



Children's Page

COUSINS' BADGES.

Cousins requiring badges, are requested to send an addressed envelope, when the badge will be forwarded by return mail.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

YOUNGER COUSINS' LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Kate,—Fly-running is something like the ordinary running, only you make the stitches very small, and do not take the needle out till you have finished all the strip. It is called "fly" running because it can be done so quickly. We fly-run drawn-silk hats for children. Don't they look pretty, Cousin Kate? Thank you for my badge; I think red ones are very pretty. I am making a navy motor cap for myself. Do you like motor caps, Cousin Kate? It is dreadfully muddy in the country now, and I have a pair of rubber knee boots, and they come in finely for the wet weather. I was pleased to see my last letter in the "Graphic" and hope you will be able to print this one. Love to all the cousins, including Cousin Kate. From Cousin LUCY.

[Dear Cousin Lucy,—I have learnt something to-day, for I really never had any idea before what fly-stitching was. It sounds very simple, and it certainly is very effective. I have seen children's fly-run silk hats often, and thought them so pretty. I think motor caps are very, very useful; but there are many other styles of hats that I think much more becoming. I wish someone would be brave enough to start the fashion of wearing rubber knee boots here. I'm sure it would be a most sensible plan at this time of the year. It seems almost impossible to keep dry when one has to be out much this weather.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am going to write to you this week, and I won't put it off like I did the last time I wrote. The days are beginning to get longer now that the shortest day is over, but we won't notice any difference for a little while, I don't suppose. Can you paint, Cousin Kate? I can a little, in oils. Where do the cousins generally wear their badges? Did you go to hear Kubelik? It must have been very nice to hear him. I suppose you are looking forward to when the fleet comes in? I am painting a small picture of the Green Lake at Rotorua. Have you ever seen it, Cousin Kate? I must stop, as it is getting late. From Cousin RUTH.

Dear Cousin Ruth,—I suppose the days are getting longer, but by such imperceptible degrees that one does not notice it. However, it is nice to know that half the winter is over, isn't it? I used to paint in oils a little at one time, and I was very fond of it, too; but I had to give it up because I had so many other things to do that I could not fit in painting lessons. I really do not know where most of the cousins wear their badges. I fancy most of them just keep them to look at. Yes, I went to hear Kubelik, and enjoyed it immensely.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—We broke up for our winter holidays last Friday (26th June), but I do not know whether I am going away or not. I will ask Myrtle if she will come for a picnic one day in the holidays. I suppose that Cousin Ivy will write and tell you all about her birthday. We are having very wet weather here now; it is raining very heavily. Nearly every one in Bulls seem to have had colds. The visitors that I told you were at our place have got very bad colds as well. Every spare minute that I have is spent in reading my letters; I read them over and over again. There are some lovely flowers out in the school gardens. The Fifth Standard garden looks nicer than any of the others. We have vegetable plots as well as flower gardens. There are a great number of vegetable plots, but only three flower gardens. It is very seldom that we do any work in them now, because of the weather being so bad. It is lovely to think that there is no school to go to all next week. The little pup has got its tail cut off now, and it looks so funny without it, because it was so long before. Are there any violets out in Auckland yet? There are a lot out here, and there is a lot of Daphne out also. Do you like violets and daphne? I love them, especially the sweet scent they have. I have begun to make a garden, but I have not got many flowers yet. Have you got many out up in Auckland? I lived in Auckland twice. I liked the town all right, but I didn't like the school a bit. It was in Auckland that I got the measles. Just the other day a little boy went down to where a traction engine was; he was looking about it for a good while, and never noticed a well with a lot of glass in it, and he fell into it and cut all his head and his legs. I am doing a great deal of fancy work for the bazaar; that is why I keep the pleasure of writing to you for Sunday nights. It is Miss Wilson's fancy work class on Thursday afternoon. I have just got over a very sore throat. We have not seen our little kitten yet, so I think that the pup must have killed it. Our examination is on when we go back to school. I am going to try to come top again. After it is over I will tell you where I came. There was a football match here on Saturday afternoon. The players were the High School boys of Bulls and the High School of Marton. Our boys won; they got twelve and the Marton nothing. There was a little girl staying with us on Friday, and we had a lovely time. I had two swings, one inside and one outside; the one outside was the best, but it broke, but it will soon be mended again. Well, I think I must close now, because I have no more news to tell you, so I will close with best love to yourself and all the other cousins.—From COUSIN MARY.

[Dear Cousin Mary,—Your midwinter holidays are over now, and I hope you managed to enjoy them; I'm afraid you did not have very nice weather for them, so I expect your picnic did not come off after all. Now, there are plenty of violets out now; some of the florists' shops have perfectly lovely sprays of them in the windows, and the daphne bushes are in full bloom. The little boy who fell into the well and cut himself is getting on all right; he must have been very interested in the engine not to

notice the well. Was there anyone on the swing when it broke? I hope not, because it would have given them rather a nasty shock, even if it didn't do any worse damage.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am once more writing to you. There was hail here on Thursday last week. The hail-stones were at least a quarter of an inch bigger than blackballs; it came down very suddenly. To tell you how big they were, they did not melt for nearly two hours; they were so thick that they looked like snow. I went to a concert last night, and saw a lot of funny pictures. My little brother and my sister's dog remind me of Buster and Tige, for they are always getting into mischief. We always say that when they are quiet they are thinking what more mischief they can do. We are having our mid-winter holidays; but it is very wet, and we cannot go out to play, so we amuse ourselves by playing hide-and-seek. Now I will stop, with love to you and the other cousins. With love from COUSIN GLADYS (Te Aroha).

