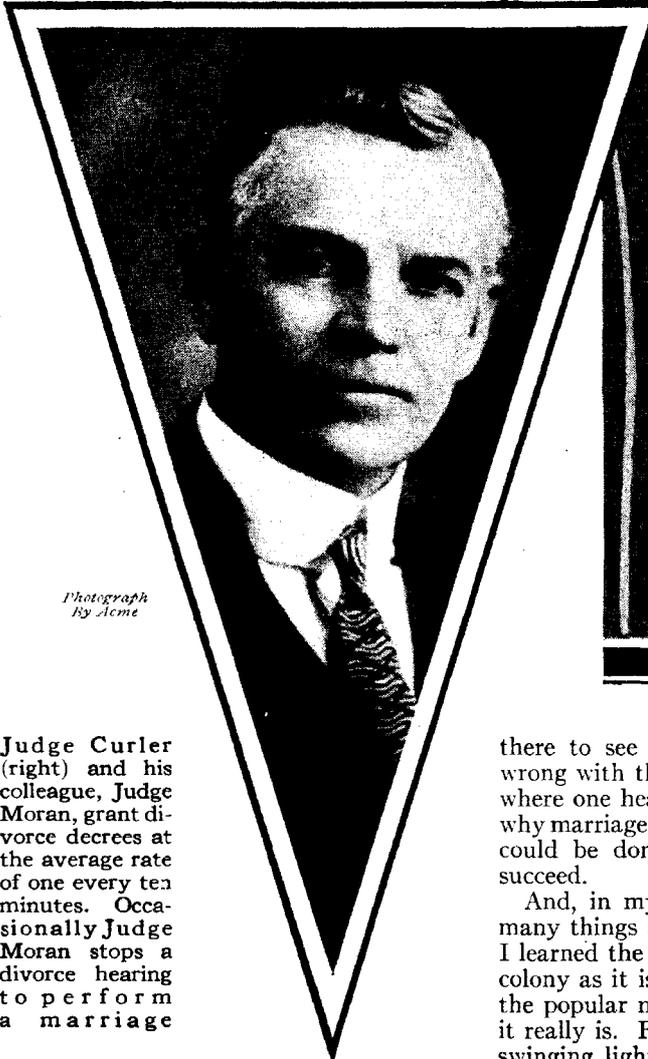


MARRIAGE Can PROFIT From

That, Says Rita S. Halle, Is The

I HAVE just come back from the largest burial ground of dead loves in the world—the little town where six days of every week disillusioned men and women admit to the world that their marriages have failed, and free themselves from the bonds that have become hateful to them. I have sat in the courtroom while every ten minutes another story has been told, another man or woman restored to the status of an unmarried person. I have heard every type, every age, every nationality, every race, and every creed tell, haltingly or tearfully, or in rarer instances, coldly and bitterly, the story of his wrecked happiness. I have talked with them. I have talked, too, with their lawyers and with the judges, who, despite the commonplaceness of these stories in their lives, still seem to have an understanding and a sympathy for the heartache behind each of them.

I went to visit this town, not out of curiosity, not with the expectation of viewing it as a city of abandon, a place for legalizing immorality, but because Reno is a clearing house for human misery. I went there to get material for an article, not on divorce, but on marriage. I went



Photograph
By Acme

Judge Curler (right) and his colleague, Judge Moran, grant divorce decrees at the average rate of one every ten minutes. Occasionally Judge Moran stops a divorce hearing to perform a marriage

there to see from the reverse what was wrong with the picture. I felt that there, where one hears so constantly and clearly why marriage has failed, I might learn what could be done—or avoided—to make it succeed.

And, in my stay in Reno, I did learn many things about that. But, first of all, I learned the difference between a divorce colony as it is pictured in the movies and the popular magazines, and the colony as it really is. For despite the steady line of swinging lights announcing this club and

After a time no difference, no quarrel, little grievances, hurts, and quarrels background of discontent, it is

that; despite the brilliant sign which, flung across the main street, proclaims this "The Biggest Little City in the World"; despite open gambling, from the fashionable Willows outside the town to the slot machines that beguile the nickels of stenographers and telephone operators in every soda fountain and shoe-shine parlor; despite the innumerable speakeasies that

DIVORCE

Lesson I Learned At Reno



Drawing by T. D. Skidmore

rel, stands alone. It gathers up all the—and magnifies them. With this easy to forget hopes of happiness

make little pretense of hiding behind their peep-hole doors—underneath and behind all is stark individual tragedy. Like most real tragedy, it does not show on the surface, but the faintest scratch beneath that surface leaves one stirred and saddened—makes one understand why, among the fine men and women who are the permanent residents of Reno, there is no intoler-

ance, no smug judging of their temporary residents. Constant and intimate contact with the men and women who sign the six-weeks leases on the kitchenette apartments that abound throughout the town, or who sit about the numerous cheap boarding-house tables or in the expensive restaurants, has taught them that few people break their marriage ties lightly, that most of them come to this little town, set down amidst its breath-taking beauty of mountains and lakes, only at the end of a long emotional strain.



P. & A. Photo

The courthouse at Reno, Nevada, clearing house for human misery, where six days of every week disillusioned men and women admit to the world that their marriages have failed. Here, where one hears so constantly of wrecked happiness, is a good place to learn what can be done—or avoided—to make marriage a success

This was apparent to me, too, from the beginning. The first case I heard of was that of a boy hardly older than my own twenty-year-old son, who told how Virginia, to whom he had been married less than a year, had one day left him—and had never let herself be heard from again. He was still bewildered, and there was a deep hurt in his voice and eyes as he told his story.

