SELDOM SEEN HERE.

The Accomplished Bunco Man and the Manner in Which He Operates.

Getting the Confidence of the Unsuspecting Man From the Interior.

The Brazen-Faced Nerve With Which He Pursues His Victim.

St. Paul's Police Regime Prevents the Buncoes Operating Here.

IN the use of the word "bunco," one much written in describing card games, there is a world of meaning. The youth, and sometimes the youth's papa, from the country, are fleeced of their cash by the downy gentlemen whose games they go against. Properly used the word "bunco" may be applied to any sort of swindling, whether by the fat and pious fraud, who prays on Sunday and skins his neighbor with a semblance of legitimacy during the week, or by the gentleman who has marked out a bunco steering career for himself with malice aforethought, and minus the Sunday relaxation. The modern acceptance of the term, however, makes bunco steering a process whereby the victim is made to part cheerfully with his dust, in view of an enormously disproportionate reward he is led to expect.

"Nearly all the famous bunco men," said a city detective, "are well dressed, mild-mannered, quiet speaking and companionable fellows. Many of them would be ornaments to a parlor, and most of them would be popular and thriving business men if their talents were honestly and properly applied. 'Hungry Joe,' who is now doing yoeman's service for the state of New York in Sing Sing, would pass muster in many of the clubs. 'Kid Miller' might be, and probably has been, mistaken for a theological student. Harry Ashton, who victimized Commodore Garrison, looks like a prosperous broker, and talks as well as two-thirds of that fraternity. 'Cigarette Harry,' alias Harry Desmond, or Henry Dressmer, who is serving a term in the Jackson penitentiary, resembles a lawyer or a politician of the better type. Will Hawley cultivates literature in his leisure hours, and has shown considerable ability as a newspaper man between confidence jobs. Frequently, when desirous of getting a reference as to character, he has worked for the daily press.

"'Sig. Hess' is a typical young Chicago Hebrew salesman. 'Sheeny Doc.' is the typical physician of a few years' standing, and, it is said, did actually study a short time in some medical institute in Philadelphia.

"Like everything else, bunco of today has innumerable variations. The commonest form that comes to the notice of the police is as follows:

THE MEETING IN THE CITY.

"Mr. Smith, a well-to-do farmer or tradesman, comes to St. Paul from Smithville. He carries with him a well filled wallet, which, being distrustful of hotel clerks and hotel safes, he carries in some inside pocket. In the vicinity of the Merchants' he stops as he is accosted by a pleasant mannered man, who shakes his hand and says in the most friendly fashion:

"'Brown, dear boy, how are you?'

"Smith draws himself up and replies: 'You've made a mistake, young man. I'm not Brown. My name is Smith—Ephraim Smith, of Smithville, Smith county, Minn.

"That is

"ALL THE 'HAND SHAKE' WANTS—"

the name and address. When it is given, the accomplice joins the bunco man who, is not far away, and who has on hand a banker's directory, which contains a list of all the banks in the United States, the names of their president, secretary, cashier, and sometimes other information. The bunco man trained to do this work needs not to write these entries down to remember them. He runs them over twice, and can recall them at any time until the job is over. He approaches the victim, who has moved leisurely along in the meantime, pleasantly bows as he reaches him, coughs slightly and says:

"'Why, good morning, Mr. Smith. It is a pleasure to meet you in St. Paul. How are your folks, and how is my uncle, Jabez Jaggs?'

"He may vary this, according to his man. He is pretty certain to use a military title, if upon Smith's person he has seen a grand army badge. Smith believes at the outset that here is some one who knows him and is glad to see him in the great wilderness where he is already lonely. There may be some mistake, however. So, smiling at his new-found acquaintance, he slowly drawls out:

"'I reckon you've got the best of me, my friend. I can't place you.'

"The victory is half won. The bunco in a second has seen that the man is glad of an acquaintance, and, what is more important, that

"HE DOES NOT SUSPECT.

He adds heartily, 'Well, I wouldn't be surprised. I haven't been there now for three years, and the last time I was in I only stayed a week. I'm Charley Jaggs, son of Edward, who is the brother of Jabez, the president of your First National bank. I met you last talking one day on some loan or some other business to Peachblossom, the secretary. How are all your folks?'