[Dear Cousin Gladys,—I saw in one of the Auckland papers that there had been rather a severe hailstorm at Te Aroha, but I had no idea the hail-stones were as large as you describe. Now, I should like to have seen them, but I should not have cared to be out in the storm, should you? I hope your little brother and his partner-in-mischief are not quite so bad as Buster and Tige seem to be. If they are, I don't think I should care to live in their vicinity.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am having holidays, and I do not like them very much. We had our examination about three weeks ago; I think I have passed into the Third Standard. It has been very wet weather lately, has it not? I go to dancing class now, and enjoy it very much. All of us have had colds, so we cannot go out much. I have only been out once since the holidays began. Anyhow, when I am at home I do have good fun. I bought a very nice painting book yesterday called "Happy Hours" painting book. It is such a nice one, with a lot of nice pictures to paint in it. The fleet will be coming soon, and then the Remuera School will have another week's holidays. We may go on board one of the ships of the fleet when it comes in. Good-bye. Love from COUSIN BOBS.

[Dear Cousin Bobs,—I was quite surprised to get a letter from you this morning; it is such a long time since you wrote last that I was beginning to think you had forgotten all about Cousin Kate. I hope you have passed into the Third Standard. What standard is Sydney in? I suppose she goes to the same school as you do, doesn't she? I was sorry to hear that you had all had such bad colds, and hope you are all perfectly well again by this time. I'm afraid these holidays have been rather dull, but if we have nice weather while the American fleet is here, we shall all be able to have a jolly time to make up for it, sha'n't we?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I received my badge safely, and thank you very much for it. We are having very wet weather lately; it has been raining for nearly a week, but we have had an snow yet. Have you, Cousin Kate? Everything looks new because all the leaves have fallen off the trees, but the grass is nice and green. There is a grocer's shop up close to our school now. Some of my schoolmates have gone to live up at Matamoras. Father has got one little lamb. Well, Cousin Kate, I think I will say good-bye, asking you if you would excuse my bad writing, as I have a bad pen.—With love from Cousin ELSIE.

[Dear Cousin Elsie,—We have had plenty of wet weather in Auckland this winter, but we never do have snow, you know. Once, years ago, there was a very slight fall of snow, and everyone thought it was a most wonderful thing. Doesn't everything look bare and desolate in the winter time. I don't like the winter a bit, do you? I am glad that half of it, anyway, is over.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I do not know whether you accept letters written by children residing out of the Dominion of New Zealand. We get the "Graphic" from my brother in Wellington, and I always read the letters from the children, and thought I would like to write to you. Have you ever been over here in Tasmania? It is cool here in the summer, but very cold in the winter. I went to see the Australian Native Association Exhibition in Launceston; there were moving pictures in the afternoon. I saw the babies in the incubators; they looked very nice. There were two boys and a girl—they looked so healthy. We live eighteen miles from Launceston; we often drive in. We drive along the side of the River Tamar for about six miles. It is a beautiful drive on a nice day. I walk six miles a-day to school. I am in the fifth class. My school-teacher's name is Miss Freeborough; she is such a kind teacher. I would like a pony to ride to school; I do love riding, don't you? I have a post-card album, and have one hundred and twenty-five postcards of New Zealand. My brother sends me a lot, and another gentleman over there, too. Would you please send me a red badge? I shall enclose my address. With love to all the cousins and yours—H, Cousin MURICE.

[Dear Cousin Murice,—I have quite a number of cousins who do not live in New Zealand. I shall be very pleased indeed to add you to the list. It is very good of your brother to send you the "Graphic" every week, and I hope he won't forget to send you this week's because I should like you to see your own letter in print. What a pretty uncommon name you have, I have never heard it before. No, I have never been to Tasmania, but I have relatives there, and we have often thought that we would like to live there. Six miles seems a very long way to walk to school every day, and I am not surprised that you would like a pony. I am very fond of riding, too, it is the finest exercise there is, I think. I will send you a red badge, and you must let me know if it arrives safely.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I be one of your cousins? I would like a blue badge please, if you send me one. I am ten years of age. I have a little fox-terrier, and his name is Tim. We are having our midwinter holidays now. I am very fond of reading, and I like to read the cousins' letters in the "Graphic".—From your loving cousin, HILDA (Auckland).

[Dear Cousin Hilda,—I shall be very glad indeed to have you for one of my many cousins, and I hope you will write to me often. Your blue badge is already posted, so I expect you have it by this time. It is a good thing you are fond of reading, because the weather has been so bad for your holidays that there really has been no other way for you to amuse yourself. What school do you go to, and what standard are you in?—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Dear me! How it blows. Are we going to have a repetition of two weeks ago, I wonder? Do you remember what a stormy night we had, Cousin Kate? This weather ought to make one appreciate a comfortable home. Do you not think so? And now for a friendly little chat. How are you, dear Cousin Kate. My! How time flies! Just think of our having passed the shortest