

and get a good roasting before going to bed. I have been so busy since I came back to the office that I haven't had time to ask the editor about the suggestions made by the cousins for making the cousins' page more interesting; but I will ask him about it the first opportunity I get. I think your idea is a good one. Did you mean to put in the full name or just the Christian name? It is a very amusing game to play just once or twice. I think, but it is dreadfully noisy, and makes one's head ache after a little. It won't last as long as ping pong did, I think. It must be so nice getting such a lot of new music from England. I expect you all look forward to mail days, don't you? There certainly are some beautiful post cards in the shop windows now. I like the views best, though. I suppose you like the actors and actresses best, don't you? I saw such pretty ones from Japan the other day; the colouring was simply lovely. I wonder you managed to write as much as you have with "pit" going on in the same room. I'm sure I could not have written at all. Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I hope you have not forgotten me after this long time that I have not written to you. I always read the cousins' letters every week, and now I am going to try and write regularly every second week, if I have anything to write about. We have just had three weeks' holiday from school; we went out such a lot. It has been very cold and wet this week, and we get half drowned coming home from school; but we don't mind much, as we like getting wet. We have started going to a dancing class every Saturday afternoon, and we quite enjoy ourselves. What beautiful long letters some of the cousins write to you. I wish I could write such nice ones, but I suppose they are a lot older than I am. Do you ever go to the skating rink? The fancy dress night must have looked lovely. I am sorry that it is winter, and will be glad when it is spring again, and when all the trees come out in green, and the flowers begin to bloom. We have hundreds of jonquils in the garden; they are just beginning to shoot up. We will have such a lot soon. Have you been to see Nellie Stewart yet? We all went to the circus-scope the Saturday before last, and we did enjoy it. Did you go? Dear Cousin Kate, I must close now, with lots of love to all the other cousins and lots to yourself, from Cousin Dorothy.

[Dear Cousin Dorothy.—It seems such a long time since you wrote to me last, and I was very pleased to get your letter this morning. Tui told me in her last letter that you were so tired of writing that you were not going to write to anybody for a long time, so I didn't expect to hear from you just yet. I hope you will manage to write every second week. You will find it ever so much easier when you once commence writing regularly, and I am interested in everything you do, so you will surely be able to find plenty to write about. I suppose you were very sorry when your holidays were over, especially as you went out so much, and had such a good time. I have just had a holiday, too, but I didn't have three weeks. You are sure to like going to dancing class. I used to love it when I was about as old as you are. I wonder if you are going to the same class as my little niece May goes to? I don't like the winter, either, and shall be very glad when it gets sunny and warm again. We have a number of bulls coming up now, too, but ours are not all planted yet. We have been too lazy to put them in. I have been to Nellie Stewart three times, and I am going again on Saturday. I did not go to the bioscope, though. I think you write charming little letters, dear Dorothy, and I am sure yours will be quite as nice and interesting as the other cousins are when you are older. Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not yet read your answer to my letter this week, as the "Graphic" has not arrived, but as I have school again to-morrow I thought I might not have time to write to you unless I seized this opportunity. I was pleased to see that a number of cousins wrote last week. There were several letters from "old" cousins, were there not? Last Wednesday, Empire

Day, I went to Ouchunga with father and my little brother. We went all over the Rotouhi, which sailed that afternoon, and afterwards to the kio-kio for afternoon tea. The cars were all so crowded coming back that we had to go on top of a double-decker. I had never been on top before. It was beautifully cool, just like being in a motor-car. Have you played "pit" yet, Cousin Kate? It is most exciting, especially when someone gets a "corner" in "wheat." I went to a "pit" party last night, and only got one corner in "oats" the whole evening. Was it not shocking? About fourteen played, so there were several double suits. The other day I got a post-card from Sweden. It is so pretty, and has a picture of three girls with their national Swedish costume. Cousin Kate, I read the other day in one of the magazines of a scheme which I thought would be suitable for the cousins to carry out. I am, of course, only suggesting it to you, and it is for you to decide whether it would be suitable or not. It is the following: For the poor little sick children in the hospital, or some such institution, the cousins could each make a "Wonder Bag," to be distributed at Christmas time. This they could make of whatever material they chose. It would need to be fairly large, with a strong ribbon draw-string. Let us suppose that we desire the invalids pleasure and surprise to continue for an entire week. Seven articles of various kinds must be collected—things each cousin thinks would please some little invalid, say, for instance, a book or new magazine, picture post cards, a tiny doll or two, a box of coloured beads, a dainty breakfast tray cloth, packet of coloured chalks, or anything else that the cousins think they would appreciate if they were ill or lonely. They then should wrap every article carefully in a number of papers, so as to disguise it as much as possible, tying each one up with narrow ribbon of different colours; then place the seven parcels in the bag, allowing the ribbon ends to hang out; the draw-string must then be drawn securely, and a note despatched to the invalid, instructing her to draw, every day for a week, one parcel from the "Wonder Bag." The following verse should be neatly written out upon a card, and sewn to the outside of the bag:

