

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 23, 1902.

# Sale of Liquor in Russia

The imperial ukase in regard to the government monopoly in the sale of liquor was issued in the four Oriental departments of the Russian empire on January 1, 1895, and three years later it was made law in thirty-five more "governments."

It has accordingly been in force in the four departments for more than seven years, and though it is too early to draw any conclusions as to the effects of this law, it is still possible to talk of the changes it has already brought.

Wherein does this reform consist? First, how does the Russian drink, and what does he drink? The great majority of the Russian people are peasants, drink neither wine nor beer, but "kwass," a beverage made from grain, of a very dark color and containing very little alcohol, and with a slightly acid taste. Besides this, they use certain fruit juices, fermented in the bottles, containing very little alcohol than elder.

The Russian peasant never drinks or gets intoxicated on week days but only on Sundays and holidays, but he generally drinks until he is nearly dead.

There are fifty-two Sundays and an enormous number of religious holidays in a year, and as a result the Russian peasant is dead drunk every three days out of ten.

The people's drink in Russia is the vodka, and the Russian swallows it down in English or American fashion, which makes its effect much more pronounced than the French way of sipping it slowly.

All use of alcohol produces first a period of exhilaration followed by depression, but the more slowly the alcohol is introduced into the system the longer does the exhilaration last and the less marked is the following depression, and therefore, in a place where liquor is swallowed standing and quickly, you see very few cases of people feeling jolly and good natured. They will get ugly, want to fight and finally fall into a stupor.

The higher classes of society in Russia drink still more than the working people. Before every meal they will take a "zakouski"; that is, bites of sausages, smoked sturgeon, salmon, caviar, washing it down with from two to ten glasses of vodka, to give appetite and stimulate the secretion of gastric juice.

With the meal they will take old dry Madeira, French or Russian champagne, followed by coffee or tea with brandy. It is surprising to see the quantity of liquor that a Russian is able to swallow without showing any effect.

The women are no exceptions to the custom; the working woman must have her vodka, and the society lady her champagne, but, as I said, the drinking to any extent is only on holidays. During the week nothing is taken but tea and coffee.

It was to diminish the consumption of liquor that the Russian government made the manufacture of alcohol a government monopoly. And not only this, but the state is the only dealer in alcohol, and whatever is sold is strictly pure and unadulterated. All over Russia you will find the sign:

"Liquor Depot No. —," and if you go inside one of these you will see a counter protected by brass wire netting reaching to the ceiling, as in a bank. There are no tables or chairs. Not a bottle is in sight.

Three different kinds of liquor, measuring 95 degrees, 90 degrees and 80 degrees, is sold. The last is the vodka. The salesman, or oftener the saleswoman, is employed by the state. The customer comes in, buys his bottle, pays and leaves. He is not allowed to drink any in the place.

These places are open from 8 a. m. to 8 p. m. No liquor is sold to intoxicated persons, children or private soldiers.

The customer goes away with his bottle and ordinarily hardly reaches the street before the cork is out and the liquor gulped down. It is against the law to drink in the street, but if there is a policeman near he will always look the other way.

The result of this reform, that was forced upon the people and has been in effect for some years, has not been quite what was expected. Financially it has been a success, bringing a lot of money into the hands of the government, but the people do not drink perceptibly less and the consumption is now again increasing.

The last nine months of the year 1901 show an increase in revenue of \$12,000,000 over the same months in the preceding year.

Special permits to sell liquors are given to cafes and restaurants, but no higher price may be charged than

at the government depositories, and as this price allows no profit, you can get no drink without ordering a meal.

In restaurants that have no permit to sell liquor you can get it, none the less, if you are known to the waiter, who will then pour it in a cup from a teapot.

To help along the temperance movement the government helps to support eating houses, coffee houses, reading rooms and even public places of amusement all over the empire.

In St. Petersburg the government has erected a building called "Czar Nicholas II.'s House for the People," a building that is without peer in the world, a splendid construction of steel and stone, ornamented with graceful columns, inviting loggias and imposing domes, situated in a beautiful park along the Neva.

If you go inside you enter an enormous hall under a cupola, of steel and glass; on the right you find a gigantic gymnasium with all modern apparatus, a platform with an excellent orchestra playing continuously. On the left is a beautiful theater, in the rear enormous kitchens and dining rooms, with inviting snow-white table linen and shining silverware.

On the second floor are numerous reading rooms, lecture rooms and a splendid library, and in the garden outside any number of little pavilions, summer houses and places with national games for grown people and children. Numerous bands play select music. The whole institution was planned by the young czar, who very often visits it.

