

For the Children's Sake

By FANNIE HURST

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ANN MEREDITH'S marriage was one of those runaway affairs. She met Donald Mutrie on a Sunday and married him that day week. Her friends and some of his, said Ann was too good for him. Meaning that up to the time of her marriage Donald had been what might be called a prodigious sower of wild oats. Ann knew this, after a fashion, and her sweet eyes were alight with the determination to reform Donald. She married him for love. She could reform him with that love. In whatever fashion Ann was to be the loser by this marriage, she bettered herself economically. Donald was a born money-maker. As his friends said of him, about everything he touched turned to gold. Donald even a little the worse for drink could turn a better bargain than most men in the power of their full faculties. Ann up to the time of her marriage had been a sort of forewoman in a fairly large uptown department store of Urban City. One of those great shops of convenience that occasionally dot the residential districts of large towns. The kind of shops that cater to the housewife who does not have time for the long trip to the downtown districts. After her marriage, Ann lived in a lovely stone-facaded, ten-room home in a residential district where heavy traffic was forbidden. But almost from the first, the reformation did not pan out as Ann had dreamed it would. Donald was as set in his ways as he was wild in his ways. From the very first he began to come home roaring drunk two and three times a week. The lovely home that Ann had taken such pride in creating became a storm center of the most painful and difficult scenes from the very first. It was almost with horror that Ann regarded the coming of their first child. But for a while, about a year after its arrival, a change came about in Donald. He seemed humble, chastened, deeply contrite and in love with the mother of his lovely little daughter, and for a brief twelve-month the pretty home became something of the thing Ann had dreamed it might be. The coming of her second child was a period of happiness and thanksgiving for Ann. Life assumed a tranquility and a beauty. Donald, who could be very, very nice when he was nice, was not only the provider magnificent, but for three months after the coming of the little boy remained a devoted husband and father. Then one night Donald came home drunk. With her heart in her mouth Ann greeted this suddenly strange horror of a companion of hers and made up her mind to fight a valiant fight with him and nip in the bud the possibility of a return to his habits of debauchery. There were tears and reconciliation after that dreadful night. But something had snapped in Donald. Not only did the drinking continue, but Donald became untrue and faithless to Ann in the most flagrant and offensive sense of the word. Poor Ann, sometimes she was obliged to hold her head up and pretend not to be seared with insult when these companions of Donald's passed her with him on the very streets of the city in which they lived. The next five years of her life became a nightmare. It was Ann's horror, it was Ann's humiliation to see her lovely children constantly subjected to the spectacle of a maudlin father and of home scenes of high, angry and bitter words that should never have reached their tender little ears. In vain Ann sought to avoid these scenes, preferring often to suffer in silence than to subject her sensitive little girl and boy to the gross spectacle of a family row. Because that was all they could ever amount to, with Donald half crazed with drink and bear eye from too much dissipation and too little sleep. "Why doesn't she leave him?" said some of Ann's friends. On the other hand, those of her more conservative relations, owing to religious scruples and fear of public opinion, advised her to stick it out for the children's sake. "For the children's sake" was a phrase that lay constantly on poor Ann's bitter lips. If not for her children, she would never have endured it. If not for the indignity of visiting upon these innocent little products of her unfortunate alliance the stigma of the public separation of their parents, Ann would have gone back to her old position long ago. She did not crave divorce. She, too, had certain religious scruples, and, besides, it seemed to her that she could never again have sufficient faith in the married state to try it with another. No, Ann was not for divorce. All she secretly craved was respite from the indignities Donald continued to heap upon her and, above all, upon their children. And yet in Ann's heart the fear for them of the stigma of separated parents was even greater. For six years the condition waged. Little Adele, a blue-eyed doll of a child whom Donald adored when sober, had literally been reared in a home of

