

HEARTBREAK HOUSE

By FANNIE HURST

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LADY tourists with Baedekers and misanthropic men with sufficient income to retire and live cheaply in pensions along the resplendent coast of the Riviera, are given to sentimentally referring to the gambling casino at Monte Carlo as "Heartbreak House."

Well, there can be no doubt that out of this storied mansion of chance armies of men and women have stumbled to tragedy of one sort or another.

The case of Gentleman Dawes was one that stood out, even on the crowded ledgers of the debit stories that checker up the past of the brilliant little principality, which is set like a painted drop-curtain against the incredible foreground of the Mediterranean.

Gentleman Dawes came to Monte Carlo at the age of forty-five, from a town in Colorado where he had amassed a fortune of five hundred thousand dollars in a staple mercantile business. His visit to Monte Carlo was more or less accidental, nothing more than part of a tour along the French Riviera, during his first trip abroad, after his retirement from the business to which he had devoted thirty-five years of his life. It was literally his first vacation, the rather typical case of a self-made American trying to learn how to play.

In Dawes' case this was difficult. Thirty-five years that included his early boyhood of toiling the mark to routine, business responsibility, heavy decisions and the growing burdens of success, had produced a prematurely white, socially timid, and wholly unplayful individual. Shy to a degree that made him appear suave, delicate as a woman in manner, exhibiting none of those aggressive qualities which had made him a success in business, the middle-aged, well-dressed, easy-spending American, who drifted into Monte Carlo, was just one more unremarkable member of his pleasant tribe.

One week later, however, Gentleman Dawes, as he was dubbed overnight, was not only the talk of the gossipy Riviera, but the American press, with especial emphasis in his home city, carried the ever-tragic and dramatic story of a man who has gambled away a large fortune to the banks of Monte Carlo.

In exactly eight days, Dawes had lost to the green baize tables the sum of four hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars. It was one of those spectacular debacles which happen every so often in the little unreal principality along the sea.

When he walked into the brilliant gaming salons his first night at Monte Carlo, something inside Hermann Dawes which had never before been stirred, caught fire. For the first time in a bachelor life of hard work, lonely leisure, insular pastimes, he tasted the wincey pleasures of chemin-de-fer, baccarat, roulette; sniffed the exciting dust of chance, experienced the untellable thrill that catches a man at the pit of the stomach, as he places gold in the lap of fate. Within two hours after his arrival, Dawes, who had never gambled in his life, discovered that he was a gambler; Dawes, whose business success was due to his conservatism, and who had never even turned a playing card, found himself on the way to becoming a tragedy of Monte Carlo.

After that, his case went the way of many before him. Broken, broke, dazed by devastation, lacking the impulse and the courage to return home, the next fourteen years of his life were to be spent within the white shadow of the house of his doom.

Monte Carlo has a way of making a bow to these derelicts of hers. She does not cast them off as ruthlessly as the storied legends go. For those fourteen years of his life, every month, out of the coffers of the gambling house, there came to the bowed little gentleman living in a back-street pension of the town of his undoing, an allotment of five hundred francs. Scarcely enough to keep his body and soul together, but an assurance, at least, of his board and keep. Twenty dollars a month, for a man whose fingers had once closed over the reassuring fortune of five hundred thousand dollars. To abet that, he obtained a position as night elevator-operator in one of the large hotels. Automatically then, since no employee in the city of Monte Carlo may play stakes at the gaming tables, this disqualified him for the gaming tables, but, strangely enough, it was as if, after his life lay thus in ruin about him, desire had fled.

For fourteen years, Gentleman Dawes lived his life there, occasionally pointed out as a relic of tragedy. His days passed as simply and uneventfully as if he had not thumbed his nose to fortune, and seen the results of his lifetime come crashing about him like hailstones. Every morning, hatted, spatted, nicely creased in gray, quiet as a moth, gentle, still horribly shy, he walked from his narrow little pension in an obscure, even mean street, to a small adjoining square, where for two francs he took his coffee and petit-pain, which constituted joint breakfast and lunch. During the afternoon Dawes, the once important citizen of the thriving Colorado town, loitered about the beaches, dawdled an hour in the park during

the band concert, returned to his pension room for refurbishment, dined in a narrow little cafe along the wharf and reported at eight for night duty as elevator man in one of the large hotels.

