THE NEW AGE, PORTLAND, OREGON.



taught her to model in clay and afterward to work in marble. An interesting side-light on the pretty incident is that the young girl had molded her figures undisturbed by a tableful of witnesses, and, on the other hand, Mr. Ball seated her in the studio with her back toward his own chair, because he "could not possibly work while anybody looked on."

vertising.

the rest.

for the town.

A certain married woman who "glories in her sex" confesses that there are times when she envies her husband. With a business suit and a dress suit, she says, he is "prepared for any occasion," and to choose such conventional clothing costs him hardly a moment's thought; whereas with every changing season she must completely rearrange her wardrobe, not the gowns alone, but the "gewgaws to match." The older she grows, the woman says, the more heavily does this burden weigh upon her spirit. Although she is not a soclety woman, she meets many people; it seems a duty to array herself in the manner that the general judgment of her sex approves, and to do this demands time, money and anxious meditation. She admits that she likes to feel well-dressed. Yet what a relief it would be, she adds, if, like the sisters belonging to religious orders, women would put on uniforms and make no change except, say, from thick garments to thinner! At first thought this seems a reasonable proposition. It would be so if applied to the other sex; for man already pays an aesthetic penalty for his efforts to save himself trouble in choosing his clothing. Members of secret societies evade the penalty for an hour or two when they decorate themselves with sashes and swords and feathers; but every other assemblage of men is necessarily a somber and cheerless spectacle. The members of any such gathering are clad so uniformly that one might logically demand they put on uniforms. Happily woman's instinct prompts her to be more original. Probably the only reaton why one particular woman suggests a uniform is that some pernurious man has charged that she and her sisters sinfully waste their time and money on dress. But that is not true of many American women. For one family brokea up by the wife's extravagance, a hundred are ruined by the husband's folly. Moreover, the woman who takes pains to show herself at her best does a good deed, since she adds just so much more to the charm of life.

Bob Fitzsimmons said a good thing the other day. He was showing a young fellow how to fight to win, and he said: "Take your chance when you see it; hit from where your hand is."