

An Unspoiled French Resort

Uriage a Mountain Paradise Cheap or Dear According As You Gamble

GRENOBLE, France, July 12.—On an Alpine height there is a vast building now deserted. For 1,000 years no woman might set foot inside the outermost wall. They were great men who lived there. Among them in all ages could be found princes, statesmen, warriors, living here as ascetics and anchorites, dead to all human conversation, the aristocratic fathers of the Grande Chartreuse.

To-day the Grande Chartreuse is a pretext for Grenoble, centre of Alpine excursions. Gone are the white garbed fathers and brown brothers, expelled, dispossessed by the French Government. The Grande Chartreuse is classed as an

One old white mare, the historic Lili, whose monument was erected by the present day Brun, proprietor of the Globe et Univers, was taken up to a high meadow in the spring of 1834 to die in peace. Soon there was rumor among isolated farmers of a ghost around the slough. A white form flitted in the moonlit stream of the swirling waters. Old Brun kept vigil. It was Lili he saw come back from the mountains, free for the first time from work and able to care for her health in the ancient Roman baths of Uriage.

Brun did not know their history, how a cataclysm turned the devastating



"FOR 1,000 YEARS NO WOMAN MIGHT SET FOOT INSIDE THE OUTERMOST WALL."

that brings prosperity and smartness, gaiety and culture, light and sweetness to their remote country districts.

"No one is forced to gamble," runs the argument. "Any one can enjoy gratis the advantages paid for by those who can afford to gamble. There are thousands of such rich people, who only gamble

music lovers, a magnificent race week, a Kermess week and balls galore and fireworks every third night at the height of things.

Yet here is the point. At the season's end the able man who did these things paid the owners a dividend of 5 per cent. upon their capital and watered stock alike and asked for a renewal of their contract for the coming year. To accomplish such wonders his receipts from every source, admission, privileges and the

salade, building up with the paddle and making chips or gold pieces stick to his fingers. He works in intimate and automatic understanding with the man with the big cigar who is the particular dealing artist.

Eschew this except in tranquil places like our happy valley.

Profit by the chance to see the good troupes from Paris in the casino for 50 cents. Enjoy the gratuitous costume balls for children, the evening hops, the



"BUT WHEN THE MAN WITH THE BIG CIGAR BIDS \$600 AND GETS A BANK, HE IS QUITE FORTUNATE. TO HIM THE CROWD LOSES BACK ITS VELVET."

The essentials are not dear. Of course you can keep house in a furnished villa, the best plan for families. A whole bunch of "Mon Deirs" and "Clos des Lavandes" in a park of flowers and young trees rent from \$100 to \$300 a month, or you can rent the "Fier Castel" with a spare room and garage for \$400 and be a nabob of Uriage, but the hotels are gayer for the lone man and cheaper.

I repeat that I have lived there for 32

complete turn and started back into what seemed a parallel road. Yet it was the first of many lacets, and we were in full mountain climbing.

The straight stretches grew shorter. Round and round we went, and up and up, with liquid sunlight on our left and straight cut rock or slanting forest on our right. We corked round up the mountain and were glad to reach a tunnel, a black hole, yes, but surrounded by safe walls. When we rolled into the light, presto! there was no more mountain, no more precipice, no more mountain, but a broad, fair land with dark pine forests all around. In its midst, white, silent, empty, rose a pile of palaces—the Grande Chartreuse.

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"THE LIFE AT URIAGE IS AGAIN THE SAME TO-DAY AS IN THE DAYS OF JULIUS CÆSAR."

historic monument, with State appointed guides to lead through its labyrinthine tourists on an Alpine holiday. Lucky for Uriage, hidden in her little valley on the other side.

They come in Alpine cars and auto-

Romanche on the valley when the Visigoths were soaking out their rheumatism in marble basins. But he did appreciate the value of the waters and began taking boarders from Grenoble.

The young Comte de Feriol, a savant returning from Egypt and Damascus, made the excavations later. He found marble basins, fountain statues of Esculapius and Mercury, cement pipes, ex-votos, with thankful inscriptions, stone sign posts, price lists. In Gallo-

in summer for distraction. They demand the baccarat.