Immediately after him came a man whose marriage had begun thirty-five years ago, long before the boy had been born into this disappointing world. Calmly, but with deep feeling, he told how his wife had walked out of his home some twenty years previous, and how, though he had followed her to the ends of the earth, she had refused to come back to him or to give him any reason for desertion.

A girl followed him. She bore a mirth-provoking resemblance to a cartoon, and she answered the questions indifferently, without any show of feeling. Yet, when she passed me on her way from the courtroom, there was a dark flush under her skin, and her hands were tightly clenched.

Next came a sweet little old Swedish woman, who had been a trained nurse. Haltingly and in a trembling voice she told a tale of unbelievable cruelty, long endured.

"Could you have gone on living with him, and enjoyed health and happiness?" asked the Judge mechanically.

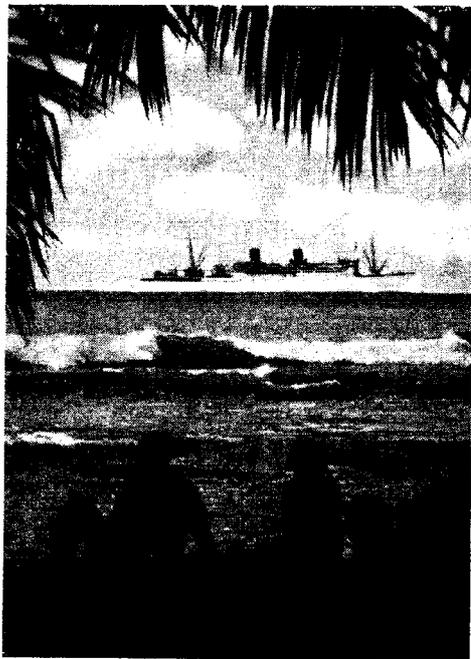
"Oh, no," she exclaimed, looking up with terror in her haunted eyes.

And she, like the others, was speedily restored to her unmarried status.

The wheels ground on, stopping only occasionally while the Judge retired to his chambers to perform a marriage! First there were routine (Continued on page 194)

Marriage Can Profit From Divorce

(Continued from page 31)



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BALMY AIR, freighted with blossoms. Blue ocean, emerald bay—green hills back of Honolulu. Behind you Diamond Head juts out to sea, shutting away the pressure of everyday realities. There's fabled Punchbowl hill. High Tantalus mountain. Hawaii, the breeze-cooled tropics—a cadence in your blood.

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questions of the resident witness as to how long he had known the complainant, whether he could swear that he or she had been "personally present" in Reno every day of the required six weeks; then the same questions were asked of the complainant, who—perhaps with his bags packed and his ticket bought for the East—swore that he had come to Reno with the intention of making it his permanent home, and that that intention still remained. After this, there were a few questions as to causes, and about financial arrangements and provision for children, all of which, in these uncontested cases, had been arranged in advance. Then the complainant left the courtroom a free man or woman.

So the morning went on until the tragedy of it was almost more than I could bear. There was occasional light in the gloom—the woman who complained that her husband had "a superior complex"—the case of Love vs. Love—the residence witness who had obviously been planning for weeks her costume and headdress for this, her day in court—the man who solemnly replied to the Judge's question as to his occupation that he was working in a gambling house—the case of Nutt vs. Nutt—the fuzzy blonde telephone operator who made what she would call "passes" at the Judge. But these bright spots were few and far between, and I left court that first day knowing that however I may have felt in the past, I now understood why a distinguished American had said, after his first day in these same divorce courts, that Reno was the last stand of liberty in this country. For much as we may feel that whom God hath joined together no man should put asunder, when we hear a decent-looking man tell in a low, shamed voice how the wife with whom he had hoped to establish a home had refused to have children because she feared they would interfere with the round of sports and society which filled her life, we know that the Judge is right in giving that man a second chance to find a woman who will make him a home. We know that he and his wife were joined not by God, but by a cruel joke of a cruel Nature.

When we hear a woman tell the Judge how she had begged her husband not to go on with his trade of bootlegging because it was such a bad example to the children whom she "was trying to bring up right"; when we hear her say that she finally left him because he started to initiate the older boy into the mysteries of his trade, we know that a just God had not meant that woman to be indissolubly bound to that man, to sacrifice her children's lives as well as her own in remaining with him.

AND so, when I had spent sufficient time in the courtroom to be able to disentangle my mind from my emotions, to think clearly about these tragedies that were being acted out before me, I began to analyze which marriages had been doomed to failure from the beginning and why, which homes might have been saved and how. I felt that if I could do this; if I could make people see what I saw, hear what I heard, feel what I felt, tempered perhaps by the opinions and judgments of those to whom custom makes this a less upsetting emotional experience than it was to me, I might accomplish something constructive in the midst of all this destruction. One of the judges had said to me:

"If you can make every boy and girl about to enter into marriage see the end for some of those who have preceded them, show them the procession of lost hopes sifting by my bench, I do believe they will pause before entering lightly into it, before contracting a marriage that can not succeed; if you can show every man and woman in whose married lives the little things are beginning to pile up into a non-traversable mountain of misunderstanding, the similarity in these shipwrecked marriages to certain trends in their own situations, I do

believe they may make a real effort to check them; if you can make them hear others testify to the perhaps greater injustices and sufferings that they have borne, they may make up their minds that their own grievances are not so bad, and determine to try once more; if you can somehow make for every license bureau and every lawyer's office a picture of the divorce court as it really is, I believe something will have been accomplished toward greater forbearance in marriage, and so toward more contented, happy homes."