The establishment is a brilliant success, and to visit it, especially on a Sunday, when it often is visited by 25,000 people of the working classes, is a real pleasure. No liquor is sold, no intoxicated person admitted, not an indecent word is heard, but the whole place is filled with a happy, laughing, good-natured crowd, enjoying themselves as children, scattered over the broad lawns, enjoying their meals and tea or listening to the splendid music of the military bands.

Whole families go there early in the morning and spend the whole day, the children playing in the garden, admiring the clowns or enjoying the free rides in swings and merry-go-rounds.

And when you leave it you go home thinking of all advantages that people get under a democratic form of government and pity the poor slaves who still sigh under the scourge of autocracy.

**Alaskan Judge Needed.**  
Mr. Carl M. Johanson, United States commissioner at Eagle, who is in the city on business, informed a Nugget man yesterday evening that he is hopeful for the speedy appointment of a judge for his section of Alaska, where there is now an accumulation of a large number of cases, both civil and criminal, awaiting trial. At Eagle Harry Owens lies in jail on the charge of having murdered his companion in their cabin on the 16th of last November. There are also cases at Circle, Koyukuk and Rampart in which the parties charged must remain in jail until a judge arrives to try them.

Eagle, Mr. Johanson says, is very quiet, but the indications are that there will be considerable activity there this season as the government contemplates increasing the capacity of the army quarters from a one to two-company post. This will necessitate the erection of ten large buildings.

Mr. Johanson will probably leave for his home tomorrow.

**Costumes for Opera Are Here.**  
The full wardrobe for the performance of the opera Mikado, which were ordered by telegraph the latter part of March, arrived in Dawson on the last mail stage, Saturday. The outfit includes all costumes for the principals, Japanese wigs, ornaments, etc., necessary for the most artistic production. The package left Chicago on the 1st inst. and arrived in Dawson on the 19th, and on the same stage came a letter of advice that it was sent so that the two made the entire trip together.

The rehearsals are getting along splendidly and both principals and chorus are making rapid progress. Commencing next Monday the stage work will commence, and it is especially requested that all members be present at all the rehearsals. The opera will be produced the latter part of May, and the expectation is that it will excel the excellent production given "H.M.S. Pinafore."

**Work Resumed.**  
Special to the Daily Nugget.  
Brussels, April 22.—A general resumption of work in Brussels and vicinity has set in.

# CANADIAN NOVELIST

## As Sized up by the London Chronicle

### Ralph Connor's Book "The Man From Glengarry" Picked to Peices.

The London Chronicle sits down to the reading of Ralph Connor's book, "The Man from Glengarry," with an unbiased mind, and this is the result:

There are now two Canadian novelists who have attained large circulations. One of them is Mr. Gilbert Parker, the other is the author who writes under the pen-name of "Ralph Connor." Of the latter's novels, "The Sky Pilot," is in its sixth English edition, his "Black Rock" in its fifth. Mr. Parker has found splendid back-ground for his stories in French Canada, while Mr. Connor's canvases reflect certain aspects of English Canada. But as literary artists the two men are not in the same class. Long ago Mr. Parker moved into the front rank, but what one sees in Mr. Connor's work is promise rather than performance. In places "The Man from Glengarry" is good, and holds out the promise of better things in the future, but there are in it long and dreary flats, so to speak, that are devoid of any vital interest whatsoever. The first two chapters are far the best in the book, depicting with vigor and effect the primitive passions of an Ottawa lumber camp.

"The Man from Glengarry" is described on the title page as a "Tale of Western Canada," but, as a matter of fact, only the last eighty pages of the book, which contains in all 440, have anything to say regarding Western Canada—and by that term Mr. Connor means British Columbia. The main interest of the story lies in the pictures given us of Glengarry itself. Glengarry is a strip of country running back from the St. Lawrence, and was known as the "Indian Lands;" it was once an Indian reservation, and it was settled by men of Highland blood in the early years of last century.

The hero of the story is a certain Randal Macdonald, the son of one of the Glengarry men. His instincts are not naturally of the Pagan sort (the hard, ruthless, unlovely Berserker kind of Pagan, but he is captured and tamed by the wife of the Presbyterian minister of the small community. He undergoes various religious "experiences," by the aid of which he conquers a blood feud. He falls in love with his employer's daughter—by whom in the end he is jilted, but he finds compensation in a girl friend of hers.

