

THE Washoe Indians had no real objection either to working or fighting as long as they didn't become personally involved. They didn't mind a bit if their neighbors, the Apaches and the Navajos, insisted on sounding the war drums at intervals, nor did they really object to the fact that the Piutes to the east tilled the soil and made blankets and in other ways manifested a rather regrettable tendency toward physical labor.

The Washoe Indians just shook their heads pityingly at such display of energy and then draped themselves comfortably on the ground and inhaled vast quantities of sun. They could lie there and look to the west and see the snow-fringed tops of the Sierra Nevada Mountains etched against a sky of incredible blueness—and by turning their heads to the east they could see the rather somber flat-topped peaks of the Virginia Mountains, under which there reposed many millions of dollars in gold and silver. But even if they had known that, it wouldn't have bothered them. They loved that sun and really you can't blame them, because that Nevada sun is as tasty a bit of sun as ever you saw.

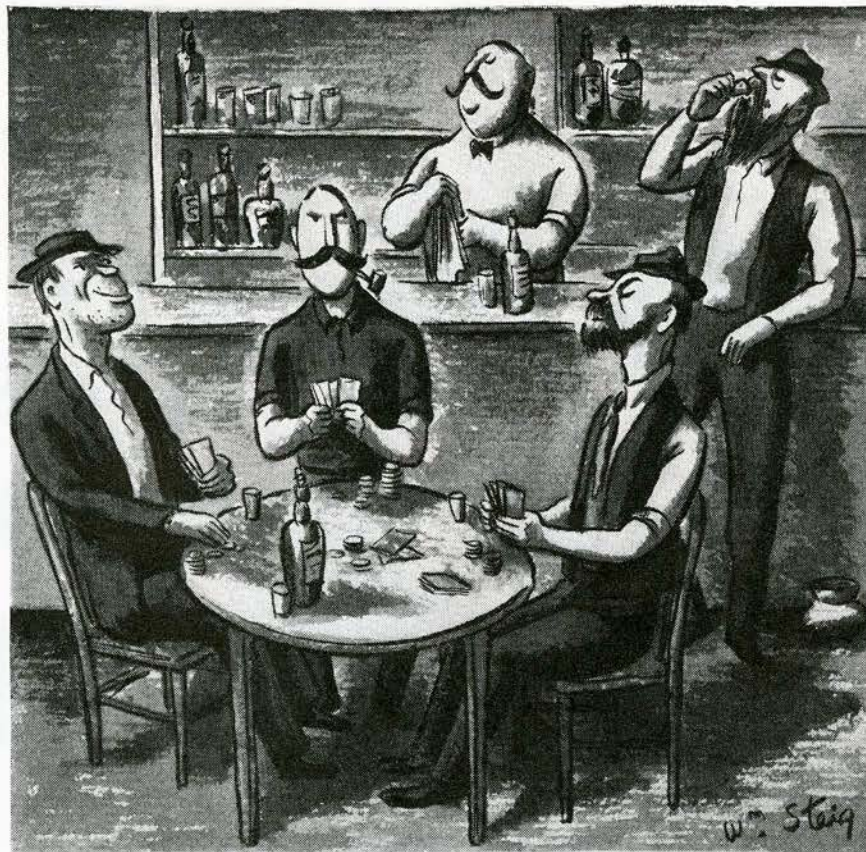
Anyhow, the Washoe tribe camped permanently alongside of a shallow part of what is now the Truckee River. The Truckee River is only about sixty miles long and it flows from Lake Tahoe, high in the mountains, to Pyramid Lake. The Washoe Indians liked the place where they were encamped and they decided to live there forever and forever. And—believe it or not—that's why today a woman from New York or Seattle or Timbuctoo can get a divorce in Reno in practically no time at all and a man can play a little stud or roulette or faro or keno in Reno at six in the morning or three in the afternoon or at any other time of the day or night without fear of the gendarmes crashing in to say, "You can't do that, Mister."

It's Still the Frontier

The history of the present-day Nevada is so interwoven and dependent upon the history of early Nevada that it really isn't a bit incongruous to state that the present divorce and gambling laws, the present reign of tolerance and, paradoxically enough, the present non-political, strictly-business administration which governs the state are all links in the chain of events which began a hundred years ago when the lazy, lovable Washoe Indians set themselves down in the sun by the side of a ford in the Truckee River—a spot which is now Virginia Street, Reno.

To begin with, Reno is Nevada—and Nevada is Reno. In telling the story of Reno we are telling the story of Nevada. Nevada is a battle-born state; it is a state which has never lost its separate identity or individuality—it is a frontier state which has used but has never allowed itself to be softened by the modern civilization. And Reno is still a frontier city, the closest link in the United States to the lusty, vigorous young animal which was America a hundred years ago.