Grins, tragic, a little horrible, was this life of a man who, in eight brief days, had undone his life-time of carefully achieved success.

Then, in a life that seemed marked for swift rises and falls of destiny, a woman named Angie Falls, a second cousin of his mother's, whom he had met but once, died in Keokuk, Iowa, and left him, as her nearest relative, a fortune of two hundred thousand dollars.

Poor Dawes. It could not be said of him that he took the news unblinkingly. He stuttered, he paled, he broke into thin, womanish tears and manifested a very close equivalent to hysterics. Amazing with what rapidity a galaxy of friends sprang up about the obscure old man! His departure from Monte Carlo for America was the occasion of quite a local celebration. The press of Europe and America took occasion to revive the case. Gentleman Dawes had once more come into his own.

It was just about sixteen months later that a resuscitated Gentleman Dawes, rejuvenated, filled with a new poise and as appealing as ever in the shy, hesitant manner that had always characterized him, returned to the scene of what had been his degradation. Not, however, to Monte Carlo. He was too well known there and to be conspicuous was anathema to Dawes. It was almost as if his flesh literally crept up his bones and his being shuddered. In a pointed goatee, his hair dyed to a sluggish black, he returned to Deauville and the Riviera as James E. Squire, there to recoup and in a way to revenge.

The following week, there was a thin patter of talk along the blue coast. A man named Squire, from the states, had lost, within eight days, playing the tables between Deauville, Nice, and Cannes a neat fortune amounting to no less than two hundred thousand dollars.

No Tame Rooster Match for Ringneck Pheasant

The strongest fighting cock would probably finish a poor second in a bout with a ringneck pheasant.

Equipped with longer spurs than its barnyard relatives, and of a more truculent disposition, the pheasant can worst anything in its class. The farmer's Plymouth Rock or Rhode Island rooster, a lumbering adversary at best, finds itself soundly trounced after a few passes.

When food is scarce in the winter, cock pheasants invade the barnyard for corn thrown to the chickens. Woe to the rooster which endeavors to uphold its prowess against the visitor from the wilds. Roosters have been killed in such unequal combats.

Pheasants, some wild life observers say, have been known to mix it with grouse and prairie chickens with sad results to the latter. They have sometimes been accused of cannibalism. Whatever their faults in their social relations, they cannot be accused of cowardice.

During the nesting season in spring, the male pheasant is often indifferent to the presence of man. It struts boldly about the fields, unconcerned over its visibility. Sometimes it barely deigns to get out of the road when menaced by automobiles. Frequently the indifference to hazards it recognizes during the shooting season is laid to stupidity.

The pheasant's superiority in combat with domestic fowl is partly attributed to its better physical condition. It makes constant use of its wings and legs, and is much harder by nature. Though sometimes outweighed, its faster speed and excellent equipment more than offsets the disadvantage.—Detroit News.

People of Moravia

Frills, laces, and embroidery are much in evidence in the trousseau of the Moravian bride. Moravia is a small principality within the republic of Czechoslovakia. A long time ago it was an independent country, but for many years it has been under the control of one or another of the European powers. Before the World War it was part of Austria. Though it has been dominated by outsiders, its people have preserved their national and racial characteristics. The inhabitants of the little principality, which is a mountainous plateau, are chiefly Moravians and Slovaks.

"Heights of Abraham"

The heights of Quebec took their name from Abraham Martin, a Canadian pioneer of Scotch descent. Martin was a pilot on the St. Lawrence river at the time Samuel de Champlain founded the city. Champlain authorized a deed granting Martin a homestead on the heights, and his herds of cattle and sheep were a common sight on the tableland along the St. Lawrence. Martin was affectionately known among the inhabitants as Maitre Abraham.

Modern River "Arks"

While Noah was reputed to be the first builder of an ark more modern types of this style of craft were made by river men, who used them to float coal at a cost of about \$5 a ton from the Pennsylvania mines to the Atlantic seaboard. It is said that the "arks" used in transportation of the fuel were so cumbersome that they could not be brought back against the river currents and were therefore sold for what they would bring. These arks held about 60 tons of coal, each.

