

Studio receptions and bachelor teas are among the smart Lenten functions which call for graceful gowns. There can hardly be a more brilliant social sight than that afforded by a company of picturesquely dressed women moving around amid paintings and costly bric a bric. Bachelor teas are amusing as showing to what extremes of foolishness idle swelldom, as represented by its dudes, will go. "A mannish woman is bad enough, but a sissy man is worse," scornfully remarked a guest who had just come from one of these affairs, where the host had danced attendance upon the gracious goddess who condescended to pour the tea for him, while he looked out that chocolate spoons did not get mixed with tea and other stylish essentials, the omission of any one of which would have been an unpardonable sin.