

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 10z. 4d.; not exceeding 40z. 1d.; for every additional 20z 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.

Missing Word Competition.

The missing word competition, which closed some time back, has been won by Miss Florrie Murphy, Elsthorpe. Here is her story. Only two words were wrong. It should have been four o'clock when Molly's headache went away, and she played the accompaniment on the banjo.

Molly and Dolly are great friends. Molly has golden hair and blue eyes; Dolly has brown hair and brown eyes. One day last week Molly had a headache, and could not go to school, so Dolly came to play with her. About three o'clock Molly's headache went quite away, so they had grand fun, playing with Molly's toys. Then Dolly sang a little song and played her accompaniment on the piano. Long before they were tired it was tea time, but they were not sorry when they saw the lovely sweets Molly's mother had made for them.

COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—I was taking a look at the children's page, and was very interested with the letters. I would like to be a cousin if you would accept me. I am thirteen years old, and I have left school. I have three sisters and four brothers. I have no pets. We have had very bad weather, wind and rain. I enjoyed my Christmas very much, and I hope you did the same. My sister May is going to be a cousin too. My address and my sister's is the same, and I will put it on another piece of paper.—I remain, Cousin Annie.

[Dear Cousin Annie,—I am so pleased to have you for a cousin, and hope you will write regularly. I have sent both your sister and yourself badges, and hope you will get them safely. I enjoyed my Christmas very much, thank you. It was lovely weather in Auckland, but a little cold for summer.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have often read the letters in the children's page, and found them very interesting, and so I thought I would like to become a cousin if you will have me. We are having our Christmas holidays now, and I am enjoying them. I have not got any pets. I think I will stop now if you don't think my letter too short,

and I will write more next time. Wishing you a happy new year.—I remain, your cousin, May.

[Dear Cousin May,—Many thanks for your dear little letter. It certainly is a little short, but you can send me a nice long one next week, and tell me what you are doing with your holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

Interesting for Boys to Know.

The strongest man of modern times was Augustus II. He could roll up a silver plate like a sheet of paper, and could twist the strongest horseshoe apart. There are many other wonderful feats of strength and skill which could hardly be credited, were it not that they come from such reliable sources. How many boys have ever heard that a Turkish porter can trot at a rapid pace and carry a weight of six hundred pounds? That a whale moves with a swiftness that would carry him around the world in less than a fortnight, if he were able to go around in an undisputed course? That a sword-fish can strike his weapon through a thick plank of a ship, and that a specimen of such a plank with the sword of a fish sticking in it may be seen in the British Museum? That a lion is so strong in the mouth that he can leave the impression of his teeth upon a piece of iron? And that Milo, the celebrated athlete of Cretona, was so strong that he could easily pull up a tree by the roots and break it in two?

HOW TURKISH BOYS ARE TRAINED.

Little Turks are trained to be soldiers, every inch of them. A little Turk eats whatever is given him, obeys without a murmur, works like a horse at whatever task is set before him, walks till he drops down, draws water for his own food, cuts his own wood, takes care of his own house, and sleeps on the ground, without ever giving the smallest sign of impatience. He is even taught to do this without moving a muscle of his face to show that he does not like such hard work. What about the little boys in civilised countries, who pout because they have to go on errands, and who refuse to eat porridge and milk for breakfast? What would a well-trained young Turk think of a boy who did these things?

FOR AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS.

So many boys and girls take pictures nowadays that plain, every-day photography is not as interesting as it was when pocket cameras first became known. Yet, to take a photograph well is a real accomplishment. And for those who have acquired it many very nice gifts are within easy reach. Here is something which a colonial boy did for Christmas, and which all amateur photographers may repeat for Easter or birthday presents.

This very enterprising young photographer procured a quantity of what is known as "sensitized" or "sensitized" linen, and upon this linen he took pictures of all the pretty pieces of furniture and cozy corners in his home. When the pictures were all nicely photographed upon the linen, and you may be sure it was no quick nor easy task, the amateur photographer enlisted his sister into the work, and persuaded her to stitch the pictures upon tiny napkins and d'oylies for his mother's table. There were ten of the pictures, and when the work was done it was, as the boy's mamma said, "too pretty for anything."

