

The Saturday "News" Special Foreign Service.

Special Correspondence.

NICE, June 19.—It seems like an act of Nemesis that Prince Albert of Monaco, ruler of Monte Carlo, should be suffering from insanity after being connected all these years with the gambling resort which has driven thousands of others to madness and suicide. As one of the largest shareholders in the Casino, the prince bears, with the rest of the management, an equal portion of the responsibility for those terrible tragedies of human frailty which have so often shocked the civilized world. It is strange that the latter years of the prince's life should be darkened by mental affliction; but perhaps it is well that he no longer can realize the full and cumulative enormity of the series of tragedies which take place at Monte Carlo year after year. For some time previous to the present disaster the prince had shown signs of a mental breakdown. At the peace conference held at Rouen a few years ago, the Prince of Monaco entertained on his splendid yacht, and even then several of his friends remarked that he did not seem to be quite normal. On one occasion he started to make a speech, but forgot his words, and several times used the wrong words in attempting to convey his ideas. These signs of aphasia—one of the first indications of mental derangement—were put down at the time to the usual eccentricities which princes seem privileged to show, and no particular attention was paid to them. Recently, however, on starting out for a cruise in the Mediterranean the prince gave such unmistakable signs of aberration that his physician had to interfere, and the trip came to a sudden end.

NOT THAT SORT OF MAN.

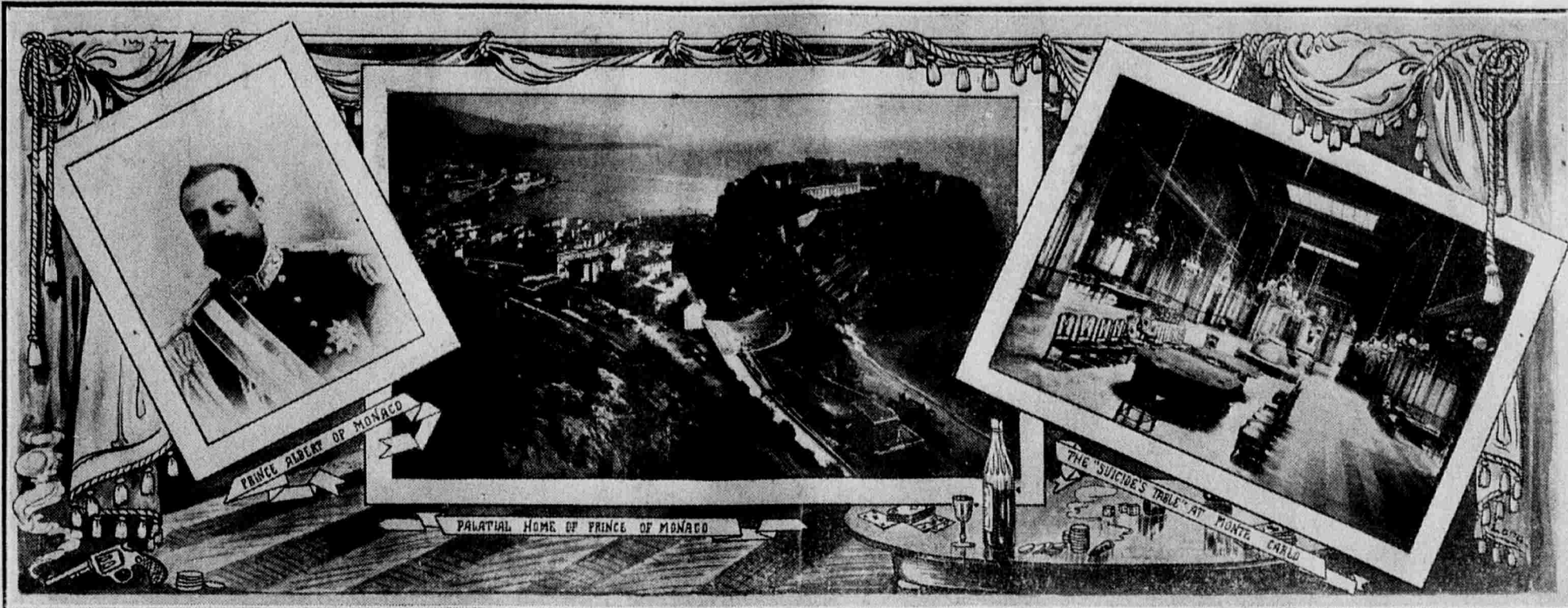
It has been said, doubtless with kindly intention, that the prince's present condition is the result of brooding over recent tragedies at Monte Carlo, especially the terrible Gold affair. But one of the friends of the prince told me yesterday that he didn't believe events at Monte Carlo could have anything to do with his condition. "The Prince of Monaco is not that sort of man," said this friend. "His vast yearly income at Monte Carlo always has been a source of pride to him; he never has given serious thought to the suicides and murders that take place there save in the light of attributing them to the individual failings of the persons who have plunged and lost."

