



# CHILDREN'S PAGE.

## PUZZLERS FOR WISE HEADS.

### ANAGRAMS.

1. Sit any in. A mental affliction.
2. City rice let. A natural force.
3. His mute mar. A painful ailment.
4. Log all rare map. A geometrical figure.
5. Dear puss E. To take the place of.
6. Shout sand. Great numbers.
7. Ten mine. Distinguished.
8. Ha! Fatty in. A great dislike.
9. Moan, Tiny. A kind of metal.
10. A tall cry. Cheerful promptitude.

### BEHEADED WORDS.

1. I am a word of five letters, denoting an infirmity.  
Behead me, and I am an unfortunate monarch.  
Behead me again, and I am an organ of sound.
2. I am a word of five letters, signifying a figure of speech.  
Behead me, I am a strong cord.  
Again, I am a contraction used in poetry.
3. I am a word of five letters meaning a place of merchandise.  
Behead me, I am very high  
Again, I include everything

### WORD PUZZLE.

My first is in hatred, but not in sin;  
My second in necklace, but not in pin;  
My third is in anchor, but not in rope;  
My fourth in remorse, but not in hope;  
My fifth is in leather, and also in tan;  
My whole is a part of every man.

### GEOGRAPHICAL ANAGRAMS.

1. Soft towel. A seaport on the East coast of England.
2. Second rat. A town in Yorkshire.
3. Do rich wit. A town in Worcestershire frequented by invalids.

### ANSWERS IN NEXT WEEK'S PAPER.

### COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you so much for posting my letter to Winnie. I have had a reply to my letter to her, and have sent another, so I expect an answer to that soon. I have not heard from Alison for a long time, and as I have written two letters to her one, I am determined to wait until I hear from her before I write again. In Cousin Muriel's letter the week before last, I saw she is collecting foreign stamps; so am I, and if she would tell me what she wants I might be able to exchange some. Oh! Cousin Kate, you promised some time ago to put your photo in the "Graphic," but it has never appeared yet. I do wish you would hurry up, as we are all doing to see it; at least, I suppose, the other cousins are quite as eager as I am. The Williamson Dramatic Company are here now, with Mr. Cuyler Hastings. I went to "The Light That Failed," and enjoyed it so much. I think he is such a splendid actor, don't you? I saw him in "Sherlock Holmes," and think I like it better than that. There was a swimming carnival at the baths yesterday, and it drizzled all day long. Wasn't it a pity? I couldn't go because I do not have my half holiday until Saturday. I like Saturday much better than Thursday, and wouldn't change for anything. I had read "The Honourable Peter Stirling," and liked it

very much, so could you please tell me another? Have you read the "Gold Wolf?" I forget by whom it is written, but I liked it immensely. Last week we had a garden party in the hospital grounds in aid of the "nurses homes," and in the evening a concert was held in the same place. I went at night, but not in the afternoon. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I am afraid I must stop, with love—From Cousin Dora.

[Dear Cousin Dora,—I am always very glad to do anything for the cousins, especially if I can be of any help to them in their studies. Do you think that writing to Winnie will help you? It seems a splendid idea to me, especially if you keep it up and write regularly. I don't know whether Muriel is collecting stamps, but I know she has some, so I will tell her of your offer. Perhaps she may have some that you have not got. I went to see "The Light That Failed" on the opening night, and liked it immensely. I think I like "Sherlock Holmes" better though. I saw that when the company was here last time. I don't care for sad things very much, so I am looking forward to seeing the "Admirable Crichton," which is quite the reverse I hear. Have you read "Maid of Paradise," and "The Blazed Trail"? They are both good, especially the latter.—Cousin Kate]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to thank you for your kind answer to my last letter. How quickly the time flies. Just fancy we are in the third month of the new year and looking forward to Easter holidays. We went to Para blackberrying the Saturday before last, and had a most enjoyable day. I went with mother to hear the blind musicians; they sang and played very nicely. They had a good house, which I was glad to see, for I think every one ought to help the poor blind people, don't you? We are expecting Wirth's Circus to arrive in Picton shortly. You must excuse this short letter, as I am not very well. I had a bilious attack a day or two ago and am not quite over it yet. Hoping you are quite well, I remain yours affectionately, with love to all, Cousin Ruby.

[Dear Cousin Ruby,—Your letter was a little late this week, so I shall only have time to write you a very short answer, I am afraid. It does not seem nearly three months since Christmas, does it? The time certainly has gone very quickly. What are you going to do with yourself in the Easter holidays. The blackberry season in Picton must be much later than ours in Auckland, for ours are all over several weeks ago. I am glad the blind musicians had a good house, for I certainly think they want all the help we can give them. I am sorry to hear that you have not been well. I hope you will be quite well again soon and able to go to Wirth's Circus and enjoy yourself thoroughly.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you have not forgotten me. I am well and I hope you are the same. The badge you sent me is lovely. It is sewn on the front of my hat. Winnie gave Olive hers as Olive didn't have one. Winnie is looking forward to receive the new one. You have a lot of cousins now, haven't you? What a pity Cousin Hannah has left. I suppose you will think me a tomboy when I tell you I play marbles with my brothers. The fruit is ripe and the flowers are at their best. It is raining, so I could not go to Sunday-school. We had a lovely time at New Brighton; we bathed every day in the glorious sea.

We also paddled and there were sandhills along the beach covered with sandgrass; there was also a lovely river with ferns and wild flowers growing on the banks, with willow and birch trees too. One day we walked to the end of the beach. It is lovely there, as it is the mouth of a river. The tide was out, so we walked over the mud flats. There was a short strip of water between us and the other side. Another time we went to a place called the Plantation. There is a lovely lake there with flowers growing on the sides. Another day we went to a place called Bligh's Gardens. There were trees all round and grass and flowers in the centre. A delightful river flowed through. I have the dearest little baby brother, who laughs and coos all day. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I will close with love to yourself and all the cousins.—Cousin Fenton.

