

Journal of a Salt Lake Pilgrimage

(Special Correspondence.)
NICE, March 28.—We bid farewell today to the Riviera, meaning that stretch of Mediterranean coast which runs along the south shores of Italy and France for 200 miles, and which is famed the world over as the playground of rich Europeans and Americans during the trying months of January, February and March. They say the number of sunlit days the year round there is unapproached in any other part of the world, and certainly the deep blue of the sky, the general warmth of the air, the balmy sea, and the magnificent shore line, combine to make up a little paradise on earth that the wealthy of the earth might well be pardoned for pre-empting and holding as their own.

But, alas, the uses to which they have put it! "Loading" along the coast as we have since leaving Milan—we have rigidly refused to make any set plans, but have camped and broken camp quite as the spirit moved—we have had the best of opportunities for study and observation, and the sum of our reflections is best expressed in the good old hymn, which needs only a slight change to make it fit:

"What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Where every prospect pleases
And only man is vile?"

WHERE GAMBLERS FLOCK.

And on the Riviera you really see as much of the vileness of man, as you do of the beauty of nature, for here, and especially in the town of Monte Carlo (they are suburbs of each other), are established the imperial headquarters of the gambling fraternity of the world. It is the only place, in the civilized world at least, where gambling (spell it with a large G, please) is used as the great magnet to attract the wealthy tourist traffic; what her scenery is to Switzerland, her historic ruins to Rome, or her waters to Wiesbaden, their gambling tables assuredly are to Nice and Monte Carlo.

Nice is a French city while Monte Carlo is in Monaco, the little independent state governed by a prince, whom France and Italy, strangely enough, allow to go on reigning. The whole state is about half the size of Davis county, and it comprises two towns, one Monaco itself, where the gay old prince lives in regal fashion, the other, Monte Carlo, his capital (in a state where he owns the Casino, earth's most famous gaming resort, the opera house, and numerous hotels which are breath takers for magnificence, and money makers to the last degree).

As Monte Carlo is such a formidable rival for the tourist traffic, the French authorities probably feel that they must "let the bars down," or the procession of European (and American) money-spenders might pass them by. Hence the bars are not only "let down," but the whole fence is taken away and thrown into the sea, while the gay city with its thousand attractions beckons to the travelers and makes him feel at home within her gates.

GAMBLERS' KINDERGARTEN.

Of course Nice has her Casino too, but it lacks the prestige, advertising, and more than all, the scandals of the Monte Carlo institution, so Nice, brilliant and beautiful as she is, comes second in the race as yet. For that reason too, she attracts a greater number

her of the "less rapid" class of tourists, those who linger on the outskirts of vice, as it were, who rather love to gaze at the dizzy doings than to partake of them, who gamble just a little, and who, when they get really acclimated, can easily take the plunge into the "real thing" at Monte Carlo. Then, too, as the two cities are but a few minutes apart by rail or auto, many Monte Carlo operators live at the hotels in Nice, keeping their families there while they pay their devotions to the tickle goddess at the other place. So, all in all, Nice is a center of great and rapidly growing importance.

HIGH CLASS ATTRACTIONS.

The pilgrim band makes its first acquaintance with the wonderful Riviera life, through the Nice portals. Here is the program that runs day and night through the three or four months of the year when European and American cities send forth their pleasure seekers. The Casino (built out in the sea just as the Saitair pavilion is) has a free orchestral concert each morning lasting till noon; the orchestra numbers 50 skilled performers under a leader of international repute; in the afternoon and evening the concerts are charged for, a franc and a half, only 20 cents. If the tourist prefers the drama to music, he can saunter over to another wing, where a first-class company from Paris gives the reigning successes. The bill is often changed to grand opera. We saw "Zaza" (the play) rendered in most artistic fashion. Elegant lounging rooms are free; a great restaurant provides meals and drink all day and most of the night, at astonishingly low prices. Our conclusion is that all these departments, heavily as they are patronized by the streams which pour in from all the hotels, are conducted at a loss. But they are the feeders for the main attraction and the profit comes in the roulette tables operated in a grand salon just off the concert hall, the theater and the restaurant. While the classic music is going on, or while the play or the opera is being enacted, the buzz around the gambling table never ceases. Considering the number of players, the silence that reigns is astonishing. The clink of the silver, as the coins are placed at the figures, the whirr of the little ball before it settles in its place, and the monotonous, quiet drawl of the operator, "Dames vous, messieurs, marquez vous messieurs," do not at all disturb the listeners or the diners. Everyone seems to play, men and women of all ages, girls of 20 or thereabouts, very old women in spe-