Now, I do not speak of Uriage—it jogs along—but this is what may happen elsewhere.

A flourishing casino corporation in quite a different part of France had \$100,000 in watered shares on which to earn interest. One year its managers turned out the gambling privileges for \$145,000 and rented the casino, with all its entrance fees, bar, restaurant, summer garden,



"NEVER SHALL I FORGET OUR FIRST TERRIFIC TRIP TO THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE."

gambling kitty, must have averaged \$2,300 a day without counting a cent of profits, whereas their own honest resources of the previous year had never averaged \$1,200 a day.

Evidently there is a way to make big profits with baccarat and little horses.

Avoid this one guided hall in watering places you are not sure of. But, you answer, one sees the fine dressing only round the baccarat? And the most amusing people? Pretext! Pretext to pass into an atmosphere of perfumed fro-u-frou, where the tinkle of iced cups and silver spoons mingles with the whispering of beauty, the fluttering of cards and a croupier's monotonous "Rien ne va plus."

There are actresses of the permanent troupes, young married women out to see life, hard faced middle aged women, almost shabby, big business men who never gamble in their city, to whom 1,000 franc notes are mere counters.

The plunging of two English girls amuses the crowd. They bet \$100 French bank notes. Two young Parisians lose heavily. Their money seems to go in a ricochet to a brilliantly attired man with a big cigar, rebounding, as it were, from the banker of the moment.

For fairness any one can take the bank. A famous beauty declares and gets it.

expert tennis, the gymkhanas, cinematograph and marionette show or the great orchestra that plays beneath the spreading chestnut shade while tranquil femininity drops its embroidery to worship. None of the tranquil femininity is gambling.

Stroll down the valley for the sunset. Vermilion light will soon stain vast rock stretches on high to prepare the merging of the tones from crimson to royal purple against dark blue pine forests. Ah, the golden pinks and mauves and amethysts that melt into the spangled night of Uriage Valley!

On a height a peasant sounds the Dauphinois "Hymn of the Alps." It is like Switzerland, yet richer, heavier. I see Du Guesclin riding down the little valley on some return from the wars. The yellow towers of the little old chateau are not changed since that day. The De Feriols are modest, having inherited in-



"THE CARDS FALL AS BY CLOCK. WORK, LUCK CHANGES."

mobile omnibuses, four horse diligences, farmers' caravans, hired trams, high perched Italian landaus, short bodied mountain autos, racing cars and city limousines—all packed with women!

Women tourists revel in the Grande Chartreuse from pure contrariness, because it was so long forbidden them. Grenoble has no financial regret for the dispossessed monks. For every ten



"THE FLOOD OF GAMBLING GOLD THAT BRINGS PROSPERITY AND SMARTNESS, GAYETY AND CULTURE, LIGHT AND SWEETNESS TO THE REMOTE COUNTRY DISTRICT."

Roman days a town of white marble villas amid flowers, with basars, fortune tellers, dancing girls and gambling games existed here.

It was the same life as that of the Uriage grand week of 1910. Time changes, but these European watering places, Aix, Luchon, Ax, Carlebad, Vichy, are eternal.

At the Globe and Univers I have had full board, lodging and amusing society for \$2 a day, and the casino for a subscription of less than 30 cents a day gave me reserved seats twice a week at the theatre, not to mention symphonic concerts, fireworks, fetes, gymkhanas,

afternoon tea and other privileges, for \$50,000. With the aid of these resources it was just able to organize the fetes, assure the theatre brilliant programmes, stars and symphonic concerts, support the racing season with 20,000 francs for a grand prix—and pay a bare 4 per cent. dividend.

A second year, imagining that the gambling concession was making too much

money, the syndicate attempted to run everything and came out with a deficit of \$20,000.

Distressed by its losses and shrinking from the labors of organization the syndicate turned over everything for a third season to the former fermier des jeux.

She deals awkwardly, the public murmurs for a croupier and he comes, the Belgian croupier, slick and suave. The cards fall as by clockwork. Luck changes. The crowd lifts up a hymn of praise. Confidence increases with general winning. Even the club servants smile benevolently as the crowd gets back a little of its money.