Whether weary, sad, or gay,
Take but one gift every day;
Then before the string is broken,
Guess the friend who sends this token.

Do you not think that it would be nice for us to do, Cousin Kate? I always feel so sorry for the poor little children in the hospital, especially at Christmas time. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I have my homework to prepare, so must say "An revoir" till next week. With love to your "Graphic" cousins, and an extra share for you, Cousin Kate, I remain, yours affectionately, Ruby Coleman, Auckland.

Dear Cousin Ruby.—It was very good indeed of you to snatch a few minutes to write to me, and if you are always as quick to seize an opportunity I expect I shall hear from you pretty often at all events. I hope so, I wonder what all the cousins thought when they opened last week's "Graphic" and found that there were no answers to any of their letters. I must read them all through and see if there are any questions to be answered. I was very pleased when I received so many letters the week before last, though it took me some time to answer them. I was going to Waiwera next day, so had to hurry over them rather. I always wonder where all the people who travel on the framers on holidays come from, don't you? I like the sensation of travelling on the top of the double-deckers, but I must confess to feeling a wee bit nervous going down hill on them; they sway so that I'm sure if I went very far on one I should be seasick. Yes, I have played "pit." I think nearly everyone has. It is great fun for a little while, but it makes one so tired that one is soon glad to leave off. You must have had a nice rowdy party with 14 playing. I think the "Wonder Bag" scheme is splendid, and I hope all the cousins will enter into it. It would be nice to have two or three dozen bags ready by Christmas, wouldn't it? and we might get them hung on the Christmas tree which is always given to the children at the Hospital every year. Thank you very much indeed, dear Ruby, for suggesting it.—Cousin Kate.]

Voyage of the Vainglorious Wasp.

"I am glad to meet you, my friend," said the Wasp, as he touched feelers with a neighbourly Honey Bee in the depths of a grass jungle. "I was on the point of seeking you to tell you that I am forced to leave my nest. I shall be stung to death if I return. It is a strange that I, the King of Insects, the terror of all the world of creatures about, should feel fear yet I do."

"Well, why go back? You can travel—fly hither and thither and see new and wonderful sights," advised the Bee.

"What?" exclaimed the Wasp, protruding his long sting angrily. "I travel? Why, I know all the animals, birds and insects now. I even know something about the Giants themselves. You astonish me."

"Nevertheless, if you care to go, I will guide you to a World of Wonders that you little dream of, a place where there are creatures that even the Giants fear and where there are other creatures so tall that they could not stand in this field without their heads being above the tallest bush in sight," the Bee murmured gently; then he flew away.

"What a likely story!" buzzed the pretty but vain Wasp. "I, that know everything, to be told of wonders! If such huge creatures existed in the world they would be as large as yonder rock, and I should see them."

Yet in spite of his vanity the Wasp dared not return to his nest, so he decided to follow the Honey Bee's advice. "I will travel," he said.