DERIVES HUGE INCOME.

The general public has little conception of what Monte Carlo means to the Prince of Monaco. In the first place, he derives a direct income from the Casino company of \$250,000 per annum. This is paid to him whether the Casino has a good or bad year, and is entirely independent of "business done." A few years ago, during a depressing season, the company found some difficulty in meeting this obligation at the exact date when it was due, and the shareholders proposed an extension of time. But the prince's interest never heard of this, and the sum was handed over to him at the agreed time. This tidy little revenue is paid to him for the "concession" which the Casino company holds for transacting business in its dominions, and is an inherited right from the father of the present prince, who owns the land on which the Casino is built. Aside from this he holds 5,000 shares of the Casino company. The founders of the Monte Carlo gambling company—Edmond and Camille Blanc—only held 4,000 shares each in the original company. So it will be seen that the prince's interest predominates. In addition to the quarter of a million dollars which he gets for the "concession" every year, his stock and "perquisites" bring him in \$750,000.

Prince of Monaco's Madness Helps Pay for 200 Suicides a Year

His Income of a Million Dollars a Year Comes Chiefly from Losses of Gamblers at Monte Carlo, and Although the Fate That Has Now Overtaken Him Looks Like Nemesis, it is Said That He Has Never Troubled Himself About the Tragedies at the Beautiful Plague Spot on the Riviera.



So he gets a million dollars a year paid out of the losses of the gamblers.

VERITABLE POOH BAH.

But to the power he wields as landlord and shareholder in the gambling concern must be added the fact that the Prince of Monaco constitutes in himself practically all the offices of state. He is head of the army, chief administrator of justice, controller of police—in fact, a veritable Pooh Bah in modern governments, combining in himself practically all important functions. To afford an instance of the prince's power in matters of mere detail the case of the poster artist who tried to blackmail the Casino company out of a large sum of money a few years ago might be mentioned. This artist had conceived the brilliant scheme of placing at the Monaco railway station several huge posters depicting various scenes in the tragic history of Monte Carlo gambling. One of these showed the gardens of the Casino with the bodies of two suicides in the foreground; another portrayed a mother and her child in the attitude of delivering a curse upon the place, while a third plainly depicted the Prince and Princess of Monaco sitting upon the throne, crowned with roses and veils, and holding a scepter and a ring. The Casino company made every effort to get these posters removed, even offering the artist a large sum of money, but he refused. He demanded a million francs (\$200,000). This the Casino could not pay, owing to the bad season, and so the posters remained, much to the detriment of the "business." However, the prince at this

point came to the rescue of the company. As the ground landlord of the site occupied by the posters he demanded their removal, and, putting into operation the machinery of the law, soon had the obnoxious posters torn down.

GORGEOUS BODY GUARD.

Though the prince of Monaco combines all the various state offices in his own person, it must not be forgotten that, after all, the Casino company pays every expense. They support the "standing army" of 125 men, which forms the prince's bodyguard and attends his state "functions." What the army lacks in numbers is made up in gorgeousness of uniform, for the men sport more real lace than any other military corps in Europe. The upkeep of this glorious force amounts to \$70,000 per annum. The prince also dispenses large sums of money by way of governmental "favors." Through his hands pass the \$200,000 a year which go to keep up the government and municipality of Monaco, with an additional sum of \$15,000 for the courts of justice. Strange to say, the gambling company also contributes, through the prince, \$60,000 a year to the support of the "bishops and clergy."

