

# Man's Business and the Woman's

By CHRISTINE FREDERICK

**T**HE late John Patterson, founder of the National Cash Register Company, was, like John Wanamaker, Marshall Field, and a few others, an enormously shrewd business psychologist and innovator. He sent for me some years ago and stood me before a great convention of wives of his district managers and salesmen, from which the husbands were excluded. The novel job he and his assistants had set for themselves was to educate and stimulate the "other half"—if not the "better half"—of their sales organization. It was, I confess, a unique entertainment and experience for my sex.

"My men are as efficient as their wives permit them to be—no more, no less," exhorted Mr. Patterson, in his decided way. "I've worked at only fifty per cent efficiency heretofore, by treating the wives as non-existent, when, as a matter of fact, they are an integral part of the organization." The wives had a whole series of thrills and educational courses that week. They gazed upon prizes of beautiful home furnishings which their husbands might win if they both tried hard. They were given a tabloid course in home economics and budget-making (Mr. Patterson has left his niece a bequest to propagate the budget idea among women generally), and they were shown by graphic stage representations how the ablest salesmen operate and given explicit programs of active co-operation with their husbands in selling. To my astonishment, they were also shown precisely how their husbands stood in the records of the company—a little stunt full of surprises, pleasant and unpleasant! This particular part of the plan, I have no hesitation in saying, is a serious mistake, not to say an impertinence. There are enough causes of friction between husband and wife without introducing new ones. Furthermore, an employee has a right to ask some financial privacy from his employer.

There are many indications that employers of men are aware, even if women generally are not, of the new rôle a modern wife plays in a man's business success. The old catchwords of a wife's duty and place are outworn and obsolete; they are not adapted to modern economic psychology and feminine prog-

ress. A wife in generations past had but to "feed the brute," bear him children, and be handy with the needle, plus a few judicious tears, in order to win her helpmeet's halo and fulfill society's expectations of her.

**T**ODAY women of the more intelligent classes especially—the salesman, executive, professional levels—are, frankly, a problem as wives. They are often maladjusted to their husbands' economic status and psychology. Oh, I know that women with tortoise-shell glasses, standing upon "culture" rostrums, put the cart before the horse and say that men are not adjusted to their wives, and in pained, supercilious tones speak contemptuously of the "t. b. m." and his lack of culture and his preoccupation with business.

I am, however, an incurable realist on woman topics, and consider this idle twaddle. I think the average man on these levels is his wife's equal, and usually her intellectual superior, no matter if she has acquired a prattle which he finds incomprehensible about Ibsen and Browning or (let me be quite up to date) T. S. Eliot or Virginia Woolf. The far more vital fact is that she needs, and the greater success of her marriage calls for, a more intimate projection of herself into her husband's business and career, since it is their joint career. I believe that this is the greatest road along which women of America can travel, to fill the vacuum created by declining home labors.

It is a commonplace in all lands to hold up the French wife as a high example in this respect, for she is admittedly a wonderful business partner and lives closer to her husband than English, German, or American wives. America, to be sure, is not, like France, a nation of small business enterprises, which makes partnership with wives easy; but to say that such a thing is not practical in America is saying far too much.

Most of the talk one hears today is about women's careers. It is good talk—let it go on, because you can't go very far into that subject, if you are honest, without bumping into the fact that scarcely 1,500,000 women out of the 10,000,000 who are working are interested in the slightest degree in com-

pletely independent careers. To the remainder business is a temporary stop-over. They want marriage; are glad to give up their jobs; in fact, work only because a job enlarges their male acquaintanceship and provides money to dress themselves better for the marriage market. They admit openly that they want to work with men; that they haven't got the courage to do the big commercial things man does alone. There is also, on the other hand, plenty of evidence that American women do not want to confine themselves to the narrowed home duties, nor to lead a life of parasitic spending.

**F**ACING these facts, is it not clear that if a woman chooses wifehood she must sooner or later, if she has energy and zest in life, choose to do something more than light housekeeping, child-bearing, and being an agreeable companion? Is it not equally obvious that her most natural move should be to make herself a partner in what is, after all, their joint economic enterprise, namely, her husband's work?

We have given woman equal education, the ballot, and opened business offices to her. We have quite amazingly aided her in reducing household labors. She wants to be, and is, an equal. She wants to be, and is, more than a house servant, a "clinging vine," and an emotional toy. She is a self-reliant partner, and unless she has authentic special gifts of her own—not mere yearnings, but disciplined ability—she should take her place as definite aide-de-camp in her husband's business. A partnership in which the wife is a mere cook and housekeeper is like a partnership by a business man with his mere bookkeeper; it is an unfair and unwise division of duties, which women were justified in rebelling against, because it demeaned them and confined them. A partnership where woman is a mere idle well-dressed spender is, as Lady Rhondda has been insisting recently in England, a thoroughly unhealthy waste.

