

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

PRINCE RESIGNS; HUSTLER STEPS IN

As Warden of Cinque Ports Lord Brassey Will Get Decidedly Busy.

HAS BEEN A MERE SINECURE

English Government Wants the Colonies Job of Creating Great Naval Port at Dover Completed.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—Sinecure jobs there are in plenty in England. Some have big salaries or fees and no work attached to them. Some are merely honorary with pickings of glory. One of the greatest of sinecures in the past has been the lord wardenship of the Cinque Ports. But with the advent of Lord Brassey, who, as readers will remember, was appointed to the post just the other day, the "do nothing" policy vanishes.

Lord Brassey, known throughout the length and breadth of the United States as the hustling owner of the famous yacht, Sunbeam, is like his father before him, a worker. He is an old man now, 72 years of age, but still has a hustle left in him. The British government has appointed him to the job because it wants the colossal work of creating Dover harbor into a naval port completed. The work has been going on for 20 years or more, millions have been spent there, and the results have been disappointing.

WILL START HUSTLING.

Lord Brassey is going to change all this. He practically says the work is to be finished in quick time or there will be trouble ahead for those responsible. He is one of the few men in England who can handle the job properly. He had a good training from his father, and his father was the greatest contractor in the world, in his day. It was the Brasseys who built the whole of the existing French railway systems. The cost of the undertakings was \$400,000,000, and the Brasseys handled an army of 75,000 men.

PRINCE WAS SLOW.

To make way for Lord Brassey, no less a personage than his royal highness, the Prince of Wales, resigned the lord wardenship of the Cinque Ports. The prince was the gorgeous uniform once—when he was sworn in. The post was such a sinecure that the prince never had to give it a thought until he sent in his resignation. The prince succeeded the former minister, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, in the job and the latter followed Lord Curzon of Kedleston. It will be remembered that it was at Walmer castle, the official residence of the lord warden, that Lady Curzon had her first serious illness. It was to Walmer that Mrs. Leiter and the present Countess of Suffolk made their memorable race across the states and the Atlantic to reach her bedside.

POST IS 800 YEARS OLD.

The most famous men in England have held the lord wardenship. It is 800 years old and once before King Richard I reigned, was hereditary. The post has always been associated with royalty or royalty's highest representatives. Henry VII held it when he was crowned, and it was to him that the king of France came to pay homage, and when the fees and emoluments were huge. In later days the prime ministers of the Cinque Ports, the Earl of Liverpool, the Earl of Devon, Lord Dufferin, and Gladstone.

Lord Brassey is neither an ex-viceroy of India nor prime minister. But then he is of the Cinque Ports. His whole life has been centered in and around them, and moreover he has been appointed in order to do some real work. Side by side with the ceremonial duties which went with the high office, he will turn over a leaf which records over 300 years of incidents denominated in the conduct of the office.

