

is, in quality, second to none in the United States.

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LEHI, Utah.

### A FOOL'S PARADISE.

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MONTE CARLO, Dec. 1st.—On the coast of the Mediterranean, in one of the garden spots of earth, lies Monaco, a little principality that is absolutely unique the world over for two reasons, first, because it is the smallest monarchy in existence, and second, because its inhabitants pay no taxes whatever for reasons that we shall see hereafter. Yet, besides these claims to distinction, Monaco has another which has made it famous all the world round. It contains the largest, finest and most flourishing gambling hell ever known in ancient or modern times. This palace of pleasure, or too often of misery, is located at Monte Carlo, about one mile from the town of Monaco, which latter is not only the capital of the little principality of Monaco, but almost the whole of it, for the insignificant monarchy is now reduced to nothing more than its capital and a very small territory near it. As we approach Monaco from the north it presents a picturesque appearance, surrounded by fortifications and planked with batteries commanding the little bay. The orange vine, lemon and olive grow here in abundance. The air is always balmy with the soft fragrance of orange blossoms and magnolias, and the gentle murmur of the Mediterranean mingles with the delicious dreamy music of cornets and violins wafted from the velvety lawns.

Prior to the establishment of the gambling hell at Monte Carlo, the sovereigns of Monaco had been in a deplorable state of chronic impecuniosity for many years, and had vainly tried various little schemes to raise the wind. Along about 1854 or 1855 some American naval commanders were so much impressed with the advantages offered by the port of Monaco that as a rendezvous for American vessel in the Mediterranean, that they strongly advised their government to purchase it from its needy sovereign, Florestan II, the father of the present monarch. Florestan was very willing to cede his principality to the United States, and negotiations to that end were entered into, but the affair was never consummated. Florestan passed away, and his son Charles III succeeded to his kingdom and his pecuniary difficulties. Though rich in titles he had scarcely a sou in his pocket when, on the closing of the gaming salons at the German spas in 1863 a Frenchman, one M. Blanc, offered to give him 600,000 francs—about \$120,000—annually and to assume all the expenses of the government of Monaco, thus freeing the inhabitants of the little principality from the payment of taxes, in return for the privilege of running a gambling salon at Monte Carlo, the agreement to continue in force for a period of 47 years, or until 1910. The pauper monarch accepted the gambler's offer, and has ever since existed comfortably on the wages of sin. M. Blanc did not burden himself very heavily when he assumed all the charges of the government, since it can not cost much to govern a few acres of barren land,

some picturesque rocks and an old rookery called by courtesy a palace, which was all the kingdom of his serene Highness, Charles III, consisted of. After paying his annual privilege money and defraying all the expenses of the magnificent temple he has erected for the worship of Vacuna, the goddess of chance, as well as all the charges of the government of Monaco, M. Blanc still has left the enormous sum of more than \$5,000,000 of the golden stream that pours into his coffers over the green cloth of his gaming tables at Monte Carlo every year. He has amassed an immense fortune, which at his death will go to the Princesses Rolande, Bonaparte and Radzivil.

After entering into his agreement with M. Blanc, Charles III seldom appeared in Monaco. He preferred to spend his time at a beautiful country seat that he purchased near Paris, or at his hotel in that gay city. When he did honor his little principality with his presence everybody was made aware of the fact by the flying of the royal standard from the tumble down old barrack of a palace. In view of the Prince's agreement with M. Blanc, nothing could be more appropriate than that same royal standard. It consists of two side strips of black, bordering a white ground, in the centre of which there is a sort of red and white checker board. At a distance the *tout ensemble* is precisely that of a *rouge et noir* layout. The surname of Prince Charles' family is Grimaldi, a name made familiar to every one by the once famous clown, who was descended from the same ancestry as Monaco's prince. The founder of the latter's family was a certain Captain Grimaldi of Genoa, who led the people of Monaco in a successful revolution against the Moors, who had conquered them in the title of Charlemagne. As a recompense for what he had done, the grateful people proclaimed Captain Grimaldi Prince of Monaco. That was away back in 968 and the title has descended from father to son in the Grimaldi family ever since.

