



Dear Hinemoa,—

OF course the marriage of Miss Isabel Massey, the second daughter of the Prime Minister, was the central interest towards the end of February, not only in Wellington, where her gentle kindness has made her beloved; and in Auckland, where the wedding took place, but all over New Zealand. Among the many beautiful wedding presents were a silver hot-water revolving dish from the members of the Reform Party, and a grey and pink Parian marble clock from Her Excellency Viscountess Jellicoe.

An amusing little incident occurred on the morning of the wedding. A carter with a crate of crockery drove up to the house in which the wedding reception was to be held, and, seeing an elderly and capable-looking man near the gate, asked his help in carrying the crate from the cart to the house, something like this, "Give us a hand, mate." "Mate" readily replied, "Why, certainly," and lent a willing hand. Imagine the carter's feelings when later he discovered that he who had helped him carry his burden was none other than the Prime Minister! Some faithful Government supporters may murmur that such is the usual habit of our Premier; and I feel moved to suggest that the Premier be supplied with a coronet or some brilliant decoration of a similar nature, that may distinguish him in ordinary life from the rest of humanity.

LATELY we have been supplied with items of news of the different "Zoos" in New Zealand. A report from Auckland states that several of the animals have actually been wounded, and in some cases destroyed by heartless hooligans. I am sure that all New Zealanders hope that those cruel persons who tortured the caged animals will be caught and severely punished.

In Wellington, several humane persons have written to the papers, to point out the cruelty of keeping dogs and dingoes in captivity at all. It does arouse one's pity to see these creatures of the Wild confined for life in narrow cages. And yet this sentiment might be applied, not only to the dogs, but to all birds and animals that are in confinement, either in our Zoos or in our homes as pets. Consider, my sisters, our own cruelty in keeping that wild Bird of Freedom, the Husband, in captivity in our homes, either as a curiosity, or as a pet. I know that this subject is one that is not usually mentioned among us; in fact, the whole human race winks at this phase of womanly cruelty: but please permit me, now that I am on the subject of cruelty to animals, to put in one word of mercy for these, our helpless victims. We snare and trap him, carry him off, and imprison him in the narrow confines of our homes, and force him to work day after day, year after year, to supply us with frills and feathers, chocolates and coats of

coney, motor cars and money, when his natural habitat is the free and open country under the boundless blue, and his one harmless delight an occasional visit to Clubland. Is it any wonder that some of these victims of ours have occasionally been known to make a dash for freedom, only to be caught in the Divorce Courts, where some other heartless female baits her trap and snares him once more? I have actually seen some of these poor husbands, after a few years of confinement in a Home, unable to walk down the

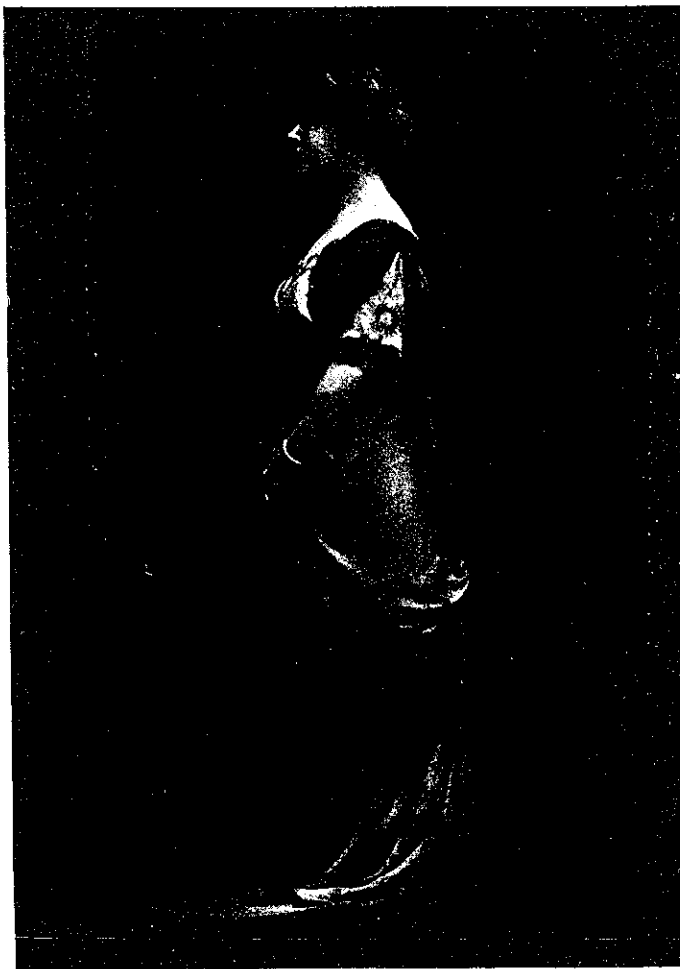
street without feminine assistance, and others who once were full of freedom, vitality and verve reduced by our cruel system of confinement to pitiable, dodling wrecks! This thing should not be permitted to continue in our free and glorious country.

