



MY DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—
To those of you who have sent in your names desiring to become members of our Guild, I would say, "Welcome, a hearty welcome"; and to those of you who have thought of joining, and have not yet done so, I would say, "Join our Guild at once, and feel the joy of working for others."

And, now, my dears, that I think of it, I have to scold you for not sending in your names earlier, and so, as a warning to

those who are joining next month, and to induce them to send in their coupons at the *beginning*—not the *end*—of the month, I will decree your fate. *Your names will not be in FAIR PLAY for July.*

"Oh, Aunt Dinah, you *are* a fraud", I hear one boy say.

But, my dear boy, I am not a fraud at all; you must blame yourselves, er—and the Editor if you like, but mind he does not hear you, for cannot you imagine him to be a very severe, large-nosed gentleman, with goggles through which he peers at you as if he would read you through? Well, he may be like that, and if he is, you would not like to make him angry, would you? Neither did I; so when I took your coupons and asked him to insert your names, he said;

"No, Aunt Dinah, these names cannot appear in July's issue, for I can scarcely spare you a page, much less two, which you would want if all those names were printed." And with that I had to rest content. But be assured, fellow Guilders, that in FAIR PLAY's August issue *your names will be there.*

"What a crabbed old Editor," did I hear a little girl say? Not at all, dearie, only a smart business man, who has not time to bandy idle words, but who has really a kind heart, and will be a good friend to you, if you will let him.

Now, just one word about sending in the coupons early next month. Meanwhile, please use all your influence to induce others to join—in Sunday-school, day-school, work-room, work-shop, wherever you see a boy or girl whom you think would be a good member (we don't want careless ones) get them to join, and *at once*, for, young Guilders, remember that in so doing you may bring aray of sunshine to brighten some dark little life.

Our pretty cards of membership you may expect to receive during July, and from then, soon after receiving names, each new member will receive one.

And now our chief business item must be discussed. The competition for July will be for the best home-made scrap-book. In order to make clear exactly what I mean by *home-made* scrap-book, I will go into a little detail. In the first place, do not think for a moment that I mean you to go into a shop, and pay 2s. 6d. for a new scrap book; nothing of the kind. Any sort of a book will do, preferably one with a hard back, which you may make look bright and pretty in any way which may suggest itself to your minds, and then you will set to work to fill it with pretty pictures from book or paper, Christmas cards, birthday cards, and scraps, for a few of which you may have to sacrifice some of the pennies you at present spend in lollies, and having made this little sacrifice you will feel happy in the thought that you have brightened the long-weary hours of some boy or girl in our big hospitals. The arranging of your books I leave to your own good taste (for I know some boys and girls have wonderfully good taste.) Those of you who have scrap-books which you would like to give, of course may use them, but so as to make the competition a fair one, and give each member an equal chance, the prizes will not be given for the largest or best looking book, but for the book in which the nicest, and most artistic taste is displayed in the arranging and general get-up. Do your best, for it is a labour of love; for the articles are to go to the children's wards of our hospitals, homes for destitute children, and kindred institutions; and perhaps later I may ask our girls to do something for the dear old people

at the homes for the aged and needy. Wherever we decide to send the scrap-books we will request and publish an acknowledgement of the receipt of books in FAIR PLAY.

We shall be pleased to have the scrap-books in not later than 20th of July. The prizes will consist of three valuable books, first, second, and third, and will be carefully chosen to suit the age and sex of each winner. Now I think we have finished our business, which by the way has been rather lengthy, so now for a little chat. The same thought which induced me to start this page, makes me wonder what is your chief winter pastime in New Zealand. Of course, you have football, but then that is only for big strong-boys; and is only a pastime for day-time, not evening, and thinking of these things I could almost wish we had some of the snow and ice we get in England. "No thank you, Aunt Dinah," I hear some of our young people say, "we get cold weather enough." Why, you do not know what cold is, you little colonials; but then in the glorious frosty weather when King Frost goes round with his magic wand decking all the bare branches of the trees with glistening icicles and covering the ground with beautiful snow, and the boys and girls rush out of school, and with shouts of glee start a huge slide, down which they spin like so many express trains, they don't feel the cold, and oh! the fun, and the tumbles, and tosseas and scrambling—it is glorious sport, and poor old Aunt Dinah, whose hair is going grey now, feels quite young again as she thinks of it.

"But what about the poor people in that sort of weather?" I hear some thoughtful and kind-hearted little girl ask. "Ah, yes, my dear, what indeed? I think after all that you New Zealanders are better without it, for though King Frost is looked upon by the thoughtless, the well-clad, and well-shod, as a jolly old fellow, he is a bitter enemy to the poor. If it were possible for him to come to the former, without making the latter feel his presence so bitterly, I could wish you colonial boys and girls could make his acquaintance, but as that is impossible, I think after all you are better without him."

"But, Aunt Dinah, even if we had snow and ice, that would not give us something to occupy our time in the evenings," I can hear one rather critical young Guilder say. You are quite right; with the exception of moonlight nights, when most girls and boys get leave to stay out a little later, say till nine o'clock, and so again it was the thought of your having so little to do in these winter evenings, which first suggested the Guild to my mind. And, now, don't you think, under these conditions, that I ought reasonably expect a good number of diligent workers among our members. By the way, do any of our members belong to the Boys' Brigade, I wonder. If so, they will be employed one or two nights a week. Now, my dears, I think I must draw to a close, feeling glad and sure that our Guild is going to be a big success, and a source of pleasure and profit to both ourselves and those we work for. Please don't forget our motto: We sympathise."

Believe me to be your loving

Aunt Dinah

Cut out this coupon and send to "Aunt Dinah," FAIR PLAY Office, 8 Custom House Quay, Wellington.

COUPON.

I wish to become a member of the LITTLE FAIR PLAYERS Guild.

Name.....

Address.....

Age.....

Date.....