snarling domestic tragedy. Bobbie, the boy, could tell by the sound of father's feet on the stairs when he was returning home drunk, and would run screaming and sobbing to his mother's side. Gathering these babies to her, sometimes it seemed to Ann that her hands were dark with sin for having brought them into the world. What mattered it that their home was lavish? That their father, when sober, adored and pampered them? The atmosphere of that home was drenched in horror. When their father came into it, he smirched his children by his very presence. One evening, such a shocking scene took place in that home—when Donald returned to it in the company of one of the women of dreadful finery he was known to associate with—and entered the very room in which his children and wife were having their dinner—that without taking time to contemplate the results, Ann packed up her children, bag and baggage, and with them left the house. She went back to a boarding house she had lived in during the years of her work in the uptown department store. The next day Ann sent for her nurse from the house she had left, and engaged her to take care of the children in the rooming house while she sought out a position. The old store was glad to take her back. At an increased salary, a sufficient increase to enable Ann to keep the nurse maid and leave her children in the care of this reputable woman while she went daily to her work. It was not the ideal environment. But the two small boarding-house rooms responded to chintz and white paint, and when Ann returned to them evenings, she did so secure in the knowledge that her children's little ears would know only her loving greetings and that their little hearts could expand in an atmosphere of peace and love. No, it is by no means the ideal solution. Ann's struggle is a bitter one. She will not accept help from Donald even for the children. But the two little rooms represent something that the big house never boasted. Tranquility. The secure knowledge that the delicate growing minds of her Bobbie and Adele will know only the sunlight of harmony and the kind of gentle environment that it is Ann's life hope to provide them with. Now, as Ann looks back upon it all, upon the turbulence of the years, the agonized moments of indecision, the fear of making the break from the so-called security her husband's board-and-keep gave her in the community, she realizes that the cruel thing to her children would have been to remain with them there. Vassals to a father who could provide for them only with the material things of life. Prisoners in a home where their little spirits were hourly subjected to the withering environment of disharmony and ugliness. Ann's children no longer hear words of bicker and anger. Ann's children no longer run terrified at the sound of a step upon the stair. Beauty thrives in those boarding-house rooms. The beauty of peace and contentment. It is said of Donald Mutrie that he has since come to his senses and that a strangely sobered and regretful man is making every possible advance to his wife in the hope of regaining her confidence and resuming life with her on a sound and fresh basis. Whatever Ann's ultimate decision, she starts for her work each morning with a high head and a high heart. In her opinion she has kept her self-respect. In her opinion she has done the right thing by her children.

Survived Despite Lack of Hygienic Knowledge

Considering how little primitive man knew about hygiene, he managed to keep living, didn't he? It is this monumental fact that fortifies our belief in an over-seeing and omnipresent Providence. Something must have preserved man in the midst of his ignorance and comparative helplessness. He died of his diseases, but somehow enough adults survived to carry on the race and increase it. One has only to read Doctor Clendinning's eye-opening and mouth-opening (for the doctor is a humorist) article in the Forum to learn that ancient man, from the beginning, was full of physical faultiness. His disinterred bones show it; and many of the Egyptian mummies bear the marks of rheumatism. The ills of bad teeth resulted in the same maladies they do now—and Doctor Clendinning observes that at least one exalted Egyptian suffered from blackheads. Whether he employed sorcery or a face cream cannot now be determined, but either was futile. Early man did not live long, but he "lived dangerously," as Nietzsche invites us to do. Whatever ailment he contracted, quickly killed him. Still the race "muddled through."—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tree's Commercial Value

The Spanish cedar is one of the most highly esteemed lumber trees of the West Indies. Its most important commercial use is for the manufacture of cigar boxes. Planted as a protection on the coffee trails it grows rapidly but not so large as to completely shade out the coffee plants. Many of the large coffee-shading trees of various species were blown down by hurricanes of recent years. Old cedar trees 4 to 6 feet in diameter and 50 to 100 feet high were common in Porto Rico before the virgin forests of the island were cut.