"This, 99 times out of 100, more than sotisfies Smith. He unbosoms himself to the banker's nephew, and for a dreary quarter-hour tells the interminable tale of measles among his children, pip in the chickens, dry rot in the potatoes, his daughter's engagement to his neighbor's son, and all the other details of bucolic life.

"The next step is to further impress Smith as well as to please him. The bunco man takes his victim to the bar of some first-class hotel or restaurant where merchants, politicians and prominent men congregate. A popular delusion is that it is a low saloon or dark groggery. It never is, except by the least skillful crooks. Up to the bar they go. If Smith uses intoxicants so much the worse for him. As they stand near the gleaming crystal and silver the banker's nephew points out the celebrities.

"'That's ex-Gov. McGill (bowing to any politician, who bows effusively in turn, as nearly all politicians are in the habit of doing). That's Mayor Smith there drinking champagne with his private secretary. They are worth $5,000,000, and never drink anything else. That big man is the hotel detective. He arrests every criminal who dares to come in the house. It's a good thing, because it protects a man from desperate characters, and that's what makes this place so popular with gentlemen and business men.'

"So runs the glib talk of the bunco man. The audacity displayed is sometimes bewildering. They have taken their victims into the rogue's gallery, into the mayor's office, the common council chamber and other places of note. They have introduced him to hotel keepers, public officials,

"AND EVEN TO THE MAYOR HIMSELF.

"Confidence once gained, the operator begins the second act of the drama. The scheme employed in this transaction varies. Sometimes it is the Louisiana lottery; sometimes a policy shop; it may be the wheel of fortune, keno, sweat, green goods, dice, poker, euchre, cribbage, whist, roulette, rouge et noir, rolling the log, three-card monte, thimble-rigging, the envelope game, or heaven knows what.

"Of the men who are swindled, not more than one in five report their loss to the police.

"The rising generation of bunco steerers has improved on the old timers. Two men working together now learn the deaf and dumb alphabet before they start out. The first man to 'strike' the stranger throws his left hand behind his back, and, with the deaf and dumb alphabet, telegraphs the stranger's name and whatever else he has learned to his pal, who is close behind him. In this way the second man is able to brace the stranger before the first man has done shaking hands with him, and there is no chance left to believe that the men are acting together. Then the first man apologizes and walks away and the second man works the stranger."

"Why don't you suppress bunco in St. Paul and arrest all bunco men?"

"How can you do it? They are never disorderly in their conduct, their victims seldom complain, and when they do complain, usually fail through excitement to identify the swindler. When an old provision of law is called into play, and they are arrested as vagrants, it certainly is ridiculous to accuse a man of being without means of support who is the best dressed man in the court room, and who almost invariably has more money and more valauble jewelry about his person than the judge or prosecuting attorney. The true remedy would be a statute whereby any confidence operator seen pursuing his business who cannot satisfactorily prove that he is engaged in legitimate business should be adjuged a professional criminal or thief and fined or imprisoned, in the discretion of the magistrate. Until then the only thing that can be done is for the police to use their discretion and drive these thieves from precinct to precinct and interfere with their trade and

"CALL PUBLIC ATTENTION TO THEIR FACES.

"All of them live under perpetual fear of arrest. There is no more pitiable object than the bunco man who sees a detective or police official approach him whom he knows. Fear, hopelessness mixed with bravado and the hope that his turn has not come yet, are the lights that shine in his face. There is little buncoing on in St. Paul at present. It, like all other criminal matters, is at a standstill." As a matter of fact, under the present police administration, these gentry are afraid to work the town at all, and are not molested as long as they remain quiet and do not operate. They make periodical trips to Chicago and other Eastern cities, or perhaps cross the Atlantic and return to St. Paul and recruit and "live decent" for a time.

STILLWATER NEWS.

Events of a Day in the City on the St. Croix.

Deputy Warden Langum returned last evening, bringing with him Fred Douglas, who escaped last Monday. The train bringing the deputy and his man stopped at the state prison flag station, disappointing several people who had been waiting for the train at the union depot.

The case of W. H. Pratt against the city remained unfinished in the district court yesterday, and will, probably, not reach the jury before Tuesday or Wednesday.

Among those present at the S. O. F. club ball Friday evening were Miss Gertrude Fulton and Miss Pearl Coon, of Hudson, both of whom remained Saturday as the guests of Miss Julia Keefe.

