

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a correspondent, can do so, and write letters to 'Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'Graphic' Office, Auckland.

Write on one side of the paper only. All purely correspondence letters with envelope ends turned in are carried through the Post Office as follows:—Not exceeding 300, 4d; not exceeding 500, 1d; for every additional 200 or fractional part thereof, 4d. It is well for correspondence to be marked 'Press Manuscript only.'

Please note, dear cousins, that all letters addressed to Cousin Kate must now bear the words 'Press Manuscript only.' If so marked, and the flap turned in, and not overweight, they will come for a 4d stamp in Auckland, but a 1d from every other place.

THE 'GRAPHIC' COUSINS COT FUND.

This fund is for the purpose of maintaining a poor, sick child in the Auckland Hospital, and is contributed to by the 'Graphic' cousins—readers of the children's page. The cot has been already bought by their kind collection of money, and now £25 a year is needed to pay for the nursing, food and medical attendance of the child in it. Any contributions will be gladly received by Cousin Kate, care of the Lady Editor, 'New Zealand Graphic,' Shortland street, or collecting card will be sent on application.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF COUSINS.

Cousin Kate will be delighted to have photographs of 'Graphic' cousins for reproduction on the Children's Page. Parents and guardians are invited to forward pictures. The full names of children need not be published if objected to. Pictures can be inserted with the Christian name only for title. The photographs will be returned if desired.

PAINTING COMPETITION.

Dear Cousins, you had better hurry with your painting competitions. All you have to do is to cut out and colour any picture you like from any number of the 'Graphic.' It does not matter how old a one it is. You may colour in in chalks or paint. Write your name on a piece of paper and pin it to the picture and send to me before May 30, 1900.

MORE ABOUT PAST WEEK'S PRIZES.

Dear Cousins,—I expect most of you will like to know what were the prizes I awarded in the competitions which closed last week. First of all, I must tell you that Cousin Eva Cousins, who won the first prize for a map so cleverly, called on me with her father when she heard she had won the prize. Her father was most delighted that his little girl's patience had been rewarded. It was decided that the present she would best like would be a set of drawing instruments, and she and her father went off to buy it for her on my behalf. Her father thought perhaps the case might be rather more money than I had in-

tended to give for the prize, so I told him what I had intended, and gave him the amount, and he said if the case was more expensive he would add something himself. Was he not a thoughtful papa? But, really, so clever a cousin at drawing deserved encouragement, though I could not give so expensive a prize.

To Cousin Gladys I have sent a very delightful book, and am sure she will enjoy it hugely.

To Cousin Alice Pettigrew I have sent a very handsome prize indeed, a volume entitled 'Fifty-two Tales of Heroic Girls.' It is beautifully bound, and full of the loveliest illustrations, and, of course, exciting stories. I am certain Cousin Alice will spend many an enchanted hour over her Prize.

For Cousin Florrie I have a very amusing and interesting story called 'Polly,' but cannot forward it, as she has not sent me her full address. I hope she will do so at once.

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A LETTER FROM THE EMPIRE CITY.

Dear Cousin Kate,—With the new month, which came in such a bitter manner, we were given a sudden and an unexpected foretaste of winter, and though very near now, we still hope for a few more sunny days before it sets in earnest.

As the Lenten season is over, weddings have been in full swing. A marriage to take place shortly is that of Miss Kirk, daughter of the late Prof. Kirk, daughter of the late Professor Kirk, to Mr. Atkinson, M.H.R., and the engagement of Miss Mollie Richardson, daughter of the Hon. E. Richardson, to Mr. J. Tripe, has been announced.

I went to see 'The Merchant of Venice,' but, having read and studied the play before going, I was disappointed with the performance. We have however, to be thankful for small mercies. Lectures under the auspices of St. John's Young Men's Literary Club are to be given during the winter months, the first being 'Scrambles in the Southern Alps,' by the Alpine climber, Malcolm Ross, 'Russia,' by Dr. Chappell, 'Combustion' and 'George Borrow,' by Professors Esterfield and Brown respectively, and 'What John Knox Did for Scotland,' by Sir Robert Stout, will follow.

