

CHILDREN'S PAGE



CHILDREN'S CORRESPONDENCE COLUMN.

Any boy or girl who likes to become a cousin 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 4oz. 4d.; not exceeding 4oz. 4d.; for every additional 2oz. 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.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have been waiting to receive my letter which you said you had posted to me, but have not, so conclude it has gone astray. I enjoyed reading Cousin Thelma's letter very much, and I am sorry to say I also envied her that delightful journey very much. I always thought that Cousin Beryl and Gladwys were much older than they are; they write very nice letters for ones so young. I think it is a very pretty photo, and it comes out very well, does it not? What bad weather we have been having lately. I wonder when it will clear up.—Cousin Winnie, Wellington.

[Dear Cousin Winnie,—Will you send me your surname. I find your letters have been going to a Cousin Winnie in Dunedin. In my address book I have only Cousin Winnie, Tainui, Wellington, and do not like to post a letter without a surname.—Cousin Kate.]

My Dear Cousin Kate,—I am just writing this letter for the purpose of asking if I may join your "Children's Page" in the "Graphic," and have the pleasure of being one of your many cousins. I am 14 years old and am in Standard VI, at the Newmarket School. I haven't any sisters, but I have three brothers, all younger than myself. I have a dog, named Russ, a cat named Trix, and a pigeon named Flowsy, all of whom are great pets. Having no sisters, I spend most of my spare time with my little cousin Kathleen, who lives next door. She is going to join the cousins, I think. I have been learning music for about 18 months, and am getting on splendidly. My address is: Clynat Hazel, Manukau Road, Newmarket. I will close now, hoping that you will give me permission to join your number.—I remain, your little cousin, Gertrude.

[Dear Cousin Gertrude.—It will be very pleasant to have you for a cousin, and as you will see your little friend has joined too. Do all your pets get on well together? or does the dog frighten the cat and the cat the pigeon? I am glad you are doing so well at music. You will find it delightful as you grow older. Write again soon.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am now having the pleasure of writing to you, and would very much like to become one of your cousins. I have a sister and a brother alive, but one of my brothers died when he was 17 days old. I have a lovely old dog called Watch, and also a dear little canary, of whom I am very fond, and whose name is Fluffy. I am 10 years old and am in Standard IV, at the Newmarket School. My address is: Hazel Hurst, Manukau Road, Newmarket. I will close now, hoping that I may be one of your many cousins.—I remain, your little cousin, Kathleen.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen.—You are warmly welcomed to our band of cousins, and I hope both cousin Gertrude and yourself will write often. Does Fluffy sing well? A canary I had used to trill so loudly you could scarcely hear yourself speak. I am sorry to say a cat knocked his cage down and he died of fright.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was so pleased to see my letter printed in the "Graphic," and I must thank you very much for printing it. I saw where it arrived too late to be printed the week I sent it. Would you send me a collecting card and a badge. What a nice interesting letter Cousin Thelma wrote last week. I am reading such a nice book, entitled "Shiloh," by Mrs W. M. L. Jay, and I like it very much. I have read "The Basket of Flowers" (translated from the German), "The Pickwick Papers," and enjoyed it very much, "Quinebaset Girls" by Rose Porter, "Robinson Crusoe," and the one I liked best of all, "Barriers Burned Away." I have read lots of others, but those mentioned are the principal ones. I am very fond of poetry, and I often try to decide which poet or poetess I like best, but I think it is impossible to say which is the best. The flower gardens are just beginning to look nice; all are coming into bloom. I have got a little flower garden, and my brother and I have got a vegetable garden started. He gets the soil ready and I plant the seeds, but the slugs are beginning to be troublesome. I must now bring this letter to a close before it gets too long. Believe me to remain, with love to all the cousins, yours sincerely, Irene.

P.S.—Dear Cousin Kate, would you please send my badge along as soon as possible as I want to wear it on the day peace is declared.—C.I.

[Dear Cousin Irene.—So you are fond of reading, are you? Well, so am I. I like all the books you mention except the "Basket of Flowers," which I have never read. Is it nice? It sounds as if it was about gardening, and that is always interesting. Have you read the "Wide, Wide World," and "Lillian's Golden Hours." Both are charming. I think your plan of gardening splendid. Do you ever try catching the slugs by putting down bran for them? It is very effective.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am so sorry I left it so late to write this letter, as I am nearly sure it will be too late for this week's "Graphic." Is it not nice to have a real cousin writing, but as Cousin Zudie says, we have never seen each other. I am very fond of reading, and am getting quite a library. I am reading a book now called the "Water Babies." Have you ever read it? I do not collect stamps, but I know a lot of girls who do. Is not to-day a lovely one, and very warm too? I have nearly finished that little story I told you about, but perhaps you will not think it good enough to

put in the "Graphic," as it is my first attempt. I am not sure if I told you I got a camera for my last birthday, but as I have only had it five months I am not a very good photographer yet. Are there not a lot of new cousins now? I think I must end this letter, as I cannot think of anything more to say. With fond love, Cousin Roie. P.S.—Would you like my photograph for the Children's Page?