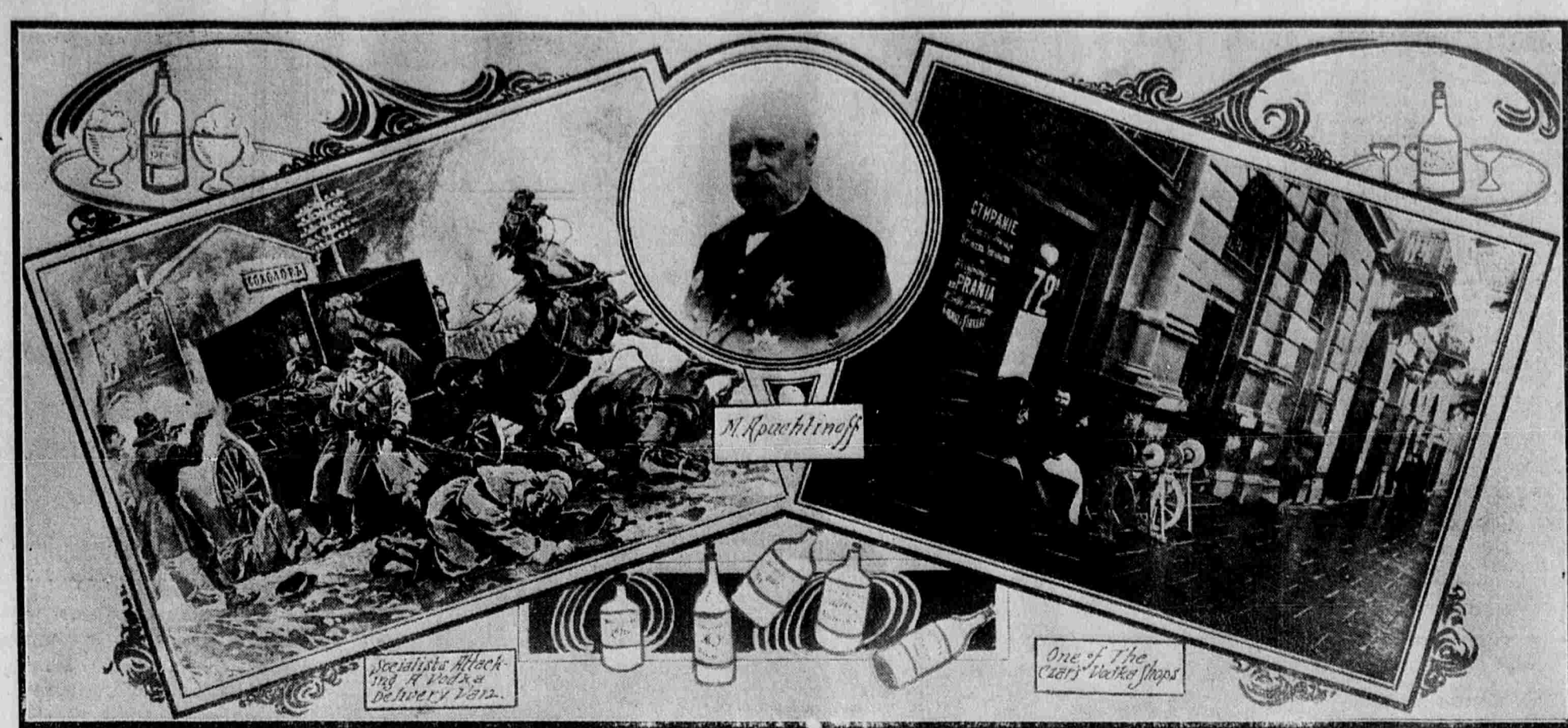
IS AN ACTIVE MAN.

Despite his years Lord Brassey is a very active man. One day he is in London at his magnificent Park Lane palace, a neighbor of Whitehall, and the next he is at Dover, working hard and his agent and unique job. He is a hard man to catch for an interview although when caught he is a ready talker. This is what he had to say the other day regarding his post and his intentions:

"The post of lord warden is one of the greatest of honors in the gift of the king. For years upon years it has been purely an honorary appointment. The growing importance of Dover demands active efforts to develop its commercial resources. The admiralty is completing colossal works, primarily to make Dover a secure anchorage for ships of war. The construction of the naval port has created facilities for commercial development and the town has schemes for the improvement of the harbor. The lord warden of the Cinque Ports has all this in his charge. Recognizing the increasing claims of the duties the Prince of Wales tendered his resignation and because of the new conditions the king appointed me to the office. There is a lot of work to be done and I am going to do it. Yet in attending to the calls of modern business I need to snatch a few hours to revive and enjoy the interesting ceremonial of the Cinque Ports, which have linked for nearly five centuries the middle ages with modern times."

HE IS POSTED.

Lord Brassey knows all about these ceremonial duties and usages, for he is a naval man having been a first lord of the admiralty during one of Gladstone's administrations, and the Cinque Ports must be remembered, dating from the time of William the Conqueror, proved that even England's proudest possessions, the royal navy,



Czar the Greatest Saloon Proprietor In the World

All the Liquor Shops in the Russian Emperor's Domain Now Are Under His Control, the Sale of Vodka Being an Imperial Monopoly—Yielded \$390,525,000 to the Treasury Last Year and Is Only Source of Revenue Which Is Growing Rapidly.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

S. T. PETERSBURG, Feb. 26.—As the autocrat of Russia the Czar is the proprietor of all the saloons in his vast domains. There is no other man in that line, in the old world or the new, who comes anywhere near doing such a gigantic business. It is the biggest trust on earth, with all competition absolutely barred. In his wild dream of avarice John D. Rockefeller never conceived anything like it.