We've begun with those Washoe Indians, and now let's see how important they were in the birth and development of Reno. The Forty-Niners, passing over the desolate plains of the Salt Lake Val-



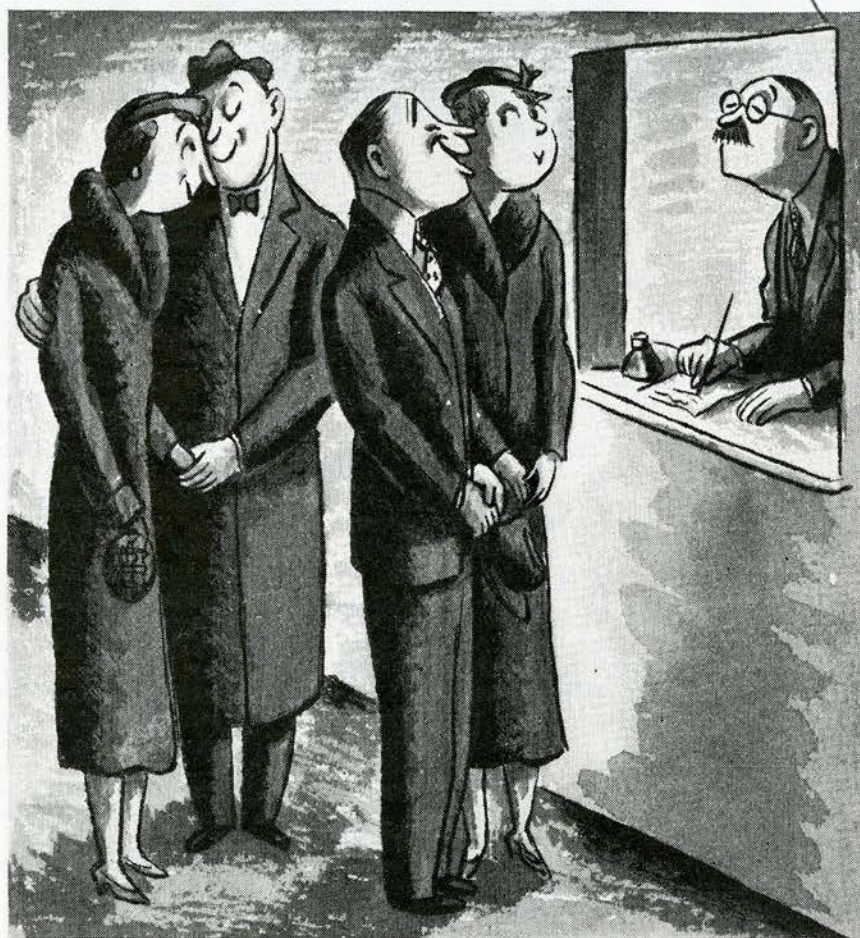
Reno became the town where miners went on Saturday night

Relax in Reno

Here's a frontier town, with the oldest of traditions and the newest of laws—a bright, colorful and contradictory place. Its watchword is tolerance. And it has found how to make relaxation pay taxes

By Quentin Reynolds

Actually, more marriage licenses are issued than divorces



ILLUSTRATED BY
WILLIAM STEIG

ley, trying not to see the sun-bleached bones which dotted the ghastly white earth, finally came to the ford where the Washoe Indians were camped. Here was peace. Here was a lovely rushing river and here were green things growing and, by raising one's eyes—there was snow. They rested and they traded with the Washoes and then began the long last lap which was to lead to the halcyon dream of gold and glory—or to death and disillusionment. Many of those who failed to find gold in California remembered yearningly that cool spot in the valley where life seemed to slide by so peacefully. Many came back and settled there near the ford and some searched for gold.

The Mountain of Silver

In 1859 two young Irishmen, Patrick McLaughlin and Peter O'Riley, stumbled upon a rich strike some twenty-two miles from the ford of the Truckee. A blustering braggart named Henry Paige Comstock looked upon the richness of the ore and told the two young men, "My lads, I forgot to tell you this is a claim I staked out myself some time ago—but I'll cut you in for a share each."

They called it the Comstock Lode and before it was exhausted a total of nine hundred million dollars' worth of gold and silver was taken from it. Virginia City sprang up. Thousands of miners, attracted by the discovery of the lode, hurried to the spot. Virginia City was a typical mining town. So was near-by Silver City. The miners worked hard—they played hard. At night they wanted to get away from Virginia City; they wanted to see other bars—other towns. They went to Reno, or what became Reno when the railroad came through.

