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**T**IME is completely reversed for the bachelor girl. Night is her day, and when she makes her hay she don't do it by sunshine, but by the light of the moon.

But just the same she's exactly like any other girl. Instead of climbing wearily into her car, huddling into a corner and moodily thinking of a lonely dinner and cherishing the alluring prospect of turning in with the chickens, she sits up and takes notice of every well-groomed woman about her, and at the same time plans her evening furbelows, for it is one of the greatest reliefs in her busy life to lay aside her professional garb and put on the pretty, fluffy house gown.

It goes without saying that the girl bachelor is always a business girl or a professional woman, and one of the first realizations that come to her is that she must dress herself suitably during the day. Her work is all important then, and she follows the inclination of her head and not her heart. The "eternal fitness" of things is one of the codes of her life, and she lives up to it rigorously.

How would a young lawyer look in a light silk; a singer in a severe black suit; a doctor in a sweeping frock, with pretty flying ends? Well, she wouldn't do much of a business. The old saying, "Clothes don't make the man," may be true enough, but they pretty nearly make the woman. If a lawyer is clothed in a plain black suit she looks as though she had been in court before and as though the law was tingling on the very ends of her finger tips ready to be shaken off at an instant's notice. Who would look twice at a doctor rushing along with the trailing skirts which fashion periodically prescribes? They are worn by shop girls and any other girls, no matter what their occupation or manner of life may be, but one gives a professional woman bent on easing pain the credit of possessing enough common sense to adopt the short skirt, especially as health and comfort so emphatically demand it.

So the very first thing this independent girl does upon her arrival home is to throw off her uniform of duty and let her fancy run riot. It is her own business and decidedly no one else's what she chooses to put on, certainly she is entitled to dress as daintily and as prettily as she pleases, not overstepping, of course, the limit of good taste.

The world is a very harsh critic, and it behooves every girl, particularly if she is alone, to have some slight regard for its conventionalities. She may know but little of its rules and regulations and care less, but she owes it in common justice to herself to see that Mrs. Grundy lets her severely alone.

Unfortunately for women, there never has been a time, and from the looks of things just now, never will be, when the world will be entirely rid of scandal mongers. Gossip, we might just as well frankly admit, although we all hate to like gossip, has a perennial interest for each and every one of us. It is all very fine and daisy to flatter ourselves that our interests in life are infinitely wider than our neighbor's trifling doings, but the fact remains just the same that if we curb our tongues and speak no evil we are wondrous at listening to that which speaks no truth and works no righteousness.

And people do so love to take a hand in a girl's little affairs. They watch for a time in absolute silence and then burst forth wondering this and wondering that until the innocent offender finds herself the one absorbing topic of after-dinner conversation. No actual harm is meant, but nevertheless every time tale bearers put their heads together they have such an astonishing array of newer and stronger facts that it takes but a short time to tear a reputation to tatters. And the great pity of it is that it is all done on the side and the girl in question is generally the last person on the face of the earth to hear or learn of the criticisms.

Of course the bachelor girl goes in society, and good society at that, for she belongs to a class of her own making, and she, above all people, knows full well that her mode of living and her very independence makes it a positive necessity to have but the very best of friends. "Birds of a feather flock together" and she takes precious good care to pick and choose her flock. Mrs. Grundy may not so much as darken her threshold. And so when her day's work is finished she is free to go hither and thither, gladly welcomed in any social set for which her education and rearing best fits her.

Education goes a long, long way, but



SHE WINDS HIS HEART INTO HER BALL OF YARN

## THE BACHELOR GIRL'S EVENINGS

will never be popular. It is one thing to be well bred and stiff and another to be well bred and cordial, and in this respect the bachelor is well qualified. Early in her industrious life she learns that arm-length cordiality is by far the best. With the score of folks, blunt, rushing, scurrying workers frank, sincere manners never fail to be appreciated and so she works on the plan of winning respect by ability, friendship by personal worth and admiration by simplicity and sweetness.

One of the very best things in Miss Bachelor's life is that money counts but very little. And isn't it lucky for her that it doesn't?

When she invites guests to dine with her, if she be wise, she will study the simple, the unaffected and let gorgeousness take care of itself. There is no reason for her spending many pennies on decorations and she would be more than foolish to be much out of pocket for servants' hire, and when it comes to squandering a fortune on singers, musicians and what nots as a means of entertainment she has reached the very pinnacle of folly. If her friends are too blasé to enjoy a jolly little dinner and a merry evening afterward they had far better stay at home. At least they aren't worth fussing and feathering over.

But one thing is certain. If Miss Bachelor makes no great pretenses she is bound to have no annoying troubles. Of course, if she fancies a low cut evening frock it is perfectly proper, but at times it is apt to look a trifle far fetched. A simple gown, but such as the wife of the millionaire next door might covet, is far prettier, and lo and behold she is prepared to receive as dainty frocked as the finest lady in the land.

And why try to add so many extra frills when it comes to the dinner. A four-course one is ample and there isn't the slightest reason for feeling as though it looked mean and cheap. Besides, just at

tide the bachelor over one of the keenest embarrassments of her position.

If she cares to follow out rules laid down by the smart set about leaving the drawing-room and entering the dining-room, she must be more than careful to manage it cleverly or else she may find that she has unintentionally thrown a wet blanket where she intended to scatter high spirits and good cheer. It is easy to laughingly request a friend to play host and then skillfully lead the little procession with any guest that chances to be nearest her. Naturally the "host" comes last and then all are seated as soon as the hostess takes her place. Name cards are a jolly and a pretty way to seat guests, and when the names are written plainly upon them avoid those little delays and breaks that are so unpleasant, but that seem so unavoidable at times.