**T**o grasp more precisely what I mean regarding the modern woman's relation to her husband's career, let me picture some examples from actual life of what happens when she is out of key

with her husband's affairs. The sales manager of a famous company told me recently that twelve of his best men in the last several years have come to grief over the matter of transfer to new territory. The company's—and, of course, the employee's—best interests called for transfer to another city. The men encountered stubborn resistance from their wives; but the company naturally could not permit its plans to be changed. Some of the men listened to their wives' vapid advice to find another job in the same city (thus relinquishing their cumulative standing), while other men forced the issue, but were made so unhappy in the new city by their disconsolate wives that they did not succeed, and were dropped.

Now, a woman compelled to relinquish ties in one city and move to a new community is entitled to some sympathy, but not to support in making herself a dead weight upon her husband's progress. I am told on good authority that it is one of the commonest happenings in business for men's careers to be endangered or wrecked by their wives on this rock of change of habitat. Offers to husbands of double and treble present salaries and distinct forward steps in career are opposed by women for no more intelligent reasons than habit, relinquishing of friends or relatives, bridge or dance companions, and petty social ambitions. Sometimes it is nothing but the age-old reluctance of woman to adventure forth into new country; "totemism" is the scientific word. Women have always invented taboos, superstitions, and bogies to keep their men at home; and it has rarely been a good thing for the race.

Only a business executive knows what a serious setback such experiences are to men. Sometimes they never get back their "punch." They nurse a secret bitterness, lose confidence in themselves, and often the wives sorely regret it in the end.

One case I know is an epic. A small-town man left his home at eighteen and "went West." He found his true level there; moved among a higher class of people, was stimulated and made ambitious. At twenty-four he had laid away a tidy sum, and came back to woo and marry the girl sweetheart he still loved. They were married, but she flatly refused to go West with him. All her relatives and girlhood friends were here; she would be unhappy away from them. He was too tender of his bride's feelings, and stayed; but an amazing retrogres-

sion developed in him within a year or two. The old environment dragged him back again to his old level in spite of himself, and he slid half-heartedly from one job to another, while children multiplied and the wife's love changed to contempt for what seemed shiftlessness, but was in reality a balked, mutilated personality. That the wife died young, a martyr to overwork and worry, is a true but not a palatable poetic justice.

This example from actual life indicates with mournful clarity how all-important is the psychology of a husband when he is the family's sole breadwinner, when his is the career on which the family's success is predicated. It does not matter whether the man is rich or poor—monetary success is not the modern American man's complete goal, nor the key to his psychology, despite the ill-informed disparagers of the "t. b. m." The same fault evidences itself, no matter what the husband's occupation. We have recently had searching revelations of the serious, repressive parts which the wives of Mark Twain and Abraham Lincoln played in their careers; at what odds and at what cost to their inner happiness these men "carried on." American wifehood can but hang its head at such instances of a chronic American state of a wife's maladjustment to man's work. Nor is the memory of Shakespeare's Ann Hathaway or Carlyle's Jane in England anything from which to build an alibi, for it but widens the charge to the Anglo-Saxon race as a whole.

It is my perennial quarrel with modern women that they are too engrossed in the pleasures of their new status to grasp the justice and the logic of their changed position, while the American man is too indulgently generous and also too unconscious of himself to be deeply concerned. If the American man is one-sided and his character suffers certain defects, particularly on the cultural and humanistic sides, in which women are by natural genius more skilled, a generous share of blame must be placed on the American wife. She has not made herself enough of a partner in his deepest interests to provide correctives. I frankly consider it more logical that leaders of women talk about and plan for their responsibilities as wives than to excite themselves over meticulous equalities of rights as women—so long as it remains a fact that nine-tenths of women prefer wifehood to a completely individual career.

The economic benefits of sheer wife-

hood under modern conditions of semi-luxury, idleness, and American male attitude are abnormally pronounced and obvious; in fact, so weigh down the wife's side of the scale that it is small wonder that men are waking out of their chivalric dream and cynically inquiring why they should marry.

American men are so bred to the doctrine that business must not be brought home, so influenced by the male tradition and vanity of displaying their success through their wives and their other property, that the road is not easy even for the woman who wants to be closer to her husband's life of business. It is perfectly true that the American man's enormous concentration on business is partly a reflex of his desire to support in idleness his wife and family in a manner comporting with his or her social and economic ambitions. He has asked little but that she be a credit to and an advertisement of his financial prowess. But this is far from the whole story, and any woman who comfortably falls back upon this alibi is deluding herself.

