



Children's Page

To Our Young Readers.

Our young readers are cordially invited to enter our wide circle of cousins, by writing to

COUSIN KATE,
"The Weekly Graphic,"
Shortland Street, Auckland.

Cousin Kate is particularly desirous that those boys and girls who write should tell her whatever interests them to tell, about their games, their pets, their holidays, or their studies. Their letters and Cousin Kate's replies will appear in the "Weekly Graphic," on the Children's Page.

All cousins under the age of fourteen are accounted Junior Cousins, all above that age Senior Cousins. Cousins may continue writing until quite grown-up, and after, if they wish to do so; for we are proud to number among our cousins some who have passed out of their teens.

A badge will be sent to each new cousin on the receipt of an addressed envelope.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I would like to be a cousin of the "Graphic." I am 13 years old and in Standard 6. I like reading your letters very much; they are so very interesting. I live in Wellington, but I was born in England. I think the "Graphic" a very nice and interesting paper. Will you send me a red badge, please?—**COUSIN ANNIE.**

DEAR COUSIN ANNIE,—I would very much like to have you for a cousin; and you are my cousin as well as cousin to the "Graphic." Did you ever hear the cuckoo in England, Cousin Annie? Did you ever try to see where he was and he wakes ever so long at night, with only a sheet to cover you, trying to get a little bit cool, in the middle of summer, when it was not really dark the whole night through? Did you ever look very reverently at the pretty eggs in the little nests in the hedgerows along the lane sides, afraid even so much as to touch one egg, lest the parent bird should know that you had, and should desert the nest in fear of impending ill? Were you ever scolded for going round the fields in quest of primroses in the spring-time, instead of coming straight home from school? And, instead of going to school, did you gather blue-bells in the dusk, or smell the musk in a cottage window? This is a ballroom of questions, is it not? But you see, you tempted me into it by telling me you were born in England, and that made me think all at once of thousands of lovely things which I recollect there when I was younger than you. Anyway, Cousin Annie, what do you think of the view from the Baginbun hill in Wellington (I forget what you call that hill, though I've been up it)? I think Wellington is such a brisk, stirring city; people seem really alive there.—**COUSIN KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—May I become one of your "Graphic" cousins? I have been reading your children's page to-night, and thought I would like to be one. I am only 12 years old, and in Standard VI. I think I would like you to send me a red badge, as the girls at our school are all wearing red on their hats. I will write to you every week, and will be able to read your answer and my letter every week, as we always get the "Graphic." I am your sister as you write to you to-night.—**COUSIN MOLLIE.**

DEAR COUSIN MOLLIE,—I have conjured up quite a pleasant picture of you and your little sister enjoying the "Graphic" beside a cheery fire, as and my little companions

used to enjoy our books and papers when we were young. Are you going up for a scholarship? You should be able to win either that or a free place if you care to do so, seeing you are in the sixth already. Red seems the right sort of colour for winter, and as the girls wear it on their hats you may as well have your badge to match. I am pleased to hear you are going to write every week. There are a good many cousins writing, but we are like the old-fashioned buses—"there is always room for more." It is very nice to receive such a well-written letter as yours, Cousin Mollie. You must be blessed with a good writing master, or else you have inherited a good hand. But good writing does not always run in families. I know a lady who writes almost like copper-plate, and her children write all sorts of hands, from very good to very bad.—**COUSIN KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—As I have a sister who is writing to you to-night, I thought I would like to be one of your cousins, too. I am only nine years old, and would like, please, to have a red badge.—**COUSIN MAGGIE.**

DEAR COUSIN MAGGIE,—I am very glad you have followed your sister's good example, and decided to send me a letter. It is always nice to receive two letters from one family, because we get more news when there are two writers. When I was a little girl we used to say, if two of us had washes or frocks the same colour, that we were "friends." So as you and your sister are both having red badges you will be friends in this sense, as well as sisters. I think it is lovely to have a sister, don't you? I wonder if it will be evening when you are reading this answer to your letter, and if it will be time for a trip to "Blanket Bay."—**COUSIN KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—This is my first letter to you, so I hope you will receive me for a cousin. I am fifteen years of age, so I suppose I will be a Senior Cousin. I live in a little country town called Lower Moutere, situated about thirty-four miles from "Sunny Nelson." To go by boat to Nelson is about sixteen miles, but it only takes about two hours and a half. The nearest town to Lower Moutere is Motueka. I don't think there are any more "Graphic" cousins here. We get the "Graphic" from one neighbour, and I am always anxious to see "Buster Brown" and read the letters. I have two sisters and a brother. My brother is going to write to you. We are having miserable weather now. It was raining all day yesterday, and nearly all day to-day. Have you ever been to Nelson? It is a lovely place for a holiday. Dear Cousin Kate, will you please send me a blue badge? I enclose an addressed envelope, as I have a good one, and I have music lessons, but are not having them now. We may continue them later on. Do you like music? With love to all the cousins, not forgetting yourself.—**COUSIN DAISY.**

