

# The Interesting Story of a Woman at Monte Carlo.

Monte Carlo, May 27.  
In these days, when the hotels and villas of Monte Carlo are so full of beautiful and celebrated women, the gaming salons of the Casino present a spectacle of luxury and correctness unequaled in any public place of Europe. At night certain of the roulette tables give the impression of brilliant dinner parties, as the smart



Mlle. Emelienne d'Alencon.

set closes up around them. The beautiful women come in full evening toilette, seated beside them, or standing behind them, the men are in dress clothes or tuxedos. In the afternoon, when through the open

about the tables with a 5-franc piece apparently glued to the tips of her fingers? With that 5-franc piece or one just like it, Mlle. Henriette has already won \$6750, which she admits having sent to Paris lest something should happen to it at Monte Carlo. Another, Fanny Lionna, of the Gymnas Theatre, Paris, had such a run of luck last season that she was able to buy a villa at Cape Garlic. Now, a villa at Cape Garlic is worth a mansion in the suburbs of Germantown on the main line.

The sure-winning system of Emelienne d'Alencon at least merits as much respect as that accorded to the highly-advertised one of Lord Rosslyn, which collapsed with such promptness up against the Monte Carlo roulette. It has in its favor that it has already won the plump and statuesque beauty, some say, more than \$26,000, and it has this other merit that it is at once obvious and incomprehensible to outsiders. All Monte Carlo knows its general lines, and no one has the key.

As everybody knows (the theory of Emelienne begins), the roulette "wheel" is really shaped like a dinner-plate, or a pie cut into thirty-seven pieces. These are the thirty-seven compartments, colored alternately red and black, and numbered arbitrarily from 1 to 36, with a "0" or zero for the bank. It is an iron-bound rule that the "croupier" operating the roulette shall begin turning it with the number that last won opposite to him. Now (thinks Emelienne) this has its effect on the results. The "croupier" gets into the habit of turning the dinner plate or pie at a certain speed and throwing the ball at another certain speed. Therefore the starting point of each



Mlle. De Chastel.

put a single piece on each number. Two afternoons ago, when I last saw her at it, she was playing \$4 gold pieces, though she often puts big bank notes on the "squares." This time she got four single numbers and at least ten of the "squares." As she had lost some ten times hunting for the former, they netted her \$560, while the others paid her \$320 less the stakes lost hunting for them, say

in a young French nobleman, Count X—. At one moment it was reported that they had been secretly married in Switzerland.

The young X—, besides being handsome, highly cultivated and an athlete, was then a notable gambler. In fact, he had gambled away his family fortune, though no one but Suzanne Bernatzki knew how near he must be to ruin. Her influence with him, which had been all against roulette and trentet-quaranté, availed nothing. The month before he had made a last raise on some Paris real estate; and he was now suffering a great temptation. Certain moneys, which amounted to a trust, were at his call in the French capital. He could take them and use them, and nobody would be the wiser.

One afternoon Suzanne Bernatzki discovered that young X— had not only sent for the money, but was actually on his way to the Casino to play it. Frantically she hastened after him, and only stopped short to ask herself what she could do to prevent her friend from losing his honor with his stakes when she stood at the very roulette table he had chosen for his momentous operations. She stood far at the other end of the table, where the crowd was three deep. He could not see her, nor would he have seen her had she sat opposite him. He was engaged in gambling.

At the very first he won several good "coups." Suzanne began breathing more freely—for should he come off a winner, all might yet be well. Unhappily, she knew his character made it difficult for him ever to come off a winner; he would play and play on, never satisfied, until some great swing of the pendulum

small original capital, provided X— should win. But should X— lose, she simply must win for him.

Count X— continued stubbornly on his double-dozens and his black and even, losing two times out of three and even oftener. Suzanne Bernatzki continued betting, very exactly, on just the opposite chances. When he lost 600 francs she won 600.



Mlle. Beauvais.

When he lost 300 francs she won 300. Now—and then, when he would win a stake or two, she saw her own bank notes swept off by the "croupier" without regret—the measure of her losses would now be the measure of his gains. But on the other hand,

evident that I have won your money."