Now it was that Reno became the town where miners went on Saturday night. When miners want to relax they do not hanker for lawn tennis or symphony concerts. The star which miners follow is the star of luck—the Goddess of Chance is their patroness. When they bend their backs over the earth, fighting the earth, trying to tear yellow gold from the earth—they are gambling. A miner works vainly for years at one spot and then a newcomer digs his pick into the earth fifty feet away and strikes gold. Luck! Miners more than anyone else believe in luck.

So when they went to Reno it was natural that luck should play a part in their relaxation as it played a part in their work. They gambled as men of the mines and of the plains have always gambled. They played faro and stud and dice and if they won they laughed and threw the gold on the bar and called, "Drinks for the house!" If they lost they shrugged their shoulders and walked out calmly, squinted, perhaps, at the fiery dawn that was bursting over the Sierra Nevada and headed back to Virginia City to fight the earth once more.

Drinking and gambling: they were the twin godparents of Reno, as they are of every frontier town. Reno grew up. A railroad was built to Reno and the city attained a certain dignity. The Civil War came and the astute Abraham Lincoln arranged for Nevada to be admitted into the Union as a state in 1864. The figure of Lincoln is so shrouded in legend that it is difficult to see the man. We remember his greatness—and forget that he

was a clever politician. He admitted Nevada into the Union—he was really admitting the Comstock Lode and the gold and silver which were flowing from it in an apparently inexhaustible stream. That gold and silver helped finance the war for the North.

All this is a prelude to the Reno of today. All this is the foundation upon which Reno now stands. The background of any city must necessarily intrude into its present. This is more true of Reno than perhaps any city in the country. Reno is still the town where miners go on a Saturday night to revel, to gamble, to drink.

The World's Biggest Little City

Let's look at the Reno of today, always keeping in mind its history. Only in that way can we understand it and appreciate it. Let us remember that it is still and always will be a frontier town.

Reno today is a wide-open city—wide-open in every sense of the word. Across the main street is an arch which in large letters proclaims to the world, "Reno—The Biggest Little City in the World." Reno is the biggest city I have ever seen, although its population is only some 18,000—a figure which is augmented by the 3,000 or so transients who are always in the city. In this city of 18,000 there are

and always will be gambling. Why not bring it out into the open and do it decently? Why not give the state a revenue from it? Why not conduct gambling along honest lines?

"When gambling is conducted behind closed doors," Griswold said, "it is invariably crooked. There is no check on it. The gamblers have to pay large sums for protection and they have to make that up. Crooked wheels, crooked dice and crooked dealers are the rule. We realized that and realized that we couldn't stop gambling in our state. The pioneer spirit is still strong here. So we looked the situation in the face and passed a law. It was a law to legalize gambling. At first the gamblers were overjoyed and they did everything but dance in the street. They saw millions in profits for themselves. But," Griswold added grimly, "when they read the statute they became panic-stricken. I helped frame that statute. We put every safeguard around gambling that it is humanly possible to place around it. Read the statute and you'll see what I mean."

The statute is certainly one of the most stringent of its kind ever passed. It allowed gambling—surely. But there was a catch to it. The catch was that every gambling game, every slot machine, every table was to be taxed individually. The statute outlawed sweepstakes and lot-

teries. It mentioned specifically that such games as faro, monte, seven-and-a-half, roulette, keno, fantan, black jack, Big Injun, Klondike, craps and poker could be played.

A Break for the Tax Collector

The tax was considerable. For instance, each "21" game should pay a quarterly tax of \$150. Each roulette wheel had to pay the same. Panguingue—a popular card game resembling glorified rummy, was taxed \$75 a table each quarter. Each slot machine had to pay a \$30 quarterly tax. Stud poker tables had to pay \$100 a year while all other games, including craps, had to pay the state \$200 a year. In addition to this, the statute provided that if a gambling house was situated within the boundaries of an incorporated city that city would be given half of the state tax and could in addition levy any additional tax it saw fit. Counties, incidentally, were given the privilege of local option, but no county has as yet prohibited gambling.

There was nothing in the law to limit the number of games or machines that a house could have. The only limitation was the ability of the proprietor to pay the taxes. The law also provided (and this made the sure-thing boys wince) that anyone caught running a crooked

gambling game would be guilty of a felony and liable to a \$1,000 fine and six months' imprisonment. The same punishment was to be dealt to any proprietor who allowed a minor to play in his establishment or to enter it. Specifically, the statute warned that ignorance of the age of the minor would be no defense. Nowhere in the world is legalized gambling surrounded by so many safeguards. The law was an immediate hit in Nevada in general and Reno in particular. Dozens of places sprang up on Virginia Street and Center Street and the various byways of the city. Every restaurant put in a couple of slot machines. Places like the Bank Club (the largest open gambling room in the country), the Town House, the Waldorf, the exclusive Country Club, the magnificent Tavern where the food and entertainment are as good as you'll find anywhere in the country—these places sprang up like mushrooms. The excellent Riverside Hotel put in a gambling room, and when you go to Reno you register to the tune of galloping dice or clinking chips. Visitors attracted by the liberality of the new law came to Reno to gamble. The cash registers of the gambling houses began to sing a merry tune.

