

The Fantastic Feminine.

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow contributes an article on "The Fantastic Feminine," and Mrs. Woodrow, being a woman, ought to know all about it. Commenting on the general assertion that women suffer pain better than men, she agrees with it, but says that the proper place to learn this fact is at the corsetier's rather than in the hospital. It is, of course, true that women suffer pain better than men, but this is because they are inured to it, and because the sufferings caused by disease or by the surgeon's knife are a mere bagatelle compared with the agonies that they habitually inflict upon themselves. The regular practice of self-torture dulls their capacity for pain in the same way that poisons may be rendered innocuous by their constant use in augmenting doses.

But to return to Mrs. Woodrow. She says: "Consider that thrilling dramatic moment when the cold, authoritative statement rang out, 'Hips must go!' If the word had been 'Ears must go!' it would have been received as loyally, the ordered obeyed as unquestionably by the best disciplined body the world has ever seen—the votaries of fashion. 'Hips must go!' Without a murmur, without even a suggestion of mutiny, the vast army of stout women moved in one mighty, acquiescent body on the corsetier's. As by magic, in answer to the demand, the supply of these experienced artists in torture increased. Without a dissenting voice the army resigned itself to the inevitable. It was magnificent, but it was not war; no, it was martyrdom.

"That is the secret of our slender grace. Compression! Yes, but all this fat that is moulded out of sight has to go somewhere, and where does it go? One has a hideous vision of ingrowing fat. An unmerciful fear. Compression, it has been discovered, will in time eliminate the superfluous flesh; but this adipose-reducing corset which transforms the stout lady into the sylph must be worn night and day to gain results as quickly as possible, and it is built upon lines of the greatest possible resistance. The shirt of Nessus would be a most comfortable and luxurious jacket in comparison with it. It is certainly not a waistband. It is a harness. The backboards of our grandmothers were supposed to be uncomfortable. What would the dames of that era have thought if they had had to wear a skin-tight—oh, no, that word has lost significance!—a coat of armour much tighter than skin, and reaching from under the arms nearly to the knees on the sides, and held firmly in place by the most elaborate system of gartering, half a dozen elastics that give not at all! The steel bands extending downward over the stomach are very broad, and some corsetiers prefer to lace up the corset along the sides of these bars, instead of in the back, claiming that they get more of the desired compression.

"Is it uncomfortable? Does it hurt? "No one ever heard a woman complain. She may bite her lips and clench her hands and the hot tears may start, but find her harness tight? Oh, dear, no! She may be a little stout. Reluctantly she admits this; but she never wears a tight corset. She can thrust her arm right down between it and her flesh."

The corsets may be said to inflict the more acute forms of torture, but every article that a woman wears is agonising in a lesser degree, or it would seem so to a man, who will use language to darken the light of the moon if he but suspects that his collar will touch his neck if he writhes a little too far in one direction. Imagine wearing a close-fitting lace collar that has been stretched until all of its innumerable points have the keenness and the rigidity of a pin. Imagine exposing the tender upper part of the arm to the wintry wind with no other covering than a piece of mufin. Imagine the same treatment applied to the skin between the shoulders. Imagine, in fact, a hundred different things that a woman always does, any one of which would drive a man into a delirium of frenzied profanity. The Hindu fakir who clenches his hand until the nails grow through the back or who wears a horsehair girdle cannot suffer so much as the average woman, and he suffers with more excuse, since he believes sincerely that he will gain paradise by his pain.

LADIES' GOLF.

This paper has been appointed the official organ of the Ladies' Golf Union, New Zealand branch.

Secretaries of ladies' golf clubs are invited to forward official notices, handicaps and alterations, results of competitions, and other matters of interest, to reach the publishing office not later than the Saturday prior to date of publication.

Manawatu.

A team of ladies visited Wellington and played against Wellington on the Trencham links on October 19th. The match resulted in a win for Wellington by five games.

Mrs. Abraham, 0, v. Miss L. Brandon, 1. Mrs. McRae, 0, v. Mrs. Lees, 1. Miss S. Abraham, 0, v. Miss Simpson, 1. Mrs. Seifert, 0, v. Miss F. Brandon, 1. Mrs. Warburton, 0, v. Miss Stafford, 1. Miss McLennan, 1, v. Mrs. Tweed, 1. Mrs. Sim, 0, v. Miss Barnes, 1. Miss O'Brien, 1, v. Miss A. Pearce, 0. On the 21st a visit was paid to the Hutt Club. Six games were played the match being squared. Mrs. Abraham, 1, v. Mrs. Roe, 0. Mrs. McRae, 0, v. Mrs. Watkins, 1. Miss S. Abraham, 1, v. Mrs. Wagg, 0. Mrs. Seifert, 0, v. Mrs. von Zeilitz, 1. Miss McLennan, 1, v. Mrs. Hayward, 0. Mrs. Sim, 0, v. Mrs. Allen, 1.

Although the Manawatu ladies did not succeed in winning either match they thoroughly enjoyed the golfing outing, and the hospitable treatment extended to them by both clubs. They found the Hutt course very sporting, though still a little on the rough side.