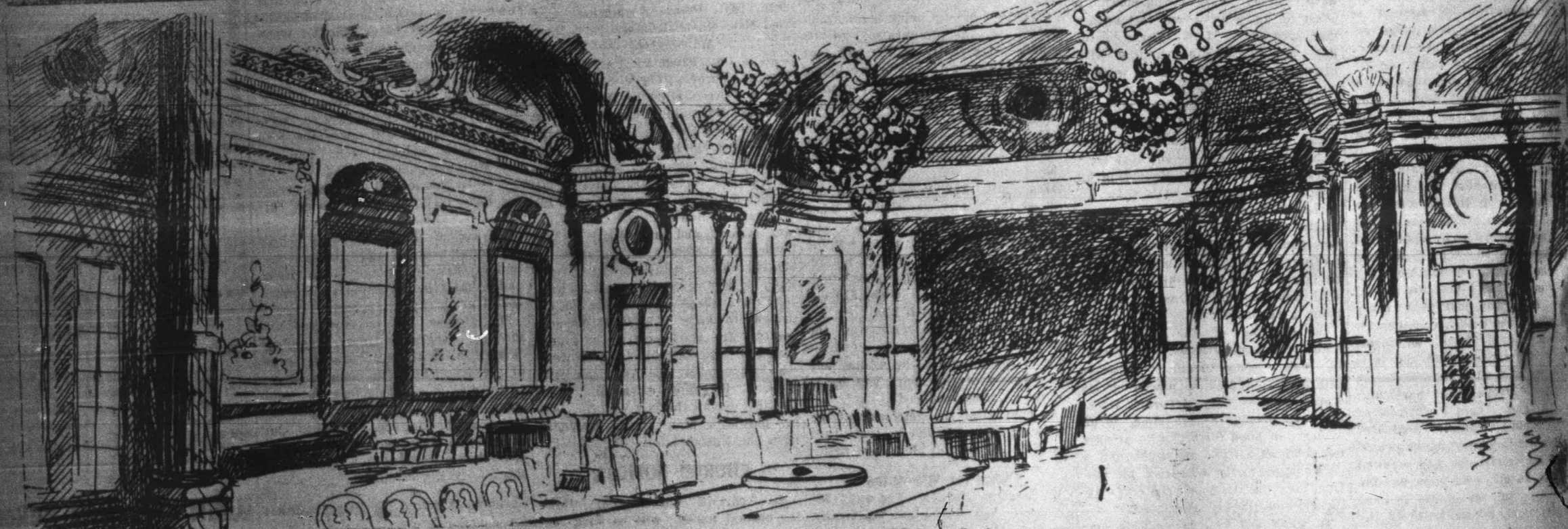
Then, opening the satchel so that the bank notes might be seen, she conciliated: "You must take it back!" —Gabrielle De Pont-L'Evêque.

**Mark Twain's "Last Speech."**  
Ever since Mark Twain delighted the people of two continents with his famous toast to "Our Babies" delivered in Chicago at a banquet from a tour around the world, the much-loved humorist has been in constant demand as an after-dinner speaker, story teller and entertainer.

It was not the first time Mark Twain had convulsed the company at a banquet board with a witty response to a toast. But the talk of "babies," in which he drew a picture of the victorious commander of the union armies, the honored guest of the evening, making a frantic effort to get one of his large ears into his mouth, was so sparkling in its wit and so delicious in humor that his fame as a post-prandial speaker went quickly round the world.

In after years, when he made a lecturing tour with George W. Cable, he added to his fame as an after-dinner talker the distinction of prince of American story tellers. The audience sat stoically and patiently through the dramatic recitations of Cable, waiting to hear the stories of Twain, told with irresistible delivery and with a humorous elaboration of detail that never seemed to weary his listeners.

But the genial humorist has made his "last public speech"—so he said as he closed a brilliant talk at the Missouri University, where he received the degree of bachelor of laws.