In Russia the drink traffic is an imperial monopoly. Every year it becomes vastly more profitable. Every year the Russian peasant and Russian workman becomes drunker, dirtier, more miserable and more brutal. The more a man drinks in Russia the more the government makes out of him, wherefore, in practice if not in theory, it encourages him to get drunk as a patriotic duty. The grog shops bring under the protection of "The Great White Czar," who is a god to the ignorant, dirt-wallowing descendants of the serfs, enlightened people have no power whatever to restrict their number. All efforts to procure the right of local option are sternly repressed.

ENCOURAGES DRINK.

The government encourages drink to such an extent that the income derived from the sale of vodka last year exceeded \$390,000,000—more than \$200,000,000. "Drink kills Russia," declared M. Tchelysheff, a member of the third Duma, to whom Russia owes the publication of these appalling figures. This bold man, who has the daring habit of spending his mind, told the czar's ministers that the Budget was built up of poison given to the people, and that what Russia really wanted was to get rid of the vodka. He would have all the vodka shops in the empire closed. He hurried columns of figures at M. Stolypin, a recent Duma sitting, showing that the increase of income to the treasury by the sale of vodka averaged from two hundred to three hundred millions of rubles in the old days and that at the same time the poverty and wretchedness of peasant and workman have increased to an awful extent. He quoted figures to prove that for nine years past the institution of state grog shops the quantity of alcohol consumed in Russia remained stationary, despite the continuous increase of the population. His services with his native of men-at-arms, the most vital one that confronts Russia. And even those whom temperance "leaves calm" admit that he has brought to the terrible condition of affairs, which, if not remedied, must

Lord Brassey lives in the Cinque Port country. His estate, known as Norbury, is situated at Battle in Sussex. His son lives in the same neighborhood. For many years Lord Brassey has been colonel of the Cinque Ports artillery.

THE FIVE PORTS.

The original Cinque Ports were Hastings, Sandwich, Dover, Romney and Rythe. Winchelsea and Rye were added at the Norman conquest and the official title of the two latter was "the Cinque Ports." Despite the fact that Cinque is French for "five," in old documents the official title was the Five Cinque Ports and Three Ancient Towns. As a matter of fact the seven have had a number of lesser ports under each. These numbered 13 so that in its greatest glory the "five" ports really numbered 20. In the old days when there was no such thing as a standing navy, or army even, on the modern lines, and each knight or great baron volunteered his services with his retinue of men-at-arms, the hardy fishermen, smugglers and pirates of England's southeast coast were asked by the king to supply ships and men to fight the invasions of various enemies which came across the narrow channel from the continent of Europe. It was agreed that each of the towns situated on the coast should supply a certain number of ships and 20 able seamen and a boy to man each. These were called upon whenever required. In return for their services the king in succession granted a series of most special privileges to the Cinque Ports.

BATONS HELD SWAY.

The entire district was made a species of Palatine country. All the citizens

involve Russia in hopeless decadence.

M. WITTE RESPONSIBLE.

Things have been growing from bad to worse ever since the year 1893, when Alexander III, the "hero-czar," as Reactionaries call him, was on the throne. He and his ministers saw that the contents of the treasury were dwindling in an alarming manner. Oppression, war and mismanagement had reduced his empire, so rich in resources, to a state verging on bankruptcy. He appealed to his minister of finances, Count, then plain, M. Witte, for some way out of the difficulty.

Witte has not gained his high position for nothing. He is one of the cleverest servants the czars, father and son, have ever had. His answer was soon ready. "The amount of drunkenness in the empire is appalling," he said. "Everybody who keeps a kabak (grog shop) adulterates the vodka and by making it cheap induces the peasant to drink too much of it. The only way to put a stop to it is for your imperial highness to take the monopoly of the sale into your own hands. The treasury will have vodka."

"HERO-CZAR" ENCHANTED.

The "hero-czar" was enchanted by the proposal. Witte dilated on the horrors of drunkenness to all who cared to listen and cried that the kabaks must be closed. The kabak was a Russian institution which the future generation can scarcely expect to see. It was always in the largest cottages of the village and the keeper of the grog shop usually was a money lender as well. He rented his kabak from the lord of the manor and got his vodka from a manorial distillery. He wore a long dirty coat, white stockings, low shoes and a flowing beard. He was a musical man and his children played on different instruments for the delectation of the customers. His greatest ally was the village priest who cared to get or offer. He knew the gossip of the district before anybody; he knew when the police were looking for this one or spying upon that. He always gave credit and never gave offense. And if he charged a high price for adulterated spirits, well—he had to live somehow and he always paid for his yearly license to the commune.