Ostrich Again Is in Style Picture

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



OSTRICH is the latest news in the world of fashion. Unless signs fall we are standing at the threshold of an era of ostrich such as has not been for years. We are going to trim our evening frocks with lots of ostrich and adorn our hats with ostrich fancies. French milliners are even now making little turbans of flat ostrich, and we are going to wear ostrich feather boas. Fashion reports as to the costumes worn by smart Parisiennes at the recent races make frequent mention of handsome ostrich accessories and the latest couturier collections confirm a coming revival of its vogue.

The treatments in ostrich are varied. A much featured fashion is that of the little shoulder cape which is bordered in ostrich. The standing figure to the right in the picture is wearing a costume which typifies this new movement. The idea is to harmonize the color of the ostrich so that it will blend into the picture and it has been found that either light beige or gray ostrich does so most pleasingly.

Perhaps one of the most beguiling effects achieved with ostrich is the all-white costume, either of crepe or one of the beloved triple sheer weaves. The little shoulder cape or jacket of which is banded with white ostrich. If a jacket, instead of a cape, then the ostrich borders the sleeves, appearing nowhere else on the dress. These

TWO PURPOSE DRESS WINS POPULARITY

Women who have a time of it to make a small wardrobe go a long way, take immediately to the type of dress which can be called an afternoon frock, yet doesn't look out of place after dinner, when everyone is in evening clothes.

It is just this sort of dress which Paris dressmakers are making nowadays, calling it a 6-to-12 dress—and providing it with sleeves and a fairly long skirt.

In its midsummer version it is usually of some printed stuff—light weight crepe de chine, printed roma, or chiffon. Often as not it has full elbow-length sleeves, though sometimes the sleeves are just a suggestion of a ruffle, or an exceptionally wide and drooped shoulder.

It is shown occasionally by mannequins who model the dress first, with a hat, then later with an evening wrap and long gloves—to show how the same dress may be at home at a tea, a dinner, a theater or a night club.

New Blouses Are Made in Wide Style Variety

Variety of styles and materials characterizes the new blouses. There's lots of dash to those in the new dots, checks and stripes for the daytime suit, while for the dressier occasion, there are new soft crepes, silks and rayon satins, which are very important in their new sleeve and neck treatment. Sleeves may bag at the wrist or they may be the little puff cap versions. The scarf neckline is being featured just now.

Newest Summer Wrap to Be Worn at Hip Length

One of the newest wraps for summer formal wear is a hip-length circular cape of white net edged with pleated ruffles of the same material.

Bolero jackets and capes are also made of clinging lace in white or pastel colors.

For a Debutante

One of the most charming costumes designed for a debutante is a frock of white satin with its accompanying little jacket of cherry red velvet. The back drapery of the frock is held in place with a huge red velvet rose.

white ostrich-trimmed white costumes are among the prettiest and most flattering fashions of the hour. The effect is likewise enchanting when the ostrich banding and the dress trim is done in a monotone pastel.

As to ostrich neckpieces there is no limit as to the ideas advanced. In regard to length it is entirely a matter of choice as to whether the boa one wears be long or short. In the shorter effects, interest centers about the new ostrich lei which is slipped over the head about the shoulders like a Hawaiian wreath. The idea appeals in that it does away with a sometimes bothersome ribbon or snap fastening. The little picture in the oval at the top presents this new and destined-to-be-popular type.

In the way of accessories, "sets" are shown in advance displays which include a dainty necklace together with an opera or dance bag in lovely coloring to match the frock.

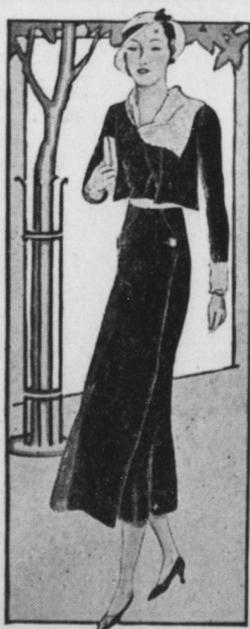
Milliners are especially looking forward to a revival of ostrich, not so much in the way of towering plumage, however, but in subtle little novelties and restrained treatments.

The list of ostrich novelties which are and will be adorning our chapeaux continues with flat circular willowed and knotted ornaments. There are also coardes of glycerined ostrich in three colors and there is even talk of ostrich tips coming into fashion.

