



# CHILDREN'S PAGE.



## COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Cousin Kate,—What beautiful competitions you are now having. My great chum, Irene Jameson, is staying with me for the term holidays, and is now, as you see, writing to you. We have a dear little kitten called "Jimmy," pure black except for a white tip to his tail. Every morning he comes upstairs with the morning tea, and expects to be rewarded with a piece of bread and butter. This dear little puss is on the table beside me now, and is playing with the blotting-paper. He had pulled over the ink, so excuse this smudge. I have such a pretty garden. The border is double purple primroses, and my initial "K" is in white primroses in the centre. We have been having very good weather, which is most unusual for the May holidays. Might I write another story for the "Christmas Page?" I was very pleased to hear that my mother met you in Auckland. I really must conclude now as Irene and myself are going to make toffy. Love to all the cousins and the same to yourself. I am, your loving cousin, Kathleen Beauchamp.

P.S.—We are sending the pictures which we coloured.

[Dear Cousin Kathleen,—It is quite a long time since I heard from you, but I was highly delighted to be told all about your lovely little garden, and also that dear little puss. She must be very clever and amusing. I hope you will try another story, and be sure if it is a nice one I shall be only too glad to publish it on our Children's Page at Christmas. Did that toffy turn out well. I used just to love making it before I became "a grown up"—I like it best when it is not quite cold, but in the state we used to call stick-jaw. Do you put almonds in your toffy? and how do you flavour it? I like a very little lemon, but it makes an awful splutter when you squeeze it into the boiling toffy. —Yours, Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—May I become one of your numerous cousins. I do think that "The Children's Page" is awfully nice, especially "Jungle Jinks," which I think are very amusing. We have a darling dog called "Rex," he is very intelligent and faithful, he is an Irish terrier. Do you like dogs? Have you ever been to Wellington? Do you like it? We have been most unlucky about our birds, we have had five goldfinches, and they have all died. I would so like to correspond with some of your cousins. I hope there will be a spare corner in the "Children's Page" for my small letter. Dear Cousin Kate,

have you read many of Edna Lya's books. I have just read a very nice one called "Doreen." I am very fond of reading. My friend Kathleen, and I went for a long walk this afternoon, and were of course accompanied by "Rex." His one weak spot is running after fowls, and of course by some ill-hap this afternoon we walked into the midst of many fowls; he chased three and left them with not many feathers; but we hope that this fault will soon be cured. I must say good-bye now. Hoping you will accept me as a cousin. —I remain your loving cousin, Irene Jameson.

P.S.—We are sending coloured pictures. I am 12 years of age, and I hope to be able to correspond with some cousins of my own age.

[Dear Cousin Irene,—Of course I am only too delighted to have you for a cousin, and most warmly welcome you to our happy band. I fear you will find it a very hard job indeed to keep your little dog from worrying fowls, if he has once learned the bad habit. If he kills a fowl you had better give him a whipping, and then tie the fowl round his neck. He will get dreadfully ashamed and tired of having it there. I knew a very bad dog once cured this way. If your pet is only a pup he will no doubt grow out of it. I like Wellington very much, I was there a year ago.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I have not written to you for some time, so I thought I would write to-night while I have time. I went to the juniors on Sunday morning and I got a pretty little card. I am doing some French knitting. I only started two days ago, and I have got four yards done. The only time I get to do it is in the dinner times at school. Will you please send me the date of your birthday? My birthday will be coming soon, and then I will write you an interesting letter telling you how I spent the day. We are going to have an examination at our school in about a fortnight or three weeks. If our school gets a holiday when the Duke and Duchess comes we are coming to Auckland, if it will not be long. I would like to see the decorations; it will be a splendid sight. My father has gone down the Thames direction to get work. He is stopping with my sister, and if he does not get work in a week's time he is coming home again. As I have no more news this time, and it is getting late, I will have to stop. With love to all the cousins and yourself I remain, your affectionate cousin, Rita.