MANY SUICIDES.

Despite all the glory attached to running a real kingdom, however, together with the substantial reward which accrues from the "winnings" of the bank, there is a reverse side to the picture which is anything but pleasant. Every year there takes place at the famous gambling resort an enormous

number of suicides, and during recent years even murders are not unusual. Though the Casino authorities distribute to a subsidized press the enormous sum of \$400,000 a year to keep these happenings out of the papers, the facts are becoming more and more known. The entire financial strength of the company could not hush up the Gold affair, and already the attendance at Monte Carlo has begun to drop off.

"THE VIATICUM."

Though the papers employed to "boom" Monte Carlo paint everything with rosy colors and attempt to minimize the number of suicides there is foundation for the statement that not less than 200 now occur every year within the principality itself, while hundreds of others take place when the unfortunates have reached their own homes, "assisted" by the fund which the Casino provides for those whom it has "cleaned out." The Casino is quite willing to get rid of these people in order to avoid the "unpleasantness" of suicide in the grounds. This fund—to assist people on their way—is somewhat sacrilegiously termed the "viaticum."

"SUICIDES TABLE."

Most of the suicides at Monte Carlo take place in the gardens immediately surrounding the Casino; though there have been several in the main room, where the playing takes place. There is a table known as the "Suicides Table"—the second on the right as you go into the salon. It was at this table that the young Hungarian artist, Julian Kardos, killed himself not long ago. Having lost all his money, the

Casino manager, fearing a "scene," offered Kardos \$200 to leave Monte Carlo. He refused, saying that he would soon have a "turn of luck." One of his friends lent him another \$2,500 to continue the play, and this he also lost. Kardos had played this money with the utmost care, but the turn of the wheel was not in his favor, and he had seen it go, piece after piece. Suddenly, without rising from his seat, he placed the barrel of a revolver in his mouth and fired. His body fell across a French woman sitting next to him. She fainted, and a terrible scene of panic followed.

ATTACHES ARE CALLOUS.

It is a singular fact that in all these terrible tragedies the Casino managers and the servants never exhibit the least sign of disturbance. They remain unperturbedly calm. Even during a severe earthquake shock which occurred one night, the croupiers kept calling out their familiar phrase, "Faites vos jeux, Messieurs; le jeu est fait—Make your bets, gentlemen; the game is on."

PISTOL OR POISON.

Suicide by pistol seems the favorite means by which men remove themselves from the scene, while women at the resort prefer either poison or throwing themselves over the high terrace which surrounds the outer gardens. The manner of death, however, is a matter of individuality. With most cases, it is a sudden impulse, with little reflection, and consequently, the suicides at Monte Carlo have been described by a brutal connoisseur in such matters as "extremely inartistic." It is owing to the suddenness, the violence

of these acts, that the Casino authorities employ hosts of detectives to watch any case which exhibits elements of desperation. This surveillance does not take place through any philanthropic motive, but simply to keep these "distasteful affairs" from getting noised abroad.

One of the saddest phases of these terrible affairs is the fate of newly married couples who find their luckless way to Monte Carlo on their honeymoon trips. One young married couple who had lost all they possessed not long ago threw themselves in front of an express train at the Monte Carlo station and, of course, there was no "hushing up" of such an affair. There is one case on record of a young German couple who were traveling in the north of Italy. They decided to take a run over to "Monte" for a few days, just to see the sights, and not to take part in the play. The husband had just collected for his trip \$8,000 which he was taking back to Germany. In order to place himself beyond temptation he handed the money over to his wife, taking only \$20 with him to the Casino to try his luck. The husband and wife did not always go together. One night, on returning to his hotel, he was told that his wife had not come home, and on making inquiries he found that she had played away the whole \$8,000. Her desperation after the loss had attracted the attention of one of the "specials" employed at the Casino to watch suicides, but somehow the young woman eluded his vigilance and managed to throw herself over the cliff, where her lifeless body was found.

STRANGE HORROR.