Nearly every one wants to make his marriage a success. If we omit that small and unimportant minority of dull-witted persons who are incapable of success in any relationship of life, the light-minded ones to whom nothing is serious except the achieving of the next thrill, and those who are too insensitive to be unhappy, too stupid or frivolous to be saved, we still have left the long procession of those who set out on the sea of matrimony with high hopes and resolutions, faith and ideals, only to see their little bark dashed against the rocks before they know that it is in danger, before they have been warned so that they may try to save it.

WHAT happened between the day that they went so happily and hopefully to the altar to merge their lives, and the one when they came before a judge to have them unbound? What is it that happens to people so devastating that it changes from love to hate the feeling they have for each other, changes their entire life pattern? The cruelties, the desertions, the infidelities they report are not the real causes. Every divorce judge knows that legal grounds for divorce are one thing, psychological ones quite another. And every one who has given the subject serious study knows, too, that the psychological reasons given and believed to be the basis for unhappiness are themselves often not the real ones. These things could not have occurred except as the result of something deeper, more fundamental, something that probably those whose lives have been ruined by it would not recognize.

For after a time no difference, no misunderstanding, no quarrel reflects just the episode itself. It is made up of the accumulation of all the little grievances and hurts, expressed and unexpressed, of all the previous differences and misunderstandings and quarrels. When this has happened, the quarrel is no longer an isolated, misery-bearing episode, but part of a state of resentment or indifference which has become chronic.

What is it that causes these things that in time so bruise "the spiritual anatomy" of two people that they can no longer live together in peace and contentment? If we could find that out, we might help boys and girls, who are now at the beginning of their journey, to make it end as they hope, in the green pastures of contentment and domestic happiness. For the desire to achieve a happy marriage is such a fundamental of the human heart that I am convinced that if we could find some way to assure it, the world would promptly become a better place to live in.

But in that clearing house of human misery that is Reno, I learned that there is no royal road to this bourne, no simple, easy, or even recognizable hurdle that we may jump into the promised land. For each case is different, and while a study of them can show some of the pitfalls, even a compiling of all the reasons given in all the divorce courts of the world would not present a definite and infallible formula for Mary Smith, smiling behind her wedding veil, or for John Brown, stepping forward so happily to meet her.

Yet there are some weaknesses in human nature so universal, some failings on the part of men or of women so general, that an analysis of them is worth making to show to those who have them their folly and their danger.

Marriage Can Profit From Divorce

Probably one of the most common of the causes of unhappiness as they affect women is illustrated by the case of a beautiful, high-bred woman whom I saw one day in the courtroom. I had wondered what could have occurred sufficiently wounding to impel her to go through the obvious agony that she was suffering in that room. She was one of the few who seemed to hesitate over the essential misrepresentations about residence intention, to choke over the necessary falsehood. She told her story in a voice so low that even the Judge had to strain forward to hear it. She said that her husband had a possessive attitude toward her that allowed her no individuality of opinion or of choice. He expected that she would subordinate any ideas she had to his, would live no life except his, would discard any interests that he did not share, especially those that would prevent her always being there if he happened to want her; he demanded that she see only the friends he liked, giving up any for whom he did not care—a modern version, with the voluntary feature left out, of forsaking all others and cleaving only to her husband. This meant leaving her alone without friends or resources while he was indulging in his own hobbies or pastimes of bridge on an evening, golf of a Sunday, and fishing trips of a summer. She had borne this for ten years, had sat at home alone day after day, night after night, but—and here her voice almost died out altogether—she felt that she could not go on with it any longer and keep her sanity.

I HAVE no doubt that this attitude—a hang-over from the days when man and wife were supposed to be one, and that one the man—is the cause not only of much dissatisfaction and unrest on the part of intelligent women, but also of the very idleness of women of which many men complain, and which undoubtedly brings many evils in its train. Whenever I heard it told in court, I thought of a couple of my own acquaintance, consisting of a pleasant, sufficiently able man and a talented wife. For ten years after they were married she gave up her friends, who, being primarily interested in art, bored her husband, gave up the sculpture in which she had begun a successful career, even sat meekly by while he forbade her accepting an order that not only would have enhanced her reputation but would have added to the none-too-healthy family fortune. But after ten years there came to her the feeling that she was wasting her life, devoting herself to a husband who seemed to have lost all interest in her and to a child who would shortly be beyond the need of her care. Suddenly the future loomed up before her drab, desolate, intolerable, and she made a declaration of independence.

She was perfectly frank and honest about it. She told her husband that she was going back to her sculpture, going to see her old friends and any new ones that interested her, going to recognize only one restriction, that of being true to herself and to her own conscience. He was stunned, furious. But she was determined, and the result points a moral.

Some one has said that a man marries a woman because she is different from any woman he has ever known, yet, as soon as they are married, he tries to make her over on the pattern of his mother and sisters. That is what this man had done, and, once he seemed to have succeeded, he lost all interest in his creation. Then she made her declaration of independence, and promptly he found her all of the things she had seemed to him in the beginning—interesting, companionable, lovable. Now he is so proud of her that he is a bore to his friends.

That man's wife has not landed in the divorce courts. As I sat there myself day after day, hearing the stories of her meek sisters who had struggled to please, I could not but wonder how many of them might have been saved by a similar declaration of independence, by restoring to their husbands what they did not

know they had lost, by giving them what they did not realize they wanted.

