

Rush for One Man Who Stays in Nights



How Girls in Jazzy 1929 Still Want a Home-Hubby, Though His Own Wife Didn't

PIPE OF PEACE
Jackson C. Stanton, Well-to-do Kansas City Attorney, 44, Shown Contentedly Smoking in the Home His Second Wife Fled Because He Wasn't Interested in Anything But Tobacco, the Radio and His Philosophical Thoughts.

"WOMAN in this scale, the word in that. Jupiter, hang out the balance and weigh them both; and if thou give the preference to women, all I can say is the next time Juno ruffles thee, O Jupiter, try the word."
—Bulwer-Lytton.

THIS is the story of a pipe and its owner, the pip he married, their "tobacco divorce" and the Niagara of proposals he got from ardent women when his wife fled from Kansas City has witnessed some odd domestic break-ups, but never one with all the features of the Jackson C. Stanton's.

There was the disparity in their ages to begin with—he being 41 and she 22—but that alone wouldn't account for the smash of their romance. Nor was Stanton's devotion to his trusty briar "grounds" in the accepted sense. But it was a symbol, and to

Make People Like You

—Says Sloan

"EVERY youngster ought to take stock of himself. He ought to decide early what he would like to do with his life more than anything else. Then if he honestly finds his abilities lie in that field, let him go forward with all he has in him. If he works hard and thinks hard and plays the game squarely with himself and other people, he will get somewhere near where he wants to get."

The man who offers this advice holds one of the biggest jobs in the country, and has so many other responsible



MATTHEW SCOTT SLOAN
positions that it would seem to take forty men to do it all. He is Matthew S. Sloan, new head of the Electric Public Utilities of Greater New York. This is the largest light and power system in the world, serving a territory inhabited by one-fifth of the nation's population.
Although he is one of the youngest executives in the industry Mr. Sloan was asked to take the job because he had shown so conclusively that "his abilities lie in that field." He made up his mind when fourteen years old that he wanted to enter the electrical industry. By considerable cramming he was able to enroll at the Alabama Polytechnic Institute. While in this school he not only passed his subjects, but made good in athletics. He was captain of the championship football team of the South and captain of the baseball team. When he finished the regular technical course, he went back for a post-graduate year.
At nineteen he was ready for his first job. He became the manager of a public service plant in a small town in Alabama. But to do the job well,

Esther Forrester Stanton a rather exasperating one, of Jackson's unwillingness to stir from his hearth, his nicotine and his radio whenever she felt like going places and doing things. That her distaste for stay-at-home, stick-in-the-mud mates is not shared

by the vast majority of women in the United States was attested by the offers of marriage placid Mrs. Stanton's French heel spurned his door. He got so many, in fact, that, flattering though their numerical implication was, he was forced in self-defense to issue a formal statement underlining the "No. 1 Wanted" idea.

Mrs. Stanton, in turn, with that delightful inconsistency of her sex, seemed neither amused nor especially pleased when the news of her ex-husband's sudden popularity reached her. Upon the granting of the divorce she had put considerable distance between herself and Stanton, and from her sister's residence at No. 3432 Garfield Avenue she issued not so much a statement as a series of disparaging snorts.

So women wanted that kind of husband, did they—the kind that never even mildly "steps"? All right. Let them have him. "I never want to hear the words 'husband' or 'pip' again," vociferated Mrs. Stanton. "I'll pick a place to live where I don't have to see his picture in the paper over a statement about the number of women who've 'phoned him. Fed up—that's what I am."