All too soon the beauty is cleaned out. But when the man with the big cigar bids \$600 and gets a bank he is quite fortunate. To him the crowd loses back its velvet. What could be more natural? Win, lose! A few quiet men who watch the human comedy bet—and stop—at the right time and make money, but don't try it, you!

In a word, the croupier looks like a humble servant waiting on the game, shuffling cards and paying bets with his big paddle, but in reality he is sometimes an expert at the false shuffle, the false

directly. They draw a rich revenue, indirectly, from this little world of hotels, waters and casinos. So twice a week we may cross the drawbridge, mount Gothic stairs and penetrate to the uncanny luxury of a chateau inhabited uninterruptedly by a thousand years.

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"YOUNG ACTRESSES OF THE PERMANENT TROUPE, YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN."

melancholy, abstemious men, visitors of the old days, there are now a hundred couples, caravans of mothers, daughters and girl cousins dragging in their wake a footsore escort, guide conducted by a pair of girls bubbling with the joy of life honeymoon couples, engaged girls with their sweethearts, all the jodling razzle of present hour Dauphiny in summer time profaning the hushed halls.

America is not the only land that changes. In 1830 Uriage Valley was a torrent swept ravine, the haunt of bears and wolves. There was a venerable chateau, high perched on a spur of the mountain, sticking into the valley, where Duguesclin passed his boyhood years. There is a fresco showing him on his first war horse. Down, down, swirled hot, ill smelling waters gushing from the rocks and sweating from the meadows.

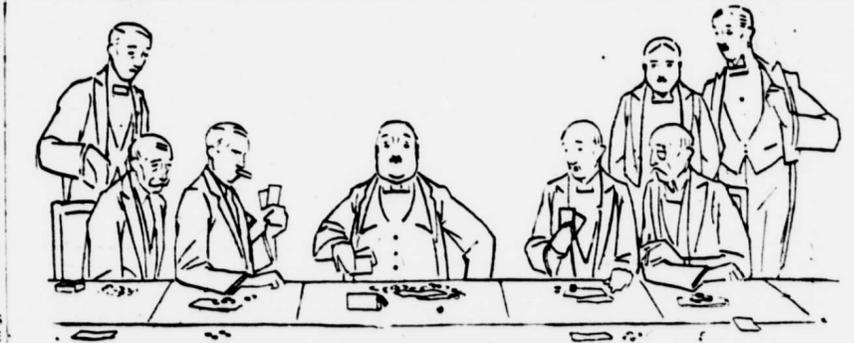
One Bernard Brun, farmer of the Chartreuse nuns of Fremol, noticed that his live stock revelled in these waters



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flower battles, balls and races? "How do they do it?"

The explanation is the gaming tables. Every time the central government proposes to stop summer resort gambling there is a storm of protest from Senators and Deputies of Aix, Arcachon, Biarritz, Vichy, Nice, Contrexeville, Pau, Trouville, Uriage—all fearful lest the reform should stop the flow of gambling gold



"RICH PEOPLE, WHO ONLY GAMBLE AT WATERING PLACES FOR DISTRACTION."

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"IT IS A BABEL OF HONKS, BIRD SONGS AND SIRENS."

SHOWING OFF CARRIE NATION. Her Former Press Agent Tells of Her Love of Sensationalism.

Mrs. Carrie Nation's former press agent, John M. Gregory, now oddly enough assistant publicity manager for the National Wholesale Liquor Dealers Association, has written for *Baltimore's Wine and Spirit Circular* an account of his experiences with the late wielder of the hatchet.

"The two dominant features of Carrie Nation's character were diametrically opposed," says Mr. Gregory. "On the one side was the crusader, the leader, the fearless fanatic boldly defying the world, greedy for money and seeking the best method for getting it, alive to the value of advertising and quick to grasp the

dramatic and sensational.

