



**"The Married Employer Who Asks His Young Woman Employee Out to Lunch Is Doing Her a Great Wrong as Well as His Family."**

# THE MAN WHO FLIRTS WITH HIS EMPLOYEES



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**Hundreds of Letters Written to Laura Jean Libbey Show**

**Plainly That the Above Mentioned Person Is a Real Menace—a Type of the "Masher" Who Has His Victim at His Mercy.**



If only the husbands of the women who write me such heartbroken, pitiful letters about their husband's mad infatuation for some fair employe could see the sorrow these letters reveal, I am sure they would be appalled by the heart ravages their bitter neglect causes.

What a shame it is that dear, sweet, loving women—in many cases noble, self-sacrificing mothers—are cheated out of the affection rightfully due them by some brainless, giddy girl or some worldly adventuress. And this with the sanction of the one in whom the wife has put her hope and trust!

Do such men forget the vows they made before the altar when the now-neglected wife stood arrayed in shimmering satin and bridally loveliness? Didn't he then promise to love her and to honor her? Where has this love and honor gone? Where has the man's sense of fairness or even decency gone?

In the first years of privation that the small salary demanded the trusting wife went without, always filled with the golden hope that "when her husband's ship came in" she would have lovely dresses and the opera and the theater and possibly be taken to a charming café afterwards.

And when his ship does come in she requests her husband to take her to the theater on a certain night. But he refuses, giving as his excuse a very important committee meeting that demands his presence. She gets her young son to accompany her. What wonder she is heartbroken on her arrival there to

find seated directly in front of her her husband dressed in his full dress suit, kept at the office apparently for such occasions, and beside him in lovely evening dress the young woman in his office—she who has caused the rift in the lute of their matrimonial happiness.

The woman is powerless to act. She is stunned. And her greatest grief is to have the son who looks to his father as a shining example in all things find him in the company of this woman after he had lied so outrageously to his mother.

She tries to think up some excuse to give the boy for his father's actions, but her tongue cleaves to the roof of her mouth. And the son in a sympathetically understanding way slips his hand in his mother's and says: "Never mind, mother, I will go with you whenever you want to go." But the theater hasn't much pleasure for poor brokenhearted mother after that!

In placing the blame for the neglect that follows the frequent telephone messages, "I am awfully sorry I can't be home for dinner tonight, but I have a big deal that must be closed," I unhesitatingly place it with the men except in a few cases.

### Girls Victims of Flattery.

Men are to blame because usually the girl in these affairs is a giddy, unsuspecting young girl fresh from school and home, with little or no knowledge of the world. She is filled with the idea that every man she meets has but to look at her to fall a victim to her charms. And it is on this vanity that unscrupulous men work. Up to this time she

has known only school girl and puppy love. She has chummed only with boys of her own age with not much more knowledge of the world. And when these unscrupulous men, of whom there are many in the world in which she recently has recruited, flatter her she believes them. They are older than her boy chums and they have been out in the world and therefore know much more, she thinks, than her own folks or the boys with whom she chummed. And so she listens to them.

They tell her there is no harm in going out to a cozy little café for a quiet little dinner. She listens to them again and half believing and half in the spirit of adventure that youth loves so well, she goes. He quiets any little fears she may possess by assuring her that no one will see them.

But rarely ever does it happen that such affairs are carried on to the knowledge only of the two involved, no matter how quiet or obscure the café they haunt. The man cares little whether they are seen or not. He knows the woman will be the one to have to bear the censure. It matters little to him whether it means the breaking up of a courtship that might have ended in happy marriage for her.

### Home Wrecker's Fate Miserable.

The girl who once is seen about in cafés in the company of her employer can never take the same place in decent society that she held before. Many and many a girl has ruined what might have been a successful business career through such folly. Not only has she ruined her chances for a successful business career, but she has ruined her chances for a

successful future through a happy marriage.

There is a type of girl—much as it shames every womanly instinct in me to have to admit—that deliberately sets out to capture the heart of her employer. She cares nothing about the sanctity of the home on which she makes her vicious onslaught. But this type is few and far between. Fortunately there is a God—a just God—and on the home wrecker he lays a heavy hand. Watch her career. In a few years she changes from the gay, debonair woman into a broken wreck, haunted every minute with the miserable remorse that only the home wrecker knows.

But even in such cases the man is to blame. Is man not supposed to be the stronger sex? If he exerted even a little of his moral strength with the picture of a trusting, loving wife watching and waiting eagerly for his homecoming, would he take the first step that leads to home destruction? No, he walks into it deliberately, with heart and eyes blind to his wife's devotion.

Some people contend that love is largely a matter of propinquity. If there be anything in this it would behoove the wife to be ever on the alert with sweet, becoming attire and kindly affection to offset the charms of her husband's fair employe.

If the husband leaves a nagging, quarrelling, slovenly wife in the morning, carrying with him the picture of curl papers, untidy kimono, and half laced shoes, she will suffer sadly by contrast when he arrives at the office to be greeted by a smiling, trim, and natty person. Oftentimes this contrast forms the first waning away from the one whom he promised to love and honor all his life.