New Use for the Gay Kerchief Scarf

By CHERIE NICHOLAS



WHEN is a scarf a scarf? It is to guess, for those dashing, flashings and printed squares catalogued as the kerchief scarf are playing so many character roles on the stage of fashion, they are losing their identity entirely in the old-style sense of the word. The idea that a scarf is merely a utilitarian device to be tied about the throat for protection having become obsolete, it is given to the present generation to witness the modern scarf venturing into unexpected realms of make-believe such as, for instance, camouflaging as a smart waistcoat or vest to be worn with a trim and trig jacket suit as shown centered in the picture on the drawing figure. It is the simplest thing in the world to arrange a gay square of silk, linen or cotton print in this manner. No sewing, no seaming, no paper pattern or chart required, just a big bandanna folded once across the bias and tied at the neck by bringing two of the points up around the throat as you see in the picture and knotting them at the back, the other two being below at the waistline. The smart new Irish linen square, which forms the blouse shown, is printed in red and blue stripes, for fashion is going strong for "the red, white and blue" this season. The good-looking black kid oxfords with sandal cutouts, as worn by the young woman posing, bespeak the correct shoe for this type of costume. Ofttimes a printed bandanna or kerchief grows so ambitious in its performances as to do double duty in that half of it (cut across through the bias fold) forms a deep pointed yoke or bodice which is stitched into the very dress itself at the back, the points brought to the front so as to form capelet or cap sleeves as you please to call them. The costume to the right shows just how. As you see, the other half of the printed square is tied around the hips in picturesque gypsy-girdle fashion, forming somewhat of an overskirt silhouette. A very popular arrangement, since it accents the lines of a good figure. The scarf-dress pictured is bright red with a bizarre white floral patterning. It is on the bench, however, that the triangle scarfs are seen in their most daring and original moods. The pajama outfit on the seated figure tells the story of the latest escapade of the kerchief scarf. This fashion scores one for the sun-bather, who is seeking health and a good brown tan via the rays of the sun. You can buy these triangular-scarf blouses in any sports or neckwear department, or it is an easy matter to make one. The only requisite is a three-cornered piece of printed or plain fabric. A yard of regular material makes two. Slit the triangle of silk, linen or cotton, down at the center point to a depth of ten or more inches (see diagram sketch). Finish with narrow hem all around. Then take four shallow darts, as per dotted lines, and presto! the blouse is ready to wear. Tie it after the manner of the one worn by the pajama-dress figure pictured. The coloring is equally attractive when reversed, that is the kerchief blouse may be a spectacular print in contrast to solid colored pajamas. Another trick in the wearing of the scarf on the beach by ardent sun-worshippers, one which does away with knotting the two ends at the nape of the neck, is to pin or sew the center point of the triangle to one's neckline at the front.

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SMARTEST SPORTS SUITS ARE WHITE

The sports suit this season is smarter when it is white, or some light neutral color like beige or gray. Chanel made pale beige wool suits for Biarritz last fall, and jazzed them up to a sporty air with vivid striped jersey blouses. They made a great success, and the spring sports suit is their logical descendant, for it has a blouse or sweater that is usually extremely bright or dark and rich in color. The white sports suit, made of either wool or cotton, is much more fashionable if it has a blouse or sweater of sapphire blue, orange, or bright red. Some women like emerald green blouses with their white sports suits, but this color is less frequently seen than are the first named shades.

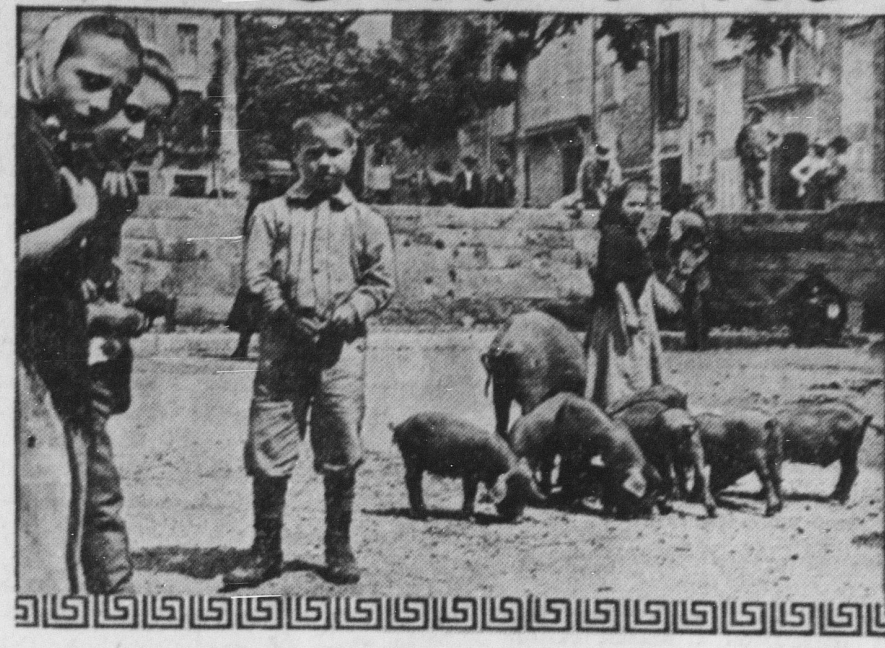
Spring Suits Seen in New Fabrics and Fits