VERITABLE PAWNSHOP.

This contribution of his was a great help to the peasant communes. It helped them to pay the taxes which they give for their release from serfdom and—if the worst came to the worst and he refused to pay, the village commune had the right to shut up his kabak and give the license to some man who would. In one gov-

ernment alone the peasant communities got 1,000,000 rubles yearly from the kabaks, and this was a great boon, especially in bad years. Witte, however, declared that this was money they will work. The large landed proprietors are complaining bitterly of this. In White Russia, where the soil is unusually rich, the peasants are unusually poor and the proprietors have to let whole estates go untended because they cannot get laborers. A man will work half the day—go to the grogshop and spend his earnings and not be heard of till next morning. Having got enough to get drunk on he will not work again until he awakes to sobriety and empty pockets. He is too ignorant to see that he is paying the czar to replace the vodka he has drunk. He has grown poorer because the "kabaks" no longer pay his community for their licenses; but he drinks more and more of the czar's vodka every year, pays dearer for it and works less.

"POISON DEPOTS."

The secret of much of the banditism which is now raging in Russia is this craving for vodka. Most of the booty is spent on it. Beggars infest the streets of the towns and hang on to the cab drivers since the czar became his subjects, which are promptly spent in the vodka shops. These "poison depots" as some Socialists call them, can always be told from a distance by reason of the groups of beggars and thieves who throng round the entrance, drinking and fighting to such an extent that all respectable citizens prefer to make a long detour rather than venture near them.

USELESS PLACES.

But the temperance houses instituted by Count Witte to replace the "kabaks" are deserted, though they cost over 10,000,000 rubles yearly to keep up. They are dull places, providing nothing but bad tea and newspapers for the habitues are too ignorant to read. There is some talk of abolishing these expensive, useless places, which cannot possibly pay their way. But no village commune can abolish the local grogshop, though many communes have condemned them as demoralizing in the extreme. They cannot close them without the consent of the state, which is naturally almost impossible to obtain, as one community after another would follow suit and the result would be a great loss to the treasury. Every village, therefore, has this "bottled poison" thrust upon it, and in the large towns the number of the depots is abnormally high.

DEMORALIZING INFLUENCE.

Their demoralizing influence has spread to many of the small stations on the state railways, where licenses for selling vodka have been given. These places are now turned into resorts of all the riff-raff of the neighborhood, who get drunk and molest

HOW IT WORKS.

Let us look at this new kind of grogshop. There is nothing tempting about its appearance. It is as far removed as possible from the brilliantly lighted "saloons" of the western world. A small dirty shop, with a counter at one end and rows and rows of bottles of various sizes all round the walls from floor to ceiling. No music, no chairs and tables, no brightness. A miserable looking man in a ragged, vermin-infested sheepskin coat, walks up to the man behind the counter—a government servant—puts down a copper piece of money and gets in return a diminutive bottle of vodka. He is not allowed to drink it on the premises, because this demoralizes him, so he goes to the doorsteps, breaks off the neck of the bottle with a dagger, empties the contents, flings it into the street. The bottle contained a small wine glassful of the government poison and cost 2 cents. The man by working it a whole day in the fields will get from 10 to 15 cents.

HE PAYS MORE, WORKS LESS.

But one such bottle is not enough for him. The burning liquid is the one pleasure of his life. At home the cow, the horse, women and children are huddled together in one filthy hut. There is no pleasure to be found there, so he and others like him return to the "Monopoly," as the vodka store is now called, buy more small bottles and

CHINQUE PORTS.

It is strange that in this twentieth century but one of all these ports should be a harbor. Yet Dover today is the only place that has a deep-sea harbor. Many of the other places are now no longer ports but inland towns and at Hastings the sea has long encroached on the original port. The Royal Navy of the Cinque Ports is now the British navy; many of the courts have

been merged with regular courts with general jurisdiction, the barons have been abolished and instead of 28 barons sitting in the house of commons for selling vodka have been given.

These places are now turned into resorts of all the riff-raff of the neighborhood, who get drunk and molest

LADY MARY.

