

Job Holding by Wife May Harm Mate

Depression Places Deep Mark on Some Idle Husbands.

By HELEN WELSHEIMER

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 giving a square deal to their husbands. These women must be the bread-winners of necessity, since they are the employed members of their family, but Dr. La Follette says that their husbands too often expect working wives 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. Defeated, yes. And disappointed. Their morale is lowered. The 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.

Naturally they are awkward and clumsy as they face unaccustomed tasks. Of course, they don't see the work that is to be done any more than an untrained business woman, entering her husband's office, would understand the intricacy of its mechanism.

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 that Micawberian spirit, will prevent them from applying themselves whole-heartedly to bedmaking and dishwashing.

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 as much as from a man of the enforced financial support given him.

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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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TANGO

By VIDA HURST
REGISTER AND TRIBUNE SYNDICATE

Treasure McGuire has got a job as a hostess in a San Francisco club. Only is honest and ignorant of the world, this is the only work she can find to support the motherless, her three sisters, deserted by a boorish father.

Oliver Keith plans to bring the tango and the enmity of Juanita, DeLoe, and their house. Juanita hates Oliver Keith, her youth, her beauty, her innocence—and more—because Rudolf Molinari, an Italian has preferred Treasure to him.

Rudolf has forced his attention on Treasure, and she has enjoyed dancing the tango, he has promised to bring his younger brother to dance with her.

NOW GO ON WITH THE STORY

CHAPTER FOUR (Continued)

WHEN the dance was finished WEN 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 made."

"Now what does he mean by that?" Treasure thought, flattered by the compliment, 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 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 I! I hadn't patience enough to learn, but you should see Tony dance it."

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

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

The music had stopped now and Rudolf steered 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. Fernando 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 Jua-

nia, was her employer. Besides she needed the money Rudolf was now tucking inside her clenched fist. It was a bill which meant food—the luxuries—perhaps her mother had been craving.

Valiantly she smiled into the dark eyes across from her.

"Thank you very much," she said. "That's very sweet of you."

Treasure was amazed when she saw that he had given her a \$10 bill.

CHAPTER FIVE

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