Though drawing his income from Monte Carlo the prince has ceased in recent years to identify himself openly with the place and has been glad to devote himself to his hobby, the study of oenology. Monte Carlo has been wont—until illness interfered—to spend months at a time on his huge yacht dragging the ocean bed for strange "specimens," apparently oblivious to the fact that Monte Carlo existed and not concerning himself about the fate of the hundreds of thousands of human beings who flocked to the gaming tables to stake their lives on the throw of the ball.

A. R. WILLINGS.

Lady Mary's Gossip Of London Society

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 5.—It is possible that the Duchess of Marlborough will not be seen again in London until the extreme end of the season. She has cancelled all her engagements as I write. This is owing to the health of little Lord Spencer Churchill, with whom she has rushed off to Switzerland at a couple of hours' notice.

The boy has never been robust, but since an attack of measles a year ago last winter, he has been ailing constantly. He was then staying at Blenheim with his father and the duchess went out to nurse him. There was an idea at the time that the duke and duchess would come together again over the sick bed of their little boy but Marlborough refused.

His mother adores Lord Ivor, Blandford, the eldest child, has never come

GLADYS' MOTHER-IN-LAW.
The Countess Irene Szechenyi, mother-in-law of the American wife of Count Laszlo, formerly Gladys Vanderbilt, is one of the most influential women in Hungary. She is reputed to be an excellent tennis player with her new daughter and makes it a point to appear with her in public at every opportunity.



men in Hungary. She is reputed to be an excellent tennis player with her new daughter and makes it a point to appear with her in public at every opportunity.

IN FOR ANYTHING LIKE THE AFFECTION WHICH

she has lavished on the younger boy. When, as in the present case, doctors have suggested different air as being desirable for the latter his mother has immediately packed up and departed. At various times she has journeyed with him to Switzerland, France, Italy, the Tyrol, Scotland and Wales in search of health. She has said from her friends that were I've taken from her she "would have nothing to live for."

GIRL WAS DIPLOMATIC.

His majesty had a great deal to say to Jean Reid the other night when he met her at the James's dinner party. He began by asking her what she would like for a wedding present. The diplomatic may be only their wives who were I've taken from her she "would have nothing to live for."

Arthur James, who was the host, is an American. He and his brother, Willie, are both great chums of King Edward. These brothers and a younger one, painted London red 20 odd years ago. They had a house in Great Stanhope street, Mayfair, and their all-night parties were the talk of the town. At 4 o'clock a. m. the guests were driven off in coaches, regardless of their attire, bugles were sounded and a band was always in attendance. Crowds used to assemble along Park Lane to get a glimpse of what was called "the James Show," as it drove past to Richmond or elsewhere for breakfast. But the James boys have now settled down into a life of prosaic respectability. However it is only their wives who ever do anything picturesque or original. These two ladies are famous amateur actresses—"Mrs. Willie" is regarded as a "singer"—and have toured companies all over England and Scotland in the cause of charity.

TETRAZZINI'S BIG FEE.

Mrs. Bradley Martin wants Tetrazzini to sing for her at the concert she is arranging at the end of June. In the first instance Mrs. Martin offered the prima donna \$2,500 for a single song. Tetrazzini turned her up at the offer. She declared that William Waldorf Astor arranged last winter with her for two songs for his forthcoming concert, agreeing to pay her \$5,000. She offered to sing once for Mrs. Bradley Martin for \$3,500. At the moment Mrs. Bradley Martin is pondering the matter, but Tetrazzini is perfectly indifferent whether she accepts her terms or not.

The Italian prima donna is a new comer and therefore a novelty, but in spite of this fact, Melba, her great rival, holds her own socially. Lady de Grey is a hostess and one of the most powerful society matrons in the opera syndicate, stands by the Austrians.

Man songbird and she is a favorite with the press and the public. It is for Tetrazzini, however, that all the American millionaires are fighting. She is an extraordinary mixture of gentleness and avarice. If people please her she would sing for them for nothing. She has taken money from Mr. Potter Palmer and has been telling people she would "just love to sing to her for the sheer joy of it."

MRS. SHAW'S DIAMONDS.

