



# 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.—I mean to try and keep up my correspondence once more. It is a very long time since I wrote to you last: I enjoyed my holidays very much this time. At the beginning of them I had a girl down from Hawera to stop for a while, when she went back, Cousin Myrtle and I went back with her. We both enjoyed ourselves immensely. One day we went to the beach and had a row down the river. Another day we went up to McGregor's farm, and we had a picnic there. We went right through the bush and got a lot of ferns and wild flowers, and when we came back we went to Greatford in a motor car. The last week of our holidays we went for a picnic down to the recreation grounds, and on the following Friday we went up to Greatford and back for a drive in a gig. Yesterday we went for a picnic to the new bridge. We started at ten o'clock in the morning, and came back at half-past five. There have been three babies christened to-day. I can was one christened yesterday. I can think of no more news. I will close with best love to you all and the other Cousins.—Cousin Mary.

[Dear Cousin Mary.—I am glad you had such a good time in the holidays; the last few weeks in December are so hot, and one has to work harder and more continually than during the rest of the year, so one deserves the holiday. It must have been perfectly lovely on the river. My idea of perfect bliss for this time of year is just to drift about in a boat with lots of cushions and a new book. The only place where there is a breeze is on the water, or to be driven very, very fast in a motor car. I suppose you are rather sorry to go back to school. You can only go to picnics on Saturdays now. It seems such a shame to be indoors this weather. I am glad you are going to write regularly now, but it is rather too much to expect you to write during the holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I suppose you will never forgive me, but I had completely forgotten to write to you. So I will make up for my long silence by sending you an extra long letter. To-day we had a friend over to play croquet. Can you play croquet? I have a new pony and a foal; the pony's name is Babette and the foal is called Gingerale. I also have a very late lamb called Maria, a magpie called Yarkup, and a little peacock. We went to Wanganui a little while ago. I had a ride in the trams. I think they

have spoilt Wanganui altogether. We are having such hot weather here just now. We have not had any bad bush fires yet. I enjoyed my Christmas holidays very much. I did not go away for them. I am going for a ride to-morrow afternoon. The willows are beginning to turn colour here, they are very early, are they not? I began school again last Wednesday. Well, dear Cousin Kate, I think that is all the news, from Cousin BERYL.

[Dear Cousin Beryl, — I certainly thought you had grown tired of our page. I am glad I was mistaken. I don't like losing a cousin. What a funny girl you are not to like the trams; they are not pretty, certainly, in the daytime, but they are at night I think, and at their worst they are no uglier than the old buses; and they are so convenient and so quick. I like croquet very much, and I know how it ought to be played; but, alas! that is about as far as I get, because I am a shocking bad shot, and I don't believe I will ever improve. What a number of pets you have; it must take you nearly all your time to feed and look after them. I hope the new pony will be a great success.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I hope you are well. I have just come home from Tokaanu. I had three weeks' holiday. It was not a very good holiday because it rained most of the time. On New Year's Day the Maoris had sports at Waihi. We went to have a look at them. There were a lot of children's races. That same afternoon I went with some of my friends to see the waterfall. It was very pretty with all the bushes around it. We could hardly hear ourselves speaking with the noise the waterfall made. You must excuse me for not writing, for we were always busy. We brought back a girl friend with us on the steamer. She went back yesterday. We drove round to Tokaanu. I must close with oceans of love to you and all the other Cousins.—Cousin JANE.

P.S.—I saw Cousin Olive in Tokaanu.

[Dear Cousin Jane.—The heat in town is so awful that nobody seems to be really well. We all go round looking, and what is really worse, feeling absolutely limp. For your sakes I hope it is cooler at Taupo. I hope you had a good time during your holiday, even when it rained. How far is the waterfall from Waihi. Do you know, I have stayed there, but I never even heard of the waterfall. I can quite understand your not wanting to write when you were away, and quite forgive you, too, though once or twice I began to think all the Cousins had deserted me for good and all. One week I only got one letter; think of that.—Cousin Kate.]