Men, at any rate during the days that I was in court, were much less frequent complainants in divorce actions than women. There are those who will say that they have less cause for complaint; but there are ways of accounting for it other than that. Men frequently permit their wives to get the divorce, or even urge them to do so when it is they who want it; also, men can bear marital unhappiness more easily than women, not only because their "love is of their lives a thing apart," not the essential core of happiness it is to women, but also because they have so much more freedom of action outside their homes and marriages. One of the judges told me that the majority of men seek a divorce only in the event that they want to remarry. Certainly a large number of those I met were planning to do so. But this, too, gave me a different reaction from the one I would have had without the personal contact my stay in Reno gave me. Before that, I had vaguely considered that a divorce for the purpose of remarriage was an indication of light-mindedness, even of depravity; there, I saw that it was more frequently evidence only of a pitiful eagerness for a new chance at happiness.

Most of the men I heard testify charged mental cruelty. A large number of them complained of the absence of cooperation or encouragement on the part of their wives; and a number of cases I saw showed how lack of sympathy, tolerance, and encouragement could warp and cramp everything a man tried to do until his whole nature, his characteristics, his achievements, were altered by it.

ONE man whom I got to know rather well while he was waiting for his divorce decree gave a perfect example of this. He was a magnificent-looking person with a fine physique and a handsome head, but with a naive, little-boy quality about him that contrasted strangely with his appearance and with the fierce intensity with which he told me the things that had led to his applying for a divorce:

"I admired her greatly. She seemed to have all the qualities I lacked and should like to have had. And I was willing that she should be the stronger, that people should say that she was superior to me. I was proud of her. But she got to be what a child I know calls proud of herself. She felt superior to me, and was continually rubbing it in. Now, had she let me feel this good and hard every few months or every year or so, had she been tolerant and understanding, had respect for the honesty of my intention, and appreciation of what I was trying to do even if I didn't succeed, if she had encouraged me, I might have got somewhere—I don't know. But this constant belittling of my efforts at success and happiness, this constant succession of wounds to my spirit, finally broke me, and I didn't care what happened. Then, one day, it came over me that I could escape. Ever since then I have felt that I could breathe again, could get somewhere, make something of my life."

Many men complained that the idleness of their wives had led to their marital trouble. Yet within the same session other men, or even those very same men, would express resentment that their wives wanted to go on with a job or a career after marriage. Leaving the courtroom one day after this point of view had been brought out in one form or another several times, I asked ex-Judge Bartlett what conclusion he had reached about it. In reply, he quoted a passage from his book, "Men, Women, and Conflict," in which a young lawyer who had had much divorce experience had said:

"I certainly do think a wife ought to work. Especially if there are no children. A job keeps a woman out of mischief, improves her health, and gives her an interest in the home that many otherwise do not have. Most of all, it helps use up her excess energy, which I believe causes



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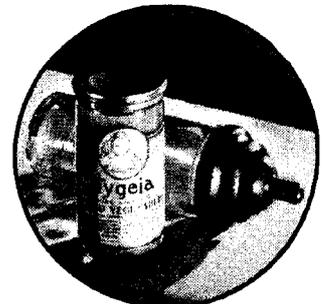
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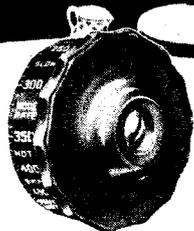
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Marriage Can Profit From Divorce

more ruction than we realize in a lot of homes. The man comes home tired after his day at the office, and his wife is full of pep. What's the result? She thinks he's getting to be an old crab, and he thinks she is losing her mind."

"Of course, there are things to be said on the other side," the Judge added, "but when one sees some of the idle, useless women who come to court, it is difficult to remember them."

I smiled. That very day I had watched two pretty, giggling ex-typists of about twenty get their divorces, one after the other, on the grounds of mental cruelty. The one said that her husband had a violent temper, which seemed easily understandable when one looked at her; the other complained that her husband nagged her about her housekeeping, which also seemed likely. After they got their divorces, they went prancing down the courthouse steps arm in arm—and that afternoon they both married again! Now, the Judge knew and I knew and every one else who saw them knew that in a year or so they would be back in court seeking another change, that they would continue to do so as long as they could find men to marry them, and that would be as long as human nature is human nature.

WHICH brings us to the whole matter of entering marriage too lightly, one of the important reasons for our crowded divorce courts, and to the question of choice. For, among the men who marry girls of this type, as surely as among the girls who marry the male wasters who are their counterparts, are many who really want the sort of homes and children that mates of this kind will never be able to give them.

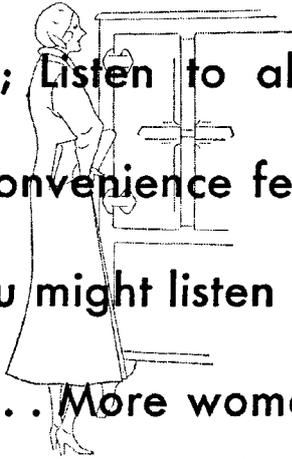
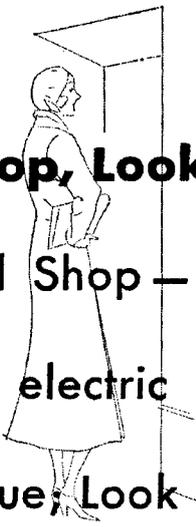
Dr. Frank Crane used to say that there were only two great questions in the world—why he married her, and why she married him. The answer, of course, is sex attraction without any analysis or investigation or question. For if young people are romantically attracted to each other, they endow each other with all the qualities and virtues that seem desirable to them. Brainlessness becomes childlike innocence and arouses the protective instinct of the male, while a Don Juan tendency on the man's part rouses the vanity of the woman he has chosen above all others.

