



My dear Grown-Ups,

Your letters are the very nicest we've ever received, and there are TEN of them—enough to make one decade of the Rosary. You may be a wee bit disappointed that "Anne" didn't answer each letter as she does the Little People's, but you'll get your answers another time, somehow, as "Anne" feels she must not put any remarks of hers against any letter, just now. You understand that this is a COMPETITION, as well as a great joy, and we have to find out what the Little People think of your letters and suggestions. When everyone else has thought a thought and said their say, "Anne" will see what she can do towards brightening up things a bit for the winter. Meantime, thank you one and all, till you hear from us again.

ANNE.

Dear Little People,

Here are the jolly letters I told you about last week. I think you understand what you are to do with them—

1. Read them over carefully.
2. Consider what you've read.
3. Write me a short letter saying which letter you like best, and why.
4. The most popular letter will be awarded a prize which will go to the Little Person whose dear Grown-Up wrote that letter.

If you are not allowed to cut this out of the *Tablet*, be sure you copy it out, so that you may know what to do. And mind you send in your letters to me quick and busy, don't keep me waiting till I'm an old—! My! I nearly gave the show away then.

ANNE.

Dear Anne,

May I become one of your grown-ups? My birthday is on September the 29th; have you a mate for me? I have forgotten how old I am now, because I have had so many birthdays and I am a dunce at arithmetic. I have three rather troublesome, though very lovable pets, and their names are Willie, Cissy, and Johnny. Willie wants to be a sketcher when he grows up; Johnny wants to be an engine-driver, and Cissy is going to "serve behind a counter in a lolly shop." I am enclosing six penny stamps for a badge. Cissy and Johnny have L.P.L.C. badges, and they told me that "Anne" wouldn't sell them to grown-ups. If that is correct, will you kindly send one for Willie? My pets are getting weary of these enforced holidays—and I am just about ready to be taken away over the hills in a green cart myself.

If the schools do not open soon and I have to be teacher any longer I know that I'll be doing 2 times tables backwards and making up essays in a padded cell for the rest of my days. With loving sympathy to all the grown-ups and yourself from Emily Baizeen, Geraldine.

Dear Anne,

Mona has asked me to write to you. So to begin, I like the Little People's Page very much and enjoy reading the letters almost as much as the little folks themselves do. They remind me of times that are past when I, too, used to write similar letters to an imaginary Uncle in one of the weekly papers, and I well remember how eagerly I used to look forward to seeing my letters in print. May I be allowed to make one or two suggestions which I think would help to make the page more interesting? Could we not have a little poetry? I am very fond of poetry myself and I am sure many others are too. The Little People themselves could send in any short poem they liked, and you, Anne, could pick out one each week for publication. It would also help them to take a greater interest in good poetry. Now for my other suggestion: All members to enclose a penny stamp each time they write to you. The stamps to go into a common fund to provide prizes for competition which could be arranged from time to time. It would not be a great sacrifice and would be a benefit to the Little People, as they would have more competitions, and I am sure they all like them. Even if it is a sacrifice to go without sweets sometimes in order to send the stamp, it is good to learn to forget one's self. All Little People should try to learn that. I am at the bottom of my page now, and as only one is allowed, I must close with best wishes to you Anne and to all the Little People, from Mona Cotterell's Mother.

Rosedell Farm,

Otokia,

May 21, 1925.

Dear Anne,

I note your remarks re the grown-ups making orphans of yourself and the little scribes to your columns. You are not orphans. I can assure you that we grown-ups take a great interest in all we read in your Little People's Page, in fact I think that most of the grown-ups look to your interesting page when they open the *Tablet*, and as a grown-up I must thank you for the privilege to

write something to your columns. At the same time it is very hard to find an interesting subject to write about. However, I will write a short note on bird life in the fairyland of South Westland. The bell bird or moomoo live in large numbers in certain localities in these districts where certain varieties of native bush grow, such as koini, currant wood, white wood, kowhai, pigeon wood, etc. These are some among the many native bush trees that provide nectar in the early spring, and it is here that the bell birds gather in large numbers. The bill of these birds is long and turned with a kind of forked tongue; you will see him flitting from bush to bush driving his tongue deep in and sucking the nectar. This is his chief supply of food in the early spring; later in the season he will suck the juices from the ripe berries. Now the most interesting part of these beautiful birds is their song: that is to the bushman or prospector as the case may be. On the hillside in certain districts before early dawn you will hear one solitary note, and perhaps in about a quarter of an hour you will hear a repeat of the same note, most likely another bird will answer; and all is silent for say ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, then you will have one, two, three birds sounding their clear bell-like notes and as day breaks the number increases until you can imagine that there are thousands of tiny bells ringing, and as the sun rises the bush seems to be one large music hall. As the prospector or bushman rises to make his breakfast he has plenty of company. The gray robin will hop from table or log to the bed, and so on all around the tent, and pick up crumbs. The woka or Maori hen will also come to inspect and run away with soap, pipes, or anything that he can carry, but they are tales of another day, as I do not wish my note too long as space in the *Tablet* is limited, at the same time if my notes are of any interest I will be pleased at some future date to write more of the fairyland of South Westland. Good-bye for this time, dear Anne and Little Children.—H. J. Cuttance.

Pukeatua,

Via Te Awamutu,

May 24, 1925.

Dear Anne,

On receipt of *Tablet* yesterday I was much disappointed to read that not one of the "grown-ups" had written to you and your large family of Little People. I think I might say that it is not for want of interest,

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