

# WOMEN AND THEIR INTERESTS

## "Their Married Life"

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There was a great swarm of women at the door, but Helen and Louise managed to push their way through into the first room beyond where they checked their wraps.

"Talk about crowds," whispered Louise over her shoulder, as they made their way into the large ball-room, "have you ever seen anything worse?"

Helen agreed without speaking. She hated crowds of any kind and had only been persuaded to attend the bridge at the Giltmore because Louise had told her that it was in a good cause and she ought to patronize it.

"Can't you imagine playing cards with some of the old friends that you see around here? I know I'd draw some cranky old person, but then I don't care, so I don't mind."

"Don't Louise; you fairly make me quiver. Playing cards with a lot of strange women is bad enough, but that is worse."

"Cheer up, my child; you may win a prize. I understand they're very handsome; but as I never have any luck, it must be you who will go home decorated with a cut-glass berry bowl or a half dozen bouillon cups, or a set of candlesticks."

"Just what I need," said Helen, her interest aroused. "Do you really think they would have an expensive prize like that? If so I certainly am glad I came."

"I'm almost positive about it," laughed Louise, "come on now, we'd better find our tables. Here you are," and Louise left Helen at a table with three other women while she hurried off to find her own place.

Helen was not a sensitive and not sure enough of herself. Any slight mistake made her nervous, and she was sure to play very badly in consequence. However, the thought of the candlesticks which she had wanted for her dressing table ever since she could remember spurred her on, and for the first part of the afternoon she played very well. Her score went up rapidly and when she met Louise some time later, she displayed her tally as gleefully as a child.

"I saw the prizes," said Louise excitedly, "and there are two sets of candlesticks. Play your hardest, Helen, and you're sure to get one of them." Helen laughed, and all night she had given her own free will.

Helen had never forgotten the thrill of surprise and pleasure that had come over her when Warren had given it to her Christmas morning. It couldn't be possible that she had lost a stone.

With a sickening little sense of disaster, Helen hastily unfastened the brooch from her dress, and stared at it unbelievably as it lay in her hand. One of the larger stones was missing from the outer circle of diamonds. If it had only been one of the smaller ones she could have replaced it without any trouble, but the larger stones cost more than Helen could afford.

"What a shame," said one of the women. "Are you sure you had the stone when you came in? If so perhaps you will find it."

Helen knew just how unlikely that would be with the crowd as dense as it had been this afternoon. Of course there would be a search for it after the others had gone, but she wasn't even sure that she had lost it after she and Louise had arrived. Perhaps it had been loosened by her coat and she had lost it in the subway; if so she would never recover it.

The woman at Helen's left sorted her cards audibly, and Helen realized that they did not consider the loss of the stone of enough importance to stop the game or even delay it. She picked up her cards and began to arrange her hand. After all it made little or no difference to women of their stamp whether or not they lost so unimportant a stone as a carat diamond. Although no one of the women was dressed any better than Helen, all three were crowded with jewels and bore all external evidence of being wealthy. Helen could have

cried with the unfairness of the thing. She Trumps the Ace of Her Partner. Conscious that she was playing very badly, things went from bad to worse. Her partner declared a no-trump hand, and Helen, hardly knowing what she was doing, made it hearts, when she had nothing to make it on. They lost the hand, and in the next round Helen trumped her partner's ace. This was an almost inexcusable blunder, one that Helen realized without the angry exclamation from her partner and at the end of the hand she was thankful to move on to another table for in spite of her blunder she, and her partner were high.

Somewhat mollified, the woman spoke to Helen as they were moving to another table.

"Don't worry about the diamond," she said in a tone that was supposed to be comforting. "Those things often turn up in an unexpected manner." And Helen was forced to smile at the professed bit of advice, when she was sure that nothing less than a miracle would ever restore the stone to her. She wondered vaguely if she could manage to slip out without waiting for the bridge to end. And then the thought of searching for the stone occurred to her; although she was sure it would never be found, she hated to leave any stone untended, which she might possibly regain possession of it.

She saw Louise at the other end of the hall and, acting upon impulse, hastened over to her. Louise saw her coming, and long before they were within speaking distance, knew that something out of the ordinary had happened from the expression of Helen's face.

"She tells Louise of Her Misfortune." "Oh, my dear, what is it?" she said as Helen hurried up to her.

"My pin, has it not fallen out of my brooch, the one Warren gave me last winter?" Helen was so nervous that she could hardly speak coherently.

Louise took in the incident without stopping to ask any questions. She was the kind of a woman who intuitively understands the moods of others, and she could well realize that it would drive Helen crazy to play bridge with a thing like that on her mind.

"Wait a minute while I see if I can't get it out here," she said before Helen could stop her. Helen hated to spoil Louise's afternoon as well as her own.