The story, as a story, is bald enough, but, as has already been suggested, it is not without some redeeming features. When Mr. Connor has reached a wider outlook on life he will undoubtedly write a better book.

**Office of Chief Poisoner.**  
In a little house in south Washington is located a federal institution without which the Smithsonian institution and National museum could not exist. It is the department of the chief poisoner, Mr. Joseph Farmer. The office of chief poisoner was not unusual in countries ruled by despots, but it may be a surprise to many to learn that such an office is maintained by our own republican form of administration.

However, Mr. Farmer, unlike his contemporaries in Turkey, Spain, Arabia, etc., is not engaged in putting obnoxious and exuberant statesmen out of the way, but in placing the objects on exhibit in the institution and museum beyond the reach of thieves, rust and cockroaches.

Everything that is received by these institutions, whether it is a rare book, a Filipino bolo or a stuffed and mounted animal, is sent to Mr. Farmer to be poisoned. He is an expert in the preparation and use of preservative compounds. For stuffed animals and birds he finds that arsenical compounds bring the best results. Every object of metal receives a coating of something that prevents rust, while fabrics, basketry, silks, furs, etc., are poisoned in much the same manner as stuffed animals.

Even the shelves and cases of the museum, in which the objects are placed have passed through Mr. Farmer's hands and have been treated to a fluid that causes a bug, moth or cockroach to think that he is walk-

ing over a redhot iron the minute he strikes their surface. By these means the museum is forever freed from vermin. Even the bones of the bottle-nosed whale will on their arrival next April be treated to a poisoning process for fear some new variety of insect might undertake to prey on their softer parts.—Washington Post.

**Trans-Alaskan Railway.**  
Washington, April 5.—Representative Jenkins, of Wisconsin, today introduced a bill granting a right of way to the Alaskan Gulf & Yukon Railway Co., organized in Washington. It is to run from Valdez to Eagle City, Alaska, and the right of way is 200 feet wide. The bill also grants the company each alternate section of land for 10 miles on either side of the road when the surveys have been completed.

Representative Beidler, of Ohio, today introduced a bill authorizing the president to negotiate with Great Britain looking to the preservation of the fur seal industry in Alaska, and authorizing him to proclaim a modus vivendi pending such an agreement, to prohibit the killing of all fur seals except on St. George and St. Paul islands.

Representative McLachlan, of California, introduced a bill authorizing the judges of Alaska to divide the district into three recording divisions and appoint the necessary commissions.

**Tip-Top Wood.**  
They are telling a story of how the meanest man in a certain township and the meanest man in a nearby Ontario town locked horns lately. The one had brought in a load of wood for the other, and had nearly finished piling it when the latter came out and sized the pile up.

"Well," he said, "of all the wood I ever seen, that beats 'em all." "What's wrong with that wood?" demanded the farmer.

"What's wrong with it?" "Yes, what's wrong with it? That's tip-top wood," said the farmer.

"Oh, it's tip-top wood, all right enough. Why, man alive, if you'd brought the leaves I'd have had the whole tree."

**ONCE MORE ENLARGED**

**Andrew Beckwith to be Tried Saturday**

**Crown Not Prepared to Proceed With the First Meat Case Yesterday.**

Monday was the time set in Judge Macaulay's court for the hearing of the case of Andrew Beckwith charged with having stolen beef and poultry from the Pacific Cold Storage Company's steamer Robt. E. Kerr. Attorney Cogswell, a late addition to the Dawson bar, having but recently arrived from eastern Canada and connected himself with the law firm of Wade, Congdon & Aikman, appeared for the prosecution and asked that an enlargement of the case be granted for one week on the ground that the crown is investigating certain evidence which it may desire to introduce.

Attorney Walsh for the defense vigorously opposed any further enlargement of the case as unjust to his client who has been ready for a week to be put on trial.

His honor finally granted an enlargement until Saturday morning at 10 o'clock.

Kenneth McGraw on Monday ostentatiously a bright red jag that caused him to become a disturbing actor on the stage of life. By 9 o'clock last night the effect was principally in his knees, with the result that he monopolized nearly all the sidewalk in attempting to walk. A fine of \$1 and costs squared him with offended justice and all that Kenneth had of his jag next morning to remind him of his big time of day before was a chestnut brown taste.

**Big Loss.**  
Special to the Daily Nugget.  
London, April 22.—Loss by fire at the Barbican in London last night will likely approach ten million dollars.

**Bad Blizzard.**  
Special to the Daily Nugget.  
St. Paul, April 22.—The northern states are experiencing a blizzard unusual at the end of April.

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