



CHILDREN'S PAGE.



COUSINS' CORRESPONDENCE.

My Dear Cousin Kate.—I did not see my letter in the "Graphic" this time. I hope you got it safely. We have got such a lot of fruits. I would like to dress a doll, but I am afraid I would not be in time. We have a lovely tree called the Golden Shower. It is a large tree with long clusters of little yellow flowers; we have a tree now in bloom, and it looks so pretty. There is such a strong wind, and it blows everything about. I have got a good many flowers out, and my garden looks so bright. We went to such a nice picnic. It is a lovely island that they had the picnic on. It has a lovely white, clean, sandy beach, and we went in a steamer; the name of the island is Nukulau. There are some large tamarind trees—there is a large one at the side of the house, where we put three or four tables together, and had our dinner. Some of the people went in the breakers. I got some pretty shells, and I had two sea baths. I think I went all round the island. They took a piano, and we had music on board, and a dance for the grown-ups on the island. We went boating and played rounders. I built castles in the sand. There were other children there, so we could have games. We went early on Saturday morning, and returned the next evening. I enjoyed myself very much indeed. It is very hot now. I think it is going to be a very hot day. The flamboyant trees are out in bloom now, and they look simply lovely—just a blaze of scarlet. We are looking forward to Christmas very much. Do you hang up your stockings, Cousin Kate? We always do. Sometimes the stocking isn't big enough, and we put up a pillow case. I wish you and all the cousins a very Merry Christmas.—With love from Cousin Lorna.

[Dear Cousin Lorna.—I expect you will have seen your last letter in the "Graphic" before this reaches you. Your present letter is a lovely one, and makes me long more and more to visit your beautiful islands. That must have been a simply lovely picnic. You do seem to have grand times, and I am sure many of the cousins envy you. How I wish I could see those lovely trees. Tell me more about your garden next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I dare say you have heard that we are all going to England early next year. We are either going in the end of February or the beginning of March. Is it not lovely? I am very excited. Are the

dolls going to be on view for the public to see? It would be rather nice if they were, would it not? I must try and write you some nice, long letters when I get to England. I will be there for the Coronation. I did my basket for the Children's Flower Show with pink roses and fine maiden-hair fern. I have not got my prize yet, but expect to some time this month. Gladys did not compete for anything, as she is rather young yet. I think summer has really come, do you not? The weather is getting quite hot. We are going to Waiwera for a little time in the holidays, but not for long, as we will have to come home and get our packing done. Now, dear Cousin Kate, I must conclude.—With love from Cousin Roie.

[Dear Cousin Roie.—Your letter has been kept back for some time, as all the paper has been altered for the holidays. What a very, very lucky little girl you are. I envy you more than ever, but do hope you will enjoy every single moment of the glorious time you will have. Please write from all the ports, for I shall miss your letters dreadfully; no other cousin has been so regular. I suppose you have seen the dolls, and hope you came to the distribution.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not much time to write you a long letter, but I will try my best. It is not very long for Christmas now. All the machinery for the mill at Koutu is expected here some time this week. It is coming in a scow, namely, the Hawk. Our school broke up on Saturday for the Christmas holidays. One of my uncles gave me a new horse to-day, and I am breaking it in for the Christmas holidays. Only five of those kittens are living now. One of my brothers came back from Auckland last steamer. Please send me a badge. That weka which I had got choked, and died. My sick brother has been in bed for about thirteen weeks now, and I think he is going to get up to-morrow. After Christmas he has to get his arm cut open. Now I must close this short note. Wishing you and all the other cousins a Happy New Year, I remain, yours truly, Cousin Newton.

[Dear Cousin Newton.—I hope the new horse is turning out well, and that you are enjoying the holidays. What did you do on Christmas Day? Tell me next time you write.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—I have not written to you for ever so long. But it is such a little while till Christmas that most of my time is taken up in making presents. Dad was drafting sheep to-day, and I helped him to drive them down the race. It was such fun. Dad got a new dog not long ago, and it jumps about, and in his play he often tears holes with his teeth in my sister Nellie's blouse. Naughty dog, that he is. I was running on the walk, and I knocked the skin off my toe, and it is very sore. Good-bye.—From Cousin Jenny.

[Dear Cousin Jenny.—I hope your poor foot is better. Are you having nice holidays? Please write and tell me all about them, and some more about the new dog.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to you

and all the cousins. It is ever so long since I wrote to you last, and I am rather ashamed to begin now, but as it is Christmas time, I will try to write you a long letter. The weather has been rather hot and dry for a long time, but last week there was a good deal of rain. It did a lot of good in the garden, made all the plants grow, and has made it look a little fresh again. I think we are going to have more rain still; it looks very much like it to-night. Dad is shearing just now, and there are such a lot of dear little lambs, and they make such a noise when their mothers are taken away from them to be shorn. Cousin May is having a grand time down at Meadowbank, and she doesn't want to come home yet. She likes going fishing for eels with her uncles. The new dog, Shot, is awfully naughty; he likes jumping up at us, and pretending to bite us. Sometimes he nips a bit of skin, and he hurts very much, and he likes very much to bite our legs and feet; but of course if he bites hard we hit him. I think I must stop now, as I can't think of anything more to say.—Cousin Nellie.

