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THERE was a funny little coincidence that I wanted to mention right after writing the "Pergamos" article, and would have mentioned in the very next paper only that other things came along. As you remember, I got very serious over Pergamos, and Krishna and Arjuna, and Mr. Allwards' monuments and all the rest of it—very, very serious (not highfalutin," please!). After I had penned—or penciled, rather—the last word I sat there thinking for a moment, then picked up a book I had been reading. It was Sara Jeanette Duncan's jolly old story (*A Social Departure*) of the trip that she and Orthodocia took around the world about thirty years ago, and the very first words my eyes "lighted on," when I opened it were these: "Come inside (she is describing the inside of their house in Japan). The vestibule, you see, is about the size of a packing-box; we are careful never to turn round in it. A pair of ladderlike little stairs go straight up in front of you. The slide to the right leads to the kitchen, ah, the kitchen!—the slide to the left into the drawing-room. This apartment is neatly furnished with a picture. The picture represents a hermit in a severe spasm blowing a little imp out of him." (The Italics are mine.)

Now do you wonder that I laughed? For there was the selfsame story, only represented by a different form of Art!—the conflict between the gods and the beasts, the higher self and the lower. But I think I prefer the Pergamenian conception to the Oriental,—don't you? And I quite agree with the writer of *A Social Departure* when she says re that same "hermit": "Orthodocia says that in the same room with the hermit you really do not feel the need of ordinary drawing-room garnishings. He is so tremendously effective. But I would like another picture showing him in a state of convalescence."

No doubt, however, the intention of the artist was good.

Aren't coincidences queer things?

ONE of the U. F. W. O. members had taken me for a little ride in her motor-car, and the conversation turned on dress.

She was most enthusiastic.

"It's just nonsense," she said, "to put so much time and energy that might be used to better advantage on fussing over clothes! It's sheer waste! Don't you think it would make all the difference in the world if dress were even a little bit standardized?"

I agreed with her so heartily that I want to make public acknowledgment of the fact.—For haven't I, like the rest of you, let skirts down one year and toilfully shortened them up the next? And haven't I laid away perfectly good skirts that I liked, to hibernate for several years, because they were "two narrow," and donned wide ones that I hated, just because everybody else was wearing them? And haven't I—but you know the list! You've been through it too.

Of course no one likes to be "odd"—that's why we all like sheep have gone astray in this matter of clothes. You can be as odd as you like *inside* of your skin and if you are very watchful no one else needs to know unless you choose, but the minute you dare to be odd externally—it's a different story! I saw a woman in church last night (where were my eyes? Alas!) who wore a hat set up on the very tip-top of her head, and I declare she looked like a cockatoo;—Yet some ten or fifteen years ago we were all wearing them like that and thought they were lovely.

No, we can't be "odd" and look passable. But there is a remedy, and that is the one my U. F. W. O. friend is hugging to her heart—standardization.

Right here standardization does *not* mean wearing a uniform. It is doubtful if we *should* wear a uniform, even if everyone were willing to; doing so would lessen the dignity of the habits worn