"On the other hand was her simple motherly character, as lovable as that of any woman I have ever known. Sometimes she would make one wonder how she could be the terminant one was. She rarely referred to her smashing tours, and when she did it was with a quiet little laugh, her gray eyes sparkling and her fist clenched as she would describe how the men would flee the saloon by the rear door when she entered the front. The waste, the injustice, the criminal side of her actions, never seemed to enter her head.

"Many of Carrie Nation's sensational deeds were inspired by her press agents or the press agents of the theatres in which during a few years she worked. She was keen too in making her con-

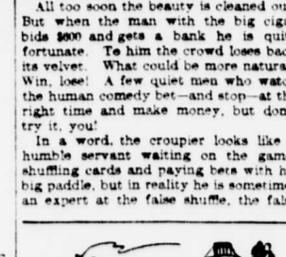


"YOU NEED A SOCIAL INTRODUCTION TO GET INTO WATERING PLACE BACCARAT."

tracts. She received from \$250 to \$1,000 a week for lecturing at theatres and always with the privilege of selling in the lobby her little gold hatchet pins and the history of her life. This privilege would net her from \$100 to \$250 a week extra.

"The first work I did for her was as press agent for a theatre in Atlanta, Ga. The house was putting on sensational plays at popular prices and Carrie Nation was signed for two twenty minute lectures each day, for which she received \$500 for the week with the usual lobby privileges. The house manager chose 'Ten Nights in a Barroom' for the week's production and Mrs. Nation's profits for the period amounted to nearly \$1,000.

"In spite of the money she made she refused absolutely to stop at a first class



"THEY COME IN ALPINE CARS, AUTO OMNIBUSES, FOUR HORSE DILIGENCES."

hotel. She preferred rather to go to a cheap place because, she said, she needed her money more than the hotel keepers did.

"Not a single suggestion made by me with a view to making her stay in Atlanta more sensational was rejected by her. She arrived Sunday night and early Monday morning began her crusade. There was a big advertisement for cigarettes in a drug store window in the centre of the city in which a man made up to represent a manikin with electric wires attached smoked cigarettes. I suggested that Mrs. Nation pull him out of the window backward.

"Of course there was a big crowd in front of the window and the little old woman saw her first chance for a sensation. She marched determinedly into the store,



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complete turn and started back into what seemed a parallel road. Yet it was the first of many lacets, and we were in full mountain climbing.

The straight stretches grew shorter. Round and round we went, and up and up, with liquid sunlight on our left and straight cut rock or slanting forest on our right. We corked round up the mountain and were glad to reach a tunnel, a black hole, yes, but surrounded by safe walls. When we rolled into the light, presto! there was no more mountain, no more precipice, no more mountain, but a broad, fair land with dark pine forests all around. In its midst, white, silent, empty, rose a pile of palaces—the Grande Chartreuse.

These are holy souvenirs. It is impossible to have the lonely, daring pioneering thrill—but not on the road to the Grande Chartreuse.

We of Uriage are tolerant. We rather like it that a world of "common tourists," spending twice as much as we should, taste our high joys. It is a babel of voices, jingling horse and mule bells, automobile honks, bird songs and brass, crackling whips and shouting drivers. Swift autos pass up in clouds of dust and exhortations. Women scream. Men call out warnings. Chauffeurs jump



"THERE ARE WHEEL CHAIRS FOR THE WEAKLY."

a day, full board and lodging, wine included. Ah, that bubbling life of pretty daughters and high hearted young men brought together by their parents for discreet match making. What excursion! Kindly French people!

My other essentials were laundry, afternoon tea, after meals coffee, newspapers and \$5 for a season subscription to the casino, but I might have been unhappy without a hired automobile once a week or so. You get them from Grenoble—speculating chauffeurs owning their 18 to 30 horse-power mountain geared short bodied touring cars—at anything from \$16 to \$25 for a full long day to be divided up among four persons.

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"HE LOOKS LIKE A HUMBLE SERVANT WAITING ON THE GAME, BUT HE IS AN EXPERT AT THE FALSE SHUFFLE AND AT MAKING CHIPS AND GOLD STICK TO HIS FINGERS."