Probably the neatest event of the week in social circles was the dance given at Music hall Friday evening, by the S. O. F. club. It was the most largely attended and the most enjoyable thus far in the very pleasant series given by the club. The Wein benefit ball, at Music hall Thursday evening, was a remarkable success in the way of attendance and receipts, the beneficiary receiving $372.70. On Monday evening Mr. and Mrs. John P. Lotz were nicely surprised by a large party of friends, at their home on North Third street. The attractions at the Grand opera house this week are Kendall and the Dunns, in "A Pair of Kids," Monday evening, and Nellie McHenry, Thursday, in a new comedy, entitled "Lady Peggy." Last evening the Norden Theater company, of Minneapolis, pleased the local Norwegians by an excellent dramatic performance at Music hall.

Mr. and Mrs. William Sauntry took up their temporary residence at the Sawyer house during the week, pending the completion of improvements at their N Fourth street house.

Gordon Strickland, of the First National bank, is in Canada, whither he was called by a telegram announcing the serious illness of his father.

Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Farmer returned last evening from a long visit in California.

Mrs. Dr. Watson, of Cadott, Wis., is the guest of Mrs. L. D. Tubbs.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hening left during the week for Saratoga, N. Y., where Mr. Hening goes as delegate to the general assembly of the Presbyterian church.

J. C. O'Gormon returned during the week from an Eastern trip.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Dixon returned Wednesday from a visit in the South and East.

Among the ever welcome callers during the week was Dr. C. F. McComb, of Duluth, but formerly a Stillwater boy.

John Scott left Sunday for Duluth, where he goes into the drug business.

A Rotten Record.

Little Rock Gazette.

The record of the Republican party is rottenness itself; and it is sought even at this late day to divert public attention from that record by abusing the South. The Republicans rely wholly on maligning the Southern white people and using a corruption fund to maintain their party in power.

THWARTED.

When first we met it was agreed
That we should banish Cupid.
She thought him simple; so indeed
did I, and called him stupid.
"And what's the use," said she, "of his
Impertinent attendance?"
Adding, with zest, "My motto is,
A Friendly Independence!"

So in the waltz around her waist
She let my arm go stealing.
Meanwhile with constant gaze she traced
The cherubs on the ceiling.
And what I could not understand—
Though ignorance was pleasing—
Was that her tiny plump white hand
Did not object to squeezing.

Then out of friendship I began
Directly to discover
That naturally girl and man
Grow into girl and lover.
I told her so; and when I did—
Her modest love confessing—
Her face upon my breast she hid,
And Cupid asked the blessing.

—Harper's Bazar.

THE MAY FESTIVAL.

Another Week Will Bring the Musical Event of the Year.

Favorite Vocal and Instrumental Artists Who Will Enter.

This Week's Attractions on the Several Local Stages.

General Dramatic and Musical Matters About St. Paul.

Tuesday evening, May 27, the long-looked-for musical festival will open. It is seldom indeed that one finds in one festival such an array of great artists, and it is with pleasure that we predict for the management a grand and glorious financial success. The artists are surely very strong, and will undoubtedly fill the house to overflowing at all the performances. The manager of the Boston Symphony orchestra was heard to remark that he had not seen or heard a greater artistic combination of vocalists in this country. It is with pleasure that the management can boast of placing before the St. Paul public the finest lyric artists in this country. With two such prima donnas as Miss Emma Juch, who won golden opinions on all sides for the festival of last year, and Mlle. Clementina de Vere, who has now the distinction of being the highest-priced church singer in this country ($4,500 per year), we can expect beautiful performances. Miss Juch will be heard in Mendelsohn's "Hear My Prayer," several arias, Janotta's "Alidor," and will also create the role of Elizabeth in Wagner's grand opera "Tannhauser." Miss Juch will be received with open arms, and will be a greater favorite than ever. Mlle. de Vere will make her first appearance in Bennett's charming pastoral, "The May Queen," and will also sing Beethoven's "Ruins of Athens," and numerous operatic arias. Mlle. de Vere was the great favorite at all the festivals in which she appeared last year with the celebrated Gilmore band.

Mrs. Wyman, the contralto, comes to us little known here, but with splendid credentials from Boston and other Eastern cities. She is intensely dramatic in all the work she does, and it is certain she will be a decided favorite when once heard.