[Dear Cousin Rita,—I was very glad to get a nice long letter from you again. I hope you will have a fine day for your birthday and enjoy yourself very much. Mind you don't forget to write and tell me all about it. That will be my share of the pleasure. When I was your age and my sisters or self had a birthday we used to build a throne of chairs, and cover it with rugs and then crown the one whose birthday it was queen of the day, and for that day we obeyed every order and wish. It was great fun.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Just a few lines to ask you to forgive my not writing to you. I had forgotten all about it, or else I would have written before this. I am going in for the painting competition, and am sending it along

with this. I have sold my pigeons and I got 4/ for them. We are living at Birkenhead now, and it is fine, and I go to Northcote school along with my brother. It has got a cadet corps there, and I am in them, but we have not got our uniforms yet. There will I suppose be a great number of children going in for the painting competition. It will be grand when the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York come here, and I suppose everybody should turn out to see them. The Living Union Jack will be a great success, and also the arches, and as I cannot think of anything else, I remain, your loving cousin, H. Mackay.

[Dear Cousin,—Is it not stupid of me? I have forgotten your Christian name for the moment, and no amount of puzzling seems to bring it back. You simply sign yourself H. Mackay, so I am quite at sea, but think you may be Cousin Harry. Is that a good guess? I am sorry you have sold your pigeons. Were you grieved to part with them? Perhaps they got into mischief. I know they do sometimes.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—Will you own me as a cousin, please. I was going to write before, but I did not know where to address my letter to. I saw the address under the picture that the cousins were to colour in last week's "Graphic." One of my aunts sends us the "Graphic" from Auckland, and I like the letters the cousins write very much. We have all had very bad colds and coughs lately, and we have not got over them yet. What lovely weather we have had this last week, but I am afraid it is coming to an end, as it has been raining all to-day, and was horribly cold too. I am only thirteen years old, and I am nearly five feet six inches tall, and weigh almost ten stone. My eldest sister is four years older than I am, and she is three inches shorter than I am. I must now close as I haven't anything more to say, and I am not feeling well to-night.—I am, your affectionate cousin, Nellie Willis.

[Dear Cousin Nellie,—Indeed I am glad to warmly welcome you as a cousin. You must indeed be a big girl for your age. I hope you are strong as well.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate,—I am sending the little picture that the Cousins were to paint, in with this letter, and I am trying for the prize; but I think I have very little chance of getting it, as I don't know anything about painting at all. I am only going to write a very short letter this time as there is nothing to write about. I hope you got the letter I wrote last week. My father has not done any shooting this year, as he has been so busy lately; but he took his gun out this morning and didn't see a bird. Our house is about three-quarters of a mile from Lake Omarepe, and sometimes the lake is quite still, and you can see all the trees and mountains, and everything in it, and it just looks simply lovely. I must stop now, with love.—I am, your loving Cousin, Nellie, Te Abu Ahu, Bay of Islands.

[Dear Cousin Nellie,—This arrived after the other one, but too late for me to answer at length. I am glad you tried for the competition.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Kate,—I hope you will let me be a Cousin. I have many creamy ponies, which I have to go for a ride. I am in the fifth standard. Excuse me for writing so badly in pencil. Would you mind sending me a badge as soon as you can.—I am, yours truly, Jack Elmsly.

[Dear Cousin Jack,—Of course you are welcome as a Cousin, but your letter arrived too late for me to answer it this week.—Cousin Kate.]

## Why Mr. Crow is Black.

(By R. F. Ayres.)

One day, as Mr. 'Possum was sitting on the limb of a tree in the woods eating wild grapes from the vines which grew all among the branches, Mr. Crow came flying along and lit beside him. There were not many grapes left, for a number of the animals had been picking them, so as soon as he saw Mr. Crow, Mr. 'Possum wrapped his tail around the limb to keep from falling, and began to pick grapes with both hands and feet, just like Mr. Monkey would have done. Mr. Crow could only pick with his beak, for he had to hold on with both feet, or he would have toppled off his perch. Before long there was not a single grape left on the vines, and Mr. 'Possum had nearly all that had been picked. He sat on the branch and grinned at Mr. Crow in a most provoking way.

"I wish I had a long, slim tail like you, Mr. 'Possum, so I could hang by it," said Mr. Crow.

"I would give anything if I could fly," said Mr. 'Possum.

"Oh, that is a very simple matter," said Mr. Crow. "I can teach you to fly in a very few minutes."

"That would be fine," said Mr. 'Possum. "I will give you all the grapes I have if you will do that."

"Very well," said Mr. Crow, "hang your basket on that limb, and I will show you." Mr. 'Possum's basket was not quite full, so Mr. Crow put the



'Mr. Crow was a great thief.'