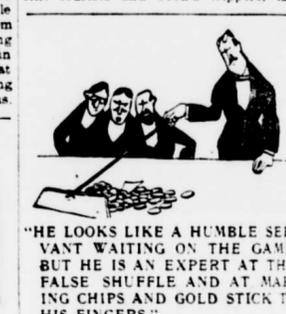
noisy and the dreamers, the ignorant and the learned, radicals and conservatives, disputing bitterly over the expulsion of the fathead, a bewilderment of firsts with their attentive youths, and families with their fretting children. They clatter through



"TWICE A WEEK WE MAY CROSS THE DRAWBRIDGE, MOUNT GOTHIC STAIRS, AND PENETRATE TO THE UNCANNY LUXURY OF A CHATEAU INHABITED UNINTERRUPTEDLY A THOUSAND YEARS."

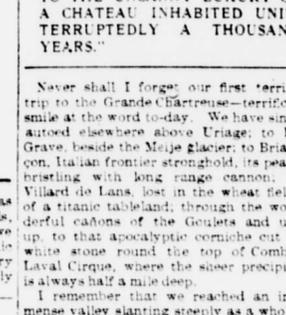
never shall I forget our first terrific trip to the Grande Chartreuse—terrible, I smile at the word to-day. We have since autoed elsewhere above Uriage; to La Grave, beside the Maje glacier; to Briançon, Italian frontier stronghold, its peaks bristling with long range cannon; to Villard de Lans, lost in the wheat fields of a titanic tableland; through the wonderful cañons of the Goulets and up, up, to that apocalyptic cornice cut in white stone round the top of Combel-Laval Cirque, where the sheer precipice is always half a mile deep.

I remember that we reached an immense valley slanting steeply as a whole, and up the titanic incline we went with our feet on each side completed the illusion and every now and then we would dart in and out a comic opera village. No one noticed when the automobile made a



"I SEE DU GUESCLIN RIDING DOWN THE LITTLE VALLEY ON SOME RETURN FROM THE WARS."

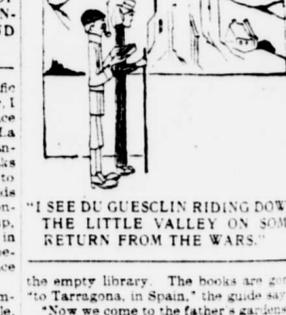
the empty library. The books are gone to Tarragona, in Spain, the guide says. "Now we come to the father's garden," he repeats by rote. "This father had been raising onions," muses an observant American with prehistoric neck waders. "I should judge they are reverting to type. Wild onions, yes," he meditates, "wild onions."



"COUNTS THE DAUPHINOIS HYMN OF THE ALPS."

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give him a mild reprimand, and we left for more fertile fields.

"Down to the station the little woman marched, followed by a crowd, which peered and laughed at her. When we went into the station the chief was seated at his desk smoking a big black cigar. Mrs. Nation went up to him, grasped the cigar and crushed it in her hand. 'Don't you know you are smoking yourself into hell?' she screamed. Then she lit into the chief and gave him the warmest ten minutes he had experienced for some time.

"Of course the newspapers were full of Mrs. Nation's doings, and none could be more pleased at the publicity than she. She would get out on the street at 10 o'clock in the morning and work until the middle of the afternoon for every thirty-cent word. 'I asked her once why she did it. 'It's good advertising, son,' she smiled. 'It gets the people into the theatre and we need the money.'"

"Mrs. Nation cleared nearly \$100,000

from her lectures in churches and theatres. She would refuse, however, to go to a church if a theatre made her a better offer. A minister once upbraided her for this but she snapped him up with 'When I fish I go where the fishes are.' She was leaving a estate of only \$100,000 and the money she had made had gone to the support of orphans and various prohibited papers."

Drink Traffic in France.

From the London Globe.

France is well supplied with places for the sale of drink. We read in a Paris newspaper that there is a drink store for every thirty persons in other words for every three men. In certain departments the drink store is a public house, with a bar, and in the Pas de Calais there is one for every fifteen inhabitants, which means that there are 100,000 such shops for every man. In Paris there are 30,000 such shops, in London 5,000, in Chicago 3,700, Edinburgh 300, and Moscow 215.