

# When a Husband is Jealous of His Wife's Job Wife Her Husband's



"When He Would Come Home I Would Suggest a Dance or the Theatre, and He Would Say: 'Tomorrow, Baby. Not Today!'"



"I Come in All Thrilled, to Make an Evening of It, at 3 A. M., When He Is Getting His Beauty Sleep."

**No Man Forgives His Spouse for Making More Money Than He, Says Helen Lee Worthing, While Elaine Harris Inveighs Against Wall Street as Her Only Rival.**

EVERY wife has a rival in her home, a rival greatly to be feared and fought against. This rival, according to W. L. George, the English novelist, and others, is her husband's business.

But if disaster lurks in a home where the husband's business threatens to overshadow his wife's affection, what of the home where the wife herself is an earner—and where she earns, as is sometimes the case, more than her husband? Mr. George hasn't answered that question yet. But his view is hardly necessary now, for the answer has been supplied by one who has qualified through personal experience. Miss Helen Lee Worthing, formerly Mrs. Charles McDonald, of Brookline, Mass., who has just been divorced from her husband, says that the main source of their double discontent was the amount of her salary.

She charged her husband with cruelty—and specified that the cruelty arose out of his intense jealousy of her earning power. "My business was my husband's rival all right, all right," she said, "for I made the mistake of earning more than he did. There were other things of course. Our working hours didn't coincide for one thing

plained. "All big business. Sometimes when he would come home from his office in the evening I would suggest that we go to a dance or to the theatre and he would always say: 'Tomorrow, Baby. Not today.'" Finally he said "tomorrow" once too often and Mrs. Harris decided that she could never find happiness in a home where there was so much money. So she started out to

to make an evening of it, at 3 A. M., when he is getting his beauty sleep.

"I am pretty sleepy most mornings until one in the afternoon. That means that I'm in no particularly trim condition to preside at a breakfast table, in no



Helen Lee Worthing Posed with Her Very Unusual Pet—a Pig!

condition to pick hairs from a husbandly shoulder before he goes out to earn a salary about one-third less than I earn. Hours played havoc in our household.

"But the salary question loomed large and forbidding. No man ever forgives his wife for making more money than he makes. Neither did my husband forgive me. The man may not show his jealousy openly. But it's there just the same. Now the wise wife, very much in love, will give up her job if she makes more than her husband, or, at any rate, she will top off enough salary when telling it, to make it less than his. But if she can't—then she raises up between herself and her husband a barrier, stern, cruel, forbidding. And that worst jealousy of all, the jealousy of man for woman as his economic rival, will come between them forever.

"The economic jealousy he had for me was so hot and strong that it put other things in the background. He did not mind if I went to dinner with some other man or if a thousand cavaliers sent me violets. My husband was too pleasingly platonic, in other words. If, just once, he had blackened my eye, because I thought of some other man, I could have forgiven him everything. If he had loved me enough to be jealous of me—all would have been well. But not he. "Though I have divorced him, we still are just as friendly as two old women knitting by the fire-

side. We're just as friendly as two old gentlemen swapping stories. Should I ever get married again McDonald would right gladly hand the ring at the right time to my second husband. And I would gladly pin the orange blossoms to the bridal cap of his second sweetie. And that's that."

Mrs. Elaine Harris, who prior to her marriage was one of the Lees of Virginia, spurned her husband's millions and turned for happiness to other things. But the ironic hand of fate has recently inserted itself into the life of Mrs. Harris. The forbidding presence of money had destroyed the possibility of happiness in her home, she said, but she recently suffered the indignity of having her trunks attached because she couldn't raise \$3000.

It appears, from her subsequent statements, that this Virginia girl, who wed a New York banker, went into marriage expecting great love above all things. But differences occurred rather early in the game because her husband accorded her none of the affection she had been led to expect. There was never "another man" or "another woman." There was only Wall Street.

### What She Most Wanted

"I had all the luxuries in the world; everything I wanted except one thing," said Mrs. Harris, "and that was love. And I wanted to be loved."

"On one occasion he even forgot my birthday, and that, too, after I had decorated the house."

"I have concluded that the ten commandments are nothing to a husband's happiness. Loyalty and devotion are passed up like a bad check. The music which soothes the savage breast is the charm of a soft voice."

"Husbands must be charmed—charmed—charmed—from breakfast to dinner. But being charming twenty-four hours a day gets to be monotonous. So I am going to Europe to lead a quiet life and be myself as I really am."

This was just after the break between Mrs. Harris and her husband, Mr. Harris, when asked to comment on his wife's statement that he had been deficient in love, replied as follows:

"The total estimated value of the domestic and foreign commerce of the United States was approximately \$44,000,000,000. Of this total, approximately \$20,000,000,000 is represented by manufactures. But while our financial capacity, as indicated by the figures above, has so greatly increased and billions of dollars of new capital has been employed in manufacturing lines in recent years, figures on our foreign commerce are not proportionate and are disappointing."



Above and at Right—Two Poses of Mrs. Elaine Lee Harris, Who Says Her Rich Husband Thought Only of Wall Street.

look for happiness in Europe—and, incidentally, to find freedom.

Mrs. McDonald, or Miss Worthing, became nationally known for her beauty in 1919, when she won a country-wide contest. At that time she had been married two years to Charles McDonald, though none of her friends knew anything about it. No information has been forthcoming about those first two years, but Miss Worthing has implied that everything was going well until she began to make a rather good salary as an entertainer. Mrs. McDonald, who is now Miss Worthing by an edict of the Suffolk Superior Court, tells her own story rather vividly. She says:

### Recipe for Marital Bliss

"In the perfect marriage one or the other is subordinate—one or the other yields. First of all Mr. McDonald and I came to odds over my hours. I go to work at quarter of twelve midnight and am not through until after two. Mr. McDonald ordinarily goes to bed about the time I am going to work. And I come in all thrilled and ready



Helen Lee Worthing, Who Avers Her Greater Earning Power Made Her Husband Jealous and Disrupted Their Home.

and then neither one of us was willing to give in to the other. But it all came back to my salary. He was much more jealous of that than he ever was of another man."

The contrary of Miss Worthing's case is found in the tragic search for freedom and happiness which Mrs. Elaine Lee Harris has been making ever since she broke loose from her husband two years ago. Miss Worthing's matrimonial bark was capsized because her husband didn't make enough money; Mrs. Harris's home was wrecked because her husband made too much.

"He was all Wall street," Mrs. Harris ex-

