Bertrand Russell once told the world of a sure way to happiness in "marriage." Bertrand was cocksure, dogmatic. He and his wife, Dora, renounced the old code and set up a new one of their own.

The chief tenet of the new code was this: they could be faithful or unfaithful as they chose. That, Bertrand was sure, would make the union ideal and happy. So was Dora sure.

A lot of stiff-shirted males and females decolletee took to old Bertrand's theory eagerly. They were sure, too. This moral restraint, after all, must cause all the troubles.

Well, not long ago, Bertrand and Dora got into an awful squabble, new code and everything. There was a separation. There were abusive charges and abusive countercharges. There was divorce.

All the highbrows who had been awed at Bertrand's philosophy now grew bewildered at Dora and Bertrand.

The last straw: Bertrand has remarried. But he has not yet got around to publish the rules that are to make this new marriage ideal, happy, and permanent. Maybe he is not sure of them.

Five Years After Divorce.

A women's magazine in Switzerland asked questions of certain women-readers. "How do you feel five years after your divorce?"

It seems that 123 women answered the question, and of the 123, 41 so regretted their hasty decision that if they had it to make over today, they would remain with their husbands—providing their husbands wouldn't up and object; 7 divorcees have returned to their original spouses, and only 25 are happy that they have been released.

There are those, like Bertrand and Dora ex-Russell, who do not believe that marriage is the most solemn contract that man and woman can enter into. There is a still larger number who do not believe that marriage is an inviolable Sacrament. However, even such persons don't seem sold on divorce.

Lenten Prayer:

(By Rona Stotonburgh Travals.)

Let me do more than fast and pray
These forty days. Help me to see
The need of drawing near to Thee.

Let me give more than outward sign
These forty days. Help me to say,
Lord, I will follow in Thy way.

Let me be more than I have been
Those forty days. Naught else will do
But give myself, dear Christ, to You.

(—From The Ave Maria.)