Woolen materials for spring skirts and suits are fatter than last year, some of them loosely woven, hairy and almost transparent, many with wide-wale effect, woven or knitted, many in basket weave. Other woollens are of the novelty jersey order; still others hark back to old hard-finished friends, the reps, twills and serges. Style experts of the Country Home note that the new skirts all have a certain ease and wearability. They fit snugly around the hips, but they don't curve in along the back in that disconcerting fashion so embarrassing to those not as fat as ironing boards. Some have released tucks or pleats that contribute to a good round hemline. But, however they manage their inches, none are tight, exaggeratedly full or difficult to keep pressed.

Coiffures This Spring Flat; Curls Are Taboo

Good hairdressing goes flat this spring. Even curls are slapped flatly. The funny little sausage roll has passed entirely out of the fashionable portraits of those who know what is new and proper for fashionable coiffures.

The Balearics



Street Scene in Palma, Majorca Island.

(Prepared by National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.; WNU Service.)

AFTER more than four centuries of government by European nations, the Balearic Islands, now Spanish-owned, are seeking autonomy under the provisions of the new Spanish constitution. It is doubtful if there is in the world's geographic photograph album a family group whose members show as little family resemblance as do those of the Balearics. Majorca, the big sister, so well known to the world, sits in the center, full-grown and radiantly beautiful. Minorca, slight and delicate, yet with a grace that suggests a certain knowledge of the world, sits at her side. While Majorca is manifestly a daughter of Spain, Minorca's features and person partake of the north—a strange mixture of English and possibly a little Dutch with the Spanish. On the big sister's other hand, Iviza, a charming peasant in bright apron, skirt and shawl, hung with barbaric jewelry, piques the interest of the genealogist, for in her a different strain, probably Arabic, seems to predominate. She gazes out of the picture with level, quiet eyes that are a bit mysterious and disconcerting. Her face is unsmiling, even slightly smudgy, but still peculiarly attractive. At her feet is Formentera Island, one of the two babies, almost Iviza's counterpart in face and dress. It seems unkind to draw attention to Cabrera, the other baby, crouched at Majorca's feet, for she is a spare, pathetic little figure, maltreated since birth. In her plain face are to be read the signs of misery. Such are the sister islands, and their description fits their people. The Islanders are the pleasantest of folk to visit—simple-hearted, even-tempered, sober-minded, honest, and kindly. The welcome accorded the traveler in the Balearics differs according to island. Majorca greets the stranger with easy familiarity, for she has known many tourists in the last few years; Minorca with quiet grace; and Iviza shyly; but the warmth of welcome is never in doubt. Ask a passer-by to indicate the direction to a store or hotel; you will be escorted to the door and bowed in, and generally you must not offer anything more material than thanks in return. The ideal Balearic climate contributes enormously to the traveler's comfort, and, in contrast to what one often experiences on the continent, it is a gratifying surprise to find the fondas, or inns, invariably clean and their meals wholesome. Mahon Has a Fine Harbor. One of the outstanding features of the Balearic group is the abundance and excellence of its harbors. Mahon, the principal city of Minorca, is an example. One's ship picks its way down a water lane, through pink and gray shores capped with rolling green, into what the Spanish government plans to make one of the finest harbors in the Mediterranean. Ever since Mago, the brother of Hannibal, wintered in this harbor (which still bears his name, Portus Magonis, now corrupted to Mahon), it has been famed as a refuge for ships, and its usefulness will be greatly increased when the Island of the Rats, a small knob of rock in the center of the basin, is removed. The Islanders tell proudly how in 1708 Lord Nelson, during the war with France, came into Mahon with his squadron, seized the mansion that overlooked the port where his ships rode, and installed the lovely Lady Hamilton. But the town's historians smile rather sadly and admit that, while history is replete with incidents of Nelson's visit, it does not bear out the story of Lady Hamilton. And then Mahon! That is the way it comes. Suddenly, as the vessel rounds a point, it bursts into view, a quick splash of pink and white on the hillside, tier after tier of quaint streets, splendid in the sunshine. Mahon sparkles, as does the whole island. It is a maze of spotless up-and-down-hill streets of shining dolls' houses. From the steamer's deck the town, terrace upon terrace of white houses, with the spires of the inevitable churches dominating the mass, appears pure Spanish; but that is just Mahon's little joke on the visitor, for many of the houses show English features peering from under their Spanish sombreros. This mixture of the English and Spanish gives Mahon a character of