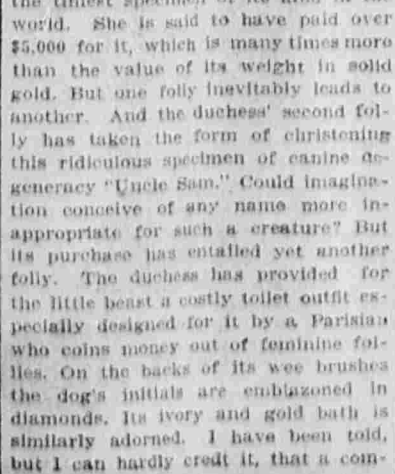
There is one room in the castle which is left unchanged with its old-fashioned furniture and many high-pitched ceilings. This is the chamber in which the Duke of Wellington died. It is now a sort of miniature Wellington museum. Lord Brassey will take up partial residence at Walmer castle. He will be the one hundred and sixtieth lord warden who has done so but the first lord warden in some hundreds of years who will not alone recognize the ancient usages, but who will do some real work.

WHERE WELLINGTON DIED.

There is one room in the castle which is left unchanged with its old-fashioned furniture and many high-pitched ceilings. This is the chamber in which the Duke of Wellington died. It is now a sort of miniature Wellington museum. Lord Brassey will take up partial residence at Walmer castle. He will be the one hundred and sixtieth lord warden who has done so but the first lord warden in some hundreds of years who will not alone recognize the ancient usages, but who will do some real work.

OLDST CHURCH IN IRELAND.

The curious building shown herewith is believed to be the most ancient church in Ireland. It is at Dingle, county Kerry. This structure is built entirely without mortar, but its rude walls seem to be as perfect as ever.



DUCAL DARY WAS UNDER SUSPICION

Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., Wanted To Test the Milk Before Daughter Drank It.

HAS "WORDS" WITH HOSTESS

How Mrs. George Cornwallis West Received a Bath of Soap at a Recent Royal Dinner.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—Society is hugely enjoying a story that is being told in the drawing-rooms of the elect of which Mrs. Marshall Field, Jr., is the heroine. As it was told me the rich Chicago widow was recently invited to a ducal seat in Scotland, and asked to bring with her her little girl, whose health is in a very delicate state. It was thought that the bracing Scotch air would benefit the child and that was one of the reasons for including the little invalid in the invitation. Another was that Mrs. Field, who is one of the most devoted of mothers, would come without her.

ARMED WITH MILK TESTER.

In due course they arrived. But Mrs. Field had not been long in the house before she announced that she would have to go to the dairy and test the milk with a milk tester which she had brought with her. She never allowed her dear little girl, she said, to drink milk anywhere unless she had assured herself that it was absolutely pure. The hostess, a Scotchwoman of a rather severe type, asked her guest what in the world she meant by doubting the respectability of her milk-milk upon which all her brassy sons and decidedly brassy daughters, too, had been brought up. In fact she said, in a lady-like way, "How dare you?"

"WORDS" EXCHANGED.

But Mrs. Field continued to dare. A great specialist had told her that she could not afford to let her little girl drink the milk that her little girl drank. The child's health was infinitely precious to her and she could not permit any of the conventional rules of society to stand in the way of taking every possible precaution. What the servants call "words" were exchanged with the result that the milk remained untested and Mrs. Field, with her own hand, spring left the mansion that same afternoon in the motor in which they had arrived.

AMERICAN WOMAN'S TACT.

This story, in some form, may have reached you before. As it shows the smartness and tact of the American woman, it is worth repeating. The version, moreover, is the correct version. Some little time ago the king and queen gave a succession of "small dinners" at which the guests were invited to bring with them a letter from a friend and one night Mrs. George Cornwallis West—the ex-Lady Randolph Churchill—was one of the favored. It was such a small dinner, in number, now even royal servants are not in peccable. During dinner a "six-footer" in royal scarlet and gold liveries of the royal footman dropped the best part of a turkey leg and it fell on the floor of the lady's bodice. The king on whose right Mrs. West was sitting saw the incident and immediately attempted to mop up the mess. But Mrs. West, in fact, the only person who was calm at the table was Mrs. West herself. Turning to his majesty she exclaimed, "I like a hot bath on a chilly night."

FOUND HER HARD TO FIT.

Various "waists," as you Americans call your bodices, were ordered on Mrs. West being of far more generous proportions than the queen, nothing could be found to fit her. At last her majesty remarked, "Why, a tea jacket will be the very thing. You can surely get into that."

IRISH SEASON NON EST.