They started, after a good meal of honey and dew, on their journey, and the Bee soared straight up into the air for a great distance. He went much higher than the Wasp had ever been, and then went off in a "bee line" to the west. The poor Wasp began to feel very anxious for a rest, but his pride forbade it. At last, just as he was ready to drop, the Bee started down again. As the trees rose to meet them and the familiar grass and flowers, golden rod and daisies appeared again the Wasp thought he had been deceived. He was about to sting the little bee severely, when lo! he saw a great monster directly below him. It was much larger than a horse and very broad. Its feet were stout, like tree trunks. Its ears were so huge they hung like two ragged mantles on each side of his head, and his nose was so very long it would have touched the ground had not its tip been turned up. On this monster's back sat several young Giants, laughing and screaming. The Bee explained that this creature was captured and tamed by the Giants—a story that the Wasp had to believe. "Truly, friend Bee, I marvel that I never saw any of these creatures before."

"That," said the Bee, "is nothing to what you will now see." Saying which he entered a very large stone Giant's nest, or house; he went in at a chimney.

The poor Wasp trembled when he saw the creatures within.

One thing he knew, they were all birds. But who ever saw such birds before? "Here," said the Bee, "is one that stands higher than a pony; his head is not larger than a dog's, yet he has a neck so tall that he can overlook any horse."

The Bee then lighted boldly on the bird's bill, as he would on a tree limb, and asked him to tell what he could do and where he came from.

"I am," said the bird, "the largest of all creatures." (He had never seen any larger.) "I can outrun any horse, and have often done it, and if I am attacked one kick of my foot fears my enemy to pieces. My home used to be a great plain, where the sand was deep and soft; there were many of us, and we ran races over the land."

"And what did you eat—honey or Wasp?" asked the Bee, mischievously.

"What is a Wasp?" asked the bird. "No; I eat the green leaves and grass, and I also am fond of puddles and shells."

The Wasp, who felt very small indeed, stared from both his big eyes at this. Here was a bird that ate stones, cuttan a horse, and had never heard of a wasp!

"Near by, in an adjoining cell," continued the Guiding Bee, "is a bird without wings." "That I don't believe—it's absurd!" declared the Wasp. Yet there it was, a small bird, the size of a chicken, with queer, downy feathers, no visible wing, and a long, curved bill, the tip of which moved like the end of the wasp's tongue.

In this same building the Bee showed the Wasp two other wonders, one a bird nearly as tall as a horse, which had instead of feathers long black hair-like plumage. On its head was a helmet of bone, with which it could drive in a stout bush, and thus pass through unharmed. Its enter toe had a great toenail like the horn of a young bull, with which it could kick a hole in an iron pail or kill a horse. Another bird, that was as large as a good-sized dog, sat on a perch. This fierce monster had a white ruff of down about its neck, a terrible, curved beak, a pair of short, stout legs with huge claws, and a pair of wings that, stretched out, would measure the length of a tall man, or even longer. The Bee asked this bird how it lived, and where.

"I lived once in a region higher than these clouds in the sky. My nest was as large as this cage, made of the branches of trees, and from it I could see the whole world. Trees below looked like grass, and if never rained, because I was above the clouds. My food was rabbits, young oats, and even" the bird went on, glancing about cautiously—"even young giants. I can kill a wild cat or a wolf with one stroke of my claws and beak."

The Wasp now wished to go home; he had very little vanity left; but the Bee said there were monsters to see, beside which these were mere honey bees and wasps.

"Well," retorted the Wasp, "we can sting, perhaps we could even kill that great bird if we were to attack it in numbers." But he felt very humble.

The next nest visited was one nearly all built of glass. In here were, first of all, some turtles. Of course the Wasp had seen pond turtles, but had never seen turtles as huge as these. One of these would have been taken for a large howler if he had not moved. He was as long as fifty wasps and a hundred honey bees flying in a fan. Talking to this turtle, the Wasp began to feel that he could walk about comfortably with two giants on his back, that he could bite through any thin board or through a tin basin and that he was so old it would take two thousand wasps' lives, and to span, each life being 60 sunsets long, to equal his age.

He lived as long as seven giants' lives, and he ate nothing but vegetables and fruit. Finally this astonishing tortoise declared that the land he lived in was so small he could walk across it while the sun rose and set twice, and that it was entirely surrounded by water.

"How, then," ventured the Wasp, "could you get here if there is water all about your home?"

"That," remarked the Turtle, "is

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