

A Day in Monaco.

A FEW years ago, in company with a friend, I spent a day at Monte Carlo. We arrived there in the morning, and the first thing that struck us as strange was the fact that we were obliged to pay for every meal as soon as it was eaten, although we intended to stay at the hotel for some time. The reason for this custom is obvious.

As soon as we had finished our breakfast, we started on our way to the Casino, which is situated on the top of a hill, overlooking the pretty little bay and the sea. Our first impression of Monte Carlo was that it is a most delightful watering place. The Casino, situated in the centre of beautiful grounds, in which an excellent orchestra continually entertains visitors, is very large and handsome. In the Casino is a reading room, which contains papers and journals from all parts of the globe. On approaching the *salle de jeu* we passed through the promenade hall, in which, at convenient intervals, were settees and divans. Footmen, dressed in gorgeous liveries, were in waiting, occasionally offering the visitors wine. The whole institution is free to all but the inhabitants of Monaco, the Prince of Monaco forbidding them to impoverish themselves, as they would then become a menace and a burden to him.

The *salle de jeu* is an immense hall, which, if it were not for the tables scattered about, might pass for the ball room of some old palace, and I have seen but few palaces which are superior to it in style and finish. We approached one of the tables at which roulette is played. Sixteen players and eight croupiers sit at each table. The playing commences about noon and lasts until midnight every day, Sunday included. When the last prince lost his daughter, the gambling hall was closed out of respect to her memory—for one hour!

We stood behind the players to watch the game. The players placed their money on the various squares, each marked with a

number, color, or some other symbol indicating the degree of chance of that square. One of the croupiers cried "*Messieurs, faites vos jeux,*" turned the roulette wheel and spun a little ball on the top of the wheel in the direction opposite to that of the rotation of the wheel, and at the same time saying, "*Le jeu est fait; rien ne va plus!*" and when the ball came to rest, he announced the result of the game. We were impressed by the quiet and well-behaved air of the gamblers, entirely lacking that vulgarity with which we had always associated professional gambling.

We ourselves, to pass a half-hour, determined to play a few dollars just for amusement, but the fascination impelled us to keep on. It was not long before I was somewhat poorer, but wiser, and I concluded that I had been sufficiently amused. It was a little consoling to learn that a certain English duke had lost two hundred thousand dollars in an hour or so. My friend, however, sat at the table with varying success, for seven hours.

Having nothing else to do, I watched the gamblers with considerable interest. They apparently did not play according to any fixed rule, and if anyone is ever detected playing according to a scheme, he is immediately "required to withdraw" from the hall. One of the gamblers—evidently a German—played about two thousand dollars each time, spreading his little pile of gold all over the table. When he won, his face was wreathed in smiles, and when he lost, which happened oftener, his smile became forced, and underneath it I could detect a wild, eager, and desperate expression. There were also two women, the hardened expression of whose features betokened their low character. When they lost, they gave vent to their feelings by cursing the croupiers and calling for wine. When the German had lost all his money, he proceeded to the pawnbroker, whose office is in the hall, and disposed of his last valuables, and then he returned to the table wearing a look which seemed to indicate that his very life depended