## Victims of "Flirty Bosses" Who Seek Miss Libbey's Advice by Mail.

"Miss Libbey: Will you be so kind as to give me your advice on something that affects me most seriously? I am employed as a stenographer in one of the large downtown offices and am considered by my gentlemen friends as being something of a beauty. My employer is a most charming and handsome young man, two years my senior. I am in love, yes, madly in love, with this man. I think he loves me as deeply as I love him, but he is married and mutual friends tell me he thinks just as much of his wife as he did before they were married. I have on several occasions shown him how I feel toward him, shall I say by accident? He has shown me many, many favors in the way of candy, etc., and once even went so far as to call on me at my home—of course, with my permission. I love him more than life itself, which is not worth living without him, and that is the only excuse I have to offer. No one else, I am sure, has any idea of the way things stand between us.

"I met his wife only two or three days ago for the first time and found her a most beautiful and charming young woman, and they have the prettiest boy of 3 years that one can imagine. I have felt since I met his wife that I am not doing right, and when I am not near him I make up my mind that I will put a stop to the whole thing, but when I am close to him my good resolutions dissolve into thin air and I know nothing except that I love him with my whole heart. This is not a case of what some people take pleasure in terming puppy love, as he is 30

and I am 28, and I have never loved before and never will love anyone else again. Won't you please tell me what to do? Shall I give up my position and be miserable or shall I continue as I am and accept his attentions? He has asked me to accompany him to theater soon and to supper afterward and I would dearly love to go with him and be happy for one night in his company, but since meeting his wife I am undecided. Advise me, please, whether or not I should go or what I should do about the whole matter. I. M. H."

What kind of a girl are you, any way? Get another position right away.

"Dear Miss Libbey: I am a young girl of 17 and would like to have your advice on a subject of vital importance. My employer several times during the extremely warm weather has asked me to accompany him to a confectionery in the same building for ice cream. I have refused, but would like to have you advise me if it would seem improper for me to accompany him.

"I would like to have you advise me as soon as possible, because the warm days are drawing to a close, and I may not receive many more invitations from him and would like to avail myself of the opportunity should another present itself.

"UNSOPHISTICATED."

### Should a Girl Sacrifice Her Job or Accept Advances of the Office Masher?

Don't accompany him. That's the surest way to hold your job and your self-respect.

"Dear Miss Libbey: What am I to do in a case like this? I am 21 years old and am earning a good salary. Most of my salary goes to keep up the house. My father was hurt in an accident two months ago and he had to give up work. So the family look to me, the oldest, to fill his place.

"But I am in distress on account of the way my employer has been acting lately. I cannot quite understand his actions. Every night he trumps up some excuse to have me stay after the others have left. When I go into his private office to take his dictation he draws my chair up close to his and several times he has attempted to hold my hand. The last night he had me remain late, on the excuse of writing out a speech he was going to make, he started in to tell me of his unhappy home life. He said his wife did not love him and they were very un congenial and he was very unhappy. Then he asked me if I would take dinner with him downtown and we could take in a show afterward. But I told him I could not go.

"Should I leave the position, Miss Libbey? I do not know what to do. The position pays me better than a new one would and I do so need the money.

"MABEL D."

"Dear Miss Libbey: I just graduated from a business school, this June. My first position was with a small coal concern. The very first day I was there my employer called me into his office and asked me all kinds of questions about myself.

"When I went to put on my hat and coat that night he asked me if I wouldn't kiss him good night. I gave him a slap in the face and never went back. Did I do right, Miss Libbey? Are there many men in business who expect their stenographers to act in that disgraceful way?

"I haven't tried to get another job since because when I told my mother about it she said I had better stay home with her rather than to have to be thrown with such awful men. But I would like to have more spending money than I have. Do you think I would be treated so again?

"MILlicENT."

You certainly did do right, Millicent. Fortunately, such scamps are few and far between in the business world.

"Dear Miss Libbey: I have read with interest your answers to different questions and would like your opinion on a subject that has bothered me at times. There are in the office where my husband works six men and one woman stenographer. Four of the young men are married and they buy the

young woman candy, gum, ice cream, and in fact keep her supplied with these things all the time.

"Now, is it right and proper for them to do this, and is it proper for the girl to accept such favors, knowing the men are married? The older men do not do it, and the younger ones say they have to in order to keep on the good side of the young woman, to get her to help them out with work for which she is getting a good salary.

"Perhaps I am old-fashioned in my ideas of such things, but I think it is not proper for married men to spend nickels and dimes on young women when they have families to look after, so I would like very much to see your opinion on this subject. S. O."

No self-respecting young woman permits such familiarities in an office.

"Dear Miss Libbey: I am a broken hearted wife. My husband no longer seems to care for me. I do everything I can to make his life happy for him, but he is madly infatuated with one of the girls in his office. She is a divorced woman and twenty years younger than I. He telephones me on an average of three times a week that he cannot be home for dinner on account of business. This never happened before this unscrupulous woman went to work for him.

"Last week I asked him to take me to the theater. He said he could not that night, as he had a committee meeting to attend. I wanted to see the show so badly I got my 15 year old son to accompany me. No sooner were we seated in the theater than my husband came in with this woman and took seats near us. I was simply stunned and broken hearted to think I had to reveal to my son the treatment and neglect of my husband I had so far successfully kept hidden from him. O, I love him so, Miss Libbey. Why should I have to take second place for this woman? Do you think he will tire of her and come back to me in his old self? I pray God every day to give me strength to bear this awful burden. Is there any consolation you can give me?

"BROKEN HEARTED WIFE."

Have a frank talk with your husband. Tell him that his actions are making you unhappy.

Tell the man frankly that unless his at

She Gave Him Slap Instead of Kiss.

He's a "Flirty" Married Man.

Husband's Ways Breaking Her Heart.