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CRINKLED CREPE

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



If you are casting about for a dress fabric which will be wearable at the present moment and will be in equally as good style for fall, there's nothing which answers the requirement to better satisfaction than do the new all-pure-silk crinkled crepes which are now being shown in the better fabric departments. The natty bolero two-piece here shown is fashioned of a very dark brown all-silk crinkled crepe with accents of white created of the same crepe. The idea of dark costumes enlivened with white details is sponsored throughout showings of advance models for fall.

England's Bachelor King

England has had only one king who grew to manhood and who never married. That was William Rufus, or William II, son and successor of William the Conqueror, says Pathfinder Magazine. Edward V and Edward VI were never married, but they died without reaching their majority. There is no law compelling the king of Great Britain to marry. He may marry or not, just as he pleases. A prince of Wales would not have to get married in order to ascend the throne upon the death of his father.

TALES OF THE CHIEFS

By Editha L. Watson

MANGAS COLORADAS AND COCHISE

The state of Chihuahua had offered a bounty of \$100 for Apache scalps. Since Apaches were numerous in southwestern New Mexico, the white settlers in this region decided that here was an easy way to make money. Accordingly, in 1837, a number of Indians were invited to a feast, and when they had gathered in the building where it was to be held, the doors were shut, and volleys fired through the windows. This became known as the "Bean Supper" massacre.

Naturally, the Mimbrenos (the Apache band of this region) were incensed. They gathered and attacked the white miners at Santa Rita, New Mexico, killing most of them, and took the Santa Rita district as their stronghold.

This and similar acts by the whites of the district brought on a series of hostilities. Mangas Coloradas ("Red Sleeves"), who had been bound and whipped by Pinos Altos miners, became the leader of the Apache band. The hills between Pinos Altos and Santa Rita, a distance of some twenty miles, began to swarm with Indians. Groups of them patrolled the countryside, and it was necessary to provide a soldier escort for stage-coaches, lest the Apaches attack them and kill the passengers.

Isolated ranch-houses in the region were raided by hostile Indians, although it is said that at one ranch, the red men contended themselves with driving away the whites, then dressed themselves in the women's best clothing and held a dance before leaving.

In Arizona, the Chiricahua Apaches were also growing bitterly hostile. Cochise, their leader, who had contented himself with warfare against the Mexicans, in 1861, was caught and very roughly treated by United States soldiers. He escaped from them with three bullets in his body, and five of his companions were killed. His heart was as bitter as that of Mangas.

Now began a season of retaliation; settlers were driven out, and their homes laid waste. Even federal troops retreated before the Apache ferocity. Furious at their humiliation, the two leaders waged bitter war against all white people, and their tribe became a synonym for terror and death to the scattered white settlers.

The Civil war broke out about this time, and the soldiers were withdrawn to engage in the more important conflict. This left the Apaches master of the situation, but not for long; the California volunteers were sent into the region to recapture the country.

Mangas and Cochise now united against the new enemy. As a consequence of this alliance, the Apaches from the Rio Grande to the Chiricahua mountains were on the raid. The Mimbreno band numbered from 400 to 750, according to various estimates. They obtained supplies from the military post at Janos, Chihuahua, on account of being at peace with the Mexicans, and thus were enabled to continue their depredations in the face of the white men's opposition.

The volunteers, under General Carleton, found their task no easy one. Finally, at Apache Pass, Ariz., the two "armies" met, and the howitzers of the Californians dispersed the Apache bands. Mangas was severely wounded, and unable to continue with his people. He was taken to Janos, where the Mimbrenos had obtained rations, the only safe place in which he could be left. He was given into the care of a surgeon, his men threatening to destroy the town if their leader were not cured of his wounds. Whether this threat had an effect or not, we do not know, but Mangas recovered, and was ready to resume this warfare against the whites.

Soon after his recovery, however, the Apache chief was killed. There are two stories about his death, equally discreditably. One is to the effect that the Californians captured him, goaded him with a red-hot bayonet, and killed him when he tried to escape. The other is that he went to Fort McLane, New Mexico, to make a treaty, was imprisoned, and was shot by a sentry under the pretext that he was afraid Mangas would escape.

Cochise was more fortunate. After the Civil war was ended, a campaign of extermination against the Apaches was put into force. The Chiricahua chief held out as long as he could under the new conditions, but surrendered in 1871. The next year, dissatisfied, he escaped with 200 of his people, and later 600 more followed him. That summer, however, he returned, and lived on the newly-established Chiricahua reservation, where he died June 8, 1874.

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