Gaming Salon of the Casino, Monte Carlo.

thousands float the perfumes of a thousand blossoms, the tailor-made and smart shirt-waisted contingent is accompanied by men in delicate-hued tweeds and flannels. The tinkle of gold pieces and the rustle of bank notes charm the ear and confuse the judgment. Everything seems new, fresh, sunny and breezy, while the very atmosphere is one of hopeful waiting, as if some good thing were coming.

Standing at one of the favored tables the other afternoon—where sat a prince, a general, two counts, one baron, one Rothschild, two English milords and at least six women celebrated over all Europe for their beauty, luxury and extravagance—I saw the Rothschild win \$3400 and three of the beauties lose their all. Two others pegged along with \$4 gold pieces on the two-for-one chances, while the last pair whispered together over a sure-winning system which seemed to require a deal of calculation.

The rich and titled men—among whom it is good form to appear very trifling, very careless of their winnings or losses—chuckled good-naturedly when the fair ones lost, and whisperedly encouraged them when they won, but always with an air as if it could not matter. Yet when one plays \$100 and \$200 bank notes as Emelienne d'Alencon has been doing for the past week, one deserves all the credit of a dead-gamble sport, although a woman. Another, the stylish and very sportsy Madame Dorfeuille, when she enters on a campaign against the bank, conducts it with all the coolness of a veteran. And, after all, what is there to say when a timid young creature like Mlle. Henriette Chauvin, of the Palais Royal Company, comes from Paris to Monte Carlo to play comedy and begins chattering

being known, observation will show us into what arc of the plate or pie the ball will fall. And the argument is strengthened by the well-known belief, continually acted on, that "neighbors" win with some "croupiers" and "distances" with others. (When you play "neighbors" you back the number that came out last and four numbers on each side of it on the pie.)

On this theory the fair Emelienne has been constructed for her a little wooden disk, marked, colored and numbered just like a roulette wheel, with holes in each numbered compartment capable of holding little pegs, which are also numbered 1, 2, 3, 4, and so on, nine of them. When she begins to play she thus pegs the first win of the roulette. Say it is No. 25. Then she pegs the second win. Say it is No. 14. Just across the disk. Now say the third win is No. 21 and the fourth No. 33, she will have four pegs in her disk, two close together on one side of it and two close together almost opposite to them—the most favorable kind of indication to play alternately in those two arcs until some inequality in the "croupier's" spinning shall shift them elsewhere on the disk. I put it very summarily.

Thanks to this discovery, the regal creature who began life as a milliner's apprentice came near to becoming the next Duchess d'Uzes, and is now a joyous and robust professional beauty, has very special indications for playing what all women love to play at roulette, small batches of single numbers. Were she playing the arc 21-25, she would take in the numbers 4, 21, 2, 25 and 17, something she could effect economically by placing one or more gold pieces on the two intersections 1-2-4-8 and 17-18-20-21 on the lay-out, and a single gold piece on 25; or she could

\$150. Taking all together, I think most of us would prefer the "Emelienne" to the "Rosslyn," though it, too, has its own advantages.

The Rosslyn system, which in its essence consists in getting some other party's money to play with, was not invented by the brilliant young peer whose name it now bears. It was the system of the celebrated Wells—"The Man Who Broke the Bank at Monte Carlo"—as it has been the system of countless others. It does not hurt the operator in case of loss; but when the "other party" has not been informed of the intended destination of his money, the consequences may become serious, as many a trustee and cashier learns each year. Such a case, which might have had a banal ending in dishonor, recently brought out a rare example of feminine devotion from one of the very women I have been speaking of.

Suzanne Bernatzki, a magnificent brunette from Budapest, is as much a mystery in Vienna as in Monte Carlo, where she has spent the last three winters. Her ivory-white and purple-red beauty burst on the Austrian capital some five years ago unannounced and unexplained. She had a smart little villa in a smart suburb, a smart little coupe and two riding horses, and a box on the subscription nights at both the Burg theatre and the opera. There were stories to the effect that she had imperial blood in her veins; and there were other stories, as there will be when little is known of a beautiful woman, refined and seemingly well-to-do for money, yet not in society. At Monte Carlo she held herself aloof from other women, becoming the friend notably of Madame Dorfeuille and on good terms with the large-hearted Emelienne; and more important to this story, it soon became clear that she was deeply interested

toward bad luck had cleaned him out.