[Dear Cousin Roie.—As you will see, I have printed your story, and think it very good indeed, specially for a first attempt. Please excuse a very short reply, but as you will see from a note to other cousins I have to go away suddenly to-day, and am much hurried.—Yours affectionately, Cousin Kate.—I want your photo ever so much for the Children's Page.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am ashamed to write to you, because I have not written for so long. I still take a great interest in the Children's Page, and enjoyed reading Cousin Thelma's letter very much. How she must have enjoyed her trip to England. I think she is a lucky little girl visiting all those delightful places.

Perhaps you would like to hear what my home is like, as it may remind you of your English home. The patch of native bush near the house is very like an English park, at least so our visitors say. We spend many pleasant hours there during the hot weather. We have a lovely lake, with bush down to the water's edge, where we go boating. The geese we have on it are very frightened when we row near them. The swans and ducks are quite wild. There is a little stream running into the lake, where my father sometimes goes fishing. Not long ago he brought home two beauties. They were both immense. We hope to go to the Exhibition during our Christmas holidays, so expect I shall have lots to write about after we come home. I must say good-bye now.—Your loving cousin, Freda.

[Dear Cousin Freda.—Many thanks for your letter. I enjoyed reading about your home so much. What a beautiful place it must be. I quite envy you that lovely lake. Does your father get any wild duck shooting, I wonder? Mind you tell me all about the Exhibition. It will be just splendid, I expect.—Cousin Kate.]

LATE LETTERS.

Dear Cousin Gladys,—I have just returned from a little trip into the country and received your letter with the cards and contributions for the cot. As the "Graphic" is just going to press I have not time now to reply, but will do so next week. In the meantime I have to thank you for the money you and Cousin Dorothy have collected.—Cousin Kate.

STORY BY A "GRAPHIC" COUSIN.

The following story is by Cousin Roie Nathan, Auckland. Roie is only 12 years old. I am sure you will all enjoy it, and think it very clever.—Cousin Kate.

Eddie's Birthday; or Tom's Unselfishness.

It was in London, a very large house with a dull outlook on to the dusty town. There were two boys sitting in the large old schoolroom reading. After a little time the younger of the two looked up from his book.

"Well, have you fixed that up, Tom?"

"I wish you wouldn't talk to a fellow when he's reading; but, at any rate, what do you mean?"

"I mean, did you send that story to the editor, you said you were going to this morning?" said Eddie.

Tom did not answer.

"Did you send it?" repeated Eddie.

"Well, if you want to know really. Oh, well, I'll tell you what I did, Eddie. I woke up pretty early this morning," continued Tom, "and I thought I would like to win that three pound prize. So I just jumped up and dressed as quick as I could, finished the story, and ran down to the post as quick as possible. (But, I say, don't you go and tell mother and father, will you?) I very much wanted to catch the early post, so I just stuck the stamp on and put it in the box, so there's an end of that, my dear fellow."

"Oh, I hope you will win it; I do hope you will win it," cried Eddie, excitedly.

But while Eddie is praising we will see how Tom came to write his story. The fact was Tom was looking over the "Graphic," and saw that the editor of the Children's Page was offering a prize for the best story written within that month. Tom very badly wanted a set of Dickens' and Thackeray's works, so thought he might try for the prize. His parents were very comfortably off, his father being a doctor. (Their name was Lanberry.) They allowed Tom a shilling a week, as he was twelve years old, and Eddie sixpence, as he was almost ten. Tom had been saving up to buy those precious books; he had saved by now ten and sixpence, but he suddenly got disheartened, as it seemed to him that he would never get enough, so he decided to give it up, when suddenly reading the "Graphic" he saw the wonderful piece of news concerning the prize.

"Tom!" called his mother, "it is too wet for you to go out this afternoon, so come both of you, I have a little news to talk over."

"Oh, what is it? What is it?" cried both boys.

"Come into father's study, where we can be quiet," said Mrs Lanberry.

Both boys followed her, asking questions all the time.

"Now, children," said their mother, "you know it is Eddie's birthday in a fortnight, and father and I have been thinking if we shall give you a little dance."

"Oh, how lovely! Do, mother, darling, do!" they cried.

"Wait until I have finished speaking,



A rubadubdub,
A boy and a tub,
A towel, a nurse and some soap,

A splash and a jump,
A very big thump,
A waterproof nurse, I hope.