

# Job Holding by Wife May Harm Mate

Depression Places Deep  
Mark on Some Idle  
Husbands.

BY HELEN WELSHIMER  
NEA Service Staff Writer

D. CECILE T. LA FOLLETTE, of Columbia University, has recently completed a serious study of the domestic relations of 652 married women employed in 36 American cities. She has announced, as a result of her survey, that full-time working wives are not getting a square deal from their husbands.



Helen  
Welshimer

These women must be the bread-winners of necessity, since they are the employed members of their family, but Dr. La Follette says that they are often expected to work to cut the bread and butter it, too. There is much to be said in a plea for the erring husbands. They are not lazy, for the most part. Depressed, yes. And disappointed. Their morale is lowered. Their eyes aren't so clear, their faces are thinner and their mouths have a grimmer line, if they are really fine men who want to support their families and have been deprived, through an economic catastrophe, of this responsibility.

## Prejudice an Obstacle

Then, too, there has been a prejudice against men who were interested in household tasks. The unemployed husbands have that barrier to hurdle, too. The very hope which keeps them waiting for a job to turn up, with true Micawberian spirit, will prevent them from applying themselves wholeheartedly to bedmaking and dishwashing. No man wants to be supported by a woman. He wants the right to work, to pay his own way in cash, to contribute to society through an active accomplishment. An unemployed husband suffers from lack of a channel in which to function as well as from acceptance of the enforced financial support given him. The last few years have been trying for unemployed husbands with employed wives. Women should exercise patience and understanding and be peculiarly tolerant with the irrational tendencies, the nervous attitudes that have developed in many men.

## Graciousness Will Help

Remember, men have a tradition behind them which is as firmly built as it is unfair. When sons and daughters in the same families are employed outside the home, though an equal check for board may be demanded from each, it is always the daughter who is expected to do an apron and wipe the dinner dishes. The son is supposed to be tired after his day at the office. We recognize the unfairness of the situation, but we must realize that this situation of men withdrawing from household duties is nothing new. They have been trained to do so, unjust though it is. But the new order may result in a better partnership when the economic pendulum swings back to normality.



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# TALKING

BEGIN HERE TODAY  
Treasure McGuire has got a job as a hostess in a cheap night club. Only 18 and ignorant of the world, this is the only place she can find to support her mother and her brothers and sisters, who are all unemployed. Treasure is a night club Treasure wins the friendship of Oliver Keith, pianist in the orchestra, and the envy of Juanita. Before another hostess, Juanita hates Treasure for her youth, her beauty, her innocence—and more—because Rudolf Molinari, a handsome, rich young Italian has preferred Treasure to her.

## NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

### CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)

WHEN the dance was finished he accompanied Juanita to her table where he ordered drinks for the three of them. Shortly after this, although Treasure had scarcely uttered a word, he asked her to dance.

Warned by Juanita's snapping eyes she refused, but Rudolf laughingly insisted. No sooner were they out of hearing than he murmured, "What's the matter with you? Why are you so scared?"

"I'm not," she denied.

"You are," he whispered in her ear. "Is it because of Juanita?"

"I don't want to make her angry," Treasure admitted.

He pressed her closer.

"I'll take care of that. Juanita's mark is one which can easily be erased."

"Now what does he mean by that?" Treasure thought, flattered at his interest, but certain it would not be worth rousing the other hostess' jealousy.

"We have a sort of unwritten law here," she exclaimed.

"I know all about that," he retorted, "but if it's you I'm interested in all the laws in the world can't compel me to confine my attention to some one else."

He spoke as one accustomed to being obeyed and Treasure, accustomed to making herself agreeable, did not argue with him.

"I happen to be fed up with women of Juanita's type," he continued lightly. "I've just returned from Spain, where the woods are full of them."

"You look Italian," Treasure ventured, hoping to change the subject.

"So I am, but I have been traveling for almost a year."

"Oh!" she cried, interested now in spite of herself, "do you know how to dance the tango?"

Rudolf laughed.

"Not if I had the patience enough to learn, but you should see Tony dance it."

"Tony?"

"My kid brother. He spent hours learning to do it properly."

"So did I," she confessed, "but I never met any one who can do it with me."

The music had stopped now and Rudolf started her to a table as far as possible from the one where Juanita was waiting.

"Will you have a drink with me?"

"I'd rather not if you don't mind."

With smiling determination he pushed her into a seat.

"I do mind, very much. Listen! If you're very nice to me, I'll bring my brother up here some night next week. He's been wishing for a tango partner."

"Oh, will you? I'd love that. It's the most fascinating dance in the world," the girl cried, forgetting for a moment the pair of black eyes staring from across the room.

Later she regretted that promise and her own acceptance, for Rudolf would not permit her to leave. When she attempted to excuse herself he called Mr. Fernandez saying jokingly, "What am I going to do about this, Pete? The young lady doesn't want to drink with me."

Pete's fat eyes glared from his fat little face.

"So? What's the idea?"

"She seems to be under the impression that I belong to some one else."

"Nonsense," Pete said irritably, still glaring.

"That's what I told her," Rudolf insisted.

Treasure flushed, attempted to speak and faltered into silence. What was the use? Pete was already annoyed. And Pete, not Juanita.