its own, which is shared by its people. It is the women who refuse to conform. In continental Spain and in the other islands they take their places in the fields with the men and the beasts of burden. Not so with upstanding Miss Minorca! She believes that "woman's place is in the home" or possibly, as a concession to the march of the times, in the factory, but not in the field, and there she refuses to go. **Minorca Spurns Alpargatas.** Quite as remarkable, the alpargata, the rope-soled canvas sandal of Spain and the rest of the Balearics, is practically extinct here. Whether it is that Minorca, producing a large proportion of the fine shoes sold in Spain, excludes this humble footwear from a feeling of local pride, or whatever the reason, the fact remains that Minorca wears shoes. The Balearics are rich in relics, from the days of the prehistoric inhabitants of the Mediterranean countries on down to modern times. Castles, churches, palaces, forts, and watch-towers are seen so frequently that they become almost matters of course. In Minorca there are still standing more than 200 of the talayots, taulas and naus—stone structures generally supposed to have been used in connection with prehistoric religious ceremonies and the burial of the dead—and the cliffs and mountains are literally honeycombed with caves. Within twenty minutes' walk of Mahon there is a fairly well-preserved talayot, a truncated cone of huge stones, probably 40 feet in diameter and 25 feet in height, with a large taula near by. Surrounding another talayot, and marking another age in Minorcan history, are the walls of a fort built probably of the stones of the talayot. The surrounding fields are strewn with fragments of pottery from prehistoric times on down through the Phoenician, Grecian, Roman and Arabic occupations, and the high stone walls over which one scrambles to reach the charmed hilltop are capped with other fragments laboriously picked from the fields by the island farmers. The deepest thrill for the visitor to Minorca is to be found in its prehistoric caves. A talayot, taula, or naus is an awe-inspiring sight when one realizes what it stands for, but it has not the instantaneous effect on the imagination made by one of those cave homes of no one knows how many years ago. **The Cove Caves.** The Calas Covas, or Cove Caves, comprise a group in one of the many coves that indent the Minorcan shore, and certainly a better location from a dramatic standpoint could not have been selected by the caverns. The cove is a wild, winding gash in the shore, descending sharply from the interior tableland to the sea. The approach to the caves is along a narrow path hedged by a matted scrub growth and by fragments of the cove walls, which during the ages have become dislodged and have crashed to the valley. At the water level these walls are high, jagged, and precipitous; the sea beats and snaps at them and the place itself compels awe. Wild deeds are plainly indicated. Add, then, to all this the effect of some forty black apertures extending from the water line to the tops of the cliffs—all made by man when the human forehead was lower and human life more precarious than it is now. It is a meager imagination, indeed, that does not immediately peep the cove with small, active men, wide between the cheekbones and as agile as monkeys. We can conjure up the picture and see them leaping among the crags to their eerie homes, chattering and bickering and certainly ready to make it most unpleasant for foreign invaders such as ourselves. Palma, the principal city of Majorca, is snugly situated at the central point of a magnificent horseshoe bay. Like all other waters of these remarkable islands, the Bay of Palma could supply half the colors of an artist's palette. The left-hand prong of the horseshoe shore, as one steams toward the city, was the scene of the first fighting between Don Jaime I, the Conqueror, and the defending Moors in 1229 A. D., and it is on this prong that Palma's fashionable tourist section has sprung up, with stately Bellver castle, built by Jaime II, overlooking it from the top of a handsome wooded hill. Palma itself is a country village of 100,000 people and of considerable commercial importance.