Sgr. Jules Perotti, one of the four greatest living tenors, is well known in St. Paul, and it is safe to say that everybody who heard him last year will not fail to do so more than once this time. He will appear in "The May Time," and will take the role of Tannhauser. He will also sing all the Italian arias which made such an impression last year. When Perotti strikes his wonderful high C people actually get up and shout, so electrifying and astonishing is it.

Herr Emil Fischer, the renowned basso, is to be with us, and will sing in all the principal choral works to be produced. He is the favorite basso of the German opera in New York.

Of the instrumentalists who have been engaged little need be said more than that they are all artists. Mr. Jacobsohn, who will lead the grand orchestra, is well known, having been concert master for Thomas for nearly twelve years. Mme. Jacobsohn will be the violin soloist of the festival. Her technique and cantabile are very highly spoken of. Victor Herbert, the popular cello virtuoso, will be one of the leading lights at all the performances. He will also assist Mr. MacLachlan in conducting the festival, and will act as accompanist when necessary.

The festival chorus, numbering 200 voices, is now ready with all the works to be produced, and it is gratifying to be able to say that the conductor is thoroughly satisfied to await public approval. The orchestra, with Mr. Jacobsohn as concert master, will be one of the great features of the week and will present a number of novelties.

Mr. MacLachlan, Victor Herbert and Signor Janotta will conduct the festival, which is assurance that all will be right. The sale of season tickets has been very large, and it is expected that when the sale of single seats opens on Monday morning first at 9 a. m. at Dyer's music store the rush for good seats will be immense. The Gounod club is certainly to be congratulated on the completion of its plans for such a magnificent and stupendous festival.

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A grand musical and elocutionary entertainment is announced to take place at Grace M. E. church, on Burr street, near Minnehaha, Friday evening, May 23. Master Percy Creelman is to sing, and a number of noted persons are on the programme.

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A costume concert will be given at the First Presbyterian church, corner of Lafayette and Woodward avenues, Thursday evening, May 22, at 8 o'clock. A chorus of twenty voices, under the direction of D. F. Colville, and assisted by the well and favorably known St. Paul Zither club. The unique costumes of the singers will be an attractive feature. The following is the programme.

PART SONGS.

"Oh, by Rivers".....Bishop
Chorus.
Solo—"The Village Blacksmith".....Weiss
J. C. Myron.
Duet—"Siren and Friar"—
Miss Begg and Mr. Smith
"Sweet and Low".....Barnby
Chorus.
Solo—"In the Chimney Corner".....Cowen
Miss M. G. Fanning.
Recitation.....Miss Grace Warner
St. Paul Zither Club.
Solo—"It Was a Dream".....Seeboeck
D. F. Colville.
"Come, Dorothy, Come".....Suabian Volkslied
Chorus.
Solo—"John Anderson, My Jo"—
Mrs. J. W. Cooper
Duet—"Dost Thou Love Me, Sister Ruth?".....Parry
Miss Froiseth and C. P. Dougan.
"Where Are You Going To?" (comic)—Caldicott
Chorus.
Miss I. L. Dougan, accompanist.

FOOTLIGHT AND FOYER.

The Wilbur Opera company is evidently here to stay, for the attendance at the Harris the past week has increased rather than diminished, the seats for each perforance being nearly all sold before 6 o'clock daily. The croakers have been effectually silenced, for "The Grand Duchess" has been a splendid drawing card. To-morrow night the week will be well begun with a fine production of "The Mascotte," the success of which will doubtless rival its predecessors. Audran's tuneful opera has always been a reigning craze with many because of its melody and sparkle, and there is every reason to believe that there will be a big attendance nightly. The cast will be unusually well balanced, charming Susie Kirwtn, of course, taking the part of Bettina, which fits her like a glove, and in which she excels, Pippo will be well represented by J. E. Conley, the popular tenor, who grows in favor each week. W. H. Kohnle will take his old role of Prince Lorenzo, which is wholly to his liking. His comedy can again bubble forth with better effect than at present. H. W. Tre Denick will furnish a mirth-provoking Rocco. May Baker, whose work as Wanda, in the "Grand Duchess," has brought her greater popularity, will appear as Fiametta. New costumes will be worn, and especial scenery provided. Messrs Kohnle and Tre Danick will contribute a clever specialty, and Prof. Nolan's mandolin octette will render pleasing selections during the second act. The fair amazons, resplendent in beautiful costumes, will march as of yore during the third act. Matinees will occur on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Seats may be obtained in advance at any time.