DEAR COUSIN DAISY,—I am glad to receive you for a cousin, and hope you will often write. I have been to Nelson, and I have a good one, and I used to have a place for a holiday. To go there by boat from Moutere must be a delightful experience. The day I came out of Nelson was a perfect spring day; I shall never forget it. There was a good breeze, and the wind steamer, who told me that things do not look so lovely to us when we get older. Well, "that depends," as the people say. I hope you and your sister will soon be able to have your music lessons again. Just love music. How could one help loving it, any more than one can help loving pictures. I think the rain is not so trying if one goes out in it. There is pleasure in being out-of-doors in wet or windy weather, if one is well wrapped up. It makes one glad to have a home to get into when one has had enough of the outside.—**COUSIN KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Please may I become one of the cousins? I am eight years old, and in the first standard at school. I have about two miles to walk every morning. I have a little black and white kitten, please will you give me a name for her.

Have you seen a pole-cat? Father caught one in our field a very long ago. Please send me a blue badge?—**Love from COUSIN REGGIE.**

DEAR COUSIN REGGIE,—You certainly may become one of our cousins. What a long walk to school for such a little man! But you have all day to get ready for the walk home, which is a good thing. You will soon be in the second standard if you keep working away. I wonder what you would think of Fluffy as a name for your pussy? I don't remember ever seeing a pole-cat. Was this one very savage? I don't think I should care to catch one. I hope you like your badge, and will write and tell me.—**Cousin Kate.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I wish to become one of your "Graphic" cousins. It is very nice to read the cousins' letters, which I find at the back of the "Graphic." I live twenty-two miles out of Nelson, at a small country place called Beirgrove. We have had very fine weather lately, but it has begun to rain again to-night. I have two kittens, but I haven't named either of them yet. I think I will call one Kit. I also have a pet goat, which is about half grown, and call him Billy. Please, Cousin Kate, will you send me a navy blue badge?—With love to you and the rest of the cousins, Cousin CYRIL.

DEAR COUSIN CYRIL,—I am very pleased to have another Beirgrove cousin. I am getting to know quite a lot of the New Zealand cousins at the moment. I am interested in all parts. You tell me that you have had very fine weather lately, but it has begun to rain again. Well, Cousin Cyril, I see you are not a grumbler; why should we grumble at the weather? I am inclined to echo the cheery views of the dear old lady who said, "Any sort of weather is better than no weather at all." What do you think? And now, you see, the shortest of us is well past. Do call one pussy "Kit." That is so appropriate. How would "Patches" do for one if it is patchy in colour? I had a little sister who had two kittens. One day she found a little heap of bones in the box where they slept. She came in crying, and saying that some "horrid tom cat had eaten up her two kittens," for she could not see them any-where about. But the kittens came to light again; and when the heap of bones were examined they proved to be mutton chop bones.—**Cousin Kate.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I would like to become one of the cousins. I am ten years old and in the third standard. I have a pony named Dick, and ride three miles and a-half to school. We play football at school just now, and we are going to play Teikiri on Saturday. I have a post card album, and it holds 500 post cards. Will you please send me a blue badge. I must stop now, with best wishes to you and all the other cousins.—**From Cousin JACKIE.**

DEAR COUSIN JUCKIE,—I am very pleased to welcome you as a cousin. What a happy time you and Dick must have together. Three and a-half miles on horseback would not seem far. I hope your team won the Teikiri on Saturday. I am glad you have an album. I wonder how long it will take you to have it filled. Tell me some more about yourself when next you write. I like to know how my cousins are getting along. Cousin Gordon tells me in his letter this week that his pigeons have laid two eggs. I am hoping he will soon write and say that he has two young pigeons.—**Cousin Kate.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Did you receive my letter? It was not published in last week's "Graphic," so I suppose it must wait its turn. How do you manage when there are more letters than you can publish in the same issue? Mother and I went to the orchestral concert at the "Theatrical Hall" last Thursday week, and enjoyed the music very much. Are we not having beautiful weather for this time of the year? We have a lovely green parrot, with yellow breast. He talks if the weather is fine, but if there is any coming he makes a nasty, squeaky noise, and he is never wrong. My sister and I had our photos taken at Schmidt's. We

will have the proofs on Monday. With love to you and all the cousins.—**Cousin ELISA.**

DEAR COUSIN ELISA,—Yes, I did get your letter. Did you get your badge? When, like the "Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe," I've so many letters I don't know what to do. I sit writing answers till day is long dead, and publish them—when they can be published!