"Who is the newcomer with the huge diamond wings in her hat, sir?" was the question asked on all sides at Lady Beauchamp's reception for the governor. The answer was "Mrs. Shaw." "By Jove, she is a stunner!"

The unknown lady proved to be G. H. Shaw's better half, Lady Beauchamp loves dearly the artistic set and has been trying for some time to induce Bernard to come to her reception. Eventually she "tumbled" to the fact that she must also invite his wife if she wanted the presence of the author, and she did, and the Shaws came, conquered and carried all before them.

Mrs. Shaw's diamonds were the finest advertisement for George that he has yet hit upon. Duchesses are asking how on earth a mere author could afford to give his wife jewels which were worthy of a millionaire.

SPINSTER PIONEER.

Society is interested in the return of Miss Van Wart to her former place as a hostess. Why she should have almost deserted her friends ever since she joined the ranks of the Roman Catholics remains a mystery. Though she has now returned to frivolity she is no enthusiastic in her adopted faith. Seven o'clock every morning finds her at mass at Farm street, and many hours of the day are filled with her duties to the poor.

Miss Van Wart was the pioneer of the "spinster" hostesses in London, and she remains the bright and particular star of that order. She is the only unmarried hostess who has ever entertained King Edward.

AT ONE TIME HIS MAJESTY WAS A CONSTANT GUEST AT HER

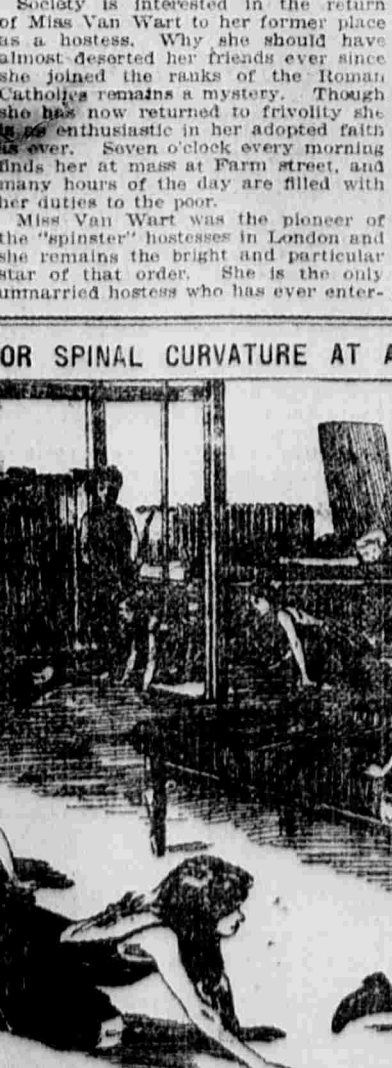
little bridge dinners. The former Mrs. C. Henry, who was a Miss Lewiston of New York, has been prevailed upon to do some entertaining by Mrs. Asquith, the wife of the prime minister. The American woman is one of the most Liberal members of parliament for Wellington. Politics, politicians and serious-minded people in general have always interested her but she has never cared much for society, despite her great wealth and social position. She is interested in charity, however, and will, I hear, give a big show at her house at Portchester Gate for the League of Mercy in the near future.

LADY MARY.

Forchester Gate is in the Bayswater district, and although the houses are fine, old-fashioned affairs, no one with any pretense to "smartness" would think of living there.

The Grand Duchess Cyril of Russia will during the season visit Madame Von Andre, who is the hostess par excellence of the Imperial Hotel big Piccadilly residence will be the scene of a great deal of coming and going during the next two months, as she expects to entertain on a large scale. With her white hair and one of the most striking and picturesque figures in Anglo-American society.

THE CRAWLING CURE FOR SPINAL CURVATURE AT A LONDON HOSPITAL.



The picture illustrates a new cure for spinal curvature which is being exploited extensively by a London hospital. The crawling exercises are practiced three times a week and last for about twenty minutes each time. So far the patients have been girls who are more subject to the disease than boys, and excellent results have been obtained.

London Honors Famous Americans.

Special Correspondence.