Suzanne followed his every play, mentally keeping track of his winnings and losses. Soon he began to lose, and she saw that he had embarked on the stubborn man's system of betting against the "bank's game," or, in other words, trying to force the luck to his side of the table by continually betting there. She wanted to cry out to him: "At least bet on the red or the uneven!" but she dared not. She dived into her big satchel-purse and fished out a hundred-franc bank note. Without any particular plan in her head, she begged the gentleman in front of her to put it on the red. Red won! She had won 100 francs, just as young X—, at the other end of the table, had lost 300 francs on the black.

Some one made room for her, so that she could play seated. Seeking in her purse, she found two more 100-franc notes and some loose gold. From where she sat she could observe her friend's play closely. When he next put 300 francs on the "even" space, she put 100 francs on "up-even" and 50 francs on the first dozen, while the uneven on the first dozen, just at her elbow. The latter winning, paid her 100 francs, while the uneven paid her 100, just as X— had lost 200 francs on "even." Then he changed his tactics, placing 600 francs between the first and second columns, in the hope of winning 300 on the double chance. Suzanne promptly placed 300 francs on the third column. The third column won. It paid her 600 francs at the very moment X— had lost 600 francs! She had now quite a pile of money in front of her, and a plausible idea was quickly dawning on her mind. As long as her stakes should hold out, it would matter nothing to her that she lost those winnings or her

measure of her gains would be the measure of his losses.

Again and again she won. Her pile of bank notes, protected by two piles of gold like paper weights, increased to an imposing thickness. She knew that X— had brought 20,000 francs with him. She must have close to 20,000 francs in front of her.

The end came quickly. She saw young X—, after losing a last 100-franc note, rise and leave the table. Sweeping all her mass of winnings into her large and stylish satchel-purse—which regularly served to hold her handkerchief, her powder box, her card case and her bon-box—she followed him. He walked slowly along the terrace behind the Casino, overlooking the blue sea and white clouds, alone with his terrible thoughts. Few people walk along the terrace, in spite of its charming view. Except for the crack-crack of the pigeon shooting below and the far-off echo of a donkey-boy's cry in the old town by the port, all was silent. She hastened up to him. He turned an agonized gaze on her and said simply, "I am ruined. I am dishonored! I have just lost 20,000 francs that do not belong to me, and I cannot replace them!"

"Why, that is funny," answered Suzanne, as gaily and as steadily as she could, while trembling, "I have just won 22,000 francs. I had a wonderful run of luck at roulette. At what table did you lose your money?"

He told her. "That is just where I won mine!" she exclaimed. "It is strange you did not see me. I won mine on red and uneven and the single columns." "Why, I lost mine on black and even and the double columns!" answered the unsuspecting young man. "My friend," she remarked, "it is

and where he was the recipient of unusual honors. It is not how many "farewell speeches" Madame Twain has made. They are greater in number than Pauline's "farewell tours."

The speech at the university may have been the last one he will ever give in Missouri, but we do not know he can stop talking any more than Chauncey Depew can stop talking. Even at the ripe age of 67 this haughty well-of-humor man is a haustible bubble over.—Chicago Record-Herald.

**Schoolboy Repartee**

Professor H. W. Prentiss, principal of the Hodgden school, tells us on himself with much amusement. One day during an examination he was visiting the various tables in the school. He stopped to ask a very bright boy a sum in algebra, and, although the problem was comparatively easy, could not answer it. Professor Prentiss remarked, with some severity: "My boy, you ought to be able to do that. At your age George Washington was a surveyor."

The boy looked him straight in the eye and answered: "Yes, sir, and at your age the president of the United States was a surveyor." The conversation dropped to the point.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

"I guess that New York man dropped dead while playing ping-pong was a good deal to blame himself." "What makes you think so?" "Why, as near as I can make out he was trying to return a ball with his short arm quick counter with a right forearm reversed for a backward backhanded stroke. What that jar your arteries?"—Plain Dealer.

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