MAORILAND, more especially Wellington and Ashburton, has recently been considerably thrilled, and later shaken by a "Bolt from the Blue" (Blood) in the person of the Grand Duchess Princess Ivan-

ovitch. This noble representative of "The Lord No Zoo" descended upon Wellington quite unexpectedly, and therefore was not accorded a civic reception. She might have been seen upon the streets of the capital, uniquely clad in an emerald velvet skirt, an ancient ermine cape, gold brocaded evening shoes, considerably down at heel, and stockings that only too evidently, were complete strangers to suspenders; the *ensemble* being crowned or "topped off" as it were, with a hat of magenta velvet trimmed with long, bright blue ostrich feathers. Her main anxiety appears to have been to find the residence of the Governor-General, and, with this end in view, she prosecuted inquiries from tram conductors, tobacconists and other unsuspecting persons. Upon being told of its location, she remarked that she "thought he had an office on the Quay!"

Evidently feeling that her regal presence was not appreciated in the Empire City, she went South, and, during the journey from Christchurch to Ashburton, attempted and succeeded in drowning her sorrows in drink. Her fellow-travellers, being decent commoners, and utterly failing to appreciate the vagaries of "Royalty," complained bitterly to Constable O'Grady of Ashburton. He invited the Princess to "come along quietly." Luckily for him, the Princess, on seeing the motor, decided that her friends in Ashburton had arranged to drive her to Timaru. She thought this "quite nice," and so "came along quietly." When her short journey in the motor ended at the local gaol, she was highly indignant, and threatened darkly to tell Lord Jellicoe of this outrageous insult. Upon being assured by the sergeant that Lord Jellicoe had instructed him to put her in the cells, strange to say, she was soothed. She was convicted and fined three pounds for drunkenness in a railway carriage; and I am almost impelled to state that our New Zealand railway carriages are enough to drive anyone to drink, let alone a Princess, who, according to her own statement is accustomed to a yacht where her boudoir is fitted with gold and tortoise-shell, and upholstered in brocaded satin. It was later proved that her alleged titles were *bona fide*.

IT is rather disconcerting to notice that pretty little New Plymouth has suddenly been pitchforked into the limelight by social happenings that can scarcely be called seemly. It appears to be the old, old story of the eternal triangle, this having, quite unwittingly, attracted to itself several extremely acute angles, and lines that were certainly not the shortest distance between two fixed points. In fact these acute angles and double-curved lines finally evolved into something of the nature of concentric circles (all revolving!) and wayward stars that would have puzzled Euclid himself to separate and to prove even to be absurd. Ahem!



Clifford, Christchurch, photo.

Madame Winnie Fraser, of Christchurch, the well-known soprano, who has fulfilled engagements in all the principal towns in New Zealand. She received much of her vocal training abroad, having studied in England and the Continent. She is leaving New Zealand at the end of April to pursue her studies in Europe.