P.S.—I ought to tell you that I did not know about writing on both sides of the paper till Winnie told me.

[Dear Cousin Fenton,—I haven't quite forgotten you, because Olive and Winnie have been writing to me and they have mentioned you once or twice; but I hope you will write oftener now, so that I shan't have a chance of forgetting you. I am so glad you liked your badge. I think putting it on the front of your hat is a fine idea, and I wish all the cousins would adopt the idea. I am sending Winnie a badge this week. I don't think you are a tomboy just because you play marbles with your brothers. I used to often want to play myself, but I never could fire straight. You must have had a delightful time staying at New Brighton. I wish I could have been there to see you all enjoying yourselves so much. There must be some very pretty places round New Brighton. I have been to Christchurch, but I never had time to go for picnics. Do you know that at first I thought you must be a boy because your name is Fenton. How did you come to have such an uncommon name for a girl?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—It is a couple of months since I wrote to you last, so I shall have to begin afresh and write to you regularly. We have had very fine weather here lately, grand for picnics and excursions. Did you go to the Premier Picnic—people say it was a great success. Aren't there a number of picnics at Motutapu this year? I think I must go to one of them as I have never been to Motutapu yet, have you? Did you go to the regatta on the 29th of January? I was over at Northcote and had a splendid view of it. Didn't the yachts look lovely? Last year the yacht that I think would have won capsized about 50 or 100 yards off the Northcote wharf, but it was terribly rough that day. Have you been to the circus yet? I have not, but I went to the last two that were here, and I think they are all very much the same, so I don't care whether I go to this one or not. Have you heard about the coal they are making now (in Australia or America)? They make it out of common clean soil, mixed with certain chemicals, and can be burnt for 10/ per ton. They're different kinds of coal—some as soft as putty and some so hard that it rings like steel when struck, and it burns precisely like coke with a little blue flame. Cousin Kate, will you let me know when to post my letters so as to be in time for the "Graphic." Well, I must come to a close now, as I have no more news to tell you, so with love to

all the cousins and yourself, I still remain your loving cousin,—Kuth.

N.B.—I have another baby brother since I wrote last.

[Dear Cousin Ruth,—It is quite two months if not more since you wrote to me last, but I am glad you are going to write oftener now. The weather has been perfect for picnics and excursions lately, hasn't it? We had better make the best of it now, because we shan't have very much more of it. No, I didn't go to the Premier picnic, but I heard that it was a great success. I have often been to Motutapu for picnics, and think it is a lovely place for them. I went to the Regatta, at least I went on the flagship and watched from there for a short time this year. Last year I went out in a yacht and as you say it was terribly rough. We were all wet through long before we got home that day. I went to the circus one night and thought it awfully good; but they are all very much alike, I think. No, I haven't heard about the new coal. I hope it will be a success, don't you? If you post your letter on Tuesday night it will always be in time for the following week's "Graphic." What is your little baby brother going to be called?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Thank you very much for your nice long answer this week. I would always like them to be like that one, but I suppose I should not be greedy, as I know you often have a number of letters to answer besides mine. Mother said she thought that I had better keep to "Muriel" as my relations in Sydney and Melbourne always read my letters in the "Graphic," and if they saw a letter signed "Tricks" they probably would not take any notice of it. As my friend is back from Wanganui I am going to ask her to write to you. I suppose you will accept her as a cousin? I don't think she will be a very regular correspondent though as she took nearly a week to answer my letter when she was away. Last Wednesday afternoon mother took Desmond, Valerie, and me to the circus, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much. Have you been yet? If not, I suppose you will before it goes away. I was awfully taken with those two little ponies in the centre of the tent; I think their manes and tails were lovely. We were all very sorry that Newhaven did not jump on Wednesday afternoon, because we wanted to see it. I also think the performing dogs were very clever. In fact, I liked the whole thing. I don't think you will hear from me next week, as I will be away, and don't know how the mails run, but I will try and write, even if it is just a line. How lovely your three Gordon setters must be. "Puri" is a collie puppie. Cousin Kate, fancy your not liking pippis or oysters. I think they are both lovely, especially oysters. I am afraid my letter will not be very long this week, as Wilma and Valerie are playing hide-and-seek in the dining-room, and every time Wilma goes to run she bumps my elbow, or chair, or something, and, of course, I can't write properly. Mother got such a nice bunch of flowers to-day, given her by a friend, so I put them in the vases, and took out the grasses which I had in before. I think it is just as well to let your garden go to rack-and-ruin when you have two or three, or even one dog racing round the place, don't you? I suppose you are going to see Cuyler Hastings in "The Light That Failed." I wish I could see it. I dare say nearly if not all the "Graphic" cousins in Auckland will go. I am so sorry that Cousin Gwen says she will only be able to write once a fortnight now, but hope she will change it to every week. I am sure all the other cousins hope the same, too. Dear Cousin Kate, I am hoping you will try to alter the cousin's page, and your photograph in instead of the children on sea-saw, as Cousin Ivy suggested. What did you think of Wilma's photo, in last week's "Graphic"? It is exactly like her, isn't it? I received the menu safely; thank you. What did you think of it? I wrote to my aunt in England last week, as I won't be home when the mail goes out, so it is all ready now, just to post. Of course father will do that when it is time. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude this note. With love to you and all the cousins.—Cousin Muriel J.

[Dear Cousin Muriel,—I am glad you liked my answer to your letter last week. I would like always to write long answers if I could, but sometimes I have