Charles Schwab has spoken for all intelligent business men when he says that it isn't money, but "putting your idea across," that animates the modern business man. This touches the very heart of my plea, for I insist that it is spiritual divorce for a wife to permit her husband to labor with the almost religious devotion and the fire of genius which the American man often applies to business at the job of "putting his idea across," without being in the thick of it with him. The American man of even semi-intelligent class is invariably marked with an idea to put across; it is a National trait, from Thomas Jefferson to George F. Babbitt; from the plumber on your corner who has a little invention he dreams about to the executive who visualizes a great "merger." To claim that a woman can be of little aid to a man in his business is to belie much of history and considerable of woman's own claims to capacity. I would like to see more women get very close to man's business, actually work side by side with him, if the work is fitting, but certainly the least she can do is to provide that backing, that interest, that faith, which gives a man courage and stamina.

THE most sorry sight I ever see—and I have seen many, Chautauquaing and lecturing about the country—is a wife who sneers at her husband's pet scheme and is constantly poking the  
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# Taking the "R" Out of Revolution

By IRVING T. BUSH

**I**N America things are still far from perfect, but it would be a discouraging outlook if there were nothing we could make better. There are two lessons to be learned: one by the conservatives, and one by the radicals. The conservatives must learn that progress can only be successful if it includes every one, and the radical must learn that only by patiently building upon what we have already can real success be attained. Perfection will never be achieved, for the top of the hill now in sight will open new vistas.

Bolshevism is merely a new name for discontent. Some seem to think Bolshevism, like caviar, comes only from Russia. It has always existed everywhere, and always will exist. It is a state of mind which convinces some one that he can run somebody else's job better than it is being run.

No one ever gets Bolshevik about his own job. That would be efficiency, and Bolshevism is the antithesis of efficiency. The parlor Bolsheviks do not want to dust the parlor—they want to run the government. The theorists wish to get right down into industry, about which they know nothing, and show the captains of industry a thing or two. The discontented workman does not want to improve his work—he would rather get his hand on the wheel. They are all back-seat drivers—and about equally useful. In a world where some one must always clean out the drains and fire the boilers they all wish to be chief engineers.

In backward countries a revolution may be better than the conditions which cause it. But there should be no room for that kind of discontent in the United States. We are a people who are staking our future on general education, and with intelligence we shall move forward, revolution free, to greater and greater heights of prosperity.

**A**MERICA is prosperous because she is intelligent. She is vibrant with energy and the spirit of adventure because she has created opportunity and because she has had the intelligence to permit the men who have built

this prosperity to enjoy the fruits of their labor.

And yet I find a considerable number of well-meaning people tiptoeing around and looking under the bed for Bolsheviks here in this country where we have



LEON TROTSKY

Recently exiled to Siberia,  
which may or may not put an  
end to his activity

achieved the highest degree of prosperity, comfort, and happiness for every one that the world has ever known. If there is a place in the world where there is no danger from Bolshevism, it seems to me it is in these United States. I have tried to find out how many so-called Reds we have. Matthew Woll, Vice-President of the American Federation of Labor, said in a recent speech that there are perhaps 15,000 among 115,000,000.

Of course we have always had discontent—and always will have a little—but I believe there is less today of an objectionable character than ever before. We have built our democracy upon education, and have passed the point where "a little education is a dangerous thing" to the point where an educated citizenship argues out its differences of opinion and settles its problems. When we find

we have made a mistake, we go at it again, but we have put firing squads in the discard.

We not only have an educated citizenship, we have an enlightened labor leadership. Where we have radical ideas in labor, it is in a few of the trades giving employment to the less-educated workers, and composed of many foreign-born who have not been here long enough to understand that their real interest lies in pulling at the oars with the rest of us and not rocking the boat.

**A** FEW weeks ago I left Russia. I feel impelled to use Russia as an object-lesson. I shall not attempt an economic analysis of Russian conditions. It is useless. A hole is plugged here, and a new leak opens somewhere else. Although the Russian ship of state sails on, the ship of Communism is slowly sinking despite the frantic efforts of the crew. Captains are changed and mutinies quelled. It does no good. Some day the sails will be trimmed and a course set upon charted seas. Until then we must wait and sail our own ship. It is our job to keep that on an even keel; and that, too, seems to me to be a part of this Russian question.

The hand that writes the story of Russia must be guided by a deep understanding of human motives. It cannot be written all in red ink, or all in black. It must tell with sympathy of three hundred years of suffering under the Czars, who probably meant well by their people, but were limited by the horizon of their times and surrounded by favorites who wished to fatten at the public trough.

I return from Russia with a queer mixture of sympathy for the people of Russia, appreciation of the courtesy of the Soviet leaders with whom I disagreed so completely and so frankly, and an amused tolerance at their frantic efforts to make everybody believe that they are getting ahead when they are really just splashing the water and rowing around in a circle.

Russia is a land of drab realities. Its story is sad to the depth of tears. It is heard in the folk-songs of the Russian