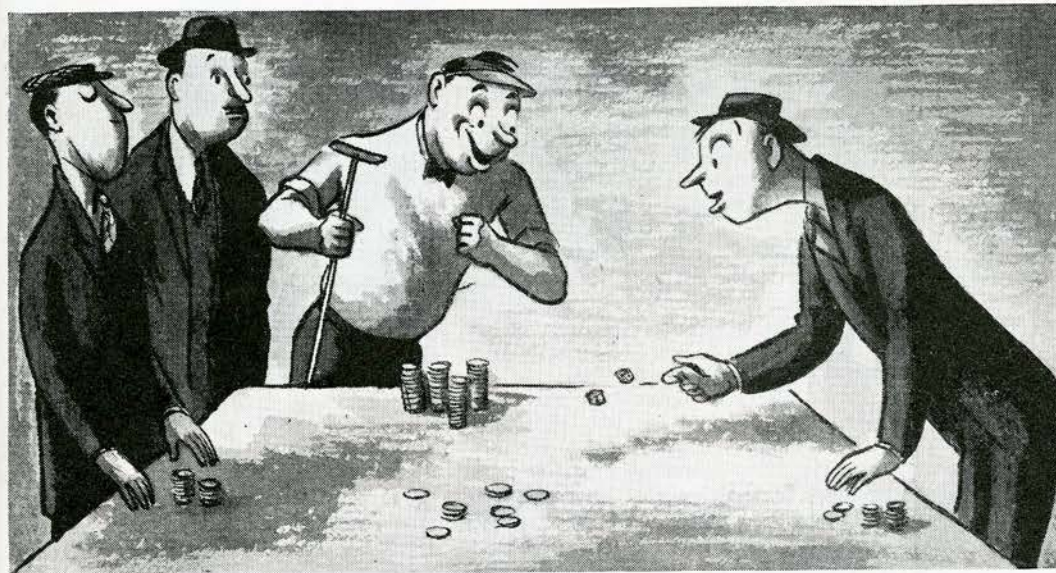
The more merry the tune the more taxes came tumbling into the city coffers. When Repeal came, of course, every gambling establishment put in a bar (previously

The place was crowded, many of the players obviously being clerks or shopkeepers who were spending their lunch hour in the place. I walked to a crowded dice table. A man made a couple of passes and looked up and nodded. An hour before, he had shaved me in a barber shop across the street.

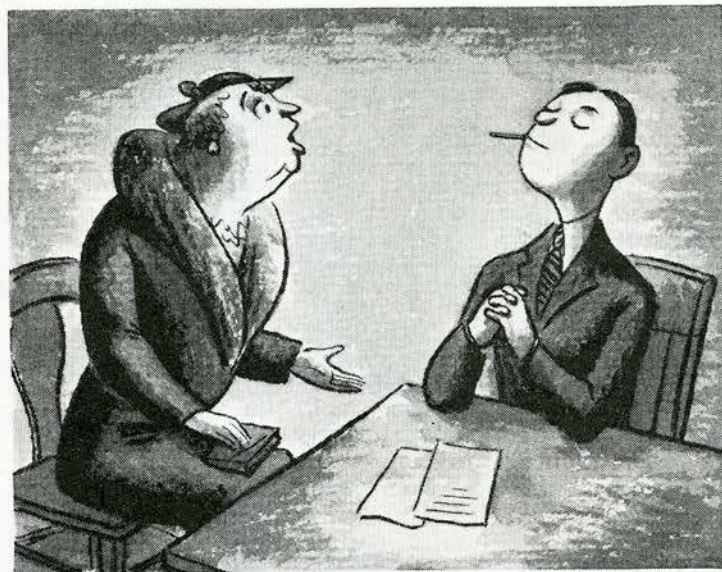
Everybody's Game

"Get in here, take my place, I've got to get back to work," another said, and I recognized him as a cab driver who had driven me the night before. A man at a near-by faro table called a greeting. He was a cowboy whom I had met at a ranch two days before. These were citizens of Reno—they weren't visitors merely having a fling at the dice or the cards. True, they didn't play big. Usually the man with the dice shot half a dollar. If he won he'd double up once but it was rare to see a man shooting for more than a dollar in the Bank Club, and the Bank Club is a typical Reno gambling house. But even shooting such comparatively small stakes one would think that a player could in the course of a week or a month be badly burned.