I am very glad to find my cousins so reasonable as to be willing good-naturedly to wait a little for the publication of their letters. It is ever so much nicer to have a crowd writing, even if it does mean having to wait a little for one's turn. I don't wonder that you enjoyed the orchestral concert. I was interested to hear about your very true weather-glass. I wonder where he feels the rain—in his corns, or in his nerves? I hope your photos turn out good. Yes, I think the weather is absolutely perfect.—**Cousin Kate.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Thank you so much for receiving me as a cousin. I am a girl, with a Maori name. Some people think I am a Maori half-caste. I cannot write very well to-day, as it is very cold. I would like a red badge, please, Aunt Kate. Please excuse me putting "aunt" for "cousin," as I am very forgetful. My favourite books are "Miss Bobbie," "Robinson Crusoe," and "The Swiss Family Robinson." I have music lessons on Saturdays, and the boys are a red one in my envelope. You have sent now. Fancy your being a little girl after all. Your name has a pretty meaning. It means "love." To have such a nice name I think helps one to be good. I don't do a bit of bad, because you have sent me a red one. Only, of course, I'm "cousin" to all my "Graphic" cousins. I think girls are fond of reading boys' books. You must enjoy your music lessons. Write again soon, dear.—**Cousin KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN AROHA,—I am so glad to hear from you again. I found out your address from a geographical index, so I sent you a badge without waiting for your envelope. I quite forgot I had asked you what colour you would like, and I'm nearly sure I sent you blue. So I will send you a red one in my envelope. You have sent now. Fancy your being a little girl after all. Your name has a pretty meaning. It means "love." To have such a nice name I think helps one to be good. I don't do a bit of bad, because you have sent me a red one. Only, of course, I'm "cousin" to all my "Graphic" cousins. I think girls are fond of reading boys' books. You must enjoy your music lessons. Write again soon, dear.—**Cousin KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—I suppose you think I have forgotten you, but I have not. I have a very nice name, which my mother dressed for me, and it looks very nice indeed. I have a nice honeyeater stick and a little puppy, which is always teasing the cat. I am in the sixth standard at school, and a 8 years old. We shall soon be having our school mid-winter holidays.—**Cousin NAOMI.**

DEAR COUSIN NAOMI,—I am so glad to get another letter from you. I did not think you had quite forgotten me, though I like to be told so all the same. I am sure your puppy is a great treasure, and your honeyeater stick is very nice. I am glad to hear you have not told me what is the colour of its frock. I should like to get hold of that honeyeater stick of yours. Honeyeaters are such good birds, and are as great teasers as boys' aren't they? Standard two is very good for 8 years of age. I hope you enjoyed your holidays. They will be over when you read this.—**Cousin KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Thank you very much for the badge. I was very pleased to get it. My little sister can't write yet. She is five years younger than myself, and is only five years old, and does not go to school. Yes, we do play shop with bits of broken biscuit, but we do not have any money. Just now we are up to our eyes in dough. I have one boy doll named Raymond. I have got a doll's horse, but don't often play with it. I have a little brother named Neville; he has a toy donkey and a toy cow. He has pulled the donkey's tail off and the cow's horns out, and says they are silly. With love.—**From Cousin HELEN.**

DEAR COUSIN HELEN,—So the biscuits don't last very well! You have found out that you cannot eat your cake and have it. I think I was about four when I found that out. That day I had been a naughty little girl, and I was to have no sugar in my tea. The cook gave us some sugar that afternoon, and I was sucking my thumb, when someone told me that if I did that there would be bones in the butter. I asked my mother, "What's that?" She said, "You don't eat a little goose? Give your little sister my love, and ask her to grow up fast, and get ready to write to me. Roly do seem to like breaking things up. I don't think I was very good to have pulled the donkey's tail off and the cow's horns out. I don't think you are silly. With love.—**Cousin KATE.**

DEAR COUSIN KATE,—Will you have me as one of your cousins? I like reading the letters in the "Graphic" and the writers' friends. My youngest brother has commenced to take the "Weekly Graphic." I have three brothers and one sister, and I am the youngest of all. I am 11, and in the fifth standard. We are having winter weather now. It is very nice to be out in the mornings. My sister plays the organ in Sunday-school, and I am learning music. There are about 24 children going to the school. I have about half a mile to walk every morning, and I am very tired of my lessons. Love from Cousin ELISA.

DEAR COUSIN ELISA,—I shall be very glad to have you for a cousin. I'm very pleased to hear that you like reading the writers' friends. Tell me what Long Plin is like. It sounds so interesting. What a good thing for me that your youngest brother has begun to