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This will be the last week of the season at the Olympic theater. The spring season will end on Saturday, May 25, and the following Sunday, June 1, has been selected as Manager Billy Wells' benefit. The week's attractions are strong, and consist of a special engagement of the famous Gillett family and London Specialty company, comprising some of the prominent artists in their respective lines. The celebrated Quaker City quartette, Laird, Ernest, Pieri and Graham, in their wonderful vocalizations, imitations, warbles, medleys and refrains, introducing flute and guitar serenade and banjo solos; Lillie Daniels, in her beautiful character changes, songs, etc.; Charles and Jennie Welch, the great black and white face sketch duo; John J. Leonard, solo clog dancer, in a series of intricate and marvelous steps; initial appearance of Josie De Forest, song and dance artiste; the German duo, Reynolds and Harvey, in their Dutch specialty, "Dot Turnpike Gate." With such artists the entertainment ought to be first-class. In addition to these names are the four Gilletts, the famous trick bicycle riders, who will introduce some of the most difficult features in this line ever witnessed. The entire company will conclude the performance with the comedy, "The Bashful Blondes," brimful and running over with genuine humor.

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A crowd of pretty babies will fill the St. Paul museum next week with the music of their childish prattle and the beauty of their pretty innocent faces. The museum prize baby show opens tomorrow. All the arrangements have been effected now. The last little contestant was entered for the race late last night; the entry books are closed now, and the friends and relatives of each little prize-seeker are already in the field electioneering for their favorite. It promises to be a pretty lively contest all next week at the museum. Votes will not be cast this week in the cumbersome way of the Australian system, but in the good old-fashioned way, and the museum management have decided to permit the most open and outright work at the polls—according to the old-fashioned method. But aside from the bustle and interest of the fifteen little contestants for the museum's handsome prizes it will make a very pretty show in itself. A basket of puppies in a show window will keep an interested and amused crowd around it all day long. A bevy of prattling babies, with their pretty play and innocent clatter, will make the brightest and most interesting entertainment that the museum has presented in many a day. But the babies will not monopolize the museum next week. The curio hall will be crowded with curiosities, and in the theaters two bright little stage shows.

A Case of Ingratitude.

Exchange.

"If I saw woman drowning I wouldn't try to save her," said Jenks. "They are seldom grateful. I saved a woman's life once—well, now she's my wife."

"Do you call that ingratitude?"

"Oh, but you see, she often tells me she wishes I had let her drown."

·····The Great May Festival Artists.·····

FAMED MONTE CARLO.

Mrs Sherwood Describes It as Both a Paradise and a Purgatory.

The Glamor of Royalty Shed Over the Riviera Gaming Tables.

Heavy Winnings and Losses and Many Terrible Suicides.

Monte Carlo Is Nevertheless a Most Beautiful Place to Live.

MONTE CARLO is a spot on the earth's surface where heaven and its antipodes may be said to meet. It has enjoyed this distinction since the year 1856, having only had a monopoly of "charm without danger," up to that time. A new Dante is needed to paint its now delirious excitements, and its soft, tranquilizing and indefinable charms.

Martin Luther is said to have objected to the possession in which his satanic majesty held all the "good tunes," and one might with propriety say, the king of the infernal regions should not have laid claim to this health breathing and otherwise virtuous spot, where every prospect pleases and only man is vile. Monte Carlo, from its sheltered situation, its beauty, the entire salubrity of all its conditions, its remarkable cheapness, is marked out as the natural refuge for invalids, half-pay officers, widows, the clergy, and the angels, if indeed these last are not already comprehended in the other classifications. There are, however, carping critics who would here observe that if Monte Carlo were given over to the good only, that it would not be as amusing as it now is.

MORALITY OF GAMBLING.

