

Women and Their Interests

"Their Married Life"

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WARREN ACTUALLY AGREES TO HELEN'S PLAN TO GIVE A DANCING PARTY

"But, Warren, I really think we ought to do something; we have enjoyed other people's hospitality for so long, we really ought to return it in some way, dear."

Helen was seated in one of the chairs at the little card table in the center of the room, and she looked up at Warren as she spoke. Mr. and Mrs. Stevens were coming in to play cards, and Helen had taken the opportunity before they arrived to speak to Warren about entertaining in some way during the winter.

"I don't see that we have accepted so much from people," said Warren, with his customary combativeness. "We have had dinner a couple of times with people, and we have returned it. I don't remember anything else of any importance."

"Not the Stevens' big affair and Mrs. Dalton's reception, and the theater party that Bob and Louise had—"

"Bob and Louise are in the family," interrupted Warren. "I don't see why you always want to accept these invitations, if you feel that you have to have an uncomfortable affair like that yourself, I'll never forget that crush at Mrs. Dalton's. Not for me, that kind of thing."

Helen laughed at the remembrance of Warren that night. "Well, you see, she invited too many people for the size of her house."

"I should say she did!" Helen said. "But that doesn't take away from the fact that she did entertain, dear."

"Well, what is it that you want me to say? Hurry up! Here I am—springing it on me."

"Warren, don't be opinionated. I was simply asking your opinion about entertaining."

"And I gave it to you; now is it all settled?"

"Oh, Warren, you are dreadful to-night. It isn't settled, because we really must do something, this winter."

"All right," finally after a short silence, "I'll leave it to you, only don't drag me in on it."

"But, dear, you'll have to be here." "Why don't you give an afternoon affair?"

"And leave out all the men?" "Sure. I can patch up things with them any time."

Helen sat and thought for a few moments. Warren was in a good mood, and although it was a splendid opportunity for her, still she hated to make him uncomfortable. Secretly she had longed to give a dance, but she dreaded to broach the subject for fear of what Warren would say. Warren knocked the ashes out of his cigar and looked at her expectantly.

"Well," he said, slowly, "what have you got up your sleeve now? Something, I'll warrant."

Helen suggested having a dance at home. "I'm afraid to tell you what it is," said Helen, impulsively.

"Afraid? That's something new, isn't it? Come on, now, I'm anxious."

"Well, you remember how much you are enjoying the dancing class, dear? Well, I thought perhaps we might have a dance. We could hire a victoria or borrow Louise's, and we might make it very informal, something you would like, and—"

Helen stopped for breath and to see the effect of her statement on Warren. He was actually not angry.

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