The dinners which the bachelor girl gives should be small ones, for, although there is no special reason why it should

### DO YOUR CHILDREN BRING YOU MISERY OR HAPPINESS?

**T**HE Sunday Call's highest ambition is to do what it can for the boys and girls of our country. It is for this reason that a special series of "Talks to Parents on the Training of Children," by William J. Shearer, A. M., Ph. D., Superintendent of Schools of Elizabeth, N. J., will begin next Sunday.

Very frequently attention is called to the fact that upon the children of the present will depend not only the prosperity, but also the very life of the nation. How seldom is emphasized the truth that the future happiness of parents and children generally depends upon the character of the training the children receive.

The first will be "Primary Requisites of Proper Training." Then will follow:

The mother's influence in training. Punishments.

The father's influence in training children.

Training through encouragement. Habits.

A sure method of ruining a child. How to secure obedience.

How to deal with the bad boy. Memory, imagination and reason.

The fears of children. The joys and sorrows of children.

The treatment of the delicate or defective child.

The child's questions.

Training a child not to cry.

Training a child not to tease.

Training a child to tell the truth.

Training a child in the use of money.

Pubescence and Adolescence.

Parental don'ts.

Characteristics of a healthy child.

Training a child's body.

Training a child's mind.

Training of the will.

And besides, they're more cosy. Ever so much more so. There is no dividing of into couples, as one may do at a large function, but, instead, conversation is general, for it certainly would be the height of rudeness to break into chattering cliques of twos and threes.

The dinner, like all other dinners, must come to an end, and it winds up with coffee and fun, but the grand finale may be just as the hostess best likes. She may rise and with two or three of her girl friends go to the drawing-room, leaving the men with their cigars and stories. Or she may follow the far prettier and more sociable custom, which, by the way, is now sanctioned by the best of society, of serving coffee in the drawing-room with the cigars as an accompaniment. To be sure, it requires some little amount of

and that as soon as she departs from this high standard she loses the position which is, by right, hers. And once lost it is lost to her forever. She could never hope in her maddest dream to climb back into the graces of good society, and when it comes right down to it, any transgression has a hard enough time of it. Ostracism isn't the most pleasant thing in the world and no woman enjoys it, but unless she knows the golden rules and rigidly adheres to them she will wake up suddenly some day and find herself utterly beyond the pale of recognition.

After dinner over, the maid removes the coffee cups and then her ladyship finds it high time to exert herself to amuse her chosen few. While the talk should be light it certainly never should be common. Scandal, the flippant story and the darker side of life never should be touched upon, but far better pleasant sallies, a witty story or a bit of clever imitation.

There are simply scores of ways of cancelling obligations, and just because she is differently situated in life does not necessarily mean that the bachelor must owe a million debts, more or less. An awfully easy way is to arrange a musicale to follow a dinner and so practically kill two birds with one stone. A dozen or more additional friends dropping in at 9 means but little more work and they rarely fail to make a very pleasant finish to an evening.

Few bachelors are blessed with apartments spacious enough to give a dinner dance, but if space permits it is a splendid way of knocking down nieces, and even if things are a bit crowded no one really cares and while one is at it might just as well do it up brown.

There is but one trouble about this dance, though. It is much more formal and frequently takes on quite the air of a function, and as such requires the serving of a 12 o'clock supper. But after all the gorgeous expenditures of the matron are not expected of the bachelor, and fees and punch will answer to all intents and purposes.

Dinners, dances and the like are all very well and good and now and then they are deemed positively essential, but nine out of ten girls much prefer the rollicking chaffing dish supper, where all hands assist in the preparation of the concoctions. There is nothing elaborate about it and she manages it easily and gracefully. Her entire paraphernalia is



SHE'S FETCHING WHEN SHE'S WOMANLY



AN INFORMAL DISH SUPPER

It does not govern all her movements by any means of means. Oh, no. It is her sweet and gracious manner, for, like other women, this free lance of a girl must possess certain charms or else she

present custom smiles upon the dinner which boasts only of soup, the meat course, a salad and the dessert.

And it's perfectly correct if properly served. But this is one of her sharpest

tricks. It's absolutely impossible for her to be in two places at once. She can't very well stand in her wee drawing-room and receive her guests and take up the soup at the same time. She isn't twins. But

she can, with some ingenuity, find some serving woman who can be hired by the hour, and with a little timely training she can serve the dinner and wait upon the table very nicely, and incidentally

be so, custom has somehow drawn the line at eight guests, and the little set for eight is much better form and more modest than the one ready to welcome some eighteen or twenty.

tact to manage these little affairs, but if she be a true gentlewoman, born and bred, her dinners will pass off with the utmost approval.

Some fancy that the bachelor is given to dinner revels. Well, she isn't, and couldn't be if she wanted to. Just as soon as she opens a pudding which sends forth four and twenty blackbirds to flutter about and make a noise, she is decidedly tabooed.

She remembers that she holds her position in society by her ladylike breeding,

at her good right hand and with an able assistant at her worthy left she is queen of the situation.

For the bachelor and her evenings there is just one big don't. Whatever else she may do she must not lose her dignity, for it takes the place of many servants and it takes the place of a chaperon. Without it she cannot hope to hold her place in the world, neither can she make any progress toward the high position to which any girl of education and gentle breeding may aspire.