cially large numbers, and people seemingly of all sorts and conditions in life. There is apparently just enough won by the players to keep them "on the hook," but the amounts which the dealer steadily draws into the treasury with his long ivory rake, with which he nonchalantly reaches to any part of the long table, baffles all attempts at estimating.

THE REAL THING.

At Nice the limits are small compared to those at Monte Carlo. Ride with us over the 40-minute auto stretch of macadam that separates the two cities (would that Kelsey could see it) and you will find play that is play, carried on by the really big gamblers in the home of the game of chance. The Casino at Monte Carlo is a vast structure of dazzling white, the columns of marble. As we approached it, on an afternoon when the life of the place was at its height, it would be impossible to imagine a scene of more dazzling beauty. It is at the end of an avenue of palms; through this shaded lane, the foot passengers come and go. The autos and carriages deposit their loads from a roadway which encircles the palms. The buildings, also all of white, are the hotels, restaurants, and cafes which fill the place; every veranda, terrace, with life, the gayest colors, the most wonderful parades, the most bewildering of gowns, flash before our gaze as the throngs come and go.

The Casino is the center of all traffic; two streams of fashionable humanity, one coming, one going, meet us as we alight, and taking our places amid the throngs, we are borne with the tide into the imposing lobby of the beautiful structure. Here a babel of sounds salutes our ears. Just ahead through the glass doors, we see a hall where probably 200 or 400 people stand and listen to a Hungarian band, playing on an elaborate platform in the center of the room. At our right a rapidly moving staircase is shooting loads of people into mysterious retreats above. Through a dozen windows, neatly uniformed women are taking in or handing out hats and cloaks to the arriving or departing guests. Half a dozen gorgeously arrayed officials, whose costumes are those of comic opera rather than of real life, stand silently about. To gain entrance into the gaming rooms, only a slight formality is required. You show your business card to one of the officials in waiting. He glances you over and if you look fairly respectable, over and if you look fairly respectable, which means that if he thinks you look

able to venture a few francs on the games, you are given a ticket of admission. This you present to a huge, sphinx like doorkeeper, and passing within, the charmed circle is before you. An amazing spectacle it is. Great arched chambers, or a continuation of halls, stretch out on three sides of you. The lofty walls are hung with costly tapestries or adorned with pictures that any European gallery might envy. Marble statues of the Greek and Roman divinities fill a hundred niches. The ceilings are painted by undoubted masters with a continuation of mythological subjects. The floors are carpeted with the rich thick stuffs that might sustain the tread of an army without giving forth a sound. Although it is a bright sunlit day without, these rooms are so far within the recesses of the great building that they have to be lit artificially, and a subdued haze of light descends from gorgeous electric chandeliers heavily shaded.

THE CEILING THE LIMIT.

But it is neither the work of art within the rooms nor their furnishings which form the real objects of interest. It is the great green tables, each as large as an ordinary billiard or pool table, and each surrounded by its throngs of gamblers, which rivet your attention. There are 20 such tables scattered through the chambers, and while each may have 40 to 50 absorbed players seated around it, there is another circle standing up behind them, sometimes playing, sometimes looking on, and back of that circle groups and knots of eager spectators craning their necks to get a sight of the losers or winners. In all of these, there are not far from 150 to 200 people around each of the 20 tables. Besides there is a constant procession from one room to the other, and attendants are passing to and fro among the players to accommodate them with change for large bills.