If only young people could be made to view objectively the partner they are about to take for life, to give honest thought and consideration to the opinions of others who are disinterested! I do not mean that they should take the statement or judgment of those who weigh a man or woman in the scales of their own pet social, financial, or other prejudices, but that they would do well to pause before the balanced judgment of those whom they respect, those who are in a position to observe objectively, and hear the real opinions of others.

Then young people should talk things out together thoroughly before marriage: what they mean to put into it, what they expect to get out of it, what their hopes and ideals are. If there are none, they should not expect that they will come with marriage. The old idea of marrying a person to reform him went out with "The Face on the Bar-room Floor" and other martyr exaltations. Engaged couples should especially talk out the question of children and of money, those frequent sources of misunderstanding in marriage.

I told before of the man who had sought a divorce because his wife had refused to have children. That same session, another man, a young merchant, told how his wife's extravagance had cost him first his business, then his job; told how when he remonstrated with her, she had gone to an expensive sanitarium, claiming that his cruelty had made a nervous wreck of her. From there she had sued him for divorce on the ground of mental cruelty, telling him privately but frankly that had she not believed that he had sufficient money to permit her all the luxuries she craved, she would never

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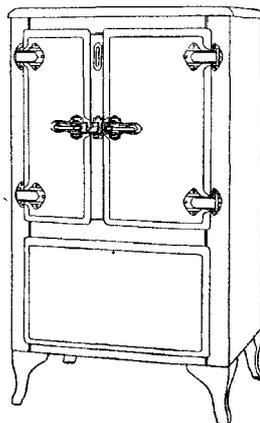
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Marriage Can Profit From Divorce

have married him. This so hurt his vanity that he contested her suit, and filed the counter-suit, which he won.

Had either of these men had a frank, honest talk in advance with the woman he planned to marry, it would have brought out the fundamental differences in their views and ideals, and would have reduced the divorce figures of that particular courthouse that day from eighty-five to eighty-three.

Compatibility, another important element in marital happiness, is a more difficult thing to be sure about through the haze of romance. It can so easily be confused with a biologic urge for each other's presence. A community of interests, similar backgrounds, tastes, and ambitions are all desirable, if not essential to complete compatibility. In a sufficiently long courtship or engagement, their presence can be ascertained. That they are important is shown, I believe, by the statistics I gathered for the article on marriages made in coeducational colleges which appeared in *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING* in April, 1931. They proved that less than one-eighth as many of these marriages end in the divorce court as of those contracted under circumstances less favorable for a full advance knowledge of each other.

THERE is another essential for a completely happy marriage that I hesitate to mention because to so many people the mention of it is considered in bad taste, any reference to it an overemphasis of its importance. Yet, if this is to be an honest statement of what I learned, I have no choice. For while never once was sexual maladjustment given as a cause in court, practically all of those qualified to know—lawyers who had the confidence of their clients, judges who by their broad understanding succeeded in penetrating beneath the legal causes, physicians, and psychiatrists—told me that it was responsible for ninety percent of the unhappy marriages: that is, while it may not be the apparent cause for the unhappiness, the other causes would not arise if there were satisfactory sexual adjustment. Where this is what it should be, people are blind to, or willing to put up with, faults that would seem intolerable otherwise.

If this is true, and there is great weight of evidence to support it, it seems to me that we can no longer in conscience shy away from it, leaving young people to sink or swim, as we have done in the past. For education in this, as in most of the other phases of married life, will, in the eyes of those who have given the subject unbiased thought, help tremendously in many cases; they believe that the time has come to educate people to know what the sex relationship can mean in beauty and fulfillment, as a "mutual expression of comradeship and affection" which has "its source in the thought and purpose of God, first for the creation of human life, but also as a manifestation of divine concern for the happiness of those who have so wholly merged their lives."*

They feel that the time has come to put the emphasis on the beauty of sex properly used rather than on its ugliness when unwisely used, to teach what it may mean when it is a part of the spiritual and mental oneness of two people rather than how degrading it is when this is not the case; to educate people in a technique of sex which involves consideration and thought for each other, and which should make for a sexual adjustment that would bring the complete physical satisfaction, contentment, and relief from tension, and, seeking that, do so much to bring marriage nearer to the heart's desire.

Just as the question of sex brings the answer of education for marriage, so, too, do all the other phases of marriage come back to education. Formerly, in the good old days we like to idealize, preparation for home-making was so

* [Quotation from a recent report of the Federal Council of Churches in America.]

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MANY a day at work has been lost by people who permit themselves to suffer with muscular aches and pains. And, in times like these, who can afford to miss a single day?

Don't let aching muscles lay you up; it's so easy to get relief. At the first sign of soreness, take Absorbine Jr. and rub, massage it on the paining parts. Almost instantly, you will notice a glowing warmth of increased circulation—a peaceful relaxation of tired, cramped muscles—a wonderful easing of pain.

This is because Absorbine Jr. is a safe "rubefacient." Doctors will tell you that it helps to stir up sluggish circulation

and thereby relieves the sore congestion in muscles. Since Absorbine Jr. will not blister, it can be used with massage and therefore brings *double-acting* relief from muscular aches and pains.

For 40 years, Absorbine Jr. has been a favorite among coaches, trainers and athletes. It's the wisest precaution against bruises, strains, sprains—against all kinds of muscular ailments. It is an excellent antiseptic. Price, \$1.25. For free sample write W. F. Young, Inc., 474 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass. In Canada: Lyman Building, Montreal.