'Gipsy Opera' (in costume) is to be performed during the week at St. Mark's Schoolroom in aid of the Choir Fund. Mr. Izzet being responsible for the Libretto. Opera lovers are looking forward to the Operatic Society's performance of 'The Grand Duke' next month, which will be the first in this quarter of the globe. The Dramatic Students are rehearsing the famous comedy 'School' in view of a production in July.

Several entertainments in aid of the Indian Famine Relief Fund are being arranged. The Misses Youmans provide two, which promise to be very successful, in the Skating Rink. These young ladies can always please a Wellington audience by the artistic ability they display in tableaux. They are to be assisted by Miss Jeannie Ramsay—our sweet singer—and others, who are working energetically.

Cousin Elsie is to be congratulated on her first attempt at story writing. I hope we shall have another from her pen shortly. How many cousins know why a cat always waits till after dinner to wash his face? Not many, I think, so I will tell you. A cat once caught a sparrow, and was about to devour it in the usual manner when the bird said: 'No gentleman cats till he has first washed his face.' The cat, touched by the quick by this criticism of its social habits, set the sparrow down and proceeded to wash his face with his paw, but just as he had begun his ablutions the bird flew away. The cat was naturally annoyed he should have been tricked by a common

sparrow, and he swore a mighty oath that so long as he lived he would eat his dinner first and wash his face afterwards. That oath has been kept by the cat's descendants, through countless generations, and to-day, as in the time of Hengist and Horsa, or the domestic tabby only indulges in its always comical trick of washing its face with its paw after it has enjoyed a hearty meal. Thus it is that the woman of the house, if she sees the cat performing its ablutions out of its regular meal times, rushes in hot haste to the pantry, and finds her worst fears confirmed. The door of the closet in which the provisions are kept had been inadvertently left open, and so its floor is strewn with the much-lacerated remains of a breakfast, or the pieces of a shattered milk jug. Next time I may, perhaps, have something to say about Mr. Louis Wain, but for the present remain, your loving cousin, Jack, Glenmain, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Jack,—I will, I am sure, be a sincere pleasure to all the cousins to welcome so accomplished a relative to our band. Your letter shows a conscientious style and finish, which promise well for your future success in literary work. The legend of the reason pussy washes her face after, instead of before, meals was new to me, and will, I am sure, delight all our cousins. I am greatly pleased to have your photo, which is reproduced in another portion of this number of the 'Graphic.'—Cousin Kate.]

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I have filled the collecting card that you sent me, and I have collected 6s 6d altogether. I will send the postal note to you with this letter. What little cousin is in the cot now? Do you think I would be allowed to go and see her? I was so pleased with the letter and badge which you sent me. Please send me another card and I will try and get it filled. But I will say good-bye now.—With love, from Cousin Lucy.

[Dear Cousin Lucy,—I was ever and ever so surprised and delighted to get your card back so soon, and I think it was simply wonderful to collect six shillings and sixpence in such a short time. How is pussy, and has the fox terrier arrived on the scene yet? I am glad you liked hearing about Spot. He was a most peculiar dog. He did simply hate to hear a violin played. His favourite (my sister) was a very clever player, but, alas! had a dreadful accident, falling downstairs and smashing her wrist, so that she could never, never play again. She was the favourite pupil of a great master, who used to come all the way from London to Liverpool to teach six pupils, for whom he prophesied great futures. Well, when Elfrida broke her wrist she was heart-broken, but never spoke or cried about it after the operation when the doctors told her the truth. But all of us could see how bitter was her disappointment. At last one day Spot managed to get up to her room, and she burst out crying, 'Ah, Spot, Spot, I'll never be able to make you howl again, Spot! never any more.' For Spot had always howled when she played. And do you know I believe Spot understood her sorrow, for from that time if ever anyone played a violin within Spot's hearing he would make awful efforts to get at him and bite him. We used to get into dreadful scrapes over it with fiddlers in the streets. He was the only dog too I have ever seen who was fond of apples. He would eat the apples that fell from the trees after a storm with every appearance of enjoyment. Was it not queer taste for a dog?—Cousin Kate.]