Well, let's see what the mayor has to say about this. Mayor John Cooper of Reno was once a merchant, and a successful merchant. They tell you in Reno



The croupiers are friendly croupiers. They actually root for you



Any law student can draw up a complaint in an uncontested case

perhaps fifty places where one may gamble and there is virtually no known gambling game which one cannot play—all under the protection of the law, for since 1931 gambling has been legal in Nevada.

In 1910 gambling was legally outlawed in the state. However, men who had gambled all their lives, and whose fathers before them had gambled, were not going to stop merely because a few of their fellows said, "You cannot gamble." They cheerfully ignored the prohibition against gambling just as they cheerfully ignored the prohibition against drinking later on. Reno remained a wide-open town—but behind half-closed doors.

For years and years the gamblers tried to have gambling legalized. Huge war chests were organized and lobbyists filled the streets of Carson City trying to cajole, bribe or persuade the legislators that it would be a good move to legalize the spin of the wheel or the roll of the dice. But the legislators were obdurate. It wasn't until 1931 that a gambling bill was presented to the legislature that met with its approval. Then, oddly enough, it wasn't at the behest of the gamblers at all.

"Sentiment suddenly crystallized in favor of legal gambling," former Governor Morley Griswold says. "People finally said, 'There has always been gambling in Nevada. There is gambling here now

only about ninety per cent of them sold liquor). The bars are taxed separately. The city of Reno taxes an ordinary saloon \$800 a year; a saloon which furnishes music (night clubs are included) \$1,000 a year; a restaurant which sells liquor \$500 a year; a beer parlor \$120 a year; a drugstore which sells bonded liquor \$400 a year; and a wholesale liquor dealer pays a city tax of \$400 per year.

As an example of what a gambling establishment pays in taxes, take the Bank Club. Over each dice table and card game is a sign, "This game never closed." At noon you are apt to see five or six hundred men and women gambling there. Last year the Bank Club paid the city of Reno \$5,930 for its various gambling licenses alone. Its liquor license brought additional revenue to the city. In all, Reno last year was benefited from revenue derived from gambling and liquor by more than \$100,000. That's a great deal of revenue for a city of less than 20,000, and it came from only two sources.

Now let's come to an interesting question: Does legalized gambling help or hurt a community? Does open gambling lower the purchasing power of a community? Does it impair the usefulness or lower the moral tone of individuals? First let us state that citizens of Reno, as a class, gamble a great deal. I went into the Bank Club at noon.

that he's a grand mayor. He has, for instance, developed in Reno one of the greatest fire departments in the country. Funny about Reno—when you think of the city you think of gambling or divorce. And yet it has a fire department and fire equipment that is the equal of any city three times its size. There hasn't been a really bad fire in Reno in twenty years. Mayor Cooper looks what he is—an intelligent, home-loving, average American whose native shrewdness and business ability enabled him to reach middle age comfortably fixed. He'd look out of place in front of a dice table or a roulette wheel—but then he doesn't stand in front of a dice table or a roulette wheel. Gambling just doesn't interest him except as a source of revenue for the city of Reno.

"Some years ago," the mayor said to me, "we had a race track here. We had a sixty-day meeting. During these sixty days of horse racing the merchants at Reno might just as well have closed up shop. There is something about horse racing that makes people bet more than they can afford. Once they do that their purchasing power is lowered and every merchant in town feels it. People seem to want to make money in a hurry at tracks. They know they have only sixty days in which to do it and they plunge, lose, plunge again and then they're in over their heads. That," the mayor said,



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A Middle Western company, that has been in operation for the past 50 years, has just been put out of business. It sold an odorless and tasteless powder that was alleged to cure drunkenness. During this time millions of women have bought the preparation, secretly mixing it in the tea or coffee of husband or brother on the guarantee that he would soon "hate whisky." No such cure by it has ever been recorded.

An interesting sidelight on verdicts handed down in American criminal courts is the fact that 35 per cent of their appealed cases are reversed.

In the United States, more than 5,000 movie theaters use one of eight names—Strand, Ritz, Lyric, Majestic, Princess, Rialto, Royal and State; and 203 different catalogued songs are entitled, "I Love You."—By Edith B. Embury, Detroit, Michigan.

The River Jordan in Palestine, Christianity's most sacred stream since the day when the first Christian baptism took place in it, is a muddy, narrow and unnavigable little river, running through a wilderness that, as far as is known, has never nurtured one important town.