The Manawatu Club closed its season on Saturday last, when mixed foursomes were played. Just after play had started heavy rain set in, and did its best to spoil the pleasure of the afternoon. Several pairs gave up the contest with the elements, but about a dozen couples finished the game, in spite of getting wet to the skin. The best cards given in were:—Mr. Cooper and Miss Hewitt: 86—22—64.

Mr. Young and Mrs. Mellisop: 79—14—66.

Mr. W. Strang and Miss McLennan: 83—12—71.

Palmerston North.

The golf season was practically brought to a close last Saturday, when mixed foursomes were played in dreadful weather. Miss Hewitt and Mr. K. Cooper sent in the best card, closely followed by Mrs. Mellisop and Mr. Young. Other good scores were W. Strang and Miss McLennan, G. W. Harden and Mrs. Cohen, A. Stewart and Miss Wylde, A. Barraud and Miss M. Abraham, J. Slack and Miss Slack. Miss Hewitt took the prize presented by the President (Mr. H. Cooper), and Mr. G. W. Harden's prize was taken by Mr. Cooper.

Musical Dentistry.

Even getting your teeth drawn out may come to be quite a pleasure in the near future. This is one of the revelations made by the Dental Exhibition which has been held at the London Horticultural Hall. Already things have advanced so far that "you may sit in a luxuriously-appointed thirty-guinea chair, with electric foot-warmer to drive away the shivers, while you gaze on the beauties of art." And it is proposed shortly to add the delights of music. That used to be one of the common accompaniments of the teeth-extracting process before the days of anaesthetics. Only it was the person operated on who used to provide the "music." In the newer order of things "the pleasantness of music" will be provided by "a simple addition to the electrical appliances" with which dentistry is now practised. You may have your teeth extracted to the soothing strains of Mendelssohn or Gounod, or possibly less classical music might be provided. Such a composition as "I feel no pain, dear mother, now," should prove very comforting. There's a danger, however, in this idea of musical dentistry. The poor, helpless patient won't be able to control the musical apparatus, and it is should turn on "Put me on an island" or "Has anybody here seen Kelly?" or something like that, so far from soothing with "the pleasantness of music," it may simply add to the patient's sufferings.

Orange Blossoms.

COLLINS—ROSKRUGE.

VERY pretty was the wedding of Miss Doris Kempton Roskruge (daughter of Mr. L. C. Roskruge) and Mr. John Goddard Collins (Christchurch), which was celebrated at St. Paul's Pro-Cathedral, Wellington, on October 27. The bride looked very pretty in her graceful gown of ivory messaline, with rich raised silk embroideries and tucked chiffon yoke and sleeves. In her dark hair was a tiara of orange blossom, and her long veil was of tulle. The bridegroom's gifts were a diamond, pearl and peridot pendant and a bouquet of white roses and azaleas, while the bridesmaid (Miss Lena Collins) he gave a pearl pendant. Miss Collins wore rose-coloured chiffon taffetas with a lace yoke, and a black plumed hat, and she carried a bouquet of pink azaleas. Mr. Lynn Merton (Waipukurau) was best man. Mrs. Roskruge wore clematis mauve colienne with a net yoke having delicate embroideries, her mauve toque had shaded plumes; Mrs. J. J. Collins (Christchurch), pearl grey charmeuse with a lace scarf, black toque with tips; Miss Collins, floral taffetas with Oriental embroideries and a black picture hat. After the reception at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Collins left on their wedding journey. Mrs. Collins wore a smart tailor-made of white cloth with a narrow stripe of black, black picture hat with shaded-blue flowers.

MUIR—THOMAS.

The marriage of Miss Lillian Mary Thomas, eldest daughter of Mr. Thomas, Southampton, England, and Mr. P. R. S. Muir, son of Dr. Muir, Selkirk, Scotland, was celebrated at St. Augustine's Church, Napier, on Tuesday afternoon last, the Rev. Canon Tuke officiating. The bride was given away by Mr. R. Moes, and looked charming in a gown of ivory satin charmeuse, trimmed with lovely lace, and lilies of the valley. She wore a handsome veil and wreath of orange blossoms, and carried an exquisite shower

bouquet. Her bridesmaids were her sister Margaret, and Miss B. Gouldie, who wore dainty frocks of pale blue mousseline de soie, and carried bouquets of lilies. Their presents from the bridegroom were gold initial brooches. Mr. J. Wark acted as best man. After the ceremony, a large number of guests were entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Moes at their residence on the Marine Parade. A very large number of handsome and useful presents were received by the young couple.

ENGAGEMENTS.

No Notice of Engagements or Marriages can be Inserted unless Signed by Our Own Correspondent or by some responsible person, with Full Name and Address.

The engagement is announced of Miss C. Holderness of Christchurch, to Mr. G. Warrington, of Southbridge.

The engagement of Miss Hylda R. Caulton, youngest daughter of Captain Caulton, "The Mount," S. Helier's, to Reginald S. Renshaw, of Manchester, England, is announced.



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