A moment later Louise was back with good news. "I fixed it up just fine," she said cheerfully, "there were two other women who were only too glad to take our places. And now we'll go to the dressing room. Just by chance it might have come out there when we took our things off."

A systematic search of the dressing room, however, revealed nothing. They were assisted by a sympathetic maid who helped them as well as she could, but there was no trace of the missing diamond.

"It's silly to hunt for a small stone at a large affair like this, Louise," said Helen finally, "there isn't a chance of finding it. We might as well go home."

Louise inwardly was thinking the same thing, but she was surprised to find Helen so sensible about it.

"All right," she assented, "we'll walk up Broadway a little of the way for the exercise." She did not say how sorry she was for she hated to keep Helen's mind on the subject. And a few minutes later they were strolling slowly up Broadway. The air was just sharp enough to be pleasant, and Helen, in spite of her nervous headache that she had begun to feel had gone, and when they took the subway at Seventy-second street she was almost herself again.

Louise insisted upon coming upstairs with her and in her own room she and Louise hastily slipped out of her coat and pulled her hat off with a jerk. As she did so something bright fell from the front of her dress and she knocked against the pin tray on her dressing table. It was the diamond.

"But I shook my dress any number of times," said Helen after the first glad surprise was over. "How it ever happened to happen to me, there is more than I can imagine. And those candlesticks," she said, dramatically, after a moment's thought.

"Never mind," consoled Louise. "Bob and I will give them to you for a Christmas present."

"(Another installment of this series of everyday affairs will appear here soon.)"

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### FOR THE CHRISTMAS TREE

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**THE GUEST ROOM.**  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I was given an introduction to a young college man this Summer who afterward became attentive to me. When he left the city this Fall to resume his college work I, with the consent of my sister and brother-in-law, with whom I live, extended him an invitation to spend the Christmas holidays with us. This he accepted.

Now what I would like to know is this: How shall I fit up his room?  
I. R. B.

THE guest rooms in the house of society people are fitted up with everything a visitor may need—soap, lotions, brushes, etc. But I consider it very bad taste to offer to supply a guest who comes with luggage and is supposed to furnish his own wardrobe with articles of wearing apparel. Have the room neat and cheerful and well supplied with soap and towels. Add a few flowers and some new magazines to give it cosy cheer and do no more.

**JEALOUSY PRIDE.**  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I have been going out with a man for two years who professes to love me dearly, yet an old sweetheart of his, whom he went out with for four years, appears now and then and endeavors to part us by sly devices, etc.

In spite of his unhappiness over her

### Miss Fairfax Answers Queries

**A DISHONORABLE THING.**  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I am a girl of twenty and have been going out pretty steadily with a young man of about the same age.

After I met him, but before I went out with him, I met his brother. At the time he did not appeal to me as strongly as he does now, and since I have met him again in the company of his brother, I have found out the state of my affections.

I am now going out with the one in order that I may be in his brother's company, and I would like to know how to gain the affections of the other without losing the respect of the one?  
EDNA P.

YOU are doing a most reprehensible thing. In simple terms you are using the affections one brother feels for you in order to win that of the other brother. I should say that about all you will accomplish will be to hurt the one who cares for you and to disgust the one you want to win.

I love him. Shall I give him up, or do you think it is memory which affects him? (She treated him very badly) and should I continue going with him? I have more pride than anything and am hurt.

UNHAPPY.

**SYMPATHY.**  
DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:  
I have been in the company of a young man for about a year. I have learned to love him very much. He told me that he loves me.

He left the city on account of business and promised to correspond with me. His friends told me that business is very slow and that he feels very depressed.

He has not written to me. Would you advise me to write to him?  
I. F. L.

**DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:**  
I am a girl of twenty and have been going out pretty steadily with a young man of about the same age. After I met him, but before I went out with him, I met his brother. At the time he did not appeal to me as strongly as he does now, and since I have met him again in the company of his brother, I have found out the state of my affections. I am now going out with the one in order that I may be in his brother's company, and I would like to know how to gain the affections of the other without losing the respect of the one?  
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**DON'T** let jealous pride separate you from the man for whom you care. It is not strange that the tie of old friendship has some hold on him—that simply proves him loyal. Try to counteract the unpleasant influence of the girl who once hurt him by absolute and unflinching kindness on your own part.

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EDNA P.

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For Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Carlisle, Mechanicsburg and intermediate stations at 5:05, \*7:50, \*11:55 a. m., \*3:40, 5:25, \*7:45, \*11:00 p. m.  
Additional trains for Carlisle and Mechanicsburg at 9:48 a. m., 2:18, 3:27, 6:30, 9:35 a. m.  
Dillsburg at 5:03, \*7:50 and \*11:55 a. m., 2:18, \*3:40, 5:32 and 6:30 p. m.  
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