Gambling is a vice which it is hard to classify. It is not forbidden in the decalogue. No man commits mortal sin by playing or betting, unless the commandment "Thou shalt not steal" may comprehend it. And yet, not one, but all the vices are covered by this passion. It is everything; demoralization, degradation, despair; it brings all in its train. Its victims are more haggard and more moribound than the victims of absinthe. No vice brings so certain a doom. The respectable and thoughtful man, the elderly and careful woman, are as sure to be ruined as is the young spendthrift, who has youth and his impulsive heart-throb to excuse him. Indeed, it may be called the vice of middle age—as Byron spoke of avarice, "a good old gentlemanly vice."

Who can explain therefore the deliberate tampering with this Minotaur who devours his victims, in utter oblivion of age or sex, daily and hourly, at Monte Carlo? Who? The philosopher has not been found. There are several classes of gamblers. There are those who come regularly to it as a business, and who make money. There are those who put aside a portion of their income to play with, just as a man decides that he will spend $10,000 a year on pictures. There are invalids who seek at the tables distraction from the inevitable pain and ennui of a mortal disease.

THE LAW SANCTIONS IT.

Every one has a right to be there. It is law, and no one can say that it is not gospel. It is by the common consent of mankind pronounced hideous, senseless, dangerous, and yet among its votaries are the most sagacious bankers, the coolest politicians and the most respected mothers of families. It would be hard to condemn a woman in Europe for being a gambler; it would come very near home, in the houses of the aristocracy, the clergy and amid the respectable bourgeoisie. A famous old gambler at Baden Baden used to boast that he had educated a family of sons, who had filled high places in Europe, by his winnings at the gaming table.

But the tables are not put there for any of these classes. They are arranged for the fools, as Carlisle said of England, "139,000,000, mostly fools." So one is tempted, in the gambling rooms at Monte Carlo, to thus classify the human race. It is the fool who plays and loses all he has, who cannot come away when he has won, who goes on following the siren, knowing very well that she leads to the edge of a gulf, who feeds with his half-crowns that ever voracious appetite of the bank. Yet if the respectable gambler commits a sin, it is that by his presence he encourages and keeps alive this industry. Who that has seen the pale face, the knitted brow, the shocking expression about the mouth of a female gambler, new to the trade, who has not wished that some great law should be passed against this indefinite crime?

CASES OF SUICIDE.

One thing only arrests the game, that is when some desperate man blows out his brains. He had better have done it before he began to play, but he does it afterward. If at the table, he is removed so quickly that scarcely his next neighbor knows it. The croupier does not turn pale. A woman screams, perhaps, and breaks the luck of the gambler next to her, who declares nothing else can make his pulse quicker or more even in its beat. They may then go out and drown themselves, but no one can find out who or where. The papers along the Riviera are all subsidized to this item. No reporter makes his bread by "writing up" a suicide.

Many women, the deserted friends of gamblers, kill themselves; but they have the decency to go away and poison themselves out of sight. A woman cannot shoot herself or cut her throat well; she therefore uses the little bottle of aconite or laudanum or prussic acid. One of the saddest sides of the gambling story is this of the ruined favorite, who is in such a heyday of prosperity, brilliant in diamonds one day, but who is so deeply miserable the next week.

A few years ago several philanthropic English ladies, dressed as Sisters of Charity, walked the streets of Monte Carlo at night to try and rescue and save some of the victims of despair. Their success was very great, and some day this little story will be told. These Sisters of Charity often hear stories which make all the novels of Ouida seem poor and colorless, and indeed sometimes a tragedy which Dante or Milton could alone write out—a "Commedia Inferno," or a "Commedia Divina," which Monte Carlo is, in every hour of its existence.

A LITERARY VORTEX.

Gambling hells are said to encourage every kind of industry, particularly novel writing. From this spot, therefore, have all the fertile English novel writers drawn their easily cultivated inspirations. There is nothing left to be said about the blue sky, the moonlight nights, the facile climate, fresh, yet warm, the eternal glare, the dissolute Russian princess, the actor, the singer, the prince. All the elements of the three-volume novel are here in perfection from early dawn to lastest eve.

Perhaps the least emphasized feature of the Riviera life on its best side is the cheap villa, the home of the literary man or artist, where for $1,000 a year a man and his family can live most comfortably, under conditions of health, ease and natural scenery, amusement and quiet unsurpassed in the world. It is only a wonder that large sanitariums do not florish all along this famed coast for those who do not care to play. The delightful concerts at Monte Carlo must be counted in as one of the best results of gambling. In where else can one hear such music for nothing? A classical concert every Thursday, miscellaneous concerts every day and evening, and all so well managed. This alone makes one feel the moral necessity of going into the rooms and depositing a 5 franc piece before the mouth of the Minotaur to help pay for the music.

