

QUIDA ON TROUSERS.

Quida hates trousers. She says so in the 'Cosmopolitan.' She knows all about them. To her the trouser now seems the 'culminating point in male attire of ugliness, indecency, unsuitability, and anti-hygienic stupidity.'

'To be the least protection against cold its lower regions must be swathed in the gaiter, its upper covered by the ulster.'

'It is a garment which conceals all symmetry of proportion, yet most impudently suggests nudity.'

'It is certainly a shapeless thing which may be pulled on in a minute or two, but there its sole merit ends.'

Now this is an impeachment of superlative importance. The thing impeached is the civilised man's most priceless possession; it is his one essential; it is also his one lordly symbol. The impeacher is one whose right to denude cannot be questioned.

Ugly, indecent, unsuitable, unhygienic, cold, unsymmetric, impudent, with the sole merit of being 'drawn on in a minute or two'—that is the emblem of dishonour by which alone the gender is now known.

Quida wants a more 'floating' costume for men. She instances the umbrella skirt of the manly Cretan soldier. She is convinced that what men need for grace, decency and warmth, is the ballet dress. It may take more than a 'minute or two' to adjust it, but it will show the fine symmetry of the godlike leg without being impudent, and though perchance sometimes chilly it will be hygienic.

Seriously, what limitless artistic rubbish is uttered about trousers.

Art ought to thank the gods for what the trouser hides. If art has preserved for us visions of male shapelessness, it has been as reticent about the bulging, misshapen towers of flesh and the painful attenuations

which in the sans culotte days were fully as much in evidence.

The trouser no. only hides vast ugliness, it verily idealises the leg of man. If it gratefully obscures leg individually, that is not the pull down of democracy, but the hoist toward respectableness.

Quida, you are a long way off. Long hose was abandoned because it exposed so much ugliness, and was a dirty and altogether troublesome thing. The well-made trouser of to-day, on the other hand, is a poem. It is the culmination of comfort, and future art will recognise its reasonableness.



STANLEY ROWLEY, OF SYDNEY.
Champion Sprinter of Australasia.



A. J. PATRICK, OF WELLINGTON.
250 Yds. Champion of N.Z.



Jones, Photo.

DUNEDIN MANDOLIN AND GUITAR CLUB.

BACK ROW — H. STOKES, Bandurria; B. GALLOWAY, Mandola; W. HOFF, Mandoline; D. M. ROSS, Mandoline; W. COLVIN, Bandurria; A. PRIOR, Mandoline; A. ROUGH, Mandoline.
MIDDLE ROW.—R. HOPKINS, Lute; MISS E. BRIGG, Guitar; L. D. COX (Conductor), Bandurria; MISS A. PRIOR, Mandoline; S. HARRIS, Mandola.
FRONT ROW.—MRS R. HOPKINS, Mandoline; MISS M. FRANKER, Guitar; MISS O. BURDOCH, Guitar; MISS C. BLAND, Guitar. [SEE "MUSIC" COLUMN.]