### UNSENTIMENTAL TOMMY.

Mother: Just run upstairs, Tommy, and fetch baby's nightgown.  
Tommy: Don't want to.  
Mother: Oh, well, if you're going to be unkind to your new little sister, she'll put on her wings and fly back again to heaven.  
Tommy: Then let her put on her wings and fetch her nightgown!

## Sandy's Paper Message.

Simply a scrap of paper; possibly a leaf from an old hymn-book, which had been tossed to and fro by the wind, until it rested, as if by accident, on the lap of little Sandy Gardiner, as he sat by the side of his donkey on the sea-shore.

Sandy was quite a little boy, only six years old, and people would generally smile curiously when he presented him-

self as the sole attendant of the animal which they had hired for their children. But they found him quite equal to his work, so no complaint was ever made.

Sandy was by no means a happy child. He was an orphan, and dependent for his living upon a cross-grained old aunt, who, at the death of his mother, had been obliged "to take to him"; and a very cold welcome she offered Sandy to her miserable home.

The child was "fanciful, and unlike other boys," she said, and she had "no patience with him and his dreams."

The children who rode Sandy's donkey along the sands would sometimes tell the boy wonderful stories of the lands beyond the sea, which would cause him to open very wide his wondering eyes. And often, when he was alone, he would gaze dreamily over the waters and wonder if he should ever sail yonder to that dim country, and there become a rich "grow-up man," no more dependent for his bread upon his cross old aunt.

It was while his fancy was busy in building castles in the air, as he sat on the soft sand, that the paper-message was sent to him. He took the leaflet up eagerly, and though some of the long words were quite beyond his power of understanding, he managed to read enough to learn that somewhere in the sky there was "a home for little children"; and the strange news filled his mind with wonder. Several times he read and re-read the two lines which seemed to have a special significance to him:

"There's a home for little children  
Above the bright blue sky."

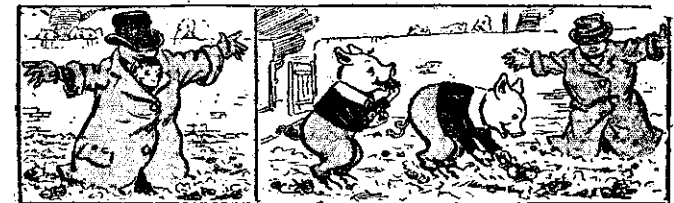
Sandy wondered, first of all, how it was that he had never heard before of

## JUNGLE JINKS

### JACKO SOLVES THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING STRAWBERRIES.



1. "The birds have been eating my strawberries remarkably fast lately," said Dr. Lion. "I really must put a stop to it. Here, you boys, come and help me to fix up a scarecrow in the strawberry bed." "Certainly, sir," cried Jacko, like the good little boy that he isn't. "This reminds me of last Guy Fawkes' day," laughed Rhino, "when we made a guy of—" Then he suddenly remembered that Dr. Lion was the guy, and, blushing deeply, broke off in the middle of his speech. "Hee! hee!" sniggered Jacko who noticed Rhino's awkward slip. "That was a narrow shave, wasn't it?"



2. That evening Jacko overheard the Boar's talking about strawberries. "I believe they take them," thought he. "When play-time comes to-morrow, I'll get inside the scarecrow, and watch!"

3. And sure enough those greedy porkers did steal the strawberries. Jacko hadn't been watching inside that big overcoat more than two minutes, when the Boars stole softly into the kitchen garden and began to tuck in at the strawberry patch as though they hadn't fed for a month.



4. "Oh, this won't do," thought Jacko. "If I don't drive them off quickly, there will not be a single strawberry left for our breaking-up day. 'Br-r-r-r! Yow!' he screeched. And when the Boars saw that scarecrow come to life they were so frightened that they rushed straight into the arms of Dr. Lion. Don't ask us what he said.