ABSORBINE

for years has relieved sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, burns, cuts, sprains, abrasions



JR.

Used by
Thousands for
"ATHLETE'S
FOOT"

MOTH-GAS

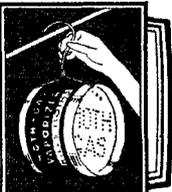
KILL MOTHS

At Drug, Department or Housefurnishing Stores

MOTH-GAS "ALL YEAR" VAPORIZER

Protects large wardrobes and closets. Contains genuine Moth-Gas. The vapor kills moths, eggs, larvae. Economical—lasts entire season.

\$1.00



The Lewy Chemical Co., 165 Perry St., New York

MYSTIC MARVEL WINS!

your instant acceptance by its very efficiency. The most stubborn burnt-in grease and grime disappears under a few gentle rubs of this pliant, rinsable, kind-to-the-hands, all-copper sponge. No rust, splintering or shredding. Bound in the center so it can't unravel.

10¢

at all grocery, 5 and 10¢ hardware and department stores everywhere.

MYSTIC MARVEL

Mystic Mill Makers, W. Orange, N.J.

Marriage Can Profit From Divorce

much a part of a girl's subconscious background and training that there was no need for her to devote time to it outside. Now, between school and the job that is sought immediately after, a girl does not have the opportunity to see what goes on in her home even if she is so fortunate as to have a real home, not a mere address for delicatessen delivery boys; even if she is so lucky as to have a home presided over by a wise mother, and cluttered up a bit by younger brothers and sisters.

Again and again I heard men testify to the failure of wives to use to advantage the money they earned, to keep their homes or their children in order, to make them comfortable. One man, a high-class mechanic, said that his wife had no idea of order nor of cooking. She had made a half-hearted effort in the beginning to keep their house clean, but she had never attempted to do any cooking until after the baby came, claiming that it was just as cheap to eat in restaurants. When the baby's coming meant going out separately for their meals, or leaving him alone, she made some little effort to get an occasional meal at home with the aid of a can-opener. But she soon gave up the attempt and, taking the baby, went back to her parents. Her husband understood that she had her old job back, and she was not asking anything from him except sufficient money to care for the baby.

JUDGE CURLER, a fine, able, cultured gentleman, brought up by a Puritan mother to abhor divorce, but now, through his experience as a lawyer and on the bench, most liberal in his views, talked to me about this one day. He said that there were only two types of complainants to whom he was unsympathetic, the women who wanted to live in luxury without giving anything in return, and the men who, having taken the best of a woman's life, wanted to leave her when she was no longer young and able to earn a living. He put the blame for this right up to parents who did not teach their children the responsibilities of life, did not teach their girls to give value for the things they received, did not teach their boys to play the game.

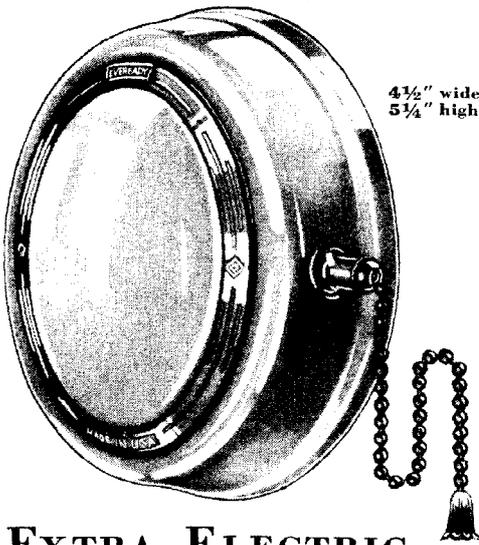
Dr. David Snedden of Columbia believes with many other educators in teaching not only the practical domestic arts in our high schools, but in teaching to children and society in general the losses from divorce, and the "values which can be realized from the stabilization of the marriage relation."

My experience in the divorce courts made me feel that, in addition to all this, boys and girls should be taught what the factors are that do stabilize marriage. They should learn what the elements are that *build* up a home, which are the ones that *break* it up. They should learn that some elements such as friends, time, interests, can be either cohesive or disruptive, and that the wise handling of them by one or both of the mates will determine which they are to be.

I said something like that at a dinner the night before I left Reno. It is interesting to know, parenthetically, that here in this town where a man and his wife could quarrel at breakfast—and many people do quarrel at breakfast!—and be divorced before lunch, all but one of the half-dozen or so prominent citizens at that party, including an ex-judge and the city attorney, were with the wives they had met in college and had been married to ever since. They agreed with my views, but drew other and more specific conclusions from their years of close daily contact with those seeking freedom. They felt that young people should be told to try to avoid the atmosphere of discord, the discussion of things on which they could not agree, until finally those elements would have disappeared altogether; above all, they felt that each partner should be persuaded to go into marriage with a willingness to put in 75 percent of the effort, rejoicing

DON'T

... tear up the floors!
... break the plaster!
... or touch a single wire!



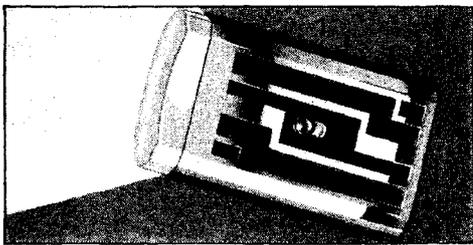
4 1/2" wide
5 1/4" high

EXTRA ELECTRIC LIGHTS . . . WITHOUT ANY MUSS OR FUSS

A LIGHT for closets, attics, garages, basements, and stairways. It hasn't any wires, and doesn't need any! Put it in place with two screws, or let it hang on a nail — so it can be carried anywhere!