"Stones," comparable to gallstones in a human being, are found quite frequently lodged in the stomachs of horses and cows. They are formed through an accumulation of indigestible material and sometimes reach several pounds in weight.

In Europe during the Middle Ages, whole cities were stricken with terror at times when red spots mysteriously appeared on bread. Much religious significance was attached to this supposed manifestation of impending evil until the color was discovered to be caused by a red micro-organism (*Bacillus Prodigiosus*) which, at that time, appeared in epidemic form during warm weather.—By Jean R. Damon, Towson, Maryland.

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A new electrical instrument for motorcars constantly indicates the number of miles being traveled per gallon of gasoline. Thus it shows, under known driving conditions, when the efficiency of the car is affected and its cost of operation increased by mechanical impairments.—By K. H. Goode, Chicago, Illinois.

The ancient Romans believed that everyone had a "genius," or beneficent guardian spirit which protected him from the cradle to the grave, and they were so completely convinced that this spirit was constantly with them that newly married couples, when furnishing homes, would always buy an extra bed—for their geni.

The Toradjas, a primitive race of Celebes, have strange burial customs. The body remains in the house for two years, until the death rites have been completed, and then it is placed in a tomb, cut in the side of a mountain, the entrance of which is forever guarded by a lifelike effigy. Incidentally, the Toradjas are the only people whose holy men are known to dress in women's clothes.

A significant trend in the United States today is the rapid growth of birth-control clinics. During the past year they have been established at the rate of one every five days, bringing the total number up to 225, which is many more, in proportion to our population, than in any other country.

Lope de Vega (1562-1635), Spain's greatest dramatist, has recently been "honored" by a postage stamp that bears a drawing which he, paradoxically, once used to dishonor his envious contemporaries. It is a picture of a dead cockroach, lying on its back.—By Maurice Sagoff, Boston, Massachusetts.

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shaking his head, "is bad for everyone. "Now here," he added, "we have no such feverish desire to get rich quick. The gambling houses are always open. You can play for pennies or dimes or quarters or dollars. There is no hurry about making a quick killing. Our citizens are accustomed to gambling houses. They take them in their stride. They go in and play a little and get amusement out of it and aren't hurt by it. Incidentally," the mayor added emphatically, "our gambling houses are honest. The proprietors themselves see to that. They know that if one crooked game is exposed the stigma will rest on all gambling establishments and all will suffer."

Tolerance Governs Reno

The croupiers at the tables in Reno are not the steel-eyed, impersonal croupiers you see in Florida or Saratoga or Chicago, or in your own home town (I'll bet you there are half a dozen gambling places within five miles of you no matter what city you live in). They are friendly croupiers. They actually root for you.

I was after a ten for my third point and I'd let it ride. The croupier was more excited than I. "Come on ten," he'd call as I threw the dice. And when I didn't make it he looked for a moment as though he'd burst out crying.

"Who are you working for, me or the house?" I asked him.

"Well," he said, "if you win I figure you'll give me a tip. If the house wins all I get is my salary. Sure, we like to see the players win."

One of the best indications of the honesty of Reno gambling games (or of the credulity of man) is the fact that when the night is over and most of the places are closed you'll find many of the croupiers of those places playing in establishments which keep open all night.

But as a community Reno does not seem to have suffered because of the gambling. Ask a few of the local merchants for their views on this.

J. T. Marks is in the furniture business. He scoffed at the idea that gambling lowered the purchasing power of the city. "The gambling fraternity has brought us considerable new business. We find that gambling somehow teaches people an obligation to pay. Payments on merchandise are met promptly in Reno. Yes, gambling has been a great stimulation to business."

There's Dud R. Ray, sales manager of an automobile company. His business is conducted almost entirely on an installment-payment basis. "We have never had a default in a payment for an automobile which was due to gambling losses. No local resident ever said to me, 'I can't pay this month because I lost so much gambling.' Gambling is good for my business. The sale of automobiles to the gambling people is very good. No, I can't see why anyone would criticize our gambling laws. They've been good for business in every way."

W. W. Conant owns a grocery store. He presents a new light on gambling in Reno. "You know the local people don't play heavily. Gambling is a matter-of-fact thing with them now, and they don't splurge—splurge beyond their means. I know that ordinarily gambling is a bad thing for a community, but Reno somehow is different. There's no city in the world just like Reno. I know that gambling doesn't hurt business and I know that it has brought a great deal of money into town that wasn't here before and that ordinarily wouldn't have come here."

Lester Hilp, druggist, casts one lukewarm dissenting vote. "When gambling was legalized," he tells us, "it gave business a tremendous boost. There is no doubt of that. However, I can't see where the city or state will derive any permanent benefit from it."