THE PEOPLE OF MONTE CARLO.

Monte Carlo has a very respectable population of sober English, American, German and French people, who live here to economize. For, there being no taxes to pay, Monte Carlo is very cheap as to house rent, and in summer it is not too hot, while in March, April and May it is transcendently delightful, with a wealth of wild flowers and orange blossoms, its Japanese peach and almond flowers, its gray, stony hills, covered with palms and cacti. The expeditions are endless. A breakfast in a pine grove at Cape Martin, a drive thence to Mentone, to hear Strauss waltzes in the open air, is an ideal way of spending an April day. What could be more magnificently picturesque than the drive to Villefrancke, where I breakfasted in a villa curiously adorned with old Italian frescoes, and later dined "al fresco" in an orange grove. This is all a gift and a surprise to a Northern nature. It is all a vision of the Garden of Eden—including the snake!

The "luck of some people" is astonishing, and his majesty of the Inferno has his favorites and treats them well. Although the passion for gambling is as great among Anglo-Saxons as among Frenchmen, although there is said to be more "money changing hands" in the American game of poker than is possible at roulette, still a Monte Carlo would be impossible in either America or England.

NEEDS FRENCH POLITENESS.

It needs the vigilant politeness which is second nature to the French; it needs that taste for ceremony which is visible in all their personal intercourse at the gambling table, where only a decent enamel of outward manner can keep the strongest passions in check; it needs, in a word, the polished phraseology of France. Even the word "messieurs" and the frequent use of "pardon" have their calming influence. When an Englishman says "sir" it is a challenge; when a Frenchman says "Monsieur" it is a compliment. It is charming to greet this one remnant of feudalism in republican France. A Frenchman of the best class never forgets his polite manner even in moments of fatigue and vexation.

It is well put on at the gaming table, which is the real republic, the only true democracy, where the prince elbows the commonest man, where the duchess and the dressmaker sit side by side, where the most careful Puritan plays high against the lady of the half-world. Both are engaged in the most energetic avarice, both stimulated to the last degree by the passions of hope and despair. What can enable them to sit there with safety but that formal ceremonious politeness, which the English people have discarded, and which America as a nation has never known! The gaming table may be said to be the place where the vanishing feudalism of the eighteenth century and the uniform mediocrity of manners, not to say the tendency toward rudeness, of the nineteenth century, meet.

RULES OF THE TABLES.

It is the business of the croupier to preserve the vanishing feudalism. He allows no talking. There is a Sabbath stillness in the air. The gambler's superstition is regarded. The duchess even, if she grasp her neighbor's gains, receives a gentle tap on the knuckles. The only safety to the player is a decent self-control. Death and disagreeable images are carefully excluded. Is it remarkable, therefore, that there are no statistics of suicide? The "History of Despair" is not on the shelves of any library of Monte Carlo, but one hears much of the lucky fellow who is 70,000 francs ahead of the bank, of the wonderful 10 francs that earned 3,000, of success, never of failure.

Meantime the Minotaur has eaten up so much that he gains £1,000,000 sterling clear profitat the end of the year, and can afford to pay the Prince of Monaco so handsome a rent for the Casino, that he is declared an admirable tenant and goes on eating his victims!

Another reason why Monte Carlo is so interesting is the presence of kings, royal dukes, princes and monarchs out of business. Although "that divinity which doth hedge a king" is out of fashion, or ought to be, in the republican nineteenth century, still the poetry of title remains. It is especially noticeable in the case of servants and innkeepers. They stand aside, bareheaded, when a prince passes, although he may be impecunious to a degree.

HOMAGE TO AMERICAN MAMMON.

The rich Americans, representing King Mammon, are received with the next degree of homage by this class, for there is no such stimulator of politeness, as an empty pocket. But curiously enough, it is the newest and freshest Republican, the most ardent follower of resident Carnot, or the latest arrival from America, who is most impressed with glamor of title.

To see a prince, a royal duke, a noble of high degree playing and losing, like any ordinary mortal, has, to a worshiper of this sort, a kind of novel entertainment in it. "Those who are born in the purple, have they then the same madness as ourselves? If a prince loses, then why should not I?"