And the casino at Monte Carlo! What paradise of fools who look upon it as a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground where one may pick up gold and silver at pleasure! What words of mine can do justice to the magnificence of the place and the rarely dramatic character of the scenes daily and nightly enacted there? How can I fittingly describe the magnificent building, rearing its proud head above its velvety lawns and marble terraces; the tropical fruits and flowers, the splashing fountains, the exquisitely arranged shubbery, from out whose verdant depths the pistol of the suicide has so often reverberated; the marble statuary, the gaily plumaged birds and all the other features that make the grounds at Monte Carlo seem like the garden of Eden rather than the environs of a palatial gambling hell!

Up a wide staircase of purest Italian marble we pass to the Caslao. Its gorgeous facade is ornamented with two magnificent clocks, one telling London and the other Paris time. Pushing aside velvet covered doors that swing noiselessly upon their hinges, we enter a large vestibule, passing thence into a large apartment whose lofty ceiling is supported by marble pillars. Do you wish to read? In that room on the right you will find the daily newspapers of every principal city in the world. Do you care to hear some delicious music?

In that magnificent concert salon on the left two grand concerts are given daily, by some of the finest orchestral musicians in Europe. You prefer to offer up a sacrifice of some of your gold and bank notes at the shrine of that fickle goddess, Vacuna! Then pass on and we shall enter a vast L shaped apartment where a fortune may be lost or won in a moment or two. Handsome women, whose apparel suggests that of Mother Eve before the fall, look down upon a polished oaken floor from the ceiling where they have been gaudily frescoed by French artists in a decidedly flamboyant style. There are a dozen gaming tables in the room, and there is a crowd of eager players at each. Love is said to level all ranks and the love of gambling most certainly does so. There is complete equality, absolute democracy at the gaming table. The prince and the pauper, the pick-pocket and the philanthropist, the hardened coquette and the fresh young society bud stand side by side and give and take points with regard to each other's play. I have observed one of the greatest swindlers and card sharps in all Europe explaining his system of play to a clergyman, for more than once have I seen the Roman collar in the grand salon at Monte Carlo. The always cool Russian, the excitable Frenchman, the stolid German, the *blasé* Englishman and the keen, self-confident American elbow each other at the tables and show their national characteristics more plainly here than anywhere else. There are *Camilles* and *Nanas* from Paris, and ingenues from New York. Everybody who makes the grand tour of the continent of Europe visits Monte Carlo, and no matter how much he or she may be opposed to gambling when at home, they play a little here, just to say on their return that they have done so, and because it is an experience without which no European trip is complete. This is on the same principle that presidents of foreign humane societies always go to bull fights when they are in Spain or Mexico. Play begins at noon and continues for eighteen hours without intermission, or until 6 o'clock the next morning. Then the Casino is closed for six hours while it is aired and cleaned. *Rouge et noir*, *trente et quarante* and roulette are the games that hold everybody spell bound during those eighteen hours when the monotonous cries of the croupiers, the click of the ball and the muttered curses of the losers are the only sounds that break the silence.

I have seen some famous companies gathered about the green cloth at Monte Carlo. Rather less than a year ago I saw your great American millionaire, William H. Vanderbilt, lose \$10,000 of the money left him by his father. He is an ideal gambler, calm and imperturbable, and from the face he wears while playing no one could ever tell whether he is losing or winning. He is a great contrast in that respect to your American comedians, De Wolf Hopper and a Mr. Hoey, who from a part he plays is known by the soubriquet of "Old Hoss." I saw the former win a little money here, and I have seldom seen any one more exultant over success. His face was radiant, and he laughed and almost shouted. The same is true of "Old Hoss" Hoey, who made a very large winning here, even if he did not actually break the bank, as he describes himself to have