

A PAGE FOR THE CHILDREN

Dear Children,

It has been so hard to choose among so many stories that I have had to give two prizes—one for children over, and one for under eleven years.

The prizes have been awarded as follows:—

1st Prize of 5/- (over 11 years),
Miss Marjorie Ingle,
15 Bond Street,
Marton.

1st Prize of 5/- (under 11 years),
Audrey Ingle,
St. Stephen's School,
Marton.

I wonder if you are sisters!

Most of the stories were very well expressed and neatly written, but I liked best those that were really "new," not just stories retold from something you had heard before.

Two little people won a prize each for their verses—as both deserved it equally. They are:—

Patricia France,
5 Alten Road,
Auckland.

Isla Blair,
325 The Terrace,
Wellington.

Now, next month—that is, before the 20th of October—I hope to hear from many of you again.

This time, will the boys write me a story called "My Sister," and the girls, "My Brother"? I am sure you will have lots to say, and if you have not a brother or sister, suppose you write about the one you would like to have. A prize of 5/- is offered to both boys and girls between the ages of 11 and 14, and 2/6 for boys and girls under 11 years.

Hoping to hear from you again,
Yours affectionately,
AUNT JANE.

THE NEW BOY

by MARJORIE INGLE,
aged 11 years, 10 months

Chapter I

Dick's Journey

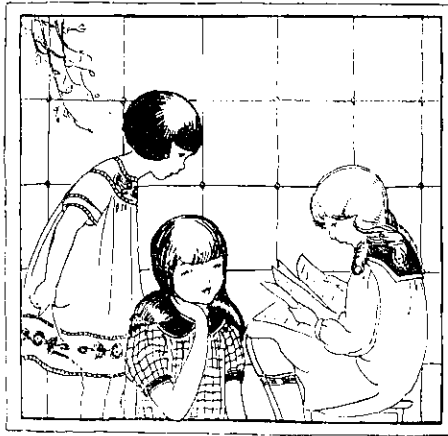
"GOOD-BYE, Dick! Good-bye, he good," said Mrs. Lawrence and Patricia, all in one voice. "Good-bye, mother," was Dick's reply, and the train moved out of Christchurch Station. Dick Lawrence was just fourteen years of age and he had never been away from his mother and sister before to-day, so it was a hard parting for poor Dick. He was going away to a big public school called the Waitaki Boys' High School, at Oamaru. It was rather hot in the railway carriage, and Dick was glad when the train went out of the third station at which it had stopped. When the train stopped at Ashburton, Dick got out to have his lunch. The sun was blazing overhead, and busy people were walking to and fro. Dick found his way to a restaurant, where he gladly partook of cold corn beef and potatoes. While up the town of Ashburton, Dick saw several boys of his own size, with the Waitaki High School badge on their hats. When Dick was strolling back to the train, he passed a bookstall and bought his favourite book, "Coral Island." He was deeply in it when the whistle startled him, and the six boys that he had seen in the street approached his carriage. "Come on, hurry up, you chaps, she's off in a second." "Well, how can I get in with you, you great elephant?" one boy said, addressing the former speaker (a fat boy).

"How many more stations have we to go, Dubbs?" said Taylor (who seemed to be doing all the talking), speaking to the fat boy, whose name was Jones, but commonly called Dubbs.

"Dunno," said Dubbs.

"Only two," piped Wilfred Clite.

"I say, it's jolly funny that we should all come to the same station, isn't it?" cried Taylor.



Chapter IV

The Sports

It was sports day and all the boys, or most of them, were going in for the sports. There were thirty races, and Dick had entered for twenty of them. At the end of the sports, the prizes were given out, and Dick not only got his class and Latin prize, but the trophy for sports, too. Next day Dick left for home with his mother and Patricia (who had come to see the sports), a happier boy than he had come.

THE WOODLAND FAIRIES

by AUDREY INGLE
aged 8 years

THE woodland fairies live in a beautiful green wood near Wellington. Every night they gave a little concert to welcome the little fairies. The fairies' queen was the most beautiful queen alive. Her name was Silver. One day a fairy named Dandelion ran away and hid in an oak tree. She was soon found by a little elf named Chippy. The queen gave him a little gold ring, with a little green emerald stone in it. There are woodland fairies in other woods that do just the same as these ones do. One day the beautiful wood got set on fire, and so all the fairies and the queen had to go to another wood. There they lived happily all of their lives till that wood got destroyed too. The fairies thought they would change about, so they did not give a concert every night, but at the end of every week. That is how they spent their happy days in summer. It was beginning to get very cold, and the fairies' queen said to the fairies, "It is nearly winter, and we must get our food ready for eating, and we must come home and sleep for winter till spring comes again. Do look at the leaves falling. Come home now, or you will all catch a cold from the cold winds." All the fairies obeyed the queen, and went home and fell fast asleep till spring.

What are the best fields for dancing in?—Hop fields.

Say this Quickly

The sun shines on the shop signs.
She says she shall sew a sheet.
The sixth sick sheik's sixth sheep's sick.
Phyllis fell flat forward for fun.

GAINSBOROUGH'S FACE CREAM

Beautifies the Skin

Pure, Fragrant, Non-Greasy, 2/6 jar; also Gainsborough's Venetian Hand Balm, 2/6 jar; and Gainsborough's Face Powder, 3/6 box.

MOLLY WALKER MILLINER

Having commenced business at the address below will be pleased to see all former clients.

5 H B. Buildings,
Queen St., AUCKLAND

MY PUSSY CAT

by PATRICIA FRANCE,
aged 12 years 1 month

A manly cat, with whiskers long,
Who would not admit himself in the wrong,
Even to fighting with the feminine sex,
And killing wee mice by squeezing their necks;
He could scratch very hard could this manly cat,
And he wouldn't stand even the tiniest smack.
His head was big and of feet he had four,
Though some sharp claws were hidden in each soft paw;
His eyes were green, with sparkling black,
And a long fluffy tail swung out at the back;
When he was happy he'd lie down and purr—
But when he was angry that tail hit the floor.
At his meals he was marvellous, his capacity great,
He was often too early but never too late.
At three months old he could fight most dogs,
Though he wasn't too keen when they growled a lot;
His beautiful coat was of black and of grey,
Not too short to be ugly or long to be stray.
He was wonderfully patient and wonderfully strong,
And this cat's name was "Peter," who played all day long.

IF—

by ISLA BLAIR,
aged 11 years 6 months

If I was a fairy with soft gauzy wings,
I'd fly to the North in circling rings,
Because it's a land of ice and of snow
And I'm sure it's the land where ice-creams grow.

If I was an elf in a little green cap,
And lived in a tree to cat sweet sap,
I'd fly about on the back of a bee
And see all the things that I long to see.

But if I was a fairy godmother,
though,
I'd know all the things that I wanted to know;
I'd mount on the top of a twinkling star,
And I'd fly to the place where the sweet dreams are.

The sweetest and best I'd put in a sack,
And I'd mount in the air with the sack on my back.
And I'd search till I found some unhappy child,
And I'd leave it.

TO TOURISTS.

THE MISSES MORTON

The Oriental Tourist Depot
UPPER SYMONDS STREET
(opp. Scots Hall), AUCKLAND

Are Specialists in Souvenir Suede Goods of all kinds, of exclusive designs, and symbolic of New Zealand life and scenery. Make a selection before you leave our shores. Views, Postcards, etc.