But the funny part of it all was this—The d'oylies were far too fine for table use, so the boy's mamma said,

and instead of putting them under the finger-bowls or the glasses, she has spread them upon a little table in the parlour. And there they are now.

Archie's Adventures.

Archie had been to the fancy dress ball at the Mansion House, and he was just proud of himself, for he had gone in a fireman's costume, and on the way home Uncle Claude had told him what brave deeds firemen performed, and Archie's heart swelled with pride as he listened.

How he longed to be a fireman and do great deeds! No wonder he didn't want to take his uniform off when he got into his bedroom; and what was more, he was not surprised when he heard someone say to him: "You've been appointed captain of the fire brigade to his majesty King Rum-Tum." The speaker was a funny little old woman, with corkscrew curls and a queer bonnet. "I'm King Rum-Tum's Aunt Maria," she said, "and I'm so afraid of the palace being burnt that I made the king promise to send for you."

"Quite right, mum," said Archie. "You will be quite safe now that I am captain of the fire brigade."

"I'm so thankful," said the old lady, and she gave Archie an acid drop; then she showed him a lovely little building, full of fire escapes and fire engines, while hundreds of little firemen stood in a row and touched their hats to their new captain.

"You're quite sure you can take care of us," said Aunt Maria, helping herself to an acid drop. "There are a great many of us you know. There's the king and the two princesses, and the triplet of baby princesses, and my pug dog, and myself, and my jackdaw. I feel much safer since I have known you, but while King Rum-Tum insists on snooking in bed we are likely to have a fire at any moment."

"I'll be very careful," said Archie. "Thank you very much indeed," said Aunt Maria. "I'm sorry I haven't another acid drop to give you, but I've

only two left, and those are for my pug dog and my jackdaw. They both have very weak chests. Good night," and Aunt Maria hurried off.

Archie did feel proud of himself, and he marched up and down in front of the palace, looking up at the big windows and thinking how very foolish it was of King Rum-Tum to smoke in bed. Then he went back to look at his pretty fire engines.

Suddenly, all the alarm bells began ringing with all their might and main, and Archie called out the whole of the brigade and hurried back to the palace. Such a sight met his eyes! The whole place was one mass of smoke and flame, while at one of the highest windows he saw a group of people peering out in dismay. Among them he quickly recognised Aunt Maria and her grey curls.

"Come up and save us! Come up and save us!" she called. "I gave you an acid drop, so you ought to come when I call you."

Archie felt as brave as a lion, and rearing the tallest ladder he could find against the palace wall he rushed up to the window. Such a sight met his eyes. There was King Rum-Tum, still smoking, and attired in trousers, dressing gown and crown, while in his hands he bore his sceptre and the family album. There were the triplet baby princesses, in little frilled night dresses and tasselled night caps, and two golden haired princesses, with crowns on their heads, while Aunt Maria was dividing her attentions between her jackdaw in his cage and a blue bonnet box, her little pug dog sitting on the ground, howling piteously.

They all grabbed hold of Archie, who was very brave indeed, and told them he could easily save them if they would only keep calm.

Archie indeed had his hands full, but he managed splendidly. He took the triplet of baby princesses in his right arm and the two princesses in his left, and let the little pug dog jump on his helmet, while in each hand he held a blanket, in which were seated respectively King Rum-Tum and Aunt Maria. Then slowly and surely he descended the ladder amid the cheers of the fire brigade.

It was a magnificent rescue, and Archie was so delighted at having brought the royal family down in safety that he began to cheer vigorously himself—and awoke to find himself still in the fancy dress he wore at the Mansion House, while nurse was ready, waiting to put him to bed.

AUNT AUDREY.



ARCHIE, INDEED, HAS HIS HANDS FULL.