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A LARGE BATCH OF NEW COUSINS.

All the 'Graphic' cousins will, I am sure, be most delighted to notice that we have a regular company of new cousins from Ngahauranga, near Wellington. As you will see, they all belong to the same school, and many are of the same age. All of you will, I am sure, join me in giving them a hearty welcome. And now, my dear new cousins, what am I to say to you? I am very, very sorry I cannot this week reply to you all

separately. But my page is already so full I cannot possibly do so now, though next time I hope to be able to manage it. You seem to have a very nice, kind teacher, and I am glad she reads you stories, for that will make you want to read them for yourselves later on. Are you not frightened of the droves of cattle? I am afraid I should prove a sad coward, and if I had to scramble over a fence like your teacher I should never have courage to come back again. A good many of you seem to keep pigeons; what kind do you like best? I had a lovely pair of fantails once. I am sending you each a badge, and will forward one or two collecting cards to your teacher to give some of you, if she thinks well. Hoping you will write again in a little while.—Cousin Kate.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am ten years old. I have two brothers and three sisters: Leone, Olive, Hazel, Lewis, and Arthur. We once lived in Auckland, a long time ago. I went to see the Maori carnival in town; they made a big mat which cost three pounds one shilling and tenpence, and a lot of other pretty things. There were five or six little girls doing the poi dance. There are a lot of green trees in New Zealand on the hills and in the gardens. We had a beautiful school picnic; we went out to Ross' Gardens in brakes. Some boys and girls won some nice things in the races. My brother has some pigeons. We have a nice flower garden.—Good-bye, Alma Wixon.

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I have four brothers but no sisters. Their names are Andrew, Willie, Frank, and Charley. Andrew is eight, Willie is five, and Charley is ten months. My friend caught a morepork on Saturday afternoon. They feed it on mice, birds, and raw meat. It comes down and fights the fowls. A billy goat came into school, and it smelt awful; it made us feel sick. The owner afterwards killed it.—James Jamieson.

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Dear Cousin Kate,—We used to live at Thorndon Quay. I used to have nine brothers and sisters, but one died and one got married, and that left seven. Sometimes our teacher gets over a fence to get out of the way of bullocks. The drovers get angry at us if we don't get out of the way of the sheep. They freeze meat up at Ngahauranga, and send it over to England. Out at the picnic I won two pens and three lead pencils. We were singing all the way going out to the picnic, and singing coming back. My brother has a lot of pigeons.—Thomas Smith.

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I am ten years old. I have ten brothers and sisters. One got married, and his name was Steve; the others are called Lily, Hilda, Ada, Alice, Daisy, Teddy, Mahel, Blanch, and Tom. Ada was drowned in the Napier river. The Ngahauranga Meat Company gave 3d each for rats. Last week I caught four rats, and got a shilling this week I caught three. We do not get paid till Friday. Every year the Ngahauranga Meat Company have a picnic. Last time it was at the Upper Hutt.—Good-bye, Arnold Newland.

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I am ten years old. I have two brothers and one sister, Sid, Harry, and Amy. We used to live in town before we came to Ngahauranga to live. A man fell off the train and got his two legs broken off, but he is getting on very well now. We like jolly stories, teacher never reads us sad ones. We go up the hill and gather mushrooms and then teacher gives us pencils if we get her some. Good-bye, Daisy Cook.

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Dear Cousin Kate,—I am ten years of age. I have a brother and a sister. My father has a lot of horses and carts, and he has a lot of men working for him. Their names are, A. Short, J. Roy, and some others. Thousands of sheep and cattle are killed here every month. They freeze the sheep and then send them away to England. The drovers get angry if you get in the road and frighten the sheep. We have to climb over the fence to get out of the way of the cattle. One day teacher had to climb over the fence when a mob of cattle was passing. I have six pigeons, but I lost one and that left me five. Good-bye, Clifford Clark.