That is what they say to themselves. It is a revelation of the inevitable snobbishness which Thackeray declared underlaid our common nature. The readers of history remember when titles meant something, when the motto "Noblesse oblige" had not lost its meaning. It is to that brilliant moment (not yet entirely obscured, let us hope) that we refer, with loud reverence, when we make reverential room at the tables for the royal duke that he may sit next to us.

This is purgatory, but when we come out of the feverish atmosphere into the light of a Monte Carlo sunset, who shall say that it is not paradise.

M. E. W. SHERWOOD.

A Reminiscence of Liszt.

Atlanta Constitution.

I shall never forget him as he stood there in the majesty of his grand old age. His thick, silky hair fell like a veil of snow about his shoulders. His tall, gaunt figure was straight as an arrow. His dark blue eyes were dazzling in their penetrating brilliancy. They were eyes that seemed with one glance to search and know one's inmost soul. His striking aquiline features were full of wonderful expression as he talked. He seemed a god to fear and worship. His sarcasm, his brilliant wit, was beyond conception. I do not believe any man on earth ever contained so much greatness. To call him simply a great musician is to stop at but one quality in his genius. He was a great artist, a great writer, a great scholar. He had every accomplishment, and every quality which mankind reveres and strives for.

The Inconsistent Enthusiast.

First crank (at the ball game)—Look there! Mickey is going to steal third base. He can do it. They can't put him out. There he goes!

Second crank—They've put him out.

First crank—Yes; the blamed idiot might have known he couldn't get to third.

DON'T.

Oh, how I wish you wouldn't Bob—
You're such an awful tease:
Now don't you know all women like
The men who try to please?
Do take your hands from off my book;
Don't tread upon the cat!
Will you, sir, let my curls alone?
What next will you be at?
Don't! don't! don't! don't!

Because I was a little goose.
And said: "Yes," as you plead,
You need not think I'm sure to go
Where'er I may be led.
I've been engaged before, friend Bob,
To Hal, and Tom, and Bill,
And if you don't behave I'll turn
You off—indeed I will!
Don't! don't! don't! don't!

Don't touch me! When I liked you best,
'Twas on your manly knees;
Get down again, sir; 'tis a pose
That with you most agrees.
What! Dare refuse, unless I torsooth,
I pay you with a kiss?
Oh, Bob, you naughty, naughty man—
And has it come to this?
Don't! don't! don't! don't!

—Kate Field in Kate Field's Washington.

THE BAZAAR!

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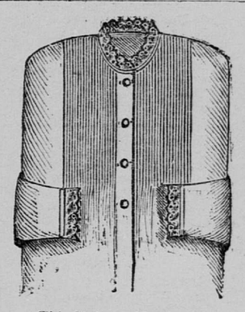
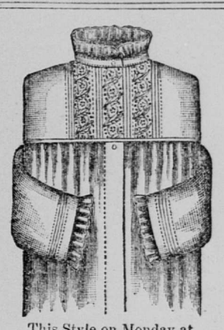
—IN—

NIGHT DRESSES!



This Style on Monday at
50c EACH.



This Style on Monday at
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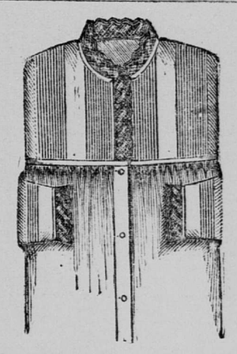
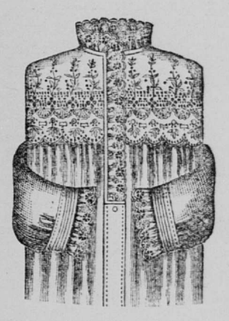


This beautiful style, trimmed with torchon lace, at
79c EACH.



All-Over Embroidery-Trimmed, at
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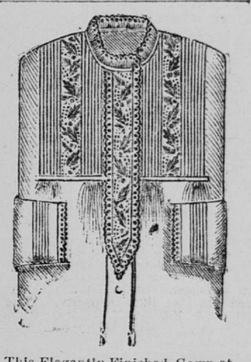
This style, trimmed with fine embroidery, at
87c EACH.



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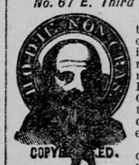

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