The Eveready Wallite is powered by two of the new, *extra long life* Eveready Flashlight Batteries. These batteries have *metal tops*, instead of the old-fashioned, wax-compound seals. Their *all-armed construction* preserves the power-producing ingredients! Month after month, they keep their vigor . . . storing hours of bright light. A set of renewal batteries costs only 20 cents!

The Wallite works with a handy pull-chain switch . . . gives a strong, bright light. See one today. At all leading stores. Only \$1.50, without batteries.



The new Eveready Pocket Light. Works like a charm. Convenient size for vest-pocket or hand-bag! Beautiful red and black buffed French enamel finish. Bright, clear light.

EVEREADY Carry one for a while, **WIRELESS-ELECTRIC LIGHT** and you wouldn't be without it! Only 85c, without batteries. A fine bridge-prize.

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.

Unit of  and Carbon Corporation

in a 50 percent return, and with the resolution to respect the other's individuality; they should be made to see that, only in so far as each partner is allowed to be an individual first and a husband or wife second, will he be able to contribute his own individual share to the success of the home. They should be taught enough human psychology to know that the more they identify themselves voluntarily with their mate's problems and situations, the more will their own chances of similar cooperation increase, and with it their own happiness; they should be taught forbearance, tolerance for honesty of intention and effort, as well as to use common sense and a sense of humor, to pay each other little loverlike attentions occasionally, especially when there is weariness or discouragement or some other special need for it.

These experienced observers felt that much of the trouble was because the young people of this irresponsible age were unwilling to undergo the discipline that even the most congenial of marriages involves during the adjustment period. They felt that no two people brought up for twenty years or more in different environments, with different backgrounds and training, possibly with different ideas and ideals, could come together and go on in one harmonious path without a little adjustment here, a bit of sacrifice there, and a great deal of love and understanding and sympathy everywhere. And it is just this that these men and women felt the present generation was too impatient to give; they enter marriage, not with the idea of making a go of it at all costs and at all personal sacrifice, but with the idea that if it doesn't go, they can easily break it off and try again. So they are unwilling to make the effort to develop the qualities of strength and character that make of marriage a fine, enduring thing. They felt that if these young people could be taught to put as much conscientious effort into making a go of marriage as they do into making a go of their business or of their social life, the millenium might not be here, but some of the divorce-court judges would have to join the ranks of the unemployed.

PERSONALLY, although I left this city of marriage disintegration with a sense of hopelessness about marriage, I am no longer discouraged. A return to the places where the large majority of people remain married to the same mates until death doth them part convinces me that much of my despair about marriage was induced by seeing and hearing too much of divorce; convinces me that the cynicism of many people about marriage is due to the overemphasis on divorce stories and statistics in the news, an emphasis not justified by the facts.

Of course, a happy marriage has no news value; there are no reporters standing outside happy homes to get stories about them for their papers; no paper has found it worth while to call attention to the fact that even though there is one divorce out of every six marriages in any year, each year there are five marriages for every divorce added to the steadily increasing accumulation of permanent unions. In 1930, for instance, with 1,128,180 marriages and 191,630 divorces and 4,333 annulments reported, the number of permanent homes back of the divorce statistics was increased by 932,217.

Even though, with all this allowance, the present figures seem discouraging, we must remember that we are going through a transition period in which men and women, too, are adjusting themselves to woman's new economic and social position in the world, to a new philosophy of individual freedom and importance, to a world in which there are tremendous economic ups and downs, and in which the marrying generation is suffering from all the irresponsibility, lack of discipline, and cynicism that have followed in the wake of the most devastating war the world has ever known.

I agree with Dr. J. P. Lichtenberger, Secretary of the American Academy of Political and Social Science, who says in a recent book:

35 precious pennies Saved 4 Dresses



and 1 Beau!



She thought she was careful about underarm perspiration. But she didn't take it *seriously* until two good dresses were spoiled and a good man almost turned away.

Then she spent 35c on Odo-ro-no. Rescued her four nicest dresses from the ruin of perspiration stains and odor. Saved her friendship with the man she liked best.

Offensive odor is inevitable, if this needless perspiration is tolerated.

Odo-ro-no is the sure, safe protection. It harmlessly diverts perspiration from the confined armpit area to surfaces where it escapes unnoticed. Dresses stay dainty and fresh—you save money; men remain devoted—you keep your precious charm.

2 Kinds

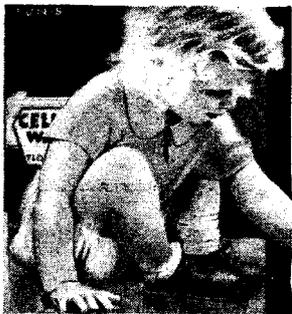


ODO-RO-NO REGULAR for use before retiring—gives 3 to 7 days' protection. 35c, 60c, \$1—with the exclusive sanitary applicator.

INSTANT ODO-RO-NO for quick use—while dressing or at any time. 1 to 3 days' protection. 35c, 60c, \$1—with applicator.

ODO-RO-NO

In using advertisements see page 6



**It is so easy
to apply—**

It is almost child's play now to wax floors, for here is the wax of 1932—as easy to apply as water—here is

CELLO-WAX

for floors

Simply wipe it on the floors, with a cloth or brush, let dry for fifteen minutes and the job is finished. Use it on hardwood, linoleum, tile, marble, rubber, terrazzo, soft wood, or composition floors of any kind.

