vodka Product, Russia's Czar-Owned Drinkshops Fill the Country with Beggars Similar to This One.

He Runs 30,000 Saloons, 4,000 Distilleries and Gains a Yearly Profit of 400 Million Dollars—Russia Under the Double Curse of Autocracy and Drunkenness—Grafting Officials Aid in the Degradation of the People.

BY K. DUNBAR.
S. PETERSBURG, May 24.—(Special Correspondence.)—Who is the world's greatest liquor saloon-keeper? I do not mean the best known figure in the throat irrigation business. "The Doctor" is an easy first in that galaxy. But considered from the viewpoint of rank and dignity the philosopher of the Archy road is a bad second to Nicholas II, Czar of All the Russias, and despotic ruler of more than 140,000,000 subjects.

Nicholas is not only the man of highest rank ever employed in this business in the history of the world. The latest statistics prove that the Czar's vodka revenue of 1910 was just \$80,000,000 more than that of the year before. His managers expect and hope that the next returns will show a still larger increase in the traffic.



Czar Nicholas, Who Owns 30,000 Liquor Shops.

Soldier Victim of Vodka Habit
Ignorance and vodka, which depraves men, women and children till they can think 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 zeal. Oldish moujik 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-bells; the police ordered the saloons to be reopened and the village schools closed, and fined 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 they were about right. Moreover a fuddled vodka-soaked brain does not worry about reforms.

Quelling the Rioters.
When quelling the rioters make a bee line for the saloons, pour the vodka into the gutter, set a light to it, and dance around the flames with mad, derisive yells, as if they were rejoicing at the death of their worst foe. Temperance agitators, themselves drunk the day before, make them swear never to enter a kabak for the rest of their lives nor touch the poison which saps the nation's strength. But every now and then

Men in touch with the working and peasant classes are horrified at the heavy list of drink victims, for 80 per cent of the town population become confirmed drink fiends before they are 25 years old, while 45 per cent of the girls between 7 and 15 fall into the vodka habit.

Reaction brings suicidal depression. Hence the large number of suicides in Russia, which have increased in proportion with the advance in vodka consumption. In April the suicides in St. Petersburg alone during one night reached the total of 36. The victims were young men and women and all had been drinking hard for some days.

General Keppen of the Russian War Staff, who has fought the vodka fiend thirsting for years, the people, the advantage is not altogether on the credit side. The Czar's army suffers much from the vodka fiend. General Keppen, who has been trying in vain to propagate ideas of temperance among the troops, says that 95 per cent of the crimes committed by soldiers 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, so that all the money paid out in this way comes quickly back.

Early Origin of Monopoly.
Liquor saloons and the sale of vodka have been the crown's monopoly, without a break, since the 18th century; that is, when the weakening of the Tartar yoke and Moslem customs gave strong drink a free hand. In those days, when the Czar of Muscovy, 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 General Keppen asked permission to start a branch of the Salvation Army in St. Petersburg, he was refused. The authorities feared the loss involved to the crown. They knew Salvationists teach sobriety, which means a drop in the vodka receipts. Native temperance movements are snubbed in the same way.

But apart from the enslavement of

administrative Russia as ignorance is shackled on the poor.

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 reimported as French wine. His Majesty 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 it proved to be a wine cellar, walled up by Greek colonists some 3000 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 workers blind drunk.

A WOMAN'S OWN—ARRETTY, TALE OF ROSES and LOVE

BY T. D. PENDLETON.
THE roses at the old King Place were in their wonted early-June perfection. The Martha Washington, the Baltimore, the Queen of the South and the Queen of the North were in the full of their petals, and the sweet-scented fragrance challenged the exotics, Sofrano, Golden Gate, and Sombreuil. 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 great Hundred Leaf rose-tree flung about the sweets of Araby, spice and quack and ambergris, and a dozen others too subtly blended for analysis.

Hundred Leaf was showing vivid pink at the tips of her buds now. Sarah King saw as she came in from her 10-hour day at the schoolhouse, Sarah was strangely tired, and she sat down on the porch to her sharp-eyed inspection. Sure, the front yard was a soothing prospect for weary eyes. The fences were irreplaceable in fresh white paint, the graveled walks innocent of the tiniest spike of weed; and the three acres of ground were a veritable dream-garden of roses.

Uncle Ephraim had had a flower catalog for a 15-year-old girl in contemplation. But Sarah did not once falter. The first of her meager school money went to fertilize the roses. Grandma King patted the girl's head: "You're a good child, Sarah. We'll pull together and make after all we can keep up the place—and the roses, you're Grandma's roses."

The wistful look in the old eyes made Sarah's own fill, but she shook her strong young shoulders and said: "I will always keep up the place—and the roses. I know I can do it." Sarah did do it. But she wore one array suit three years, and sturdy, sensible boots built to stand wear. At 15 she gave up the May day picnic because she would not take the requisite dollar from the board for the purchase of the Fall roses.

The pleasure of wearing one garment to school was a thing Sarah had never known. Her dress was a simple affair, but it was hers, and she wore it with a certain pride. Her schoolmates looked at her with curiosity, and she looked at them with a certain defiance. She was different, and she knew it.

When at dusk on Friday evening Sarah did receive from Jimmy's hands a flat package, she had already decided that she would never open it. She would keep it as a reminder of the wretched variety of the cheap goods that she had to do without in her school days.

With her arms around Grandma King's neck Sarah told her happiness: "We are to be married in September, but we are going to stay right here, you and I, and keep up the place and the roses just as they have always been."

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 had been sweet, but she was 21 and it was losing its flavor. This duty of "keeping up" the old place in its traditional beauty had begun to weigh.

For the first time in her life he was in a hurry.

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

But the naughty wind of destiny that blew to Sarah King the dry good catalog was at work early the next morning when Jimmy for more roses "for Mia Johnson's daughter's wedding bakery." As Sarah clipped the Marechal Niel and Microphylla the gray arose in her unwonted self.

Released from the narrow quarters of the box in which it had been mailed, the shining frilled blouse expanded to its proper shape with a delicious rustle. Sarah locked the door, and when she emerged a few minutes later she was a glorified Sarah.

The outlook for future extensive business in American motor vehicles throughout India was never so promising as at the present. American automobiles received a gigantic advertisement through the action of various Indian governments in placing large orders for American cars for use at the recent coronation durbar at Delhi.