LONDON, June 10.—London's literary associations—one of the most attractive features of the metropolis—have recently come under the care of the county council. That body, with an intelligence quite beyond that which is usually found in officialdom, is putting tablets on houses once occupied by famous men and women of letters. Even American celebrities who once lived in London are being honored in this fashion. At No. 7, Cranford street, just off the Strand, and close to Trafalgar Square, a tablet has been put up on the house where Benjamin Franklin lived for many years. The house is now a sort of private hotel and American visitors to London take pleasure in occupying the room once graced by the immortal Benjamin.

LIVED IN AN ATTIC.

It was only in his prosperous days that Franklin lived in Cranford street. That was when he represented the American colonies. When he first came to London, in 1724, he occupied an attic room in a somewhat slummy part of London now known as Little Britain, close to the general postoffice. He worked in Edmund's Print Shop, paying a week for his garret domicile. He afterwards moved to Sardinia street in Lincoln's Inn Fields, working as a compositor for Watts, the printer.

WILLIAM PENN TABLET.

Another American whose London life has been commemorated by the L. C. C. is William Penn. A tablet has been put up on the house in which he was born. It is situated on Great Tower Hill, close to the Tower of London. There is a very quaint reference to Penn by Burdett, an old historian, who naively calls attention to Penn's constant wearing of his Quaker hat by the remark "He was not born with his hat on." When he first came to London, in 1682, he occupied a room in a house at the southwest corner of Norfolk street, Strand. The site is now occupied by the Review of Reviews office. Penn's grave is at Chalfont, Buckinghamshire.

HOME OF DICKENS.

Perpetuating the memory of the great by marking with tablets the houses identified with their life certainly adds to the attractiveness of a city like London. American visitors seem never to tire of searching for these places, and one of their delights is to put up at the "tableted" mansions found in various parts of the city. A very popular house of this kind is

No. 48 Doughty street.

This was for many years the home of Charles Dickens. It was here that he wrote "Oliver Twist," "Nicholas Nickleby," "A Christmas Carol," "Bleak House," "David Copperfield," "Dombey and Son," "Great Expectations," and "The Pickwick Papers." He lived here until 1837, when he moved to Doughty street kept a house and daily after completing four or five chapters of a new novel would "relax" in a last famous saying the pudding was a Stair pudding, not a Cabinet one. At this dish did not agree with him, he attributed his illness to the accident, and insisted that the slight eruption which appeared on his skin was the pattern of the stair carpet "breaking out."

HOOD'S STAIR PUDDING.

Thomas Hood's house, 17 Elm Tree road, St. John's Wood, in the northwestern part of London, is another place that appeals to American visitors. It was here that the poet wrote "The Song of the Shirt," which, strangely enough, was a contribution to the Christmas number of Punch. At St. John's Wood, Hood, in his palmy days, gave some famous dinners to his friends—Charles Lamb, Coleridge, Leigh Hunt and others. It was at one of these dinners that a boy whom Hood engaged to wait on the table, stumbled upstairs with the Christmas pudding. Hood turned the calamity into a jest, saying the pudding was a Stair pudding, not a Cabinet one. At this dish did not agree with him, he attributed his illness to the accident, and insisted that the slight eruption which appeared on his skin was the pattern of the stair carpet "breaking out."

IN BOHEMIAN SOHO.

In Gerard street, Soho, tablets have been put up to the memory of Burke, Sheridan, and Dryden. Dryden's funeral took place from a large dingy brown stone mansion at the far end of Gerard street. The affair was a very shabby one, the poet's body being carried out of the house by a couple of "hired" palbearers. Though he was interred in Westminster Abbey, no one of importance went to the funeral. In Soho, Thomas DeQuincey, author of the "Confessions of an Opium Eater," also lived. Though DeQuincey lived in Gresham street, Soho, his most famous work, "The Confessions of an Opium Eater," is written there, but in a back room at No. 4 York street, Covent Garden. This building is now occupied by Bohn, the publisher. On the top floor of this building the room where DeQuincey produced his great classic is still unchanged. Incidentally it was from a drugist in Soho that the author got his first dose of opium. William Hazlitt lived at No. 11, Frith street, Soho, and is buried in a little church near by.

FAMOUS DISTRICT.

A little west of Soho is the district (Continued on page fifteen.)