**• Dries with a
Lustre.**

Cello-Wax imparts a soft lustre to the surface, but is not slippery. The Cello-Wax film seals the pores and keeps dirt and dust on the surface where it is easily brushed off. Ordinary dirt cannot adhere to Cello-Wax nor can water, grease or ordinary chemicals penetrate it.

**• Without Rubbing
or Polishing.**

Cello-Wax actually requires no rubbing on, no polishing, with heavy weighted brush. Cello-Wax gives you beautiful floors in one quick and easy operation. The Cello-Wax film is lasting, and is guaranteed to be absolutely harmless to the finest finish. It is on sale now at all leading department, hardware, paint, drug and grocery stores.

**Try it—here's enough
for the bathroom floor.**

THE CELLO-WAX CO., 39 S. Charles St., Baltimore, Md.—Enclosed is 10c, please send me a sample can of Cello-Wax.



Name
Address
City St.

**Marriage Can Profit From
Divorce**

"It does not seem reasonable to us to assume that a mode of life which is based upon the most fundamental qualities of human nature, which has evolved as the result of cumulative human experience, which has lasted through all the vicissitudes of changing civilizations from the beginning until now, is likely to be abandoned because of the onslaught of hostile criticism of its present defects. . . .

"We venture to assert our belief both in the perpetuity and in the improvement of marriage in the future."

Alice Sit-By-The-Fire

(Continued from page 43)

Mrs. Longworth's rooms belong no more to any one period than her friends belong to any one stratum of social life, and they are selected, I rather think, for the same reasons—for their solidity, their comfort, their cheeriness, and their reliability. The superficialities that influence a great many people in the selection of their companions do not register even vaguely with Alice Longworth. She is no respecter of position for its own sake, although she has the keenest appreciation of the mental qualities that may be responsible for that position. The only aristocracy as such that does not bore her to extinction is the aristocracy of achievement, and at the altar of accomplishment burns a perpetual light ignited and kept alive by the spark of her enthusiasm.

She is an insatiable reader, and were one to delve deeply enough into the over-sized hand-bag she is almost never without, one would find stray bits of poetry or numerous canny editorial observations she has clipped from the newspapers and saved to reread at her leisure before the fire.

It may be in front of that same crackling fire in an overstuffed chintz chair in which her slim sturdy little body is all but submerged that "Kits," as Mrs. Longworth often calls her, cogitates over her latest enthusiasm, sending flowers to people of whom she is fond. These she forwards in color schemes uninfluenced by convention, custom, or guidance, and her latest tribute to her doctor who has been indisposed is, according to her mother's amusing description, an incredible offering in red, white, and blue that could be commended principally for its originality.

What actually impels these gifts of flowers, apart from an instinctive generosity that is apparent in every department of Paulina's life, is, if the truth be known, her joy at receiving the thank-you notes that are invariably forthcoming. These she carries about in her pockets for days, reading and rereading them and reveling in her adult contact with her favorite adults.

Yet I am not at all certain that Paulina thinks of the people she loves as being of any particular age any more than her mother has at any time in her life. Alice Longworth never learned to make a difference, feeling always that "age is a state of mind." Her friends range and always have, from the very young to the very old, and such is the miracle of her adaptability that by her mere entrance into a room she becomes an integral and living part of that generation in which she finds herself.

These excursions from one decade to another are accomplished without any conscious effort on her part. At three in the afternoon she may be finding answers to questions on which hinge the fate of nations, yet at four she can be found playing "monkey" with Paulina—"a melancholy monkey" as she puts it, "with simian *Weltschmerz*"—hopping on a chair, pretending it's the limb of a tree, her blue eyes dark with excitement, her soft brown hair tumbling to her forehead, and her trimly-tailored wool dress rolled into a discouraging mass of wrinkles. From a throat that usually utters gentle, cheery sounds, strident, easily

**18
other foods
"easy as pie"
with this
PYREX ★
PIE PLATE**



- | | |
|-----------------------|------------------------|
| Baked sausage | Halibut steak |
| Sliced ham | Baked pork chops |
| Scalloped oysters | Cornbread |
| Gingerbread | Dutch apple cake |
| Pineapple omelet | Apple dumplings |
| Baked mushrooms | Candied sweet potatoes |
| Stuffed onions | Stuffed artichokes |
| Butterscotch biscuits | |

"Not 18 . . . but 28 . . . 38 foods," the good cooks all shout in our ears. But we're a conservative crew, and we stop at 18. You can add more if you like!

And you probably will. For, as everyone knows, the Pyrex Pie Plate is a remarkably handy dish. So useful that many ladies who start out with only a Pie Plate soon have a good-sized collection of Pyrex Brand Ovenware.

For even the good-natured Pie Plate can cook only one food at a time! If you want to save gas by cooking whole meals at once, in the oven . . . you'll need 2 . . . 3 . . . or 4 Pyrex dishes.

"Save gas" . . . If those thrifty words sound good to you, let us know and we'll tell you how. Mail the coupon below, and await the postman's return!

Pyrex Ware carries a two-year replacement guarantee against breakage from oven heat.

FREE . . . BOOK OF 30 MENUS. Whole meals baked in 20, 30, or 45 minutes. Illustrated price list of all Pyrex dishes. Corning Glass Works, Dept. 2404, Corning, N. Y.

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"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works and indicates their brand of resistant glass. Prices slightly higher in the West and Canada.