Mrs. Stanton also had quite a bit to add about various paragraphs in her husband's reply to her divorce petition. "By the way, did he ever tell you about those succulent steaks and toothsome pies I cooked for him? No! Well, perhaps he wasn't feeling hungry at the moment. He may have been having one of his tobacco yens. Oh, that pip! It was thickly caked, short-steamed, smelly. A fancy meersch-schaum would have been a relief."
"Then there was the little red box of curve-cut that he always carried in his vest pocket. You know how things that stick in your memory get on your nerves. I can smell the acrid whiff of smoke yet. Never again!"
Meanwhile, at No. 3944 Hyde Park Avenue, the inspiration of these critical remarks was seated in solitary comfort. For his ease the telephone had been plugged. In a sort of bewildered desperation, Jackson Stanton had left his office at four that afternoon. And up to that hour 33 women had explored him to be theirs. But the coy spirit of matrimony had left Stanton cold. He twirled the radio knobs, tuned in on KMA, ramed his briar full of curve-cut. The very position of his body suggested relaxation. Philosophy, as usual, followed physical peace.
"Youth and age simply cannot meet and mate successfully," he said between puffs. "That little girl and I tried honestly to hit it off. The world"—he sighed—"will never know how hard, how faithfully we tried to keep from pulling apart."
"She was my second. My first died two and a half years ago. I had the

WARNING TO WOMEN
Stanton's Typed Explanation of Why He Isn't in the Matrimonial Market Just at Present.

JACKSON C. STANTON
ATTORNEY AT LAW
3944 HYDE PARK AVENUE
KANSAS CITY, MO.
June 28th, 1929

Dear Madam:—

On account of the numerous telephone calls I have received because of my recent divorce, I feel that I should make this statement. I crave most to be let alone. I am busy and must have sleep and rest.

At the beginning in behalf of the Judge who heard the case he based his decision on something more than the reference to the pipe, radio and love of home.

This is my final and only response to those calling and writing me. I am not interested in the least. The letters that I have received have been destroyed. Together with the telephone numbers that have been left, I am sorry for everyone who has been the liberty to approach me on this matter. I have taken years of the public as a professional man, and I want to choose another wife that I would not at least know someone worthy. I do. I should not at least present acquaintance as good enough for me or any other man. I am too busy to get married now, anyway, and perhaps I have always been too busy to be an ideal husband.

I know a little crippled lady I would rather marry than anyone who has written me. I prefer a wife with one "lib" shorter than the other to those who seek a "soft place to light". If you think me a sort place, guess again.

My advice to the many men who have written me asking me to share my numerous proposals with them is that they had better look around for themselves. Perhaps they have just been overlooked.

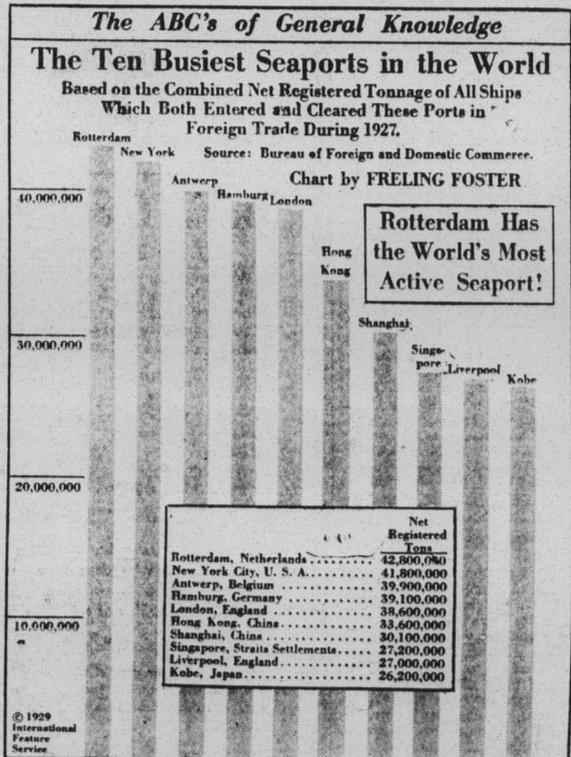
To those who have called and written to me I suggest that you should not do such things. Human conventions are next to God's own laws. None should be violated. Choose your husbands from among your own acquaintances. Do not think of keeping company with a lady to whom I had not been properly introduced. The trouble with most of you is that you want happiness without merit. It. Happiness, like wealth, position, religion, education and anything else in this world worth while must be deserved.