There are no limits at the Monte Carlo tables. We see men place 1,000 franc notes on certain numbers, and

they do not blink an eye as rake of the croupier sweeps their notes into the bank. Once in a while they win, and as the "banker" pushes out the gold pieces or notes in their gains with an equal appearance of indifference. One man we noted lost 5,000 francs within five minutes.

A glance at the faces around the tables reveals some strange contrasts. At one end sits a man of 50 of huge physique, with a face like Oom Paul Kruger's; beside him is a girl of dazzling beauty in pure white; with an Oriental head dress that suggests an Albanian princess. Next are two young men, American or English, who work together and consult each other so frequently as to suggest that they are trying to demonstrate some system for breaking the bank; they play invariably with 20-franc gold pieces, 50 francs per share since January first, selling always at an immense premium. The same syndicate owns the Monte Carlo Opera House, which vies with the best in Europe, and which bids against even New York for the services of the great European artists. The Monte Carlo Opera Co. tours the principal cities at intervals, and always commands extra prices. Besides this, there is a chain of magnificent hotels also owned by the syndicate, which are palaces in extent, and in which the guests book rooms months ahead at prices unheard of in London, Paris or Berlin. These hotels are closed eight months of the year, or only partially operated, but their profits during the open season are said to be sufficient to pay enormous returns to their owners. Among their guests are many once prominent New Yorkers who exiled themselves from home when the anti-gambling

SCANDAL SUPPRESSED.

Once in a while, as all the world knows, a bad loser turns up and a row ensues. A woman who has staked everything and lost everything

poisons herself or drowns herself, or some young fool who has decamped with his employer's money, is caught here blowing it in. Stronious endeavors are then made by the officials to keep the affair out of the newspapers. The things which do not get into print, and the achievements of the secret police of Monaco, it is said would form some thrilling reading. When a scandal breaks out there is an uproar of course, and the finger of indignation is pointed at Monte Carlo from a host of respectable centers of Europe. But nothing ever comes of it, and the playing goes on from year to year, increasing as the world grows more prosperous and more rapid in its tastes. They say that if a man really "goes broke" at the tables and "lets decently" about it, the officials will give him a return ticket to his home, but he is expected, of course, to keep still about his losses.

At the present time the Casino is riding on the high wave of prosperity, apparently Italian, with every finger on both hands plastered with cheap jewelry, plays in steady luck. A young girl, prompted by a woman who stands behind her and looks like her mother, has a wallet full of gold pieces, and as long as we watched her, wins and loses alternately, but always plays the same number. There is one table, where we lingered longest and watched with the greatest curiosity, where only gold pieces like our \$20 coins are used. For aught we know, they are American eagles, we can hardly get near enough the tables to determine. But the silence and intensity around that table are greater than in any of the rooms. The sums lost and gained there every hour must be prodigious, but it is all done with the utmost quiet, and losing or winning, the players "take their medicine" with the same appearance of unconcern.

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crusades were started there, and who prefer to remain exiles in a land of the free and easy, rather than to return to the restrictions of the "land of the free and the home of the brave." H. G. W.

A LIVING SKELETON

Is the final condition of any child that has worms—if it lives. Think of having something in your stomach that eats all you take as nourishment. Nine-tenths of the babies have worms, may be you has. Be certain that it has not by giving it White's Cream Vermifuge—it expels all worms and is a tonic for the baby. Price, 25 cents. Sold by Z. C. M. I. Drug Dept., 112 and 114 South Main St., Salt Lake City.

