

TRUE STORIES OF THE CITY'S STRENUOUS LIFE.

Champion Marshall Recalls the Battle Between Chess and Roulette at Famous Monte Carlo.

FRANK J. MARSHALL, the great chess player, whose fame as the conqueror of six championships has reached every civilized country of the globe, during his travels about the world has seen many things that the average man never sees, and encountered many experiences that the fellow in the prosy, staid walks of life never hears tell of outside of story books.

After one of his forays at the Chess Club with local celebrities, several nights ago, Mr. Marshall, seated in a comfortable chair, in a cozy corner of a quiet cafe, with a fragrant cigar between his teeth, and his intelligent, thoughtful face wearing an expression of easy comfort, became reminiscient, and for the benefit of several of his late antagonists and a Pleyune reporter who were seated around him, started story telling.

"Yes, I've seen a bit," said the chess master, "and during my journeys to Europe I've been up against all sorts of propositions, but I think my saddest, and at the same time most costly, experience was my attempt to emulate the man in the song who broke the bank at Monte Carlo.

"Oh! the fascination of that gambling place, which is run under the supervision of the Prince of Monaco, and the way it gets a fellow going, and the excitement he experiences while he is on the toboggan! That game, with its alluring possibilities, and its generally sure results, was the cause of my losing first place in the great Monte Carlo tournament, and I'll tell you how it happened.

"You know, we chess players are a nervous lot, and after we have bucked against profound problems on the squares for hours and our brains begin to feel fagged, we need some relaxation. Most of us get that relaxation in playing some other game not requiring the brain exercise of chess, billiards, pool, poker, seven-up, or maybe checkers, and when the sittings at Monte Carlo were on, and the contests were hard-fought, we found ourselves in need of our pastime.

"Everybody knows of Monte Carlo's big resort in far-off China, and the naked black skulking in the jungles of darkest Africa have at some time or other heard of it, and of its temptations. It's needless for me to say the majority of the Chess Congress at Nice didn't fall back upon their usual source of relaxation; they went as far as the roulette tables and the banking games, and there anchored, forgetting all about billiards, pool, checkers and the like, and seeking only to immortalize themselves by winning everything in sight.

"Janowski was up against it, and so was I, and we both went it strong. In the chess tournament I was doing well, very well, and I really believe that I would have captured the first prize had I not been so wrapped up in

roulette. During the day, while sitting at the chess table, contesting with some clever expert, my mind would constantly revert to red and black, eagle bird and double o, and, of course, my play was fagged enough.

"The games over, I would hurry to the pavilion and play roulette with feverish excitement. Did I win? Yes, I won, that is, at first, and was maybe several hundred dollars to the good, but I hadn't the sense to quit, and kept at the thing evening after evening, until I was shy about \$2,000, and barely had railway fare to Paris and expense money home.

"And, worst of all, I lost the tournament, when I should have won it, all through my lack of attention to the game. I was a sore and sorry individual when I landed in Paris, and although the thing is past and gone now, I still look back and say what a fool I was.

"Janowski had an awful run at Monte Carlo. He captured the first prize of 8,000 francs, and realizing his weakness for roulette, sent all of the money to friends in Paris to keep for him, with the exception of about a thousand or so, and also sent instructions to his bankers, doubtless seeing what might come, not to send him the money under any circumstances, should he wish it.

"Janowski bucked the tiger, and the tiger clawed him in fine shape, with the result that in a little while the French champion hardly had cash hire. He wired to Paris to his friends to send him his money, but they refused, following his instructions.

"Janowski had the gambling fever right, and fired another, and this time peremptory, order for his wealth. His friends sent him a few thousand francs, and Janowski dropped the coin in a night at the game. He wired for more money, another refusal came, and then Janowski, waxing wroth, threatened suit, arrest and everything else dire, if his belongings were not forwarded to him.

"The friends in Paris sent the money on, and poor Janowski gave it away to the men who sit behind the green-covered table, and having no more resources to fall back upon, left Monte Carlo very much poorer in purse and spirit than when he arrived there.

"I believe every chess player of note who has visited Monte Carlo, with the possible exception of Pillsbury and Blackburn, have been bitten by the game at the pavilion. I lost out all right, but I gained a new experience, and sometimes, even though considering myself a fool, I think it worth the money.

"We went against the game for a little relaxation, and, of course, we had to pay for our fun. There are lots of poor devils who start out as we started and end up penniless, and it is largely the dead bodies of these unfortunate wretches which go to fill what is popularly called the suicide's graveyard at Nice.

"I went through that place, and my guide pointed out to me the rest-

ing places of several distinguished men who in fits of despair at having lost their all blew out their brains or suicided in some other way right in the gambling hall, in sight of all the guests.

"I recall now with a shudder of horror a tragic incident that transpired at the pavilion one of the nights I was there playing. A young Russian was in the buccarat room playing desperately, and risking vast sums on the turn of a card in a mad endeavor to retrieve his heavy losses.

"Fate was against him, he couldn't win a franc, and with his last rouble gone, and ruin staring him in the face, he sprang up from the table, ran out into the main hall, and sent a bullet through his heart. There

was wild excitement in the place for a few minutes, women screamed and men struggled and fought to get a view of the body. Finally the gendarmes came and carried the dead man off, and play was resumed as though nothing had happened. The gruesome tragedy queered me for the night, though, and I was one of those who took a hurried departure.

"The women seem crazy for the game at Monte Carlo, and around the tables one can see the fair daughters of every race and from every clime gathered in the whirl of the thing, and sometimes even risking their jewels, when their money is gone."

Mr. Marshall kept the company interested with his stories until the hour had grown late and it was going home time.