[Dear Cousin Nellie.—Thank you so much for the nice long letter, which I read with very great interest. I expect the rain was very welcome to you, was it not? I have a cousin farming, and I know he was getting very anxious about feed for the sheep till the rain came. I am sure fishing for eels must be grand fun. I like any sort of fishing, don't you? Shot must be a nice playfellow, though he is naughty.—Cousin Kate.]

Dear Cousin Kate.—Perhaps you have forgotten my address, so I will put it in at the end of this letter. Well, dear Cousin Kate, did you have any earthquakes in Auckland last week? We had several here in Christchurch; but were not the Cheviot disasters terrible? When the first shock took place mamma and the rest of our household, including myself, all ran outside, because it is safer in the open air. I went to St. Barnabas' this afternoon. We make clothes, such as pinafores and petticoats, which are sold at bazaars, and the money which we get for them goes to help the little black children in Norfolk Island. I am writing another story for the "Graphic" called "The Midnight Visitor." Mackie, my brother, is teasing the cat and making such a din that I can scarcely write properly. We are having such hot days now since the earthquakes. Ollie has the toothache to-day, and she went to the dentist to have it drawn, but the dentist was not in, so she came home with papa, who went with her, without having it out. I am so glad that Mackie has retired to his room, for perhaps there will be a little peace now. Dear Cousin Kate, I would write oftener to you if I had any news, but you see I have not had anything interesting to tell you. My address is:—Durham-street, Sydenham, Christchurch, and my name is Winnie Vincent. So good-bye, dear Cousin Kate.—From your loving Cousin Winnie.

[Dear Cousin Winnie.—We had no earthquakes in Auckland, I am happy to say. The new badges will be ready this week and I will post one. I have only time to put your letter in the paper without an answer this week, as we go to press early on account of the holidays.—Cousin Kate.]

Graphic Cousins' Toy Distribution

A full description of the Grand Distribution of the Dolls and Toys at the Choral Hall, and the names of the prize winners appears in another part of this issue.

Doll Dressing Competition.

The following are the names of "Graphic" cousins and others who dressed dolls for the above competition. The numbers in parenthesis after the names represent the age of the dresser. Where there is no number it means that none was stated by the competitor.

AUCKLAND LIST.

- Sylvia Andrews, c/o Wm. Elkin, View Road.
 R. Jameson, Te Awamutu (14).
 Ethel Pragnell, Graham-street (14).
 Ivy Burgess, Devonport (11).
 Ida Pearson, Arney Road, Newton.
 Daisy Merriek, King Road, Coromandel (7).
 Mary Pugh, Birkenhead (14).
 Gladys Devitt, Market-street, Epsom (9).
 Margaret Ellen Jones, Warkworth.
 Monowai Allen, Jermyn-street (7).
 Rebecca, Warkworth.
 Ma Wilcocks, Regent-street, Newton (13).
 Mabel Potter, Waiuku (16).
 Katie Gee (13).
 Gladys Lawrie, Ayr-street, Manukau Road (12).
 May Patterson, Esplanade Road, Mt. Eden (12).
 Mary Taylor, Mount Eden Road (14).
 Edina Robert, Kiwi Road, Devonport (14).
 D. Eastham, Takapuna (6).
 Bessie Metcalfe, Haydn-street (11).
 Grace Lord, Eden-street, Mt. Eden.
 Phillis Beehan (11).
 Lizzie Geldard, Helensville.
 Valborg Jensen, Taitai, Wellington (13).
 Ellen Jensen, Taitai, Wellington (10).
 Violet M. Becroft, Helensville.
 Gwyneth.
 Ella Carter, Victoria Avenue, Remuera.
 Hilda Holland (11).
 Laurina Smith, Victoria-street West (10).
 Elsie Norman, Bella Vista, Waterloo Quadrant.
 Jean McFarlane, Epsom.
 Molly McFarlane, Epsom.
 Dorothy McFarlane, Epsom.
 Aileen Simmonds, Otahuhu.
 Violet Jesty, Somers-street, Eden Terrace (12).
 Pia Fabian.
 Nellie Becroft, Helensville.
 Millie Snook, Sheehan-street, Ponsonby (12).
 Amy French, Te Kopuru, Northern Wairoa (12).
 Ruth Tobin.
 Ida Richardson, Sash and Door Factory, Papakura.
 Hettie Stevens, 132, Ponsonby Road (15).
 Paulina Lomey, Jermyn-street.
 Lizzie Shaw, Warkworth.
 Katie Richardson, Sash and Door Factory, Papakura.
 Queenie Todd, Windsor Lane, Parnell (8).
 H. M. Staunton, Manukau Road, Parnell.
 Louisa Corkill, Duke-street, Auckland (11).
 Mrs. A. Galter, Forty-mile Bush.
 Violet Nelson, Upper Queen-street (10).
 Mabel Smith, Victoria Avenue, Remuera (11).
 Florence Franklin, Alexandra-street.
 Bertha Matthews, Hackett-street, Ponsonby.
 Muriel Logan, Hepburn-street (13).