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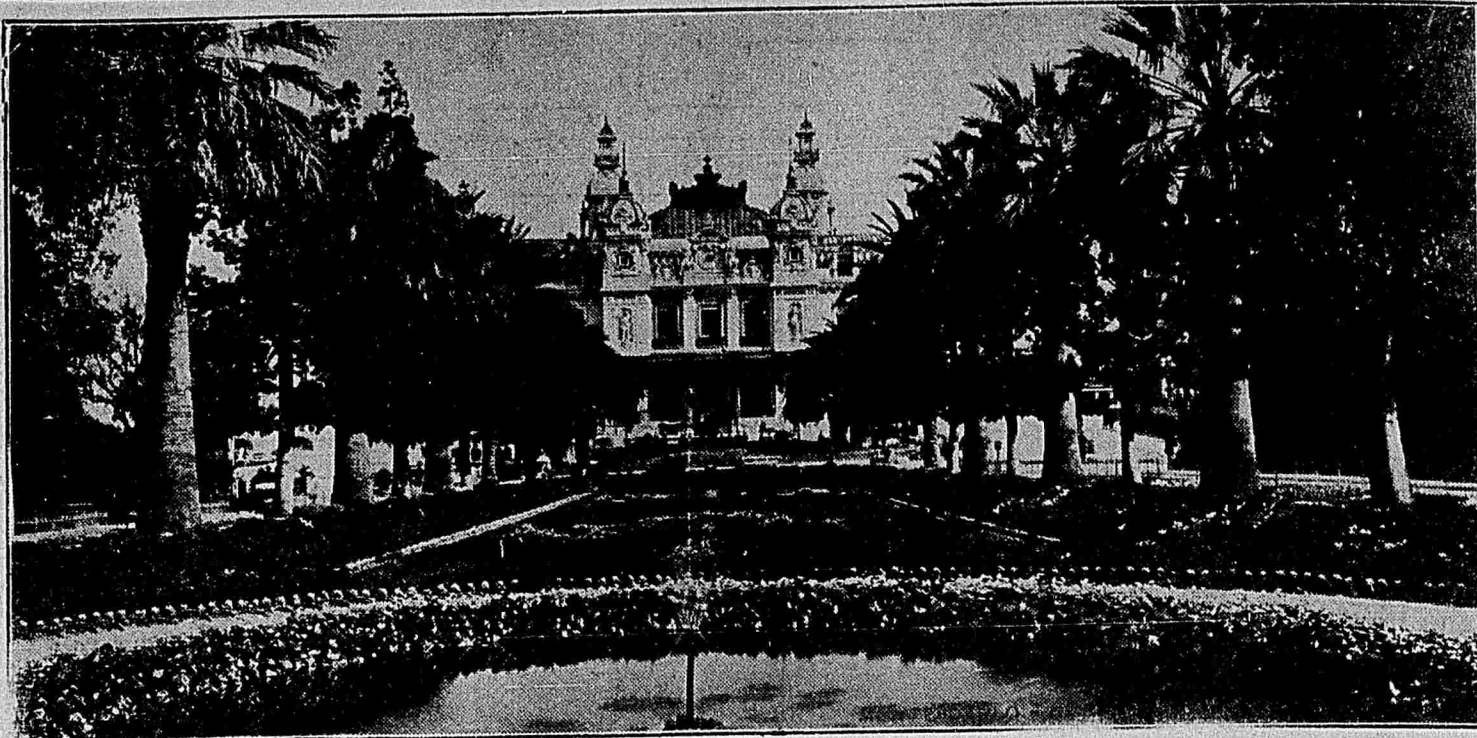
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ANNOUNCEMENT!

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We shall say to those who have waited patiently and cannot wait any longer, to attend our opening sale; and to those who have waited and want to avoid the rush of the first day's sale, wait a few days longer if you can.

There are bargains for everybody and nobody will be disappointed by waiting. We shall sell any article at any time, but we shall announce later special sale days for Go-carts, Refrigerators, etc., etc., as our floor space will not allow us to show more than a part of our stock at one time. The first day's sale will clear our floors of all goods that are now on display, then a fresh lot will be put on; if, therefore, you do not find what you want the first or second day, remember each day will bring an entirely different display. We have what you want if you will but give us time to show it to you.

Anybody wishing to furnish their home and desiring to avoid the rush may make special dates for early in the morning or any hour in the day or evening at any time after Saturday by special telephone arrangement.

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