"I wasn't sneaking," she said in her husky voice.

"Don't talk back to me or big as you are I'll thrash you," he threatened.

"Where is mother?" Treasure asked apprehensively.

"Where you should be at this time of the night. In her bed. Now then answer me, what have you been doing?"

Unconcealed contempt was in her reply.

"I've been supporting the family."

Her father, who prided himself on his sense of humor, threw back his head and laughed.

"Oh you have, have you? Do in what?"

"Dancing," the girl said briefly.

"That's a likely story."

"It's true," she flushed. "You can ask mother."

"Well that's fine then," Mike McGuire retorted. "I can use a little money right now. Give me your pocketbook."

Instinctively her hands had gone behind her back.

"Give it to me," he repeated, lumbering toward her in his thick stockinged feet.

She could have killed him as he

stood there, but there was no alternative but to hold it out to him.

"It's for mother," she pleaded.

"She's been so sick," he growled.

"You're telling me. Where did you get \$10?"

"I told you."

"Why you little liar," he said pocketing the bill. "I've a good mind to throw you out."

That any man could live and be so cruel! That God could let him live, she thought, staring at him with unflinching eyes.

But, appeased by the money, Mike returned to his chair.

"It's lucky for you I happen to be in a good humor tonight," he said mildly. "Get to bed now. What are you waiting for?"

Only her eyes expressed the loathing which flooded her heart but in spite of his command she did not go to her room.

Instead she walked into her mother's, where Ellen lay looking like death.

Afraid to speak lest she should burst into tears Treasure knelt beside the bed and kissed the poor, tortured face, but her mother lay as if turned to stone.

Alarmed by her impassivity Treasure whispered her unflinching message, "Never mind, mama!"

The blue lips moved but she could not hear what they said.

"What did you say, dear? Tell Treasure," the girl begged as if she were talking to a child.

"Don't leave me," whimpered Ellen.

Fiercely the girl's arms tightened about her neck.

"I won't."

"It'll be mad," Ellen cried hysterically.

"I'll fix it, mama! Leave it to me," Treasure promised.

Boldly she walked into the living room.

"Mama's not so well tonight," she said colorfully. "I think I'd better stay with her. You can have my bed."

Mike grunted and a moment later the door was bolted behind her. Deliberately she had played upon her father's weakness. If there was anything he detested, it was, as he often said, "a sick woman."

The fact that Ellen was undeniably in that condition and likely to remain so for some time made him not unwilling to exchange places with his daughter. After a month of roving he felt the need of undisturbed rest and he made no objection to the arrangement continued during the first week after his return.

Treasure had boasted that he was one of the best mechanics in San Francisco. Proof of her statement lay in the fact that the very next day he was taken back to work at his old job.

He proved at the same time that he was not so set as he had pretended to be about Treasure's occupation.

SHE was permitted to go to the night club unmolested and after that first night he made no attempt to take what she earned. Although she, doubly cautious now, gave half of everything she made to Oliver, who returned it to her on Saturday when she spent it on her mother and a new dress for herself.

The dress was "a honey," Oliver said. It had much more style than any Treasure had worn before. She hadn't been at the night club for a month without improving her clothes sense. The dress clung closely to her slender hips and subtly defined the long sweet line from waist to ankle. Above it her face was like a flower. The pale gold of a lily shimmered in her hair.

She moved with dignity and grace about the dingy night club and a few wondered to see her there. A slim angel dancing with mortal men, most of whom were unaware of any difference between her fragrant loveliness and that of the other two girls.

For men judge women by their environment and the fact that they were night club hostesses definitely placed all three in the same category so far as the average male was concerned.

To these she was a delectable little dancing queen, a delicious morsel of flesh with whom for a consideration they were permitted to dance.

Oliver Keith, of course, knew better. Had suspected it from the beginning. Pete Fernandez, also knew, while the other two girls were only too conscious of it. Dorothy looked upon her with an amusement bordering on awe but Juanita, who had disliked her from the first, was now an active menace.

Warned by Pete to "lay off" if she knew what was good for her, Juanita had made no move as yet but her expression when she looked up on the younger girl held the glittering fascination as a serpent preparing to strike.

Rudolf Molinari had not kept his promise to return to the night club that next week but Juanita suspected that sooner or later he would come and when he did one move on Treasure's part and it would be "just too bad." She told this to Dorothy who, as Juanita had intended, relayed it to Treasure.

"She's one gal who means what she says, too," Dorothy added, cheerfully.

"But what can I about it?" Treasure demanded.

They were sitting at their accustomed table on a Monday night when business was worse than usual. Even the orchestra played as if it were on its last legs. Oliver had told Treasure they were going to leave as soon as Pete paid what he owed them. Tonight he thumped the piano mechanically. Treasure gazing at him, wished she could ask his advice as to what reply to make to Juanita's veiled threat.

"I don't want Rudolf Molinari," she protested to Dorothy. "But if Pete insists on my being nice to him, what can I do?"

"Discourage him."

"I did. Maybe that's why he hasn't come back," Treasure said hopefully.

She had no sooner spoken than she looked up to see him standing inside the door.

(To Be Continued)

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