It looks as though the Irish season in the future will be "non est." This year Lord and Lady Aberdeen can manage to spin out for only a few weeks. Hitherto it has gone fairly merrily for six weeks. The truth is, things socially are going from bad to worse in Ireland. The day is not far distant when there will be no use for a lord lieutenant in the Emerald Isle and Dublin castle. After it has been overhauled by the sanitary authorities and has been disinfected it will make a good hospital, or some public institution of which the people may approve.

KILLING SPECTACLE.

I am told the first drawing-room at the castle was a killing spectacle, some of the dresses being amazing. Before now Irishwomen, who as you know are nothing if not daring, have questioned that dreadful material tarlatan, a kind of coarse cotton net silk frock, the court tone of it at the last drawing-room was a sight for the gods. The display of sham jewels was pathetic. The family heirlooms were evidently rather "uncle's" or "aunt's" and "do up" their antique satin and were not disposed of and the owners were not in a position to buy even good imitations, which in those days doctored even experts. Those worn on the great occasion in Dublin could not fail to be detected by the nearest tyro in the knowledge of stones.

ETIQUETTE IN BERLIN.

A stricter view of social etiquette is being observed in Berlin, at the personal instance of the emperor. At gala performances at the opera, at which the emperor and empress and members of the court intend to be present, it is now imperative that ladies must wear complete evening dress and gentlemen evening clothes and white ties. Those who do not conform to this direction are refused admission. Hitherto evening dress, as understood in London or Paris, has been the exception. Another innovation on gala nights is the closing of the refreshment department at the opera, where many of the audacious have been accustomed to consume larger beer and sandwiches between the acts.

Duchess of Roxburghe Goes In For French Dogs

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LONDON, Feb. 27.—I cannot speak from personal experience, but I suppose that when one has a whole lot more money than one needs it is difficult to resist the temptation to do something foolish with it. Yet I had imagined that about the last woman to succumb to the follies of wealth would have been that charming American millionaire, the Duchess of Roxburghe. But, alas, her grace has succumbed. She is going in for that most contemptible product of human interference with canine development—the freak dog.

The freakiest of all freak dogs that has made its bow-wow in public is that specimen which has been dubbed the "Sleeve Dog." That name has been bestowed upon it because it is so small that it can be tucked away inside one's sleeve. It is really no bigger than a good sized rat. It is a libel on dogs, it is absolutely good for nothing except for foolish women to make a

fuss over. And it is one of these sleeve dogs which the Duchess of Roxburghe has purchased.

One inducement held out to her to buy it was the statement that it was the tiniest specimen of its kind in the world. She is said to have paid over \$5,000 for it, which is many times more than the value of its weight in solid gold. But one folly inevitably leads to another. And the Duchess' second folly has taken the form of christening this ridiculous specimen of canine degeneracy "Uncle Sam." Could imagination conceive of any name more inappropriate for such a creature? But its purchase has entailed yet another folly. The Duchess has provided for the little beast a costly toilet outfit especially designed for it by a Parisian who coins money out of feminine follies. On the backs of its wee brushes the dog's initials are embossed in diamonds. Its ivory and gold bath is similarly adorned. I have been told, but I can hardly credit it, that a com-

plete set of kitchen utensils, essential for the cooking of such food as appeals to the dog's depraved appetite, were also ordered from the same astute Frenchman.

LADY MARY.

There is one room in the castle which is left unchanged with its old-fashioned furniture and many high-pitched ceilings. This is the chamber in which the Duke of Wellington died. It is now a sort of miniature Wellington museum. Lord Brassey will take up partial residence at Walmer castle. He will be the one hundred and sixtieth lord warden who has done so but the first lord warden in some hundreds of years who will not alone recognize the ancient usages, but who will do some real work.

WHERE WELLINGTON DIED.

There is one room in the castle which is left unchanged with its old-fashioned furniture and many high-pitched ceilings. This is the chamber in which the Duke of Wellington died. It is now a sort of miniature Wellington museum. Lord Brassey will take up partial residence at Walmer castle. He will be the one hundred and sixtieth lord warden who has done so but the first lord warden in some hundreds of years who will not alone recognize the ancient usages, but who will do some real work.

OLDST CHURCH IN IRELAND.

The curious building shown herewith is believed to be the most ancient church in Ireland. It is at Dingle, county Kerry. This structure is built entirely without mortar, but its rude walls seem to be as perfect as ever.