Instead of an "I" get married to a man with means and an "I" business choose a man honorable enough to do an honest job.

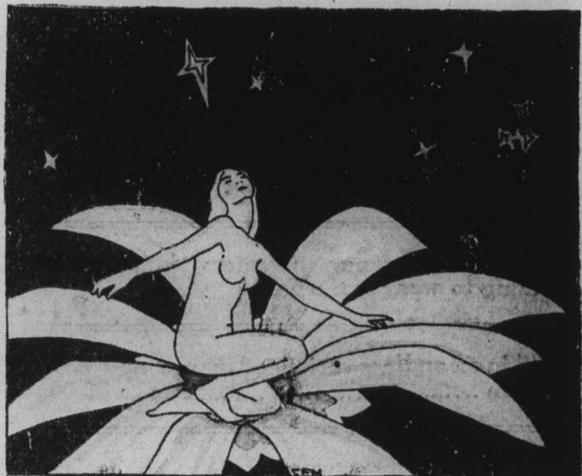


CONVENT CANDIDATE
Esther Forrester Stanton, 22, Who Divorced Her Middle-Aged Husband Because He Showed No Enthusiasm for Going Places and Doing Things.

Hyde Park Avenue home and \$5,000 worth of furnishings. I married my wife's best friend's baby sister. It sounded different in the divorce petition, but I did offer to go out nights. I like dancing; they say I'm pretty good at it. And I used to take my wife fishing and hunting.
"Most modern women don't take the responsibility of keeping up a home seriously. The arduous hours we husbands spend to keep a roof over their heads! Why, some of them think furniture pays for itself and telephones sprout from walls like mushrooms, gratis."
"What I need is a wife like my first. But I liked the little girl, too, and always will. And the little girl's mother and sister—we all got along fine. No, it wasn't money that was the trouble."
While that elusive asset, personality, must have been at the base of Mr. Stanton's allure for the women who wanted him for a husband, it is conceivable that his solidity of financial standing had something to do with it. He owns a 1,000-acre farm in Missouri. He has ten valuable parcels of city property, some of them advantageous for business ventures. And land in five counties of the State.
Printed mention of these happy adjuncts to marriage, any marriage has been tactfully omitted, yet it is no secret that Kansas's most notable pipe smoker is nicely off. But would a would-be "stepping" bride find life with such a recluse the benanza it might sound?
Fets take up a lot of Mr. Stanton's time, too. "You know," he complains mildly, "when a guy stays home three weeks at a time to feed them, and not just because he wants to"—puff-puff—"that little girl will make some man a bang-up wife."
To this Mrs. Stanton, informed, rejoins with a slight snort: "Never. A convent for me."
Stanton keeps on reaching for a briar instead of a bride.



By CLARE MURRAY—Girl Poet-Artist
NIGHT-BLOOMING CEREUS
(On the Riverbank)



"Alert, my body is strained with listening, knowing you must be near."
DEAR!
Last night was wonderful.
Would that tonight
Could speed its coming,
Bringing you near!
My spirit is drugged by day.
I move in a trance.
My brain and my hands perform
their tasks
Like well-trained vassals, apart
from me;
Myself is slumbering deeply,
Waiting for night.
But oh, when the darkness comes
My spirit stirs.
My slow pulse quickens

AND tingles in every pore.
The air is charged with adventure.
I feel its presence.
It shifts and crackles around my head
Like lightning sparks in a storm.
The hours that hobbled so heavily
Begin to dance on their way
Too lightly.
Alert, my body is strained with listening,
Knowing you must be near.
Would that tonight
Could speed its coming!
Dear, do you hear?
Do you hear?