Now we've picked these men at ran-

dom. They form a cross-section of Reno business life. It seems fair to say that, on the whole, Reno businessmen are well satisfied with the laws under which gambling operates. There must be those who win a bit when they drive home late at night (or to their offices in the morning) to the tune of chips being tossed on a table or to the merry clicking of dice. There must be those who shiver with distaste at the thought that their children are going to schools which are built and partly maintained by funds derived from the gambling losses of their neighbors. There must be, but I never met any such in Nevada.

Riders of the sagebrush, men of the mines—these still look upon Reno as the place to go when your heart is light and your pocket is heavy. The money men of Hollywood who formerly went to Agua Caliente to gamble now fly to Reno to try their luck and to forget their troubles. Wide open as Reno is, there is nothing vicious about the night life of the city. There is a gayety and friendliness about Reno and about the people who go to Reno to enjoy themselves but there is no viciousness nor ugliness about it. Tolerance, not license, governs Reno.

To talk only of the gambling in Reno is to give an unfair picture of one of the most interesting cities in the country. True it is that the gambling is typical of the spirit of tolerance which is the spirit of the city. More complacent communities may shudder at the thought of the liberality of Reno—Reno shudders at the hypocrisy of cities which hide gambling behind closed doors.

There is also the question of divorce. Reno is popularly known as the fastest-producing divorce mill in the country. But to quote former Governor Griswold again: "Reno in the matter of divorce merely takes advantage of the medieval divorce laws of other states. Here in Nevada we see no reason for solving modern social problems with antiquated remedies."

If you'll read the divorce statute of Nevada you'll find that the grounds for divorce are much the same as in other states. The difference is that the legal machinery by which one may get a divorce is less cumbersome. It is the all-important matter of residence which has made Nevada the delight of those who wish to obtain divorces. Until 1931 Nevada required a six-months residence before one could file suit. In that year the requirement was cut to six weeks.

Free From Prying Eyes

There are those who contemptuously assert that Nevada makes things easy for divorce seekers merely because of the economic gain which accrues to the state from the residence of these people. Actually by cutting the period of residence from six months to six weeks the state showed that its main purpose was not that of keeping visiting litigants in the state as long as possible with the attendant spending of money and filling of the state coffers. The legislators believed that divorce and marriage should be made as painless and as easy as possible. Six weeks' residence for a divorce seemed long enough—while no residence at all is required for the obtaining of a marriage license.

In case you are ever apt to need the information, here's how a divorce is obtained in Reno: You arrive in Reno convinced that Cupid is as phony as a three-dollar bill and that you want to be freed from that dreadful man (woman) to whom you are married. You seek out a lawyer. If you don't know one, open the phone book. You'll find 151 of them listed there (I counted them). Pick one out and go and see him. One lawyer is about as good as another when you're seeking a divorce which is to be

(Continued on page 35)

Relax in Reno

Continued from page 22

uncontested, and more than ninety per cent of all Reno divorces are uncontested. Any second-year law student knows enough law to draw up a complaint in an uncontested divorce case.

Your lawyer will tell you that his fee will be \$250. That is the average charge for a Reno divorce. If it is known that you are very well off he will charge you \$500—reasonable enough in comparison with attorneys' fees in New York or Chicago or Los Angeles. If you are poor (though you never think of poor people getting divorces) you can get a divorce for as little as \$25.

"I'd advise you to live out at a ranch," your lawyer will say, for in Reno your attorney offers more than mere legal advice. "There's Mount Rose, or the Del Monte Ranch or the T. H. Ranch or Washoe Pines or Pyramid Lake or Lake Tahoe or a dozen other places. We'll ride around and look at them. You can get board and lodging from \$25 a week up, which usually includes the use of saddle horses. Your residence has now started. Six weeks from today I'll file your complaint. Be sure that some Nevada resident—your landlady preferably—sees you every day so that she can testify as to your residence. If you have to leave the state for a few days, that's all right, but you'll have to make those few days up afterwards. You must have literally lived here for forty-two days. Some judges insist upon forty-three days. By the way, what are your grounds for divorce?"

"On September 6th at nine o'clock," you say, "my husband threw a baked apple at me and on September 9th he hit me with a charlotte russe and . . ."

"Never mind the details," he will hurriedly interpose. "We will just call it extreme cruelty. Our complaint need only read in the 'words of the statute.'"

If you are at all sensitive you will breathe a sigh of relief. In the complaint only the general charge has to be made, no prying reportorial eyes may feast upon tidbits of scandal and your marital difficulties need not be paraded before a sensation-loving public. Later on, when your trial comes up, you may ask that it be a secret trial. You need give no reason. Your mere request is enough to bar everyone but court attendants from the courtroom. Then the judge will look at the complaint, see that you are charging extreme cruelty (which may be mental) and say, "In what way was your husband cruel?"

You can then go into the horrible details with only the judge as your audience. The state of Nevada sees no reason why private mistakes should be made public property. It is another example of the tolerance and liberality of this frontier state.

More Marriages than Divorces

When your six weeks of residence are up your lawyer starts to serve the other party. You yourself may leave the state until the day of your trial. If the other party is amenable to personal service—that is, if your lawyer can find him and give or mail him a summons—your trial may come within thirty days of the filing of the complaint. If he can't be located, service by publication will suffice—that takes sixty days to complete.

If your divorce is uncontested your trial shouldn't last more than ten minutes. Certainly no more than twenty. It is as painless as possible. Then you can walk out of the courtroom free to make the same mistake all over again.

In addition to the \$250 fee for your lawyer you have paid \$20 to file your

complaint and \$7.50 for the court charges of your trial. You have, if you live as most do while waiting for freedom, spent perhaps \$500 during your six weeks residence and in addition to your divorce you've gotten a nice tan, you've learned to ride a horse and you've gone into the hills on horseback-riding picnics, and you've eaten barbecued chicken and thrilled to the soft-voiced cowboys singing.

You've had a pretty good time for comparatively little money and you'll regret leaving Reno with its honesty and tolerance. But perhaps you'll be back some day. Every time a person marries he's a potential customer for Reno.

Reno, known chiefly as a divorce mill, actually issues more marriage licenses than divorces. In 1934, 2,854 divorces were granted. During the same year 5,629 marriage licenses were issued. During the year people from every single state in the Union came to Reno to be divorced, and they came from seven foreign countries, too.

The Pioneer Spirit Still Burns

To get away for a moment from the more sensational aspects of Nevada. The state capital is Carson City. Governor Richard Kirmán does not at first epitomize Nevada to you. Quiet, soft-spoken, intellectual, he doesn't seem the one to be spokesman for men of the sagebrush or of the mines. He is something very rare in gubernatorial circles. To begin with, he is not a politician. He was president of the First National Bank of Reno, the only bank in the city to remain open during the financial debacle. Retiring, quiet, he emerged from comparative obscurity last year to lead a Democratic reform ticket. His campaign speeches were unlike any that I ever read. He told the voters again and again that he didn't really care whether he was elected.

But they elected him. Now the state of Nevada is run by a businessman banker who knows little and cares less about patronage and political intrigue.

"I only made one campaign promise," the governor said as we sat in his office, "I said I'd put through an old-age pension. I've disappointed the voters to date on that. The legislature passed one such bill but I didn't like it. I vetoed it. Eventually they'll pass the right kind of bill and I'll sign it."

Nevada has no income tax, no inheritance tax, no tax on bank accounts. It is almost a tax-free state, yet its treasury is in good order. The state has less than half a million dollars worth of bonds outstanding.

"We don't allow ourselves to get into debt," the governor smiled. "We run the state in a businesslike manner—and by doing this, of course, we make some enemies and disappoint a lot of people. But we've gotten our share of relief funds from Washington, thanks a great deal to Senator Pittman, and we aren't worried about the future."

The pioneers never did worry much about the future. Nevada is something of a desert state. There are great valleys flung to wide horizons covered with sagebrush—and little else. There is a grandeur about the desolate bareness of the mountains, especially when they are touched with a purple haze. The pioneer spirit still burns brightly in the deserts and in the mountains. Nevada is a state which refuses to grow up, and to fall into line with its more effete sisters to the east and to the west. And Reno is still the swashbuckling, independent frontier city where men of the plains and of the mines go to relax on Saturday night.

3 REASONS.....

why Ingram's gives you the WORLD'S BEST SHAVE



1 Ingram's strips the oily coat from whiskers—softens them down to the skin line.



2 Smooths and tightens the skin, so your razor glides without a skip or scuff.



3 Keeps your shaves cool! No burn. No sting. No need for after-shave lotion.

Three special shaving aids in Ingram's do these three things to give men quicker, cleaner, cooler shaves—

1st, wilt whiskers softer at the skin line, where the razor works. 2nd, smooth and tighten the skin before you shave, so your razor cuts clean without nicking. 3rd, cool the shave and banish after-shaving sting.

You'll never know how comfortable your shaves can be until you try Ingram's! Lather-up. See how little cream you need for a cool, lasting lather. Ingram's Shaving Cream is concentrated; at least three months of better shaves in every tube and jar. Ask your druggist for Ingram's, or mail the coupon today for a free 10-shave trial tube.



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