

DORIS DENE'S COLUMN

Happiness Depends on Honesty in Marriage, Writer Advises.

DEAR DORIS DENE: I am twenty-nine years old and am in love with a girl who is more intelligent than I am in many ways. She is very sensitive and I respect her and love her deeply. We have known each other for three years and I have often been unfaithful to her. She now wants to know the truth and I am afraid to tell her since I think I may lose her. She is absolutely obsessed with the idea of fidelity and something has put a suspicion into her mind. I don't know how to handle the situation and want above everything else not to lose her.—R. H. M.

ANSWER—If the girl is sensitive and imaginative, the odds are against her being kept in complete ignorance as to the wild oats you have sown. She will meet friends of yours who may be in a reminiscent mood, and if you've deceived her with some artistic lying, the shock may be greater to her nervous system than you have any idea of. Even in this day and age there are women who are idealists about love. They won't accept half-measures. They won't believe half-truths. They carry around with them a glorious vision of perfect love and the breath of suspicion corrodes their happiness and shatters their dream.

There are dozens of times when the truth is far better left unsaid when a calm acceptance of the facts of life is in order and when deception is kinder than cruel fact.

But if a woman is so constituted that knowledge of her future husband's infidelities is absolutely necessary to her happiness—it is wiser to take no chances about reading her a book of pretty white lies.

For the type of love which is built on a dream—and which asks absolute perfection of that dream may be insubstantial—may depend entirely for its maintenance on complete truth and understanding. Therefore, disillusionment to this kind of love means not only misery and suffering but an actual departure of the grande passion.

And so, R. H. M., if your lady demands the whole sad story, give it to her now. Let her know the truth before you've both crossed a bridge it's difficult to recross. Since she has insisted on this confession, you have no real right to decide that she'd much better be lied to.

TOM: It would be a happy experience for me if I could hand out a recipe to people like you whose lives have become completely tangled up with a series of mistakes if I could say comfortably: "Do this and that and you will suddenly find yourself divorced from the wrong girl and married to the right one." Over and over again these piteous stories come in—of misunderstandings and lack of faith which led to hopeless marriages. And then of reconciliation and love too late. And then the eternal cry: "What shall I do? How shall I get out of my marriage which has lasted 14 years and resulted in several children, so that I can marry the girl I've always wanted?"

Believe me, we always have to come back to the same old theme song, however dreary the sound of it: that unless two people married to the wrong mates, can break away cleanly, secure a divorce and start life over again, there is no happiness nor any hope for the love they bear each other.

Men and women undertake more than just living with each other, when they marry. They unconsciously sign a contract which is far more binding than it looks when you read the divorce statistics. They form associations and habits together—they are bound by a million infinitesimal ties, even though they have never loved each other truly and when the time comes for a great break, it isn't only the children who stand in the way of the divorce. It's their deep unconscious dependence on each other—their unwillingness to break up a married life which has become almost an institution to them.

And so, even when they're blinded by a great love and dazzled by a radiant hope of happiness they stand back, fearful to make the great break; and too weak to give up the new hope of happiness. And the result of that is miserable uncertainty for two lovers and the utter demoralization of two households.

Since affairs of this kind don't stand still, Tom, I should advise you to take some step yourself. Your infatuation and hers has reached a pitch where very little will be hidden from the world in a few weeks. You must be strong in one direction or the other. You must give up this dream of a new life, or else you must give up entirely the old established order of things—prepare to do without the life which has meant respectability and comparative contentment for so long.

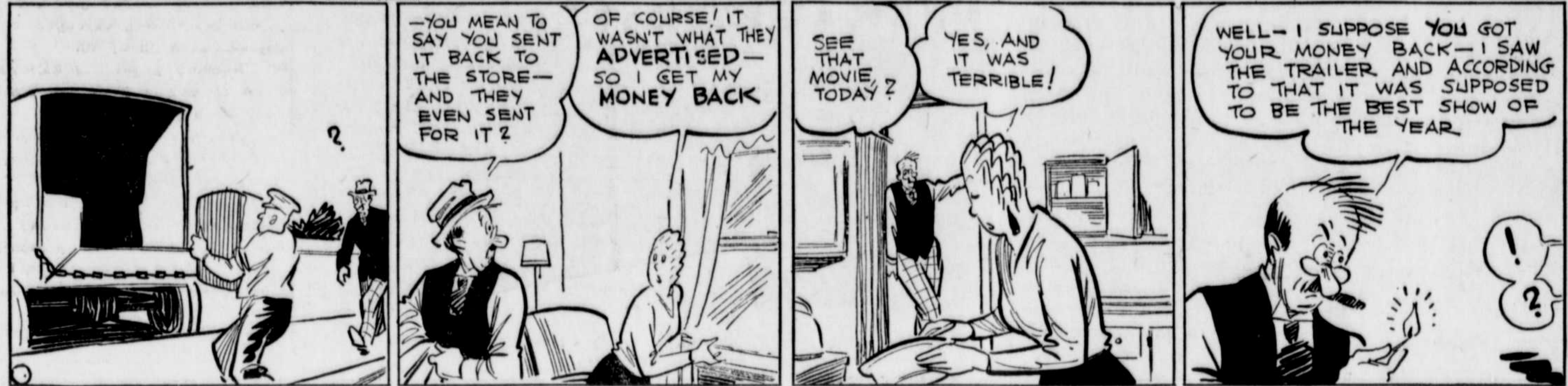
Once before you made up your mind to be brave and put memories behind you. That was when you married the wrong girl. Now you can be strong again and put away your hopes and dreams forever. That wrong girl you married has made an excellent wife insofar as she was capable, and perhaps you can find with her some semblance of happiness if you will cut out of your life the possibility of another great romance.

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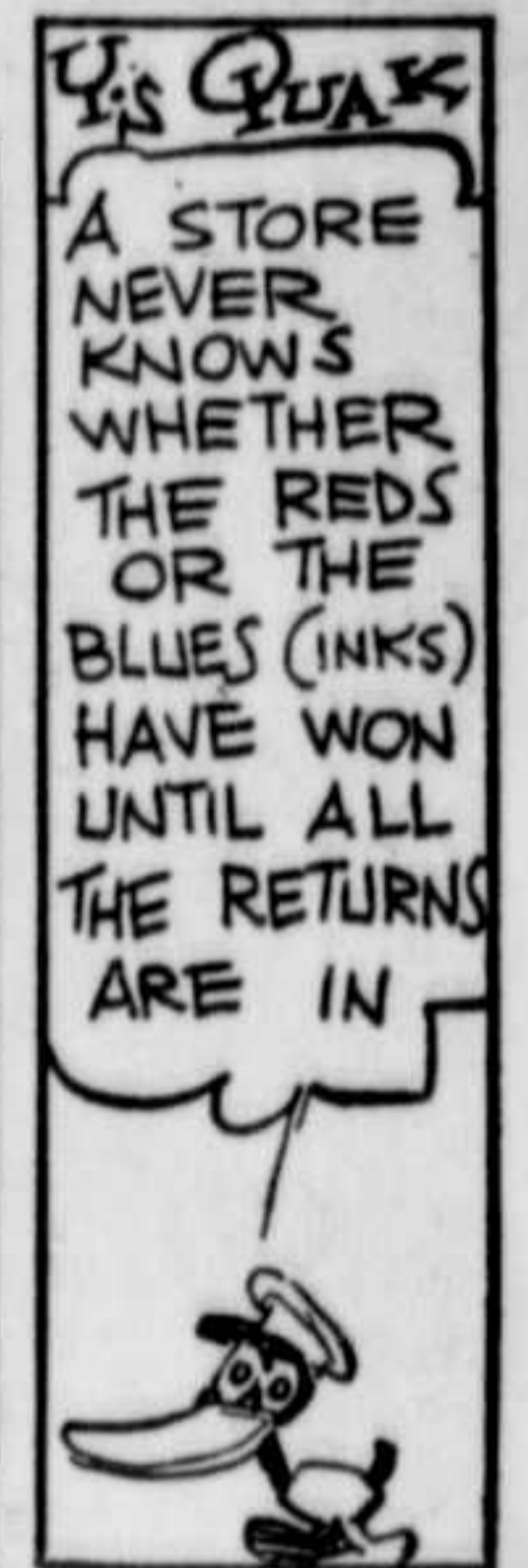
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Another Twist



By J. MILLAR WATT

POP— A Real Protector



HE LEFT HIS MARK

ALL THE DIFFERENCE
"Do you think there is any truth in the theory that big creatures are better-natured than small ones?" asked the intellectual young woman. "Surely!" returned the young man addressed. "Just look at the difference between the Jersey mosquito and the Jersey cow!"

Take That!
"Can you drive with one arm?" "Sure."
"Okay, have an apple."—Georgetown.

Camouflage
Waiter—Customer says his steak is too small.
Manager—Put it on a smaller plate.

HE LEFT HIS MARK
"The man who occupied this room," said the landlady, "was an inventor." He invented an explosive."
"I suppose those spots on the